The Sydneian.
No. XLII.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE
SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

OCTOBER, 1882.

CONTENTS.

Editorial .............................................................. 1
On Rings ............................................................... 2
The Two Spirits ..................................................... 3
The Cadets' Encampment ........................................... 5
My First Day at School ............................................. 12
Obituary: JOSEPH HENRY SKINNER ............................... 13
Systematic Memory .................................................. 14
Cricket ................................................................. 14
The Football Season of 1882 ...................................... 15
Correspondence ..................................................... 16

SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED BY J. J. MOORE & CO., GEORGE STREET.
1882.
EDITORIAL.

We publish elsewhere in our columns the report of the doings of our Football Team this season. It opens with a not very clear explanation of the fact that so few matches were played. We can well understand that the June vacation interferes with the arrangements, but then that only accounts for three weeks out of a season of nearly four months. It may be true that the team is generally weaker after June, but if the Second Fifteen are well coached they ought to be able to supply very creditably the vacancies in the First Team. And to avoid matches on account of having a weaker team seems to argue a want of pluck on the part of the committee, as though they only cared to arrange matches where they had a good chance of winning, a system which would reflect great discredit on the premier school of Sydney. Nothing would improve the team more than a few good beatings: when a team is winning a game a few fellows generally do all the work and the rest are comparatively idle, but when they are fighting an uphill game every one has to work his hardest, and each learns how far he can depend on every other player, which in our opinion is the great secret of the success of a really good team, as we think, might have been seen in the late intercolonial matches. Be the team weak or strong, let them play; if they are beaten the shame is but slight, if they win the honour is all the greater. Let the team get by heart the king's speech in Shakspeare's Henry V., when one of his nobles wishes for another ten thousand men to fight the battle of Agincourt, and they will prove (if it has not been amply proved already) that British pluck is as indigenous in the colonies as in the old country.

But the report speaks of the difficulty of finding opponents: by the ordinary computation there should be be between forty and fifty thousand on the Registrar's books as "children" in Sydney and the suburbs, and one would think that should be an inexhaustible supply: indeed many junior clubs have been formed this season whom the school might meet, though allowance must be made for the fact that the young "men" of these clubs are not always willing to risk a defeat at the hands of "boys" who are in better training than themselves.

Turning to the actual play of the team, we have one fault to find which is more or less common to all teams, that is, that they do not play enough together. With the exception of one or two veterans each plays as though he were responsible for the whole of the play: as we have said before this is very well in a winning game as it enables each to gratify his ambition to the full, but in an uphill game the general result is that as soon as ambition is quenched by want of breath the game goes to pieces. Let every one do
what he is told and no more, and a far better game will be played: but if the man in the scrimmage is always playing outside it or else persistently kicking the ball through into the hands of the opponents' backs, and if the quarters never think of passing to the half-backs till the opportunity is lost, a team will never play a sure game. These faults have been very noticeable in the play, and might be remedied somewhat if the captain would now and then speak a word, sharply if necessary, to the chief offenders. If the quarters when they find themselves being collared would, instead of struggling uselessly, just turn themselves round so as to be in a position to pass the ball safely to the half-back who is following them up they would be doing less work with more result.

On the whole, however, we must congratulate the team on what they have been allowed to do: the best we can wish them is that they may have more opportunities of exhibiting their powers next season, though we fail to see, by the way, how that can be arranged, unless they are more ready to play matches on Saturdays.

ON RINGS.

Love of outward adornment is, perhaps one of the strongest instincts of the human race; no matter to what nations we turn, the fact remains the same. The civilized rejoices in feathers and jewels; the barbarian in feathers and scalps: the civilized in rouge and noir, the barbarian in woad and tattoo. But there is a marvellous unanimity in their affection for rings; and they display a wondrous ingenuity in the disposition of these articles about the person. Ears, arms, fingers, noses, ankles, toes, are all pressed into the service, as standard-bearers of the mystic circle. And here, again, we may see how impartially the savage and the civilized divide these points d'appui. The three former are more especially appropriated by the civilized, the three latter by the barbarian. Now finger rings, apart from being a mere ornamentation, were held by some nations of antiquity as special marks of office, and even in our own times we find the same. Thus we get two distinct classes of rings: the civilized or significant, the savage or insignificant. In the former class we rank the golden or iron ring of the Roman Knight, the Pontifical ring, the Episcopal ring, the ring of the Doge of Venice, the marriage ring, the mourning ring, the keepsake ring, while over the latter class, the snobbish ring holds undivided rule.

Now quorsum haec tendunt? A new chum to these shores is at once struck by the wide-spread customs of little boys bedecking and bedizening their fingers (grubby for the most part) with all manner of wonderful rings. There is the ring golden, the ring bejewelled, the ring silver, the ring gilded, the ring tortoiseshell. The latter excrescence is by far the most popular, as every larrikin completes his toilette with that inexpensive article of finery. The reason of this annular abomination is not difficult to find. Aristotle tells us that of all animals, man is the most mimetic—i.e., imitative. He had been nearer the mark if he had specified boys. Throughout the progressive stages of
our existence, we grow out of some habits into others; just as we grow out of old clothes into new ones: but it does not follow that what is suitable to one stage, is suitable to another. We are told we must learn to walk before we can run, very trite, but very true; yet we find the boy aping the man in a most ludicrous and often pitiable fashion. They love to dress themselves up in his clothes, to affect his knowledge of the world, and smoke his pipes, (often with disastrous result) to wear his rings, before they are aware that they are condemned as fops and fools, in the eyes of those, whose good estimation they crave to gain by exactest imitation. Now to say that ninety-nine boys out of a hundred can have any associations connected with a ring is monstrous absurdity. But such is the precocity of the Australian youth, that one almost fancies he must have come into the world with a ring on his finger and a pipe in his mouth. Thus, while these boys are pluming themselves upon their advanced and refined state of civilization, they are, in reality, but copying the meaningless affectations of a gaudy barbarism. Besides all this, boys seem to forget that a ring attracts one's glance to the finger of the owner; and when we catch the flash of the precious stones, and compare their shapely purity with that of the wearer's hand, how our feelings are shocked by the appalling contrast! and one is compelled to admit that the much prized ornament, moved with such careful heedlessness to catch the eye proves but a sign post to a filthy finger, a pearl upon a dunghill. That schoolboys should desecrate their fingers by such snobbish fooleries is contemptible in the extreme: they should learn to despise such affectations of manhood, till such time as they can prove themselves worthy of that splendid name.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Lo! side by side, within a city's walls
Two spirits wandered; one was clad in night,
The other, in a radiance, such as falls
From heaven, to bless a saint's enraptured sight,—
Foretaste of joys eternal, infinite.
A coronal of flowers was on her brow,
Fresh plucked, with myriad dewdrops glancing bright.
Her comrade's chaplet was of cypress bough
Faded and crushed and wan, that told of tears enow.

The one was Joy yclept, who by the hand
Did lead her sister Sorrow on the way.
"Rest thee awhile," she saith, "Now o'er the land
"The night with morning holds divided sway,
"And night's soft whispers shame the blabbing day.
"Rest thee awhile;" and at her fond caress
She sate her down," and eke will I assay,
"With tales of laughter-loving joyousness
"To charm thee to forget the pangs of thy distress."
"I passed when Spring was leaping forth to life
"On banks and hedgerow, and the birds did sing
Their praise to their Creator: Earth was rife
"With glory; and around each living thing
"Paid unto God his lowly offering,
"Incense or song. The air, God's messenger,
"Laden with gifts to heaven her flight did wing,
"And laid them in the lap of God, with prayer
"That they, though humbly given, might find acceptance there

"By happy home, I sped, and there I spied
"Fond children clustering round a parent's knee;
"Where easy wealth, and cosy comfort vied
"In making Want a lesser miserie:
"Where mild compassion and soft sympathie
"Strove for the mastery with proud ignorance,
"Cheering the soul that struggled to be free,
"Raising the outcast to a nobler sense,
"Melting the fall'n and lost to tears of penitence.

"Breaks on mine ear the sound of marriage bells,
"And rushes forth a golden melodie,
"Making the silence musical, and swells
"Throbbing and tingling, till it touch the sky,
"And heaven re-echoes loveliest harmonie:
"And forth they fare,—the Bridegroom and the Bride,
"Twain hearts, yet linked in closest unitie,
"On flower strewn path—upon a life untried,
"Each trusting other, and careless of aught beside.

"I saw the great, the wealthy, and the wise,
"Great thoughts that shake the world; and at their nod
"Kingdoms are swept away, and Empires rise
"And man creates, to emulate his God,
"Let waters roll where erst the nations trod."
"He spake, and it was done; Almighty man!
"O'er meaner minds, enthroned a demigod:
"Tis thine th' immensities of space to scan,
"To measure out the sand, infinities to span."

And Sorrow turned to Joy, and spake awhile
"Thrice happy thou, to see such sights of joy,
"And know God's mercy, and behold his smile
"Shedding bright beams of light, without alloy.
"Speak on, speak ever; Love can never cloy
"The listening ear. Yet, stay: 'tis meet to tell
"What sounds, what sights have glanced across mine eye.
"Ah me! that I could wield the magic spell
"That charms thine earth to heaven, from earth to sweep my hell.
"Gaunt winter strode in tattered rags adown
"The street, and dragged fierce Hunger by the hand,
"Naked and shivering, and a sullen frown
"Scowled o'er her visage, scar'd with th' icy brand
"Of frozen Famine; swift at her command,
"Went forth Disease, foul poison in her tread,
"And noisome Pestilence did brood upon the land,
"And rank Contagion reared her sickly head
"And standing by the bier, Death gloated o'er the dead."

And on mine ear there smote a bitter cry
Of woman's wailing, from a hovel door:
I turned and entered: Oh! the agony
In her wan face, lashed bleeding, bruised sore.
Her tiny babe crouched nigh her on the floor,
And vainly strove to win her back from sleep.
Sleep on, poor heart; thy task on earth is o'er.
Thy tears, thy sufferings, made the angels weep,
That from the murderous heart wrung nought but curses deep.

I marked where new-born Wealth her palace reared
Of pomp and arrogance and gilded state:
Where gold was God, and lust lascivious leered
Neath veiled hypocrisy; and frantic hate
Mocked at the birthright of the good and great.
Where vulgar mammon flaunted in the flare
Of day, her tawdry tinsel, and did prate
Her virtues to the sun, in heedless care
To toiling hands and hearts did pile their tribute there.

And Joy to Sorrow turned, and spake a word
"On thorny paths thy fainting steps have sped,
"Mine eyes have seen the goodness of the Lord,
"And thou hast wept the Sins for which He bled;
"Yea, and thou shalt, till Sin itself be dead,
"Till ingrate man,—thy passions and thy pain,—
Scourged with the snakes of conscience waken'd,
"Shall his lost Paradise on earth regain,
"And universal Love shall everlasting reign."

THE CADETS' ENCAMPMENT.
[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

We are to be congratulated that our Cadet year has been brought successfully
to its close by the annual Encampment; an admirable institution, that since
its foundation has had an uninterrupted run, with only two exceptions. A
few weeks ago, a rumour spread abroad, that this year the Cadets were to
cover themselves with everlasting disgrace by letting the yearly holiday fall
through, as at first so few would volunteer their services; but I am glad to
say, to their eternal honour and glory, their unanimity in this matter gave the lie direct to this mendacious fable. It is always very gratifying to see those with whom we have taken pains, respond cordially to our endeavours; of this fact, the Grammar School Cadets are an excellent illustration. To promote their training any amount of unselfish labour is willingly expended, and various privileges and immunities are ungrudgingly bestowed. And what is the result? They, to a man, unhesitatingly cast aside the counter-attractions of loafing about their respective towns, playing marbles with the larrkings in the streets, and smoking the placid pipe before the admiring gaze of their less-venturous compatriots; they sacrifice the individual to the pleasure of the many, remembering that they give a week’s enjoyment, not only to their own schoolfellows, but also to the old boys, and to a regiment of their friends at Bathurst. However, that they may not be too much puffed up by this eulogy on their unselfish behaviour, I will say no more on this point, but proceed to fulfil my duties, as best I may, of War correspondent.

Sing, ye Heavenly Nine, and inspire my earth-groveling soul with highest themes of Martial ardour; and be thou present, God of the Scarlet-coat, to direct aright my quill, that I, even I, may lay before the eyes of Terrigene men some faint image of The Warriors I have seen. The Kings and Princes I have met, The battle-fields I have visited, The Sham-fights I have run away from.

The favoured spot, destined to receive us, was voted unanimously to be Oudemagee, situated a million odd miles, more or less, straight as a crab walks, from Utopia: and on the 9th of the waning of Thargelion, in the 103rd Olympiad A.D., we started in electric balloons, with our tents, commissariat, baggage-waggons, and accoutrements, duly furbished up for the auspicious occasion. We passed several sign-posts on the way, but as they had nothing on them their accuracy could not be implicitly relied upon. Towards 5 o'clock p.m., our Commander, who had been very busy with a field-glass gave the orders to “fall-out;” and in a few seconds we had formed in compact companies of circular squares upon the grass. “Shoulder arms, M—arch,” and we proceeded to the place chosen for the Encampment. Our Bathurst Contingent and the Old Boys were already on the spot, and at the word “Open arms” we rushed forward to greet them.

Not a moment was lost in pitching the tents with the tar we had brought, to keep out the wet: (as it always rains when we are out camping) feather-beds radiated like star-fish from the centre pole: arms were piled in conic sections with mathematical precision: camping fires flared; and the water in the billies grew quite moist and hot in the exciting race to Boiling Point. Sentinels were posted, like flaming bills, around the entrenchments. At ten o'clock the nine o'clock gun was fired, the watches set by it, the reveille sounded, and after a hearty meal we were all told off to bed. A slight disturbance was caused in the small hours of the morning, by a stampede among the night mares, careering madly about the camp. They had evidently been tempted from their moorings by the enticing smell of the rich plum cake and cheese. The guard turned out, and clubbing together their rifles, charged the mob. The riot act was read; leaders were court-martialled, and shot with military
honours. Peace was at length restored in the camp, unbroken save only by the hard breathings of the Fourth Grecian Squad.

The next morning we were awakened at 5:67 a.m. by the kettles beating tattoo, when we were instructed in Breakfast Exercise, and reviewed by S. A. R. *Monsieur le chef de cuisine*, S. O. T. who graciously expressed his entire approbation of the rapidity and precision with which the evolutions and involutions were performed. The forenoon was spent in exploring the topography of Oudemiagee; a description of which I here insert, condensed verbatim from the "Thieves Guide," vict. xii., lib. ii., cap. vii., p. 'oi "Oudemiagee is situated in one vast monotonous level plain, undulating "circularly with picturesque sand-hills, whose barren sides are covered "luxuriantly with the rarest grass, of delicate brown verdure. A deep "river-bed rises in the mountain to the right, and flows in a northerly "direction, towards the southern pole. Such is the *debris* it has carried "down, that it has been calculated that the stream flows at a semi-uniform "rate of considerably less than 37·010123 cubic miles an hour in still water!

The chief industry of this populous township is hunting the wild ant on the "plains, for whose scalp and ears the Home Government offer fifteen shillings "per head. The prickly pear is extensively cultivated, and the prickles "pickled—the sole and only cure for bad language, applied externally. Avoid "spurious imitations. None genuine without our trade mark D—, are sent "all over the world. The last census of 1982 returned 20,000 souls; no "account being taken of the bodies, beside women and little children."

The particular spot where the encampment was pitched was surrounded by an overhanging rock, to prevent our being surprised by wandering bands of Black Mousquetoes that continually roam the plains on predatory excursions. The other two sides were open, from which we could enjoy to the full the amenities of the prospect. The sun generally rose before daybreak at the back of the rock which faced the nor'-east by sou' half west; and as the orb of day advanced, its infest rays were broken by the umbrageous foliage of some leafless gum trees. Through the centre of the camp, entering by the Deeuman gate, a limpid stream of water, that rose at the foot of a fair plane tree, babbled noiselessly over the dry stones, affording splendid natation ground. Every afternoon when the one o'clock gun struck five bells, the Awkward Squad was instructed in the goose-step by H. R. H. Sub-vice-acting-pro-deputy-lieutenant-private Anser, V.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.B. who marched them to the water-hole, and then, at the words "undress by the right," "raise the arms above the head," "fall in," this squad of geese plunged into the water for an hour's swim. They returned to the tents just as the sun was setting in the east in all his glory; and there they found the Staff engaged in watching through a microscope the deviation of the Comet in Ares, and from its proximity to the sun, they prognosticated rain for the morrow.

In the evening an Impromptu Concert was arranged (to aid the Society for the Suppression of the Chinese Tram Extension Nuisance. Back seats, 1s; gallery, 2s; stalls, 5s; boxes, £1 1s) on a platform erected hastily by the Sappers and Miners: and the native talent displayed thereat was wonderful. The first piece was a recitation of the speech of Judas Maccabeens,
Y.M.C.A., to the Troglodytes, at the battle of Pharsalia, which was given by Lance-Corporal Cadet Blockhead, and enthusiastically applauded. The next on the programme was "Advance Australia," a comic song, composed by Sergeant Captain Derlau. At the end of every verse this chorus was sung:—(N.B.—The music can be obtained, half-price, on application. Come early.)

"Alpha Beta τύπτω,
"τέτυμμα τέτυμφα,
"Pons Asinorum ; Parlez-vous Français?
"Sprechen-sie Deutch? Ja vohl, Mein Herr,
"And n x² double a

"Is all the Greek and Latin that the Grammar School can say."

The concussion of the air that followed this was so enormous, that four wallabii fell out of their nest at the top of one of the neighbouring gum trees, and were killed on the spot, and three native bears lost their equilibrium, and were found hanging on by their tails. Band-master Mick next sang a duet, which he accompanied on the piccolo, called "Fair Bingen on the Murrumbidgee," a great favourite with the whole corps. The Bathurst Sentinel then rendered a classical composition of Beethoven, the Maestoso vivace allegro pocopiu from the sonata in Q flat, upon the Jew's Harp, and added such pathos to that delightful instrument, which we never knew it possessed before. Three Old Boys next took part in an Historical Dialogue between Jack Ketch and the Hangman, from one of the lost plays of Sophocles, and the proceedings were closed, by all standing and whistling "God Save the Queen."

That evening, strolling among the sand-hills, I lost my way, and did not find it again till long after dark. As I passed the lines, I heard the "'Wh'o gow there?" of the sentinel. "Your Exams," quoth I, luckily remembering the watch word. "Pass your Exams, and all's well," he gloomily replied, as he admitted me to the Camp. That night we were doomed to have our sleep disturbed. Five minutes after the moon yawned and was thinking of going to bed, drums were blown, bugles beat, and as Xenophon says, "cecinit receptin." The order was given for the reception of enemies. Every one rushed to arms, completely clad in undress. The Rear Guard of the Black Mousquitoes was 200 yards from the Camp!! Our Generalissimo was calm: fire flashed from his stoney pipe: his look was courage, his bearing, resolve. We knew from his countenance, e'er he spake, his words of exhortation; and we cheered in silence, resolved to do or die. The three front ranks fixed bayonets, and were ordered not to fire till the enemy were ten yards off, and then aim low. The reserve were in readiness to back them up with sponges and vinegar. The enemy advanced, their trumpets clanging, their weapons rustling, like an army of gigantic gnats, till they reached the fatal line. "Fire" roared the Commander, sotto voce, and right in their faces blazed a murderous discharge of grape, canister, chain, bullets, shells, bombs, everything they had in their pouches, (even quids of tobacco.) These tremendous blank cartridges told with deadly effect. With yells of rage and
disappointment the enemy turned and fled, never to molest us again, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The battalion of Hexham Greys was exterminated to a man: 1234 of the enemy were killed badly, 4231 were mortally wounded and sent in to hospital, where in a few days an average number received their promotion to the majority; of the remainder, those who did not recover, subsequently died. Our troops behaved splendidly in this, their first action. Our casualties were but two, who fainted from fright, and fifteen who were overcome by the noisome fumes of the tobacco that had been hastily snatched for ammunition. A pean was sung; a trophy raised; the dead were buried at once, for the weather was very hot. As the action had raged in all about ten minutes, we were allowed two hours extra sleep by way of compensation.

When the bell sounded next morning (the 7th), for breakfast, a heavy shower of rain, as foretold, was falling, which refreshed the air and dried up the dust. Cleaning tents was the order of the day; and as it poured cats and dogs, we thought it an excellent opportunity to starch our Sunday shirts and hang them out to dry. Towards evening it cleared up; and the officers of the Staff were deliberating about plans for a night attack. A strong body of men, under Mr. H.R.H. the Duke of Falconbridge, Esq., I.O.U., secretly left the Camp by a subterranean passage over the rocks at the back; and as the remainder were so plied with strong tea and buns that they all saw double, their absence was not missed. At the exact moment, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, when the hands of a watch are parallel to one another, a line of men, winding along in voluminous coils, might be seen (had the vidette been at his post, which he wasn't—having retired to refresh his memory with the remains of the strong tea, and was subsequently discovered with his head jammed in the teapot) insinuating their tortuous way toward the rampart. Not a sound was visible, not a sight was heard, save the gruff voice of the Commander, whose flowing white beard gleamed like a beacon beneath the shimmering clouds that obscured the moon. He spake—"Let not these sleepers boast they have naught to learn from us, or that we can learn aught of them. Can we not teach them at least stealth, cunning, and wily deception? Ah! ah! the braggartocies! we have caught the dormouse asleep! Charge!" and with a victorious rush the camp was his. The guards were disarmed, and the recumbent warriors were all awakened at a preconcerted signal, by jerking a piece of string tied to their big toes. The hero of the teapot was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be kept two whole days in Detention, beneath the basilisk gaze of the white-headed warder.

The next two days passed without anything peculiarly exciting, except that three goats were drowned accidentally in the water-hole, and died from want of breath; and a concert in the evening of the 5th, of which the principal features were, by special request "Advance Australia," a quartette by Carbineer Bassoprof, and Gunner Tenoralt: the former singing treble and tenor alternately, the latter, bass and alto, except where they occasionally blended their voices in harmonious unison, which had a peculiar effect. I noticed that a flat seventh and a depressed fifth were taken rather too
slow in the thirty-eighth bar—but then I may be hypercritical. I doubt if anyone else noticed it. One of Mendelssohn’s songs without words was sung in chorus, and the “Kookaburra’s complaint to the Opossum” was melodiously recited by one of the Cuckoos. The proceedings were given to the New Dining-hall Fund, which we are glad to say will be completed in about thirty years’ time.

On the morning of the 4th, we were inspected, in full dress by H.R.H. the Prince of New South Wales, I.O.G.T., who put the Corps through some very intricate movements, such as the “Trois temps,” “pas de seuil,” “pas de deux,” “fandango,” “saraband” and other difficult manoeuvres. Finally he mounted upon an inverted tub, covered with crimson cloth, and as they marched past, addressed them in the following terms:—Brave-hem-er-defenders-ha,-um of our native-er-cats-um-eh? that is-er-soil eh? I have much hah-pleasure-um,-eh? I should say-er-delight-haw-hah-in expressing-um-my entire-ha-eh? satisfaction-um-in-the-er-way (here he blew his nose violently, and grew quite red in the face thereby) with which-ah-you have behaved-um-eh under extra-haw-ordinary severe-um-er-circumstances I should say-er-things. If I-um-ha-have-never-um-eh? that is seen better-um-discipline-ahh-eh! more cleanly-um-set of men-er-why-er-way the—“what his Royal Highness was contemplating we were destined never to hear, as the bottom of the tub suddenly gave way at the top. and the end of his eloquent speech fell through. H.R.H. was helped out of his difficulties as soon as possible, and we all, as in duty bound, appeared quite innocent of what had happened.

The great question now was “What’s to be done to-night,” as concert was stale. Somebody luckily suggested a Spelling Bee, and the motion was carried nem con. There were twenty-eight competitors, and the Hon. Minister for Ignorance, A.S.S., M.A. Oxon., Cantab., London, Dublin, Germany, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., was voted to the chair. And now began a terrible display of learning, hard words, and difficult spelling; especially as there were no books or dictionaries at hand in case memory turned traitor. The august Interlocutor began with small fry, such as eyot, phthisis, gauge, caoutchouc, eneoff, puisne, hygiene. These few bowled out six candidates. The A.I. proceeded to others, such as hypotenuse, labynthiform, cryptogamia, trilobite, reconnaissance, and seven more were conquered. Then more awful words came forth, philologomachically, latitudinarism, anathemamaranatha, mahershalahashbaz, shetharboznai, whereat ten collapsed. Then thundered out most fearful words, two-clips-in-the-ink words, that I can scarcely write down, yet they are to be found in classical literature; anthropomorphically, orthrophiotosukhantidioticialtaporos, necrobineopavonthydro-thonaanthropopithekology, at which three more were no more. Two heroes came out so far unscathed, and the crisis was at hand; we all sat on tip-toe of expectation. One word a piece was allowed. The first stood up to hear his doom. Spell “antipericatetanapartengagedampibationsmendicantium.” Poor wretch! this was too much. “Procumbit humi bos.” The boss felled him to the ground with this tremendous blow: he went wrong in the proantepenultimate. Shouts of sympathetic cheering resounded through the hall, while the knees of the other knocked audibly together, and wore a hole
in his elbows. As soon as his Honor heard silence he appeared to have a violent attack of mental indigestion, as if he had a great weight on his mind. After a few facial distortions he suddenly gave vent to the following: "Lepadotemachoselachogaleocranioleipsanodrimurtrottsumatostilphioparaomelitocatacchumenocichlepikossuphophattoperisteralectryonoptegephalocigklopleidoagoosiraio-
baphetraganopterugon.

Fourteen of the audience were carried out in a dead faint, and the learned questioner himself had to drink a glass of water, after spinning out this word like a silk-worm, but he had relieved the pressure on his brain, and felt better. The hero of the hour collected his thoughts for a second, and SPELT it backwards from beginning to end without a single mistake! To say that the roof was blown off the meeting house, and lodged on the top of the rock behind, that a barrel of gunpowder exploded and smashed three tents to ribbons, owing to the wild yells of approbation and delight, is but a faint description of what really happened. No words of mine can adequately paint the scene, when our fellow schoolboy thus triumphantly dealt out, letter by letter, the name of the last aesthetic soup at Government House. This literary conquest, thus achieved by a boy in the Lower School, speaks volumes. Have we reached the Greek Kalends?

This night was, I regret to say, the last of our pleasant Encampment, as shortly after midnight our commander received a telegram by carrier pigeon from the Trustees to say that as an epidemic had broken out amongst the boys, the school was to assemble immediately, if not sooner. He, of course, saw at once the wisdom of this move—that wisdom which so happily for us permeates and directs all their decisions—and without a moment’s delay, passed the word to pack up and be off. As we failed to catch the last train we determined to wait until the next one, which arrived punctually, five minutes late. The state carriage was occupied by our distinguished leader and his illustrious guests; the rank and file had to put up with the rank and vile accommodation usually provided by our railway officials. We reached Sydney on the evening of the 3rd, wearedy and footsore with our long day’s march, and after falling in on the station, marched to the school, swords flashing, colours flying, and each one blowing his own trumpet violently, where (i.e. in the school yard) with a few appropriate words we were dismissed. Three cheers were given for everybody concerned in the expedition, down to the bootboy; which had thus returned safe and sound, covered with not inglorious dust, after a most enjoyable holiday to Oudemiagee, a holiday, I am convinced, that no one who went there will ever forget to remember till his dying day.

ODE TO “ENO.”

I know Eno’s fizzing salt,
And the fact is we all three know;
For I know Eno, he knows me,
And you know I know Eno.
MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

1st Hour.

Such lots of blokes,
I'm quite confused:
I stare about
In silent wonder.
But as I'm here
To be amused,
I'll have a lark,
I will, by thunder.

"Joskins, stand up,
"Please understand
"You'll pay your very
"Best attention."
"Oh, fish !" I says
In accents bland.
"Joskins, an hour
"At Detention."

A bell then rang,
I scampered out,
And headlong banged
Against a master.
Says he "Pray mind
"What you're about,
"Or you shall sit
"On sticking-plaster."

2nd Hour.
The second hour,
Of course I'm late,
"Take two bad marks"
The Boss said, grimly.
That I the whole
Concern should hate,
Soon dawned upon
My senses, dimly.

3rd Hour.
To leave behind
At school a name,
Had always been
My mild ambition:
I cut mine big,
And thus became
Recipient of
An imposition.

12·30 came,
But where's my lunch?
A cove had shook
My bread and bacon:
I track him down,
His head I punch,
And find my Sat-
urday is taken.

4th Hour.
I had the Boss
When into school
We all assembled
After dinner:
I cribbed my sums:—
My word, the fool
Has nabbed me clean,
As I'm a sinner!

5th Hour.
The last hour set
In clouds and gloom,
For I was caned
Before the fellows:
The chief came down
Into the room,
And gave me six.
Whereat I bellow.

When I got out
I pondered o'er
The hows and whys
Of my disgraces;
And home returning
Soothly swore
To mend my manners;—
And my braces.

EBENEZER • JOSKINS.
mark
On September 1st there died at Brisbane, Joseph Henry Skinner, at the early age of 32. Mr. Skinner had for many years been suffering from disease of the lungs, but until quite recently his friends had reason to hope that the disease was arrested, or at any rate quiescent. Just a year ago serious symptoms reappeared, and he was then informed by a leading physician in Sydney, that he had only twelve months to live. This opinion was confirmed by Mr. Skinner's own doctor in Melbourne, and its accuracy has been verified by the result. As a last hope Mr. Skinner tried the effect of a sea voyage to San Francisco, and a summer in Tasmania. On his return to Sydney in the autumn of the present year, it was only too evident to his friends, that the insidious disease was making rapid and deadly progress. Early in July he removed to Brisbane, and for the few weeks immediately preceding his death had been taking part of the Head Master's work at the local Grammar School. His death appears to have been comparatively painless, and he retained consciousness to the last.

Mr. Skinner came to the Australian Colonies in 1875, having accepted the Mathematical Mastership in the Church of England Grammar School in Melbourne. This position he was compelled to resign in consequence of ill health, and early in 1877 joined the Sydney Grammar School, in which he subsequently held the appointment of second Mathematical Master. On the retirement of Mr. Pratt, Mr. Skinner became Acting Mathematical Master, and upon Mr. Pratt's final resignation of his office it is probable, that Mr. Skinner would have been confirmed in the position of Mathematical Master to the School, had the state of his health justified him in undertaking the work.

Mr. Skinner's intellectual gifts and attainments were of a very high order. While still a schoolboy he came out first of the Senior candidates at the local examinations held by the University of Oxford, and was thereupon offered an exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford, a College of which he always spoke with the greatest pride and affection, and in which his character received an impress for life. Mr. Skinner's University career was worthy of his promise as a schoolboy, and had his health allowed it would have been a brilliant one. He gained a First-Class in Mathematics and a Second-Class at moderations, and Second-Class in Classics in the final schools. It was confidently expected that he would have obtained a First-Class in Mathematical honours if his health had enabled him to remain in England for the examination.

As a teacher Mr. Skinner possessed extraordinary versatility; he could teach almost all subjects, and could teach them well. As a master he was firm, but considerate. He maintained discipline apparently without effort, and whilst he checked familiarity he thoroughly won the respect and affection of his pupils. His judgment was excellent, and his criticism invariably temperate and to the point. He had a large fund of humour, artistic tastes, an extensive acquaintance with current literature. His temperament was sensitive but undemonstrative; affectionate but reserved. His constitutional shyness was sometimes mistaken for indifference. Those who knew him best will know how sincerely grateful he was to those friends who showed him so much kindness during the last few months of his life in Sydney.

It has been proposed to raise a subscription for the purpose of placing a tombstone over Mr. Skinner's remains. It would seem only fitting that such a movement should be initiated by the members of this school, with which for four years he was so intimately connected.

[We are authorised to state that Mr. Goldie will be very glad to receive subscriptions from the school.—Ed. Sydneyan.]
I would recommend to the readers of your journal the study of a little book I lately met with, entitled "Systematic Memory," the objects of which are "to make a bad memory good, and a good memory better." That the work is able to accomplish these ends I feel convinced from the benefits which I myself have already derived from an almost cursory perusal of it. A knowledge of its contents makes it possible for one to commit to memory, with the least possible effort, any number of words, figures, ideas, dates, &c., and on this account it should prove particularly useful to those about to go up for examination, and also, as it enables one to speak without notes, to aspirants to oratorical honours (such as members of the Debating Club).

"Systematic Memory," says the author, "is a science, the use of which is exceedingly improving to the mind. It gives a sense of power. It enables a man to feel that he can store ideas and facts and have them at call when he wants them again. It is, indeed, a most valuable possession. It greatly develops the power of concentrating the thought. It even helps a man to think systematically, as well as to remember systematically. It improves the imagination, and by enabling him to keep more facts and opinions before the mind, strengthens the judgment."

The association of ideas is the power of which chief use is made in this work, as it is in all works having a similar purpose.

**CRICKET.**

1st XI. v. Next XXII, with Two Masters.

Providence favours the strongest battalions said Nap the Great, and the saying may with some truth be applied to Cricket.

An Eleven must be "long chalks" better than a Twenty-two to have any chance against it. So on Wednesday September our Eleven suffered defeat at the hands of our embryo and hitherto less prominent cricketers, aided in a truly masterly manner by Mr. Farrar. The Eleven has lost nearly all its heroes of last year. A loss felt both in the batting and the bowling of such men as Thompson, Donnan, and Cruickshank cannot be easily replaced.

Ten bowlers successively trundled the leather against the Twenty-two, of whom Jardine showed best, Wood may become useful later on.

Of batting, perhaps the less said the better but an ample apology is the fact of the bad light, not to mention the want of practice consequent on the earliness of the season. The pitch was bad—we would like to say "passable" or indifferent (vide School Reports), but we have a conscience, and bad is the right word.

For the 22 Mr. Farrar's batting powers came well to the fore, and he "took tea" with the bowlers all round in a thoroughly impartial manner.

The bowling was very fair, though we have said aided by light and ground. Elliot, Kemp, and Robison each did execution, and cooked the respective geese of the XI, in about an hour for the small total of 36. With practice, no doubt, we shall see great improvement, and certainly it is needed, if our XI is to keep up its old reputation. Energy on the part of its officers and a ready response from the members of the XI, will do a great deal. However, the afternoon's holiday was not wasted, and if no good cricket form was displayed, we, in the words of the "Three Jovial Huntsmen."

Powler up and down a bit
And had a rattlin day.

**PHILOPIA.**

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1882.

Our first fifteen played four matches, winning three, and losing one. This result of itself does not seem very brilliant, but if we consider the great disadvantages that the school labours under as regards football, we shall see that our team has done as well as could be reasonably expected of it. In the first place when the football season is in full swing, owing to our June vacation, we play no matches for a month or so, and when we do make a start, our team is entirely changed, as every June the school suffers a great depletion, consequent on the examination held about that time, and further, there are very few clubs that we can meet, indeed the secretary must find it very hard work to get matches on at all. In the face of all these difficulties, we ought not to be surprised that our team played so few matches, but we ought rather to wonder that they won any of them. I will now proceed to give a short review of the matches we played:

1ST GRAMMAR v. 1ST KING'S SCHOOL.

This was the first match of the season, and as we had had very little practice, we did not feel very confident about it. The result, however, agreeably disappointed us. After a hard contest we managed to win by one goal and one try against two tries. The match was close throughout, and was either side's game until time was called. This was a great victory for the school, it being the first time for several seasons that the Grammars had proved victorious against King's School.

1ST GRAMMAR v. 1ST NEWINGTON.

After their victory over King's School, our team were tolerably sanguine about this match, and their hopes were not disappointed. We won by one goal and one try. Up to half-time the play was very close and both sides seemed very evenly matched, the only advantage being gained was a try to Newington. After half-time the Grammar School team had decidedly the best of it, until an unpleasantness occurred which put an end to the play. The Newington Captain objected to our second touch down, both umpires, however, gave their decision in favour of the try, and when we kicked a goal off it, the Newington team walked off the ground.

1ST GRAMMAR v. 1ST ARFOMA.

This was the first match we played after the June holidays, and contrary to all expectation, we managed to secure a win. The School led off with a dash, immediately forcing the Arfomas down behind their goal-line. The Arfomas kicked the ball out, but were quickly forced down again, and soon after four tries were obtained in speedy succession by the Grammar School. We only managed to score one goal off them, as there was a considerable wind blowing which prevented sure place-kicking. After half-time the Arfomas rallied and gained two tries, but they failed to score off them. Some excellent runs were made on both sides, but the best run of the match was Hillyar's. He started from the Arfoma goal line, and succeeded in passing all our men, finally obtaining a touch down. This was one of the pleasantest matches we ever played, as there were no squabbles on either side. We might almost term this match Students v. Ex-Students, for the greater part of the Arfoma team are old Grammar School boys.
1ST GRAMMAR v. 1ST ARFOMA.

In our return match we were worsted by two goals and three tries to nil. Our defeat was mainly owing to the fact that we went into the field with an exceedingly weak team. Three of our back men were away, Carter, Hassell, and Jardine, and we felt their loss severely. We had to play an up-hill game from start to finish, and we can hardly compliment the school on its play on this occasion. The new men were taken from the second team, and with one exception, were rather in the way than otherwise, and one of them showed unmistakable signs of funk.

SECOND FIFTEEN MATCHES.

2ND GRAMMAR v. 2ND KING’S SCHOOL.
King’s School won by one goal and three tries to nil.

2ND GRAMMAR v. PARRAMATTA UNIONS.
Unions won by one goal and three tries to one goal and one try.

2ND GRAMMAR v. 2ND ARFOMA.
Second Arfoma won three goals and eleven tries to nil.

2ND GRAMMAR v. 2ND NEWINGTON.
Second Grammar won by two goals and four tries to one goal and one try.

FOOTBALLER.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to suggest an improvement in regard to your Correspondence Column. Noticing that many of the letters usually published cannot be of the slightest interest to any of your readers (except indeed to those that write them), and further, that a great number of the epistles are even extremely foolish, I would respectfully propose, that henceforth you publish in full only those letters that you consider likely to prove interesting, or evoke useful discussion. With respect to insignificant letters, I would simply have their receipt noticed. Of late, many a large dish of correspondence has been served at our (frugal) meal of "Sydneian"—probably your cooks find it the easiest to prepare. I, for my part, am heartily tired of the tasteless preparation, and long for something with a little seasoning in it. Y ours, &c.,

Sept. 8th.

Peter Potts.

[We have been almost tempted to follow the new régime suggested by our correspondent (though it is no new one with us), and—omit his letter. Indeed we would have done so had his proposition not been so "respectful."—Eds.]

The challenge cup has at length been fixed in its place in the sixth form room, where it forms no inconsiderable ornament to the walls.

An excellent photograph of the masters has been taken by Mr. Newman, it is one of the best groups of the kind we have ever seen.

We hope to see Parker once more to the front in the Schools’ Race in the forthcoming Sydney Amateur Athletic Sports.

F. Cunningham and Co., Printers, 146 Pitt Street, Sydney.