A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

SEPTMBER, 1881.

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1881.
SCHOOL CALENDAR.

September 19.—Windeyer Essays to be shown in.
   22.—Handicap Examinations begin.
      Afternoon—English and Greek.
   23.—Morning—Arithmetic.
      Afternoon—Latin.
      School breaks up for Michaelmas Holidays.
   24.—Cadets move into Camp at Mittagong.

October 3.—Summer Term begins
   19.—Sydneian Box closes.
   24.—Sydneian No. XXXVII. published.
EDITORIAL.

AMONGST the columns devoted to our correspondence will be found a bold proposal for providing for the management of school matters by a political constitution based on the principle of representative government, which opens up vast fields of unconceived possibilities to our view. It is suggested, in fact, that the economic and domestic legislation of the school should be entrusted to the hands of a Congress or House of Representatives, elected terminally by universal suffrage, one member for each form of the school. Subsequently our correspondent suggests that each form of the Upper School should send a representative, and the Lower School three representatives for the whole, but this departure from the strict democratical principle cannot be too severely censured in this land of liberty. How is the youthful citizen to realise that in politics all men are equal, when he finds that all boys are unequal? Clearly he must begin to imbibe correct ideas at the earliest possible stage, and it must therefore be taken for granted that in the proposed constitution each form shall contribute its single representative, whether great or small alike, after the manner of the States of North America.

The Assembly being thus constituted, what immense efforts of legislation might we not expect to see put forth! What splendid bursts of oratory from the impassioned delegates of the toiling masses against the haughty aristocratic insolence of the prefects! Since publicity of debate is essential to the welfare of this form of government, it would be necessary that the meetings of Congress should be held in a room having a spacious gallery or other accommodation for visitors, and it cannot be doubted that during session this would be incessantly crowded with an eager throng of constituents anxiously scrutinising the behaviour of their representatives. How would they thrill as with an electric shock, when the member for 2B denounced the corruption and apathy of the Sports Committee, or moved for a commission to enquire into the squandering of the public money! How great would be the increase in the sale of the Sydneian, when its columns were filled with the reports of the debates and divisions!

Yet on second thoughts we are afraid that the political difficulties to be encountered would be not small. Firstly, the assembly must be granted the
right of taxation. Again, the Upper and Modern Schools together would have seven votes, and the Lower School, if we are not mistaken, eight. The Lower School therefore, if voting solidly together, might pass a law that the taxation should fall on the Upper School alone, and that the Lower School, as being already sufficiently handicapped with other grievous burdens in respect of age and physical strength, should be freed from such obligation; and indeed they would be able to indulge in any such unwarrantable class-legislation as their youthful indiscretion might suggest to them. Conceive also of the log-rolling that might reasonably be expected to go on; should we be likely to prove any better than the colonial Government itself? To what extraordinary uses of the public funds might it not lead? The vote of the representative of the Lower Remove might depend on the granting to that distinguished and estimable Form of a complete set of cricket apparatus for their exclusive use, whilst the cricket eleven of the school, not being directly represented, might have to go without, or supply the deficiency from their own pockets. Or, again, the member for the Fifth might insist on a subsidy being voted to the Fifth Form Library, and in the event of its being refused, might insist in obstructing the public business after the correct stone-wall fashion.

No; we think on the whole things had better remain as they are; they may not be as good as they might, but it seems pretty clear that they might yet be worse.

A TALE OF FAIRY LAND.

BY PETER POTT.

Together with a couple of friends I spent the Christmas holidays, some little time ago, at Benzoolan, a southern district, within four hours journey of Sydney by railway, and so well-known, that I need not bore you, dear reader, with a description of it.

Our chief amusement during our stay was pursuing the light-footed (and heavy-tailed) wallaby over scrubby and rocky hills. He does not abound very plentifully hereabouts—at any rate, so we became convinced after several unsuccessful hunts, although we were told by old bushmen, that the country is over-run with the animals. Next to wallaby hunting came “shooting;” this consisted in travelling over many miles of bush-country in stout boots and leggings (to preserve our bodies against a possible attack of the spiteful snake) in search of “winged songsters.” The species of the latter represented at Benzoolan are laughing jackasses (otherwise Cookaburra), parrots, magpies, and soldier-birds. Why these last-named are so designated I cannot discover. They are most unsoldierly in their bearing and become very cowards at the sight of a gun and the odour of exploded powder, and there seems to be no reason for their military name. Another thing I have been trying to find out is the reason why we shot the unfortunate soldier-birds. Perhaps, the love of destruction innate in all the human kind caused us to do so, for there certainly was no use for the birds, and there being a tradition at
Benzoolan, that they are unfit for consumption," after each days' sport we committed them to the hungry dogs and native cats. That we did not shoot many wallabies and birds (some consolation now) the following extracts from a diary which I kept at that time will show:—"Went wallaby hunting, that is to say, such was our intention at the start, but, as we did not come across an animal answering to the description of a wallaby we can hardly say we went wallaby hunting." "Went after birds; stayed out all day; in the morning we had tremendous luck," [my memory is good enough to recall the "tremendous luck" in question, and tells me that on this particular day we shot no less than two birds, in the morning a magpie (tremendous luck !!) and late in the afternoon an unoffending laughing jackass.] &c.

Another amusement was 'possum shooting, I will not detain you now with a description of it, but must hurry on to our story—which is as follows:—

One of my friends, whom we commonly and familiarly called Bob and whose surname was Holloway,* was of an exceedingly poetic temperament, so much so indeed, that he would frequently saunter off alone to some quiet and picturesque nook and stay there for hours trying to write a piece of poetry for the pages of the Sydneian. I don't believe he ever composed a whole piece except once, when he completed one of his many unfinished "Odes to So-and-so," "Addresses to a Periwinkle," &c., and sent it to the above-mentioned paper (but it didn't appear, however—I only tell this in confidence, remember!) His favourite haunt was situated about half-a-mile from where we lived (pro tem.), and was truly a romantic spot, and well calculated to inspire even the most ordinary mind with pure and poetic feelings. Down a rather rugged hill, which commanded a view of the surrounding country, flooded a clear rivulet, bounding and splashing over the rocks on its way to the plain beneath. Midway between the hills' base and summit it poured over a low cliff, forming a beautiful little waterfall, which descended into a basin hollowed in the soft rock. From clefts in the cliff's side enormous ferns grew, and spreading their lovely leaves in every direction almost hid the rock from view; and all around, kept fresh and green by the pure water of the stream, grew shrubs and gumtrees, forming a delicious shade even during the hottest summer-day. Here at the foot of the cliff our poet used to sit upon a fallen piece of rock and meditate upon various subjects, notebook and pencil in hand.

Christmas Day approached apace, and visions of roast beef and plum pudding, and other delicious viands filled our common minds. It was not so, however, with Bob; he was too much occupied with his piece (the one he afterwards favoured the Editors of the Sydneian with).

* For the information of the curious I wish to state, that he is no relation whatever to the inventor of those world-famed and much advertised domestic remedies for each and every disease, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which, in themselves, are fully equal to a well-stocked apothecary's establishment. N.B.—This is no advertisement.
Three days to Christmas; two days, the day before Christmas had arrived and we were all looking forward anxiously to the morrow, that happy day which causes all unkind thoughts to vanish from men's minds, and draws together so many individuals who have been separated during the year. We regretted that we ourselves could not be with our families upon the morrow, but unfortunately, it could not be so.

During the morning, which had been terribly hot and sultry, we had amused ourselves much, as usual, (shooting soldier-birds), and had returned to the mid-day meal rather tired. When dinner was partaken of, Bob refused to accompany my other friend and myself upon a walk, saying, that he intended to visit the "Haunt" in order to finish his piece of poetry. In this, but in no other particular, he was like poor little Chatterton, who, to become inspired, used to sit in the "pale moonlight." Our friend believed the Haunt (the name we gave to Bob's favourite nook) influenced him in the same manner as the moon's rays are said to have affected Chatterton; and let it not detract from his undoubted genius, when we mention the fact, that several of Bob's intimate friends thought this rubbish.

Well, we departed, amidst many jokes made at Holloway's expense, for a neighbouring farm-house where we intended to buy some fruit, and left the poet to himself.

A short time after our disappearance, Bob put on his hat and, accompanied as usual by the note-book and pencil aforesaid, started for the Haunt. Being arrived, he seated himself upon a favourite rock and forthwith commenced to meditate. The day, as I have mentioned already, was exceedingly hot, the air was beautifully clear and the sky cloudless, and Bob afterwards told us in that peculiarly poetic manner for which he is so renowned, that the waterfall had never looked brighter, the leaves of the trees greener, or the whole scene more beautiful, before. Perhaps all these combined causes will account for the fact, that on this day he finished his poetry.

Reflecting upon the loveliness of the surroundings and of other matters for a while, it occurred to Mr. Bob that he would be able to "poetize" better in a reclining position, and accordingly he laid himself down upon the grass which grew luxuriantly hereabouts, turning into a pillow a fragment of the cliff. How it happened we never could discover, still it is a fact, and as such must be here set down, that he fell off to sleep.

He had been under the power of Somnus hardly three minutes, when, feeling something tickling his nostrils, Bob opened his eyes and beheld — a Demon! He knew it was a demon from the description of such individuals he had read in books. The visitor was about four feet in height, quite black, and in puris naturalibus; he had cloven hoofs where his feet should have been, hands with long claws, a long pointed nose, and a barbed tail. The little fellow had a mischievous grin on his face and had been tickling Bob's nose with a blade of grass. Bob felt quite unfrightened so he mentioned to us afterwards.

"Well, my chicken," said the demon, who had large round eyes, still grinning most horribly. Our hero was no chicken, being 17 years of age, and
he was about to reply angrily, when the demon, with a shrill howl apparently of joy, took him up in his arms and carried him swiftly off, and as it appeared to Bob, through the side of the cliff.

When he recovered breath and presence of mind, both of which he had lost during the flight, Bob managed to make out that he was in a dreary and ill-lighted cave or dungeon, and alone. There was no lamp of any kind burning in the place and how it was illuminated is a mystery. Of course Bob thought he was dreaming, and as he had read that it is the best way to find out whether one is asleep or not, he pinched various parts of his frame. This caused him so much pain that he soon desisted, resolving that it was no dream, but plain reality. He had just made up his mind on this important point, when the dwarf returned, skipping along in a very gleeful manner. Seeing Bob was standing, the ugly-looking fellow in a most thoughtful and unprecedented manner, told him to sit down. Bob bowed politely (he was a poet and a Grammar School boy) and looked round for something on which to seat himself. At last, he spied an inoffensive-looking three-legged stool in a corner and sat down upon it. Not for long however, for, with a loud screech, he jumped up almost to the roof of the dungeon.—It appeared when our friend gave us an account of his adventures in Fairyland, that the stool was an enchanted one and so constructed that when sat upon, several spikes rose several inches from its surface, making themselves very offensive to anyone who “took a seat.” This satisfactorily explains what may, at first, appear unaccountable.

Having recovered from the effects of this little pleasantry, which the demon had enjoyed immensely, rolling his eyes about in a fearful manner, Bob quietly, yet firmly, informed his tormentor, that perhaps it would be better if he stood. After another show of delight the dwarf told our unfortunate youth, that he would be carried very soon before the king of Fairyland, who lived in a palace of gold not far off, and, to raise his spirits, which had sunk to below zero, he related to him why he had been removed from the land of mortals to the land of fairies. “You must know,” said he, after a pause, “that my master the king is a most powerful, and therefore respected, monarch, and enforces, as all his ancestors have done before him, all time-honoured customs. One of these latter is, that one of his subjects must be sacrificed every seven years—a very sensible law. Still,” he went on, “if a mortal can be obtained, his gracious majesty is pleased to sacrifice him or her as the case may be, in place of a fairy, or a demon. So you know now what you may expect when led before our master.” And then the little gentleman danced about and made wry faces at the captive, who commenced to be really frightened and to tremble violently as he thought of the terrible fate awaiting him. But he said nothing, resolving to wait quietly and not infuriate his captor. “You will not be killed straight off,” continued the demon [this was reassuring to poor Bob, off whose forehead the cold perspiration commenced to pour in quite a shower], “but will be imprisoned in a strong castle for seven days, without food and water [‘oh! heavens!’ thought Bob]. At the end
of that time you will be led forth to execution amid the joyful cries of the inhabitants of the kingdom—for this is a sight they only witness once every seven years." At Bob’s horror-struck look the imp, who seemed to take a delight in torturing his prisoner as a cat does a mouse, cried aloud for joy; but hearing the sound of trumpets without he soon became silent, and with a hop, step, and jump left the cave.

Almost an instant afterwards the demon returned at the head of six others exactly like himself, who had come to remove the prisoner to the King’s Golden Palace. They all marched in, keeping proper step, and smiling grimly, twisted their enormous eyes, without turning their heads, to look at Bob. At a signal from our first demon friend, who appeared to be their leader or captain, the six clutched him in their beastlike (or beastly) claws, removed him from the cave, and placed him in a red carriage to which were harnessed six small black horses with very long and bushy tails and manes. Then, each of the six demons mounted one of the six horses, and the leader mounted the box of the vehicle, and off they drove a merry party indeed! The horsemen howled loudly and the horses snorted fire as they galloped onward through the dismal gloom. Our hero was so terrified, that he noted nothing except what we have related above, until they arrived at a golden gate guarded by some more demons exactly the counterpart of the first. After a short parley with the gate-keepers the gate opened as if by magic, and the carriage entered. As soon as Bob reached the ground, as he was ordered to do, the six black horses, the carriage, and the ugly postilions, disappeared, and he was left with only his first acquaintance. The latter stamped seven times on the ground and instantly Bob found himself in a most lovely apartment, well lighted (although the source of the light was not apparent),* whose roof was supported with gold columns hung with black velvet, and whose furniture and fittings were of the finest ebony, gold, and coloured velvet. At one end of this magnificent room was a raised platform of gold upon which stood the King’s golden throne, which was set with precious stones, and on the throne, golden sceptre in hand, golden crown on head, sly twinkle in eye, sat the king, a little cheerful old fairy, totally unlike the demons. He was exactly like a mortal, but only about four feet high when he stood erect, yet perfect in form and every feature. On each side of his majesty were grouped his people in waiting, or courtiers, of both sexes—beautiful little fairies they were indeed! [Bob found out that the demons are the king’s servants, and that the fairies do nothing whatever except dance and make merry (whatever that may be) all day, leaving the menial work for the demons.]

You must not suppose that the astonished youth noticed all this as soon as he found himself in the presence of the king, oh no! as soon as he recovered somewhat from his surprise at the change of scene from the

* Very likely some new application of the electric light.—Printer.
The printer’s opinion is uncalled for and unrequired.—Ed. Sydneyan.
dreary roadway outside to this lovely place he (Bob was always polite) thrust his note-book and pencil (already mentioned as being inseparable from him and which he had carried absenty in his hand all this time) into his pocket, and with head bared proceeded to the foot of the throne, where he prostrated himself in regular Eastern fashion before the king.

This evidently had a good effect upon his Majesty, who probably during his lifetime had met with mortals who treated him in a different manner.

"Rise fair youth," said he kindly, "and tell us (royal personages always use the plural number) why thou thus hast found thy way to our dominions."

"May it please your majesty," replied Bob in regular proper style, "I came not here of my own free will, but was carried here by one of your gracious majesty's servants," and then he went on to relate what had happened to him since his capture. When he came to the stool incident the king, holding his side with one hand, with the other twirled his sceptre over his head in the excess of his joy, while the courtiers, seeing their master's demonstrations of delight, felt called upon (like toadies as all courtiers are) to testify to the pleasure they also felt. This they did by clapping their hands gravely, then dancing three steps forward and three steps backward into their original places. Then they became graver still and looked at Bob quietly, ready for the next time when their services would be required.

Now, the monarch knew thoroughly well all the circumstances of Bob's capture, in fact, he had himself issued orders to his servant to accomplish his translation to fairyland, but, as we have noticed before, his majesty kept up the old customs of his forefathers. This question had been asked by his sires on every occasion like the present for thousands of years, and could not therefore be departed from in the instance of which we have the pleasure to speak.

When he recovered the dignity befitting a personage of such lofty station the sovereign, rising to give more effect to his words, said:

"Young man, what thou has said is a mass of lies (this was simply according to well-established custom), for being so vile as to tell us such a story thou shalt be imprisoned for seven days in our strong castle without food and water, then thou shalt be led forth to execution. Tamezza, seize and remove him!!" These last words were uttered in a most commanding tone and as the king pronounced each syllable he gave a loud stamp with his right foot upon the floor. Almost immediately the first demon rose as if out of the floor, and proceeded to lay hands on the condemned. Of course the courtiers "looked daggers" at the prisoner and when they heard the severe sentence muttered threateningly (to show the king how devoted they were to him and how just were his commands).

Poor Bob, at this unexpected change in the tide of affairs became half dead with terror, and (even the bravest quail at the thoughts of a speedy death) his head hung upon his bosom; he groaned most piteously; his eyes closed, and his senses left him!
Feeling something strike his nose, Bob opened his eyes and saw—but before disclosing the important sight which met his astonished gaze, I must take the reader back (metaphorically) to the time when we parted from our friend at the house.

After a short walk, Tom (my other friend) and myself arrived at the farm-house casually mentioned at the beginning of this truthful narrative, and there partook of the fruits of the earth, and imbibed sundry pints of fresh milk, such as one can only get in the country. Having satisfied ourselves (internally) and the farmer (pecuniarily) we started on the return home. It was beginning to get cooler as the sun declined towards the west, and as we walked on we felt, I must admit, rather lonely, probably on account of not being at our respective homes at such a joyful time as we knew Christmas Eve always is where a family is gathered together.

Tom, who had evidently thrown off his painful reflections, suddenly exclaimed "By Jingo!" very loudly, and I knew a "happy thought" had struck his colossal mind.

"Eh," I said, shortly.

"Let's go home past the Haunt and see what that mysterious poet is doing there."

"Agreed," cried I, forgetting my unpleasant meditations and thinking we might have some fun. And off we set.

Soon after, we reached the top of the cliff, and although we could see nothing we heard the most mysterious and distressing sounds—something between a dismal groan and the grunting of a pig. Creeping stealthily round we both simultaneously caught a glimpse of Mr. Holloway lying upon his back, and snoring fearfully. Then the same thought struck each of us at once and each picked up a stone, poised slowly to ensure proper aim—and "fired."

Bob opened his eyes; raised himself slowly to a sitting posture; rubbed his eyes; and then opened them wider; and still, not seeming to comprehend the situation, he commenced to pinch himself (at this point Tom and myself laid hold of our sides fearful of an explosion—of laughter); first he pinched his legs, and, proceeding upwards pinched his hands, his arms; at last, with a half smile upon his hitherto expressionless face he pinched his nose (which was by this time pretty tender), and then howled out loudly with the pain he caused. At this sight unable to restrain our mirth any longer, we both roared with laughter most boisterously. Hearing the noise Bob raised his eyes to where we were standing and then for the first time his senses seemed to return.

"Oh—you—Brutes!!" he exclaimed deliberately, perhaps more annoyed at being discovered asleep than at the soreness of his nose.

However his usual good humour soon returned, and we all three might have been seen shortly after on the way to the house in a state of great jollity, and no one laughed more at Bob's sudden awakening than himself.
After we had had a good country tea and having gathered the household together in the open verandah Bob, who had promised a story, told us, after a little hum-ing and ha-ing, all the particulars of his flying visit to Fairyland. These, dear reader, you have perused above.

Bob got such a quizzing about the sleeping business that since that night he has not written another piece of poetry, and whenever the subject is brought up accidentally or otherwise, in his presence a shower of jokes descends on his head.

The narrative concluded, Bob rose, and in mimic speechifying said: "He had that day received such a lesson as he would not forget to the end of his days. He had considered the matter over carefully and found, that out of his adventure a moral could be extracted. ("Hear, hear," from Tom.) He did not pretend to be professional poet ("no, no," put in a voice), but at times, all men become inspired (you remember he finished the piece he sent to the *Sydneian* that day, this may have elated him—he was not elated when the next number of that journal appeared and when the piece didn’t appear). The moral he had drawn from his story was this, and he hoped all who like himself, were disposed to take an afternoon nap would be convinced of its truth—

"Would'st thou seek Somnus in a proper way
Then, do not try in the broad light of day:
For, if thou dost, that mischievous and rude
Fellow Morpheus will certainly intrude.
Night is the time, then follow in his track;
But lie upon your *side* not on your *back*."

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MARTIAL.

Book I. Epigram 57.

A flirt or prude—Which is my Queen?
Miss Pert, or Miss Propriety?
Neither—Give me the happy mean
'Twixt hunger and satiety.

Qualem, Flaccce, velim queris nolimve puellam?
Nolo nimis faci lem, difficilemque nimis—
Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque probamus
Nee volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat.
DEBATING SOCIETY.

A preliminary meeting was held on Friday, August 19th, to make rules for the Debating Society, which it was proposed to start again on improved principles. Several rules were passed, of which the most important enacted that the Society should consist of the Sixth, Fifth, and First Moderns; old Sydneians and other members of the Upper School being admitted by ballot. It was also decided that no fee should be charged, since the Head Master kindly supplied a comfortable room in his own house, and as it was intended that the Society should confine itself to debates, instead of musical entertainments on alternate weeks. The attendance was not very large, but probably it was not known throughout the Upper Forms that the meeting would be held.

The first debate took place on Friday, September 2nd, as to “Whether the departure from the Truth was ever justifiable,” the Ministry supporting the affirmative. Jeffreys took the chair. The following spoke for the Ministry: —Pratt, Garnsey, Fletcher; for the Opposition—Neill, G. King, C. King. On a division being made the Ministry proved to have a majority of one.

A PORRIDGE-EATING CLUB.

For some time past we have been witnessing with regret the slowly approaching death of Public Spirit in the School. This painful event took place a few weeks ago. Our attention was more forcibly called to the subject when we received the news of the decease of the Debating Society. Latterly all interest in intellectual amusements and pursuits, and out-door sports of every kind has ceased. Seeing that it would be impossible to find a better amusement we beg to lay before our readers the following scheme, which it is fondly hoped will meet with support from all who take any interest in the welfare of the school. It is also believed that it will by its novelty help to arouse the boys from their present lethargy. The intellectual pastime to which we would draw the notice of our readers is PORRIDGE EATING. It is our intention at no distant date to “convene a public meeting” to consider the advisability of instituting a society to be called the “Grammar School United Porridge Eating Advancement Club.” The members are to be called Brothers, and the president (he who can consume the largest quantity of oatmeal) Chief Gastronomer. The committee of management will be designated Under-Gastronomers, and each member must pay a quarterly fee of two-and-six
pence. The Brothers will meet every Friday to discuss—the best oatmeal porridge (rich in phosphates, lime, &c.,) which will be provided out of the funds of the Club.

What a picture it will be!—to see about fifty boys sitting round a long table, each with a large wooden spoon, waiting impatiently for the good cheer to make its appearance. As the clock's large hand points to the figure XII. at the top of the dial and the smaller one to VIII. attendants will enter hurrying along with enormous galvanized tubs of pure Scotch, steaming hot. As soon as the vessels are placed upon the uncovered board with a loud noise, the fifty gentlemen with the wooden spoons will rise with one accord, and each one will bury his implement in the stuff eager to secure his fill. Oh! this would be a sight worth seeing!

When the success which will undoubtedly attend this venture becomes known to the world other clubs of a similar nature will spring up in this and the adjacent colonies, and we shall be able to have inter-colonial matches—the club which disposes of the most porridge in a given time being considered victorious. We shall no doubt often hear of such contests as these—"Grammar School U.P.E.A. Club" versus "Melbourne Society of Gourmandizers," or v. United harmony Lodge," &c. Only lately a match took place between a local P.E. and an English Champion P.E., in Sydney, which resulted in a victory for the Englishman. Australians, can you not retrieve your lost laurels!?

The starting of this club is looked forward to by all with great interest as it is generally thought that it will do away with the necessity of a debating society, and other institutions, which seem to be of no value to the school. Oh! Grammar School boys, you know not what a glorious future is before you.

PETER POTTS.

CRICKET

ELEVEN v. TWENTY-TWO.

This match which opened the cricket season was played on Thursday, September 8th, and for the first time, for several seasons past, the Twenty-two scored a win. As might have been expected a want of practice was shown by both sides, and it is as well that we should not meet outsiders until we have had some practice amongst ourselves. Still, from the form they showed, we may entertain hopes that they will do much for the honour of the school in the season to come. Mackay made top score for the Eleven, whilst Parker and Adams played well for the Twenty-two. The fielding of the Eleven was especially good, but we think from the play which was shown that some exchanges might be made with advantage between the teams.
FOOTBALL.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. KING'S SCHOOL.

The above-named teams met at Parramatta on 20th August for the first time this season, and as was expected, an exciting match was the result. Payten (Grammar team captain) won the toss and without any delay the ball was kicked off by the King's School team. Up to half-time neither side had gained any point whatever, and the game had been merely a succession of scrimmages. After half-time the King's School team, working up the hill, exerted all their strength, and at last succeeded in getting a touch-down, off which however, they failed to score. The ball was kicked out by the Grammar School team and after a little scrimmaging King's School obtained another try, this time managing to secure a goal. This seemed to arouse the school team, who had been playing very loosely, and they now struggled hard. After some hard play on both sides, the Grammar School managed to work the ball down to the King's School quarters. Then Mazoudier who had been playing well throughout, ran in, thus securing the first try for the school. The kick was tried by Cruickshank, who did not succeed in dropping it between the goal posts. Soon after, Segol, making an excellent run, passed all the King's School men and got behind their touch line. Cruickshank again tried the kick but fared no better than in his first attempt, though the kick was much easier. Almost immediately time was called, and thus King's School were left winners by one goal and a try to two tries.

SCHOOL v. HOUSES.

This match was lately played on Moore Park, and contrary to general expectation, was won by the Houses. Payten, who captained the Houses, having won the toss, elected to kick off with the wind, and the Houses following well on the ball, soon had it in close proximity to the school goal, but the school rallied and carried the ball into the middle of the ground, where Carter gained possession and by a fine run, managed to secure the first touch for the Houses, but Cruickshank who tried this rather difficult kick, failed to gain a goal. From this to the end of the game the Houses had decidedly the best of the game, gaining three additional touch-downs, from one of which, Hayes by a splendid kick, managed to secure a goal, the Houses thus winning the match by 1 goal and 3 touches to nil.

2ND GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. 2ND KING'S SCHOOL.

This match, which was played on the same day as that of the 1st Fifteen, resulted after an excellent struggle, in a win for the 2nd Grammar School by a goal to nil.
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

Sirs—Will you be kind enough to inform me, if it is true, that some of the boys picked to play in the Eleven against the Twenty-two, on Thursday, September 8th, scratched their names off the list, on the plea that they had to go to their dancing lesson? If delicacies like these become such an important item in our curriculum, it would afford much amusement to speculate what our future will be. With the growing tendencies towards aestheticism, and the too soulfully precious pantings after faint lilies to help, I dare say, in course of time, the nervous and robust Cicero, and the flabby and masculine Thucydides, and the angular rotundity of Euclid will give way to the unsubstantial airiness and gyrating convolutions of the worshippers of Terpsichore; and the Grammar School will change its name into "The Sydney Academy for Young Gentlemen," and I have an excellent suggestion to make for future matches, as all the old sides are played out: "Dancers v. Non-dancers," "Self-Interest v. School-Interest," "'Aξαίδες" v. "'Αξαοί," "Our Boys v. Our Girls." At any rate, we must dance; let us cut cricket and football, and all healthy out-door exercises. Any how we must dance: let us take as our motto, "Needs must, when the devil drives."

But don't let it be imagined that I am hereby running down dancing. By no means. I dance myself tremendously, and enjoy it too, and I am convinced that it is a very excellent amusement. Dancing is, in some cases, a very necessary part of a boy's education, as it promotes a certain elegance of deportment and politeness of manner; and is one of the many crucibles in which the metal of character is tested and refined. But, however great the enjoyment, or desirable the cultivation of it, no boy who claims the privilege of playing among the elect of the school has any right to be so entirely forgetful of its honour, or so selfishly inclined towards his individual gratification as to allow for one instant the claims of a dancing master to be paramount, when it is his clear duty to stand by his school. What is his ambition? What his prize? Are they to be sought in the eccentric circlings of a grotesque whirligig? or in the sensation of having made a cut for four? in the praises panted by a partner for proficiency in polka-ing? or in the hearty cheers of a victorious Eleven? Now, I am afraid, that "Mens conscia * kolæ,” or rather "Boys conscia polkæ” may suppose I am alluding to particular individuals in this letter, but let them know I don't condescend to individualize. I strike for principles. For it is this principle that is at stake. Are we to prefer self-interest to school-interest; duties that bind us together to pleasures that drag us apart? Apologizing for intruding on so much of your valuable space.

I remain, &c., &c.,

"SALTATOR."

* I suppose our correspondent means "Culpea."—[Ed.]
To the Editors of the Sydneian.

Sirs,—In the last issue of the Sydneian, you were bewailing the want of unity and lack of "Public Spirit."

Now, none desiring the welfare of the school more than myself, let me state what I have seen in a much smaller school than this, viz.—Each form in the school elected by vote a member, whom they returned in what was called the "School Congress." The election was held once a quarter. The Congress system answered perfectly; no complaints were ever made by the forms through their representatives in Congress, a sure sign that it gave every satisfaction. I could enlarge on the good it did to the extent of several pages, but I think what I have said will suffice to show that it was a success.

Now, I think that if the Congress system were adopted in this school, there would not be the complaints about the want of unity and spirit, because what form could complain, have they not their member to look after them? Then another advantage is, the Congress can decide whether or not a tax may be levied on the school to defray the expenses of sending a cricketing team to Melbourne.

But now for the members. Let every form in the upper school return a member to Congress, (or whatever it may be called) and the whole of the lower school, three members.

Having no more time to continue this letter, I must conclude, hoping to see this published, that you will give my proposal a trial, and craving pardon for my encroachment.

I remain, yours truly,

BOWLER.

"TO THE MEMORY OF PUBLIC SPIRIT."

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

Sirs,—If your space permits I should wish to say a few words touching our poor dead friend. I do not believe that it is a case of clamatum est with him, nor do I believe that he is moribund—only a slight attack of liver, and so he is naturally a little torpid, but by no means given up by the Doctors. Matters are not as serious as your correspondent would make out, and let us hope that the tree is not yet planted, or ever will be, to provide material for his coffin. In matters athletic he has of late shown signs of fresh vitality—to wit in football, rifle corps, boxing, and fencing. As regards cricket the Sports Committee are doing their best to arrange a series of matches for the 1st, 2nd, and if possible, 3rd Elevens during the coming season; and it only remains for the teams selected to do their utmost by constant practice, and a little self-denial to do honour to the old school this season in the cricket field. We labour under many disadvantages, and all the more reason is it why we should strive to counteract them. Six years ago, about sixteen boys played cricket in the ultory kind of way, and football was a thing unknown in the
Since then we have changed all that, and pity would it be for us to retrograde now. Let each boy's motto be—Perge quo capitisti. We have every prospect of sending a good 1st and 2nd Eleven into the field to do battle this season for the honour of the school; and our only difficulty is to get suitable grounds on which to play our matches. For the 1st Eleven the following matches are on the carpet:—Undergraduates, 2; Gladesville, 2; Old Boys, 2; Ships in Harbour, 2; Barracks, 2; King’s School, 2; Newington College, 2; Second Warricks, Belvideres, and we expect a Tasmanian match before Christmas. Such a programme ought to act as a stimulus to our 1st Eleven. The 2nd and 3rd Eleven matches will be taken into consideration at the next committee meeting. I wish, in conclusion, to draw attention to a rule passed by the committee about three years since, which is worded as follows—“Any boy selected by the committee to represent the school in any match, and who shall have had due notice given to him of this on or before the Wednesday preceding the match, and who for the purpose of playing with an outside club shall erase his name on the posted list, shall not be eligible for any other school match during the season,” The committee trust that “Public Spirit” in the Sydney Grammar School is not in such a critical state as to render the application of such a strong remedy necessary for the recovery of the “Poor Invalid.”

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

We regret to announce that the state of his health has compelled Mr. Skinner to relinquish his work at the school. We understand, that acting under medical advice, Mr. Skinner has resolved to try the effects of a sea-voyage, and with this object he left Sydney by the outgoing mail for San Francisco. He will probably spend a month en route at Honolulu, and hopes to return to Australia at the beginning of next year. Mr. Skinner joined the Grammar School in January, 1877. He subsequently was appointed second Mathematical Master, and since Mr. Pratt’s departure has been acting as Mathematical Master of the school. Mr. Skinner’s versatility as a teacher, was extraordinary. He could teach almost all subjects, and all he taught he taught well. With a large amount of personal amiability he combined firmness, self-command, and most excellent judgment. He was respected as well as popular.

MR. H. W. C. MICHELL, M.A., of Hertford College, Oxford, and Mr. W. G. Armstrong of the Sydney University, have been appointed Masters of the school, and Mr. H. C. Kingsmill, M.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, has consented to undertake the temporary position of 2nd Mathematical Master, pending the arrival of the two new masters, who are to be engaged in England.
The school owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Pratt for having undertaken to supply Mr. Skinner's place during that gentleman's recent absence on account of ill-health. Mr. Pratt undertook this duty at some inconvenience to himself and without remuneration.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that J. H. Murray, a former captain of the school, has won a Demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford. This scholarship is worth £95 a year for five years. There were, we are informed, eighty candidates.

Several old Sydneians have recently left the colony; H. Marshall, Reddall and Blaxland, to pursue their medical studies at London or Edinburgh, and G. and T. Fairfax, to enter at Oxford.

We have been informed that Archibald O'Reilly, whom many old Sydneians will remember, has passed his final examination at London for a surgeon's diploma; of ten candidates from O'Reilly's college, six failed and four passed, of these four O'Reilly stood first.

ENIGMAS, PUZZLES, &c.

My first is in pig but not in sow;
My second is in horse but not in cow;
My third is in eagle but not in hawk;
My fourth is in finch but not in stork;
My fifth is in raven but not in crow;
My sixth is in catch but not in throw;
My last is in touch but not in blow;
My whole, though very scarce as a rule,
May sometimes be seen about the school.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. An implement of agriculture.
3. An unwished-for state of mind.
4. A time of delight for schoolboys.
5. A very poisonous species of snake.
6. A flying mammal.
7. A consonant.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A very pleasant thing.
2. A Latin poet.
3. The state of being base.
4. A fair garden much talked about.
We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:

The Cheltonian (2).
The High School Magazine.
The Nelsonian.
The Columban.
The Durham University Journal.
The Rossallian.
The Marlburian (2).
The Melburnian.
The Taylorian.
The Cinque Port.