EDITORIAL.

A good old divine once said that a moderator must be boxed on both ears, and that certainly has been the editorial position lately. In our last number we published a letter blaming us for publishing all contributions that were sent to us, while in the previous number we had been reproached for damping the efforts of contributors by our biting sarcasm. We have, however, survived and are rejoiced this month to find that we have two articles which have to be held over for want of space.

It is on the subject of contributions to our magazine that we feel moved to speak just now, as our supply is a very uncertain one and never very liberal. An exhortation naturally wants a text, and ours will be found in our correspondence column under the heading, "Women's Rights." Like many other preachers, we have nothing to do with the contents of our text; they have been pithily and impartially dealt with by Shakespeare when he said,

"A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action."

We have little to say even on the form of our text, but that little we wish to say forcibly. The writer of the letter should have had the common sense, if not the politeness, to put a little more of the dictionary and a little less originality into his spelling.

Having nothing to do, then, with the contents or form of our text, we have only the bare fact of its existence to speak about; and our first feeling is one of agreeable surprise that there is at least one boy in the school who, in spite of his orthography and his youth, has, nevertheless, a plucky inclination to tackle his subject, and having tackled it to the best of his ability, to forward the result to his school magazine. We wonder how many boys trouble their heads about the questions they hear their elders discuss; they will have to settle the questions for themselves some day, and the sooner they begin trying the better. Not that they should think their settlement of a question a final one, but unless they begin early they will grow up unaccustomed to trouble themselves about anything unless they are obliged, and will become like scores one meets every day, unpatriotic men without any public spirit, with perhaps the redeeming feature that they are not a positive nuisance.
There must be many in the school who could write moderately interesting and certainly original letters or articles, but we presume their not doing so is owing to scarcely ever reading books which would suggest subjects to them. It seems unnecessary to say that one can’t put out without putting in, still we dare say there are many boys who in their day dreams imagine themselves writing fascinating books, or making eloquent speeches, but who never think of collecting the material for such efforts.

There is, no doubt, great difficulty in fixing on a subject, and knowing this, we make the following suggestion, viz., that we should start what is called a Symposium on the subject of “Public Spirit in the Sydney Grammar School.” That is to say, in our next number we would publish two or three short articles, each writer being allowed to see the manuscript of the previous writer before it goes to print, so that he may answer any arguments they may contain and may avoid repetitions.

If any boys will undertake to think about the subject during the holidays so as to be ready to write next term, we should be glad to have their real names some time this term. Public spirit in a school may be explained as the spirit in which a school acts as a public body. The boys of the Grammar School act as a public body in the Football and Cricket Clubs, the Sports, the Cadet Corps, and their general behaviour in school. And the words “public spirit,” are always used in a good sense, meaning the way in which boys give up time and money and their own personal convenience to support school institutions.

Surely very much may be said about such a subject and many valuable suggestions made by which the tone of the school may be improved. We recommend it to all boys who are good at history papers, translations, or tough problems. In conclusion, we hope that this appeal for our editor’s box will not be in vain, but will tend to make the magazine more regular and more interesting.

OVER THE SIMPLOX.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1880.

At 10·35 on the night of Thursday, the 30th September, 1880, we arrived at the railway station of Breiz. When we had sent on the luggage and had given up our coach tickets and had secured seats for the morrow, we started for the Hotel de la Poste, where we had a thé complêt, and retired to rest.

Next morning we were up at four o’clock, had breakfast and started for the coach, attended by porters with luggage and lamps, for it was dark and the sun had not yet shown his shining face. However, at five o’clock the driver mounted his seat, the conductor said “all right,” the whip cracked, the
lumbering vehicle moved, and we were off on our never-to-be-forgotten ride. We were inside the coach, and had with us as "compagnons de voyage" a French-Swiss woman and four other English people.

The Simplon pass is—as all know—as between Switzerland and Italy, in the east of the Canton Valais. The road is a triumph of engineering skill, and was made by order of Napoleon I, in 1801-7. It is 26 feet, wide and 38 miles long from Breiz in Valais, to Domo d'Assola in Piedmont; its height is 6592 feet above the sea, and in its course it is carried over many bridges and through various tunnels.

Soon after leaving Breiz the road made a wide sweep from the Glytzhorn to the Breithorn. We gradually ascended and soon approached a precipice which overhung the gorge of the Saltine, and, when we came to the side, we saw a little town lying nestled like a white spot on the green sward, among the mountains. We asked the name and found it was Breiz. We took a last look and Breiz was a thing of the past. The sides of the road were here guarded by a strong parapet built of large stones, so that there was no fear of falling over. We still went on and bent round the valley of the Ganther, until we came to a bridge and crossed the Saltine. This part of the wild ravine is subject to avalanches, therefore the Pont du Ganther, as it is called, is strongly and peculiarly constructed so as to give as little resistance as possible to their fury.

Passing from the bridge the road by many zig-zags reached Bérisal, the first station where the horses were changed and we strolled about for a little. It was a new feeling to us to be wandering about in so quiet a place, at an altitude of 5080 feet, where we saw mountains and mountains all around, rocks mighty rocks, forests of pine trees and furious torrents.

Off once more, we came to the first gallery or artificial passage cut in the face of the precipice. It is called Schalbet and is 95 feet long. We passed the fifth refuge—these refuges are built for the convenience of those travelling in these altitudes to shelter them from the snow-storms that frequently come on—and then the most dreary, grand and sublime part of the ascent appears. The pine no longer finds the little soil it requires; nothing but rocks, rocks black with the storms of ages; mountains with their eternal snow piled above; and grandeur, desolation and sublimity all around.

It was here we reached the famous glacier galleries, partly excavated, partly built of masonry and strongly arched. We entered an immense cavern, cold and dark, we heard the sound of roaring waters, but looked in vain for the cause. At length an opening gave a light—a strange light—for when we came opposite we saw what seemed to be a sheet of silver, but on near inspection it proved to be a torrent of water, rushing down from the melting glacier, and dashing overhead in a beautiful arch, and looking down we saw it lost in light and feathery spray. It was after passing through these galleries that we obtained the finest view in all the Bernese Alps. We saw the Simplon frowning upon us from behind, while, bright with the many colours the sun gives to their glaciers rose the noble Jungfrau and Breithorn.
As we looked these words occurred to our minds,

“The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps;
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunder-bolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around their summits, as to shew
How Earth may pierce to Heaven yet leave vain man below!”

About a hundred yards past the sixth refuge we reached the highest point of the Simplon pass—6592 feet, where we bought a few crystals from a little Simplon girl to commemorate the event. When the brake had been secured firmly on the wheels we commenced the descent, and soon passed the Hospice founded by Napoleon and finished in 1825 at the expense of the Order of Saint Bernard. It is inhabited by eight brothers of the Order of St. Augustine and from 12,000 to 15,000 travellers are entertained every year. Large dogs of the St. Bernard breed are kept to search for any who may have lost their way in the snow.

Three miles from the top we arrived at the village of Simplon, where the horses rested, and we had some slight refreshment. Again we started, and raised clouds of dust which quite enshrouded us as we bowled along. Then we came to the grand Gorgo di Gondo, truly grand, sublime and terrible. The black perpendicular rocks deepen and narrow at every step, till they seem to overhang the road. We crossed the Doveria by the Ponte Alto, a wooden bridge, and in fifteen minutes we entered the celebrated Gallery of Gondo or Grand Gallery. We found ourselves in a cavern 735 feet long cut through the solid rock. It took one hundred men, working day and night, eighteen months to pierce it. Not many yards from this, and so close to the road that the spray washes it, is the Cascade of the Fressinone. The rocks rising on each side as straight as walls to an enormous height, the blue sky above, the torrent roaring in the dark gulf below, the white foam of the waterfall, and the black yawning mouth of the cavern whence we had just emerged made a striking and lasting impression on our minds.

Leaving this, we drove onward and soon reached the granite pillar which marks the boundary between Switzerland and Italy. We passed it, and Switzerland was “though lost to sight yet still to memory dear;” we were in Italy, sunny Italy, the land of Romance, Poetry and Art. In about half-an-hour we reached Isella, where there was a custom-house, and all the baggage was examined. We, as usual, got off very easily; not so with some of our fellow passengers. We bought some beautiful and luscious grapes and figs here for a few centessimi, and also some photos of the Gorgo di Gondo.

Passing through a picturesque and flat country, in about fifty minutes we arrived at Domo d’Ossola, a pretty Italian town of 2748 inhabitants, on the
Here we stayed some little time, and repaired to the "Hotel de la Ville," and had some lunch. We should have lunched before, but we committed a common mistake in not taking it at the place where it was provided for us. We got some excellent fruit here for very little.

Having a fresh relay of horses we clattered out of the town over the paved streets, to the enjoyment and envy of the "natives" who gazed after us open-mouthed. We passed through Villa where is an old Roman tower, and then went along the banks of the Tosa, till we came to Omavasso and passed on over a bridge over a stream running out of Lake Orta till we came to Fariola, where we had a fine view of the Lake Maggiore and its Islands.

The road then skirted the lake and we enjoyed it immensely. We passed some of the beautiful villas which abound there, and saw one in which Queen Victoria had stopped one summer. Leaving all these behind we reached Arona, our destination, where the coach stopped. We got out our luggage bade adieux to our friends, and went to the Hotel d'Itali, the inn of our choice.

Arona is a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, is 738 feet above the sea, and is situated on the Lake Maggiore. It is the native place of Saint Charles Borromeo, whose statue stands near. It was erected in 1697, and is 70 feet high on a pedestal of 49 feet. Four people can stand comfortably on the head and the nose forms a delightful arm chair, if one does not mind a little bad air.

So ended our trip over the Simplon, and though two years ago it is as fresh as ever in our memories. It was from Breig to Arona, about 70 miles from 5 a.m. to 8.50 p.m., a short time, yet so full of beauty and interest that it will ever be a source of enjoyment to look back and think over the time spent in travelling over it.

"Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.

VIATOR.

ON THE CARS.

HAVING by chance obtained possession of the following fragment in manuscript, I have forwarded it, as perhaps, likely to be entertaining to those who take an interest in eccentric human nature. The prefatory part seems to be the writer's own, and the fragments quotations from his friend, doubtless admiringly copied from memory into a common-place book. The subject matter has suggested the title of

ON THE CARS.

I suppose scores of others, before me have discovered that a fact is not a fact till you realize it, but I don't remember having seen this truth expressed in the form in which it comes to me at the present moment, viz., that a proverb is not a proverb till you have proved it in your own experience. The special
proverb by which I have lately illustrated this general truth to myself is the
hitherto unspoken answer to the old question, "What's in a name?" I have
called the answer to this an unspoken one, for with most human beings the
question seems to take their breath away and leave them unable to formulate
even in the slightest degree the tremendous but chaotic answer which every
day experience suggests.

There have been answers, no doubt, to this question, but they have come
for the most part from those geometrical manipulators of the theory of human
life who write the funny columns in smart newspapers. But then there is no
question that these admirable Crichtons cannot deal with from the principles of
a religion to the pattern of a lady's dress: none of Nature's doors are closed
so tight but that like the dust they can penetrate through some chink; like
the dust, too, an easy contemptuous breath will more effectually get rid of
them than sledgehammer blows in the pulpit or in print.

Let it not be thought that under pretence of relating my own experience
of the proverbial philosophy of names and its results, that I am attempting
to palm off shoddy for broadcloth. With the subject as a whole, I do not
deal; have not I, have not we all read Sartor Resartus, of which work I should
not as much as hint were I meditating pilfering from its store. Still, of this,
two remarks: first, that what I have said above (on geometrical philosophers)
can in no wise be applied to it, as its writer attempts no explanation of the
philosophy of Names and Symbols, but now laughs quietly at human weakness
when it becomes folly, now touches it with reverence when it becomes sublime
as the fountain of human sympathy, second, that it can be bought for six-
pence from any bookseller in Sydney.

I own to being very fond of attempting the analysis of motives, and much
prefer those novels which show plausibly the innermost workings of the
characters they portray. I must own my liking is in the inverse proportion
to my ability for gratifying it, but that is only one of many exemplifications
of the perversity of human nature. My stumbling block is the lack of the power
of observation, or rather of translating that which my eyes certainly see, but
not intelligently; naturally, therefore, my analysis is confined to my own
judgments and motives.

One of these till quite lately gave me much concern. I have a friend who
possesses unusual powers of observation, and can beguile many an odd half-
hour with the narrative of his daily experiences, and it is analysing the feeling
with which I regard his abilities that I have been troubled. For some time I
went about with the conviction that this feeling was an ignoble one, born of
envy, and calculated to degrade. No one who has not known the hold which
a love of analysis takes on a man can understand the constant misery produced
by such a thought. I went about among my fellows thinking, 'Could they
but look beneath the surface and see the ignoble truth beneath, how they
would spurn my littleness, my meanness, how the very children would shame
me with their wondering pity.

For months the idea haunted me, yet there the feeling was. Again and
again I sought my friends society, and enjoyed his revelations, but every time left him bitterly wondering why I should be condemned always to see at second hand. Once I ventured to hint my trouble, but my friend would give me no help but to bid me not trouble myself on the matter, though, as I understood from his look rather than his words, he seemed to think my anxiety in no way blameworthy.

Only a few days after this ineffectual attempt I was reading here and there in Sartor Resartus, giving special heed to those oft repeated passages in which he speaks of reverence as the necessary condition of freedom. Closing the book, and pacing up and down to meditate on what I had read (as is my wont), my thoughts reverting to the old subject, framed themselves after this fashion, "Let me once for all," I said to myself, "settle the character of this feeling, which, by its apparent bareness, makes me that most miserable of human creatures—a man who despises himself; as its nature can only be judged by its results, what are these results? Hitherto I have only seen that it has made me miserable, but is that all? How, for instance, does it make me regard my friend? Answering candidly I believe I admire him and respect him more and more, and have not a vestige of ill-will towards him. Is there any relation in life in which this feeling has made you fall short of your duty? As far as I can tell it has never interfered, nay, seeing even at second hand, the humanity of human nature has made me conscious of more sympathy with my fellows. If then there are no evil results, why trouble yourself? Because envy in any form is despicable; is it not coupled with hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, and from these do not all right thinking people pray to be delivered?"

Thus far had my self-accusation proceeded when my excusing self suggested the momentous question I alluded to at first, and harangued my accusing self as follows: "How long will you carry about this bugbear of a name? Do you know what is in a NAME? Be yourself, your philosophical self; find a new name for your trouble and it will vanish; change Anglo-Saxon for Latin and the transformation is complete; call hatred resentment, gambling speculation, a lottery a consultation, and hey presto! the moral change is accomplished. Take this monster envy then and rename it, so shall you obtain your freedom." "Freedom," answered my accusing self, "have we not just read that no freedom is possible without reverence, and this advice smacks somewhat of irreverence." "Reverence," hastily rejoined my alter ego, "why you have just hit on the very name! Your Envy is no more, I now call it Reverence! It is your involuntary expression of homage to a nature higher than you own, and that which you call bitterness of feeling is but the crude beginning of a noble Emulation. Rejoice, for philosophy tells you you are no longer the envious victim of unwarrantable Pride, but the reverent exponent of an ennobling Humility."

Thus ended the dialogue, for I must confess that at the words a secret thrill of joy went through me. Since then my peace of mind has been secure; I have walked with head erect, and if now and then a suspicion has arisen
that my philosophy is not based on sound logic, I have determined rather to be at one with my kind in a philosophy which is practical though theoretically unsound, than stand isolated on a pedantic pedestal of lofty logic.

Have you ever studied the art of getting out of a railway carriage? I don't mean the English carriages but the American cars. If your minutes are valuable and the train happens to be late it is no small advantage to be an adept in the art of getting out. If it is imperatively necessary that you should lose no time, of course you take a corner seat taking care that the door opens from you; then you are safe, for you can always insinuate yourself into the middle of the column of excitable people who throng to the outside of the car as soon as the train is near the station. Even this position is not a certainty in one case, and that is when you have as a near neighbour an elderly female with two or more packages and an umbrella. The moment any one makes a move she will start hurriedly for the door and stand outside till she is perfectly sure the train has made up its mind not to move again: then she will step off placidly and having unlimited time to spare will walk off leisurely quite unconscious that she has lost you the best seat on the bus by a minute. Let me offer one other word of warning on the subject of the elderly female; see that she doesn't forget her umbrella (as she is likely to do). As sure as she forgets it she will try the force of feminine determination on the elasticity of the column of more or less polite business men, and will drive them slowly back till she has reached the missing article. The best plan is to hand it over the heads of the people in front; you may knock two or three hats off but that only gains you as many places.

I generally find that certain people are always in a hurry to get out. I travel up with one every morning; a man, whose every gesture seems to say, "I don't care for appearances when I am doing my work." and nature has helped him to the expression of this sentiment. He is small and thin, with a sallow complexion; a little scattered hair on his face brings him within the conventional type of grown-up masculine humanity, but needing only an occasional shave he has not to make much sacrifice for the sake of appearance. His usual dress consists of a very roomy tweed suit that will not impede his motions, a very tall white hat, probably chosen to oblige his hatter; a stout umbrella, never fastened round, completes the equipment; the whole saying as plainly as can be, "I am ready for work." On a wet day the white hat is exchanged for a soft tweed and a huge mackintosh surrounds the whole man, so that nothing of him is visible between the face and the ankles which appear below the carefully turned up trousers. The other day I travelled with him on a Sunday afternoon. I did not recognize him when he entered; a fleckless tall hat surmounted a most correct morning suit, and had it not been for his nervous start when we were near the station I should have let him pass unnoticed.

He is always followed on week days by another typical specimen, the young colonial Scotchman. This individual you may recognize by his being
tall and thin, clean shaven, save for the upper lip, from which flows a heavy and wide-spreading moustache; neat in his personal appearance, the whole pervaded by a quiet air of dignity which often becomes self-assertion. He has a preference for a particular end of the carriage and never sits in any other part even though it be far less crowded. He is probably very genial in his own circle and a great favourite, but strangers rarely see the somewhat hard grey eyes soften. In fact he is the last man you would expect to see hurry himself over such a trifle as precedence in leaving a railway car, but if you watch him out of the station the reason is obvious: he has made up his mind to a certain seat on the bus and any one who had glanced at his determined chin would say at once he was not a man to let appearances turn him from the purpose. Of his personal appearance one notices that everything he wears is good and scrupulously neat, his nationality only asserting itself in his umbrella which is kept unfolded to make it last the longer; but even his wardrobe knows gala days, when a black coat sets off a new tie and the shoes are of the neatest shape consistent with the anatomy of their contents.

I have come to the conclusion that no outward sign is so significant of a tenour of a man’s married life as the tie he wears. One look at a man’s tie and one can tell almost with a certainty whether he is married, and if so which of the pair is master, whether his wife is ill, and how many children he has got. Of course this indication must be combined with others, but I have found it to be the most significant. The elderly married man, with a beard, who is master at home, wears a diminutive black tie or none at all, a gold collar stud serving the double purpose of use and ornament. The elderly married man, whose wife chooses his ties for him, often presents rather a ludicrous appearance when adorned with a scarf, whose colour and shape are either such as gentlemen never wear or such as are especially unsuitable on the particular individual. The man with a large family wears a safe black tie, varied by one of a quiet colour which is past Sunday duty: he is only to be distinguished from the widower by his tie never presenting a frayed appearance, even, though a little worn, it is always mended. The newest and richest of ties bespeaks the young married man, from whom you can always learn the latest fashion in the shape of these significant adornments.

Why will people always speak of trains as though time spent in them was always wasted, as though nothing was ever learnt in them. I have just had a sermon this afternoon as good as many I should hear in any Church in Sydney. You are right, it was not spoken, but one of Nature’s written ones—a little lad’s face. Eight years old, I suppose, dressed in a sailor’s suit, with a white straw sailor’s hat turned up all round, a pure white jersey covering the chest. The train was nearly full, and he half sat, half stood, as though wondering whether he might keep the seat: his eyes were of the kind
that, I have been told, are specially common with us here, a light pure gray with a very dark small pupil; generally such eyes are too glittering to be beautiful, but these eyes were soft and full of open wonderment. The face was soft and rounded yet with indications of power: it reminded me of what the little ones in the frontispiece to Kingsley's Water Babies would be when they grew up. As I watched him I wondered whether any of the sneering cynics who write society newspapers had ever had such a radiant vision of innocence within the narrow limits of their dingy lives. As I looked the thought came of how many who start thus clothed in purity and innocence but too soon find school and even home full of contamination. So I read myself the sermon, a brief one but none the less heart-reaching, "Be thankful that amid the crookednesses and meannesses that are around you, you have the innocent faces of children," and "woe unto you if through your life any of these little ones stumble."

I often wish I had the knowledge of human nature that comes to an old ticket-collector or tram-conductor. See a new tram-guard come round the second time for tickets; he can't remember who have paid, so he looks into each compartment as though he had nothing whatever to do with you, but let the lady opposite open her reticule to get her handkerchief and the conviction seizes him that she can't have paid. He holds out his hand, the lady looks straight before her, he waits, she doesn't move, till at last he retires discomfited and shouts viciously to the passengers at the next stopping place. But see an old conductor, there is no hesitation about him, he knows exactly who have paid, and what children are to be paid for; he is generally known by two or three gentlemen on the car who chat to him, and is a model of gallantry in conveying the gentler sex in and out of the tram. So much for the secret of all comfort, knowing one's own position.

What a depth of discretion a railway ticket collector must have—I don't mean those who collect tickets on the stations, for there discretion is often the better part of valour. But think of the many questions that have to be decided by a man who collects tickets on the trains. Theoretically every season ticket holder ought to show his ticket, and of course the collector can enforce this, but who would think of pressing it in the case of the testy old gentleman in the corner reading the paper an inch off his nose? Then he hasn't always time to dispute with the young bank clerk or Government employé who thinks it manly to refuse the collector's civil request. Must he always be severe on the old woman with a basket who declares a porter put her into a first-class carriage by mistake, and who doesn't get out to change for fear of losing the train? Can he always steel his heart to the polite excuses of the well-dressed young lady who had no time to get a ticket, and who objects naturally to be robbed by having to pay from where the train started? And the schoolboy who has forgotten his ticket (no rare occurrence), shall he be severely reprimanded (which will make him sulky and defiant) or (which may
make him grateful) quietly warned? These daily dilemmas constitute a by no means despicable experience, and I don’t think it would do those who are masters in business any harm to have a year’s training as a railway ticket collector. It would make a Prime Minister’s fortune.

ANOTHER ACHIEVEMENT OF MODERN SCIENCE.
THE DEMON STINK CONQUERED.
(From the Typhoid Times.

At last, we are glad to observe, has a portion of the community awoke to the fact, that the air of the streets of the Metropolis is tainted with sewage miasmata of a nature most dangerous to the public health. As there appeared to be no means of removing these pestilential gases from our midst, several ingenious gentlemen, called together by that well-known and highly respected writer to the press, Mr. Nasturtium, have, after lengthy deliberation, hit upon a simple and excellent plan of at least avoiding them. The gentlemen alluded to propose to publish at an early date a Stink Map of Sydney, which they have already engaged one of our eminent surveyors to prepare,—a map on which will be plainly marked the various places where noxious smells enter the streets from sewers, &c. And, not only will this information of paramount importance be given, but also will be indicated by colour or otherwise, the probable nature of the stenches. For instance, a smell might be put down as “Odour of Sulphuretted Hydrogen,” “Compound Miasma,” or “Indescribable Effluvium”—the last named, we may inform our readers is the most prevalent and perhaps the worst of all.

By studying this Map, or carrying it for ready reference in the pocket, citizens will be enabled to avoid the various bad smells which are at present such a source of annoyance and of disease. In its possession we feel that we have a treasure; by its help we feel we shall be able to successfully cope with the whole race of Stinks.

In conclusion, we would record the unbounded veneration which we feel for the noble, the philanthropic mind that could invent such a cheap and simple means of relieving the Public Olfactory Organ of a great nuisance, one under which it has been suffering for a large number of years.

CADET CORPS.

At the late meeting of the N.S.W. Rifle Association the members of the Grammar School Cadet Corps distinguished themselves in almost every match, and for the fifth time consecutively won the Schools’ Challenge Bugle
(all honour to those boys who practised and shot for it), with a good average score. The following are the names of those who shot for the Bugle:

Quartermaster-Sergeant Kenna
Sergeant H. Marks
" J. Marks
Corporal Helsham
" Bowman
" Moffitt
Lance-Corporal Hayes
" Harnett
" Thomas
Cadet Falk
Colour-Sergeant Brereton, emergency

The thanks of the team are due to Mr. Sellar who spotted for it. For the first time the S.G.C.C. entered a Team for the Walker Trophy; out of the 25 Teams which entered the School got third place, winning a prize of £5. This Team shot splendidly, and would have won easily had the boys not been gratuitously interfered with by an officer who is more noted for his officiousness than for his good taste or consideration. The following is the Team:

Sergeant-Instructor Hagney
Sergeant H. Marks
Corporal Moffitt
" Bowman
" Helsham

Mr. Keating kindly assisted this Team by spotting. Altogether the School should be proud of its marksmen.

A silver bugle and about £70 was won by the Corps. Of this amount Sergeant J. Marks won £8 and the Trophy in the All Schools Match, and a prize in the Nursery Match. Corporal Bowman won about £10, and shot well throughout the meeting. Corporal Moffitt won about £5, Lance-Corporal Hayes the second prize, £4, in the All Schools Match. Corporal Helsham about £4, Sergeant H. Marks about £4. We hope to hear more of him when he goes to Cambridge. Colour-Sergeant Brereton won a prize in the Nursery Match.

Sergeant-Instructor Hagney won a prize in every match he entered for, and came out third in the grand aggregate. On the whole he won about £25, and he has since gone to Melbourne to shoot in the Intercolonial Match, where he was top scorer for N.S.W.

The Carabines did not shoot so well this time as last, only three winning prizes—Sergeant Leibius, Cadets Merrick and Fitzhardinge.

The excellent shooting of the Grammar School boys and their gentlemanly behaviour were remarked by more than one person at the meeting.

James Marks, Esq., took a deep interest in the shooting of the boys.
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—Incited chiefly by shame for my indolent negligence of my duty towards the Sydneian, I have of late made numerous attempts at elegant composition for the benefit of that magazine. All these benevolent endeavours, however (I grieve to admit it), have proved unsuccessful, albeit my large stock of writing paper and perseverance has been decreased to such a degree that there is a probability of its being very soon completely used up.

A great difficulty, I find, is to choose a suitable subject; and yet a greater one to write upon the subject chosen.

Having always (until lately) considered myself of a poetical disposition, my first essay was naturally made in (I use the words advisedly)—verse. And in this form I succeeded, after some time and exertion, in completing what I thought (pardon the mention of such thought)—a composition of much simple grace and delicacy of expression—in fact a choice idyll of exquisite cadence and charming harmony. Exhilarated with success, I hurriedly carried it to a friend that is reckoned somewhat of a judge of such matters for his opinion. "Look!" said I, handing him the paper in triumph, "am I not a born poet?"

My friend glanced over its contents, and then, with a peculiar smile—a smile prompted, as I afterwards thought, by a mixed feeling of pity and contempt—handed it me back. "Am I not a born poet?" I eagerly repeated, certain to receive a flattering answer.——"A born Idiot!" he replied.

I hastened away, fearful that in the rage occasioned by this remark I might commit a violence for which I should in cooler moments be sorry; and, having arrived at home, threw myself—my mind filled with a variety of unpleasant feelings—into a chair. Growing calmer after a time, I read again the sweet pastoral—it was trash! and I felt surprised at, and ashamed of my foolishness in not having discovered so before. Admiration of my poetic genius and the annoyance caused by my friends candid opinion disappeared simultaneously. My poem also, about the same time, disappeared up the chimney on the back of the fiery blast, and it is now, I doubt not, floating about somewhere in the welkin.

Since that day I have eschewed the writing of poetry, and, with no more success, have been making sundry attempts in prose. I honestly believe, that in the latter department of literature, I have set out on every road, street, and lane; but, unfortunately, all these paths to renown have appeared to me but blind alleys. I no sooner suppose myself upon the right track to success than I knock my head against some insurmountable obstacle, and, baffled, am compelled, in sheer despair, to cease travelling.

In this distress I hasten to you for counsel, which, should it be in your power, I am sure you will cheerfully give me, both for my own sake and for that of your paper.

I am, &c.,

WALTER SNAILRAY.

Sydney, 12th November.
"DEBATING SOCIETY."

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—It seems to me incredible that, in a large school like ours, an institution like the Debating Society should collapse for want of support. Would you allow me to address my schoolfellows through the medium of your columns and so strive to awaken in them, a due appreciation of the inestimable advantages that such a Society offers to all?

First then to those (not a few) whose ambition urges them to explore the usages of the Legal Profession, in the hope that something will eventually turn up." Doubtless your vivid imagination has already traced a path of roses through that red-tape labyrinth, and you see yourself (at the further end of course) luxuriating in the somnolent softness of the judicial bench—a glowing picture truly! But will its brilliant colours retain their freshness when viewed from the sternest standing-point of manhood? Alas! the path will still be before you, but its roses will have faded and left naught but their thorns. You will have discovered—too late—that it is one thing to compose an elaborate defence, but quite another, to thunder that composition at the devoted heads of his Honor and the jury.

Those caustic sarcasms, which doubtless rolled with such volubility from your tongue, when aimed at your own reflection in the drawing-room mirror will, of a surety, stick in your throat, when you feel the very eyes of Counsellor Botherem, in the flesh, fixed upon you.

And when, at length, the awful moment has come—When the reporters lean forward to catch your maiden utterances and his Honor wags his wig in gentle expostulation at your delay. What! if in the extremity of your excitement Oh, Horrors! What, if that pithy prologue—the offspring of your genius, the essence of your intellect—has faded from your memory and left you speechless? What a triumph for Counsellor Botherem; what a humiliation! But the subject is of too painful a nature to dwell upon any longer. Let me, then, leave you, for a time, to your own cogitations while I hasten to address another and no less important class.

Unfledged diplomatists! embryo statesmen! What special branch of senatorial eloquence do you purpose taking up? Will you select as your model one of our home-bred legislators, or does your ambition look rather to one who can point his argument with something better than an oath? If the former be your choice—but you are Grammar School boys, and I will not believe such a thing possible. As, then, the latter style seems more congenial to your tastes, remember, with gratitude, that your Grammar School education has debarred from you naught that is dignified or impressive in the art of Rhetoric. Look further than the Sydney Morning Herald for specimens of parliamentary eloquence, and you will find that speeches have been made, conspicuous neither for bad language nor for profanity, yet which shall live throughout all time.

The painter's greatest efforts appeal but to the eye; the ear alone is ravished
by the musician's most melting strains; but oratory—sublimest power of
man—thrills to the very heart and, directed aright, awakens all its noblest
impulses. Yet this is a branch of mental culture which the present enlightened
system of education sees fit to utterly ignore. You, therefore, who hope, by
its means, to rear to your memory a glorious fane, in which there shall ever
rest enshrined the Spirit of Truth, the Genius of Patriotism. You who would
devote your talents to advancing the true weal of your country must depend
upon your own exertions if you would ever learn the wondrous secret of how
to melt and sway the hearts of men.

Heaven forbid that my words should be misconstrued. I bow submissive
before the superior judgment of the "rulers of my people," which ordains
that such things should be and allude to their decision merely in the hope that
some benevolent individual will take pity on my dulness of comprehension and
explain away those little difficulties which at present perplex me. But this
is a digression. Attention! then young orators, and you, discriminating
schoolfellows, who acknowledge not only that you possess a tongue, but also
that in the course of your future career it might come in handy, listen while
I whisper in your ears a secret, which is of the greatest importance to all.

We Grammar School boys are greatly favoured. (That's not it, of course.)
It is true that we in common with many others are being hurried along that
(in the present season of drought we may add very dry) "Path of knowledge,"
which still, alas! lies before some of us—a mournful study in perspective;
but—and here at length I come to the point. Are you aware that placed along
its undeviating course, at regular intervals, there exist little wayside inns,
where, rest assured, you may obtain such internal consolation as your thirsty
souls require. They stand removed from that noisy thoroughfare (think of
that!) and if you demand still further arguments in their favour, know that
they are conducted by—but having at length captured the point of my
argument—that Will-o-the-wisp which I have hitherto pursued in vain, it
behoves me to scrape off with all possible expedition, that metaphorical mud
Which at present so entirely conceals the beauty of its proportions, and expose
to your enraptured gaze that wondrous object which could lead even me! so
wild a race through bog and thicket.

Jesting apart. it is my firm belief that, were the Debating Society re-estab-
lished, it would be, not only a source of present entertainment, but also a
lasting benefit to all connected with it.

How to re-establish upon a firm and lasting basis that which has hitherto
led so tottering an existence, is a question with which I have neither time nor
power to deal; but I earnestly ask the members of this school to give it their
due consideration, I appeal to our masters to support any movements begun
in favour of the society, and I invoke the Genius of the Sydneian to smile
propitiously upon so worthy an undertaking.

ELDON

Sydney Grammar School,
October 11, 1882.
WOMENS RIGHTS.

There is a great deal of agitation going on at present about women's rights and wrongs. For my part I think that women were twice as happy before they began to make such a fuss about their rights than they are now. Indeed (as far as I can see), women seem only to be losing the respect which they certainly used to have, for can a woman or girl whose one ambition seems to be to unsex herself and to become as like a man as possible. Of course I may be wronging some of the fair sex, & if so, I humbly beg their pardon, but still I cannot help saying, that anything which takes a woman so entirely out of her place as all this University education & studying to become doctors & lawyers does, must be wrong for both sexes, & ought to be put a stop to as much as possible by the (at present) stronger sex. Hoping that the Editor of the Sydneyian will not think I have been too strong on this subject, & begging to apologise if he does,

I remain, yours, &c.,

T. BROWN.