A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

MAY, 1883.

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SYDNEY:
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1883.
We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:

- The Rossalian.
- The Melburnian.
- The Taylorian.
- The Durham University Journal.
- The Marlburian.
- The Auckland.
EDITORIAL.

There was a strong feeling in the School last term that something should be done to bring old and present boys together socially. The influence of boys over one another is very great; it is this that makes boarding schools such a power for good or evil. In the public schools at home many a boy forms friendships which last for life. Being thrown so much together, not only in working hours but also out of school, boys get used to one another, a circumstance which goes a great way towards the formation of friendships.

The result of this feeling in the School was that at a meeting held at the end of last term it was resolved to form a musical society; it was to include a singing-class as well as to provide for entertainments. These resolutions are being carried out, the singing-class meeting for the first time on Thursday, April 19. The object, however, of this article is not to give an account of the Society's proceedings (which will be found elsewhere), but to bring the aim of the Society before the readers of this magazine.

Boys can hardly be expected to understand the value of musical training, and therefore must be asked just to believe what is told them. Still it may not be in vain to remind them of one or two things. We would remind them for instance that music is not a new study, but as old as man; that the nation who made the most of athletic sports, the Greeks, were the most musical nation of their time. But perhaps this argument will appeal to very few, and we must come nearer home for persuasion. Suppose, then, we leave the games of Greece and take a reverent look at the shrine of modern civilization, a drawing-room. It is not a room that a boy loves, at least in an orderly house. In the morning it may amuse him for half an hour to set the musical album going, or to set out in a row the Indian boxes that fit into each other, but on the whole he thinks it rather dreary. Of an afternoon it is still less attractive, all the armchairs are sure to be occupied by callers, each of whom will feel called upon to patronize their hostess' dear boy; and if there is one thing that a boy can't stand it is patronage. So he cheerfully exchanges diminutive afternoon tea-cups and transparent bread and butter for a more substantial meal in the schoolroom. After dinner no sane boy would enter a drawing-room if he could help it; if he is compelled to, he is thinking all the while of the strange cats in the garden, his own lawful prey, who from the secure
height of a fence are smiling urbanely on the frantic but useless efforts of his terrier to dislodge them; and when he escapes he not unnaturally indulges in imitations of his elders, which are more lifelike than polite.

But the day will come when all will be changed, and he will be as anxious to shine in the drawing-room as he is now to shine in the cricket-field. There will come crowding upon him the truths we have all realized, such as that it is not easy to walk gracefully, that the edge of a chair is not the most comfortable of seats, or that the weather is hardly an original topic of conversation. But one who when a boy had some musical training will not find it so hard to get on; he will be more easily entertained, and his hostess will therefore readily welcome him, and in most cases he will be able to contribute to the enjoyment of the evening. I know this is pleading for music for the sake of what it will bring with it and not for its own sake. Still, some of the results that accompany an intelligent interest in music are valuable for their own sake. If there is one thing that an Englishman in all parts of the world values, it is his home. No other nation has the same idea of home, and it is to this idea that he attributes much of his country’s greatness. And go wherever you will, wherever you find a love for music, you will find that it strengthens all home ties; young fellows will spend their evenings at home when they can find recreation there.

Let no one think that it is always a matter of temperament whether one cares for music or not. In music perhaps more than in anything else knowledge increases one’s interest. Many people would enjoy lawn-tennis if they were not too indolent or lackadaisical to learn, and in the same way many would enjoy part-singing thoroughly if they were not so hopelessly helpless when a score is placed before them.

It is then on the low ground of the enjoyment musical training will bring that I ask boys to support the Musical Society. I hope they will learn to value music for its own sake, but at present I can hardly expect that.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

The presence of public spirit gives soul to a school, while in its absence everything drags on a miserable existence; its presence therefore is to be desired, its absence to be deplored. Although it is not perhaps to be expected that in a day school such as the Sydney Grammar School there should be as much public spirit as there is in one of the great English public boarding schools, where the place and its associations, the daily intercourse and dining together combine in exerting on the youthful mind an influence for good. Still though our opportunities are less, they are such as to make it inexcusable in us not to evince at any rate some measure of public spirit. We have less of the influence of the place, still less of the extra school intercourse, and none, unfortunately, of the dining together, still we are the limbs and members of one great giant in whose welfare we are all involved. In a school there must be—“parvis componere magna”—a small United States; there must be first an interest in
the form, and then in school as a whole; let there be a proper rivalry between the forms such as was called forth last season by the cup matches. It will be found, I think, as a general rule, that those boys who have been educated for years at the school, feel more public spirit than those who have come, as many do, for perhaps a few months, as to a finishing establishment, preparatory to entering the Government service. Every boy should feel himself in duty bound to support so far as he can the institutions of the school, be they athletic clubs, debating societies, school magazines or otherwise; for by so doing he helps to keep in existence not only those institutions, but also in himself a interest in the welfare of the school. There is no reason why a boy should not support with time as well as money to those which do not require him to give up time in the evening; but as regards those which do, I think, and have ever thought, that it is hardly fair to expect boys at school, who have their home work to prepare, to give up their evenings for the purpose—laudable it may be—of debating, etc. In this school there exists, though perhaps the 250 boys who do not buy it are not aware of the fact: a magazine now in its XLVth number; a length of existence which shows that some interest has been shown in it, and some support given to it; but this interest and this support are by no means yet what they should be. In fact, it seems as if a large number of the boys of the school never imagine that it has any claims on them, but there is reason to hope that the ventilation of this subject in the columns of the "Sydneian" will give such boys, if they take the trouble to read it, a slight insight into their duties. It is selfishness that lies at the root of this apathy, and the sooner it is eradicated the better. When this has happened we may hope for a glorious future. Let me, in conclusion, remind my readers that, although public spirit is not everything, still, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

H. A. R.

A VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS.

If on a clear moonless night we view the Southern Heavens we cannot fail being struck by the myriads of stars in some portions of the Heavens and the dearth in other parts.

If we gaze straight above us we observe the Galaxy (commonly called the Milky Way). Who would believe that our Sun is a star of the Milky Way? And yet it is so! Sir W. Herschel estimated that there were not less than 18,000,000 stars contained in this prodigious zone, which is formed of a stratum of suns.

A little to the west of the Galaxy we see two very bright stars, which are called the "Pointers" of the Southern Cross. Their names are Alpha (α) and Beta (β) Centauri. The one nearest the Cross is (β). Alpha Centauri is remarkable as being the nearest star to our Earth. It is distant from us more than 200,000 times the mean distance of the sun from the earth—about 19,000,000,000,000 (nineteen million million) miles. The most powerful imagination in vain tries to picture this fearful distance. Light
travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. And a light-ray leaving (a) Centauri will not reach us till the end of three years and seven months.

Let us look a little further on and we come to the Southern Cross (Crux). Three of the principal stars that compose the Cross are immersed in the Galaxy. The star at the head of the Cross Gamma (γ Crucis) stand just out of the "Way." When we look at Kappa (κ Crucis) through the telescope we see round it a cluster of 110 (one hundred and ten) stars, of which two are red, one is of a greenish blue, two are green and three others are of a pale green. Herchel remarks that this cluster "looks like a casket of variously coloured precious stones."

Passing on we come to what Mr. Russell calls the "Gem" cluster in Argo (the ship). It is near Eta (η) Argus, a beautiful star of the first magnitude. (η) Argus is noted for its changes in brightness.

If we cross straight over Argo we come to the constellation of Canis Major (the greater Dog). The principal star in Canis Major is Sirius. Sirius is the most brilliant star in the heavens. Wollaston affirms that the apparent diameter of Sirius is not more than the fiftieth part of a second of arc. Now at the distance of Sirius an apparent diameter of this size would represent a real diameter of 11,000,000 miles, that is twelve times the diameter of our sun.

To the east of Canis Major we come to Orion. Who does not know Orion’s belt? In the sword handle of Orion is a fine nebula. Let us come back to the Cross and on our way our eyes wander through Lepus (the Hare) at the feet or Orion; at the feet of Lepus is situated Columba (the Dove). Next to Columba is Pectoris and next to Pectoris is Dorado (the Sword Fish). These last four contain no important stars. Next to Dorado we come to Nebecula Major. The Magellanic Clouds, when seen through a telescope, the larger cloud is apparently 200 times the size of the lunar disc, but it is supposed that its real dimensions are in excess of "our Milky Way." It contains 588 suns, 46 star clusters and 291 nebulae.

Next to Nebecula Major is Hydrus and next to Hydrus is Nebecula Minor. The small cloud is about one-fourth the size of the larger. It contains 200 suns, 37 nebulae and 7 star clusters. Passing across Octa.us (the constellation to the west of Nebecula Minor) we come to Musea (the Bulleryfly) and then we again reach the Cross.

Starting away again through the "Pointers" we reach Lepus (the Hare). The principal stars are A of the third magnitude, B of the third magnitude. A little to the south-west of this constellation is Scorpio (the Scorpion), one of the constellations of the Zodiac; the principal star is A which has the name "Antares."

About this part of the heavens Venus may now be seen. Of all the planets Venus is the nearest to the earth, being at a distance of 23½ millions (twenty-three and a half millions) from the earth. Venus resembles the earth in many respects—its diameter being 7510 miles, whilst that of the earth is 7926. She revolves on her axis in 23 hours 21 minutes, while the earth takes 23 hours 56 minutes to revolve on hers, and she travels at the
rate of 22 miles per second, and the earth 18 per second. It must not be supposed that Venus is always at the same distance from the earth, for when she is in what is called her superior conjunction (that is, when she is beyond the sun), she is 160 millions of miles from the earth; but when in her inferior conjunction (between the earth and sun) she is (as stated above) 23½ millions of miles away. It is through the transit of Venus that the distance of the sun from the earth is ascertained to be 91½ millions of miles.

A Venus is mentioned by Homer

\[ \text{θλος δ' ἀστήρ εἴον μετ' ἀστράρισι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ} \]
\[ \text{"Εσπερός, ὁς καλλιστος ἐν ὀδρανῷ ἱσταται ἀστήρ.} \]
\[ \text{Hsad xxii. 317.} \]

As the star Hesperus, which is placed the brightest star in heaven, proceeds amongst other stars in the unseasonable time of night.

In the claws of the Scorpion is Libra (the Scales). Libra has no important stars, Next is Virgo (the Maiden). In the hand of Virgo is Spica, a beautiful star of the first magnitude.

The other principal constellations are Aquarius (the Water Carrier), Sagittarius (the Archer), Capricornus (the Goat) and Piscis Australis (the Southern Fish). The latter constellation has got Tomalhaut, a star of first magnitude in it. The first three constellations belong to the Zodiac.

The other principal ones are Betas, Endaners and Hydra.

In speaking of stars as being of the first, or second magnitudes it does not mean their size, but their relative brightness. The reason why some stars are brighter than others is that they are nearer to the earth than others. And again all stars of the first magnitude are not as bright as others of the same magnitude. Thus the light of Sirius is estimated at four times that of the star. A (Alpha) Centauri; but nevertheless they are included by astronomers in the number of the stars of the first magnitude. We can see stars down to the sixth magnitude, after that we require a telescope to distinguish those of the seventh to the seventeenth.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye, at the same time and place, is 3000 (three thousand). Of course this is but half of the entire heavens, but if we could stand at one point and view the stars visible to the naked eye, the number would be between five and six thousand (5000 or 6000).

M. Claeornac considers there are 77,000,000 (77 millions) stars of the first thirteen magnitudes.

Herschel says there are 18,000,000 (18 millions) stars in the Milky Way. I forgot to mention before this that stars are called by the letters of the Greek alphabet, when these letters are exhausted they use the Roman numbers, such as 20 Ceti and so on.

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A Mathematical Problem.

A hundred and fifty with nought in the middle,
Two thirds of ten so ends my riddle.
MY LAST DAY AT SCHOOL.

I was a vulgar, little boy,
When first I came to school,
I see it now—I was a rude
Conceited, bumptuous fool.
No more you'll find me coming late
With impudent excuses;
Musing I never cultivate,
But cultivate the Muses.
The only "culter" that I had,
I lost through carving letters
Upon the desks, I've found instead
True culture from my betters,
To think I talked of "boss" and "cove"
And "crib!"—what vile expressions,
I trust, dear friends, that you'll improve
Your minds by these confessions.
I hit a boy who stole my lunch,
(My faith in "took" is shaken),
'Twas a mistake; I never find
My sandwiches are taken.
I never copy or disgrace
My mathematical division,
But honest work secures my place
Facile princeps in revision
My first acquaintance with the cane,
Was too impressive not to fail;
And though I found the wheal brought woe,
The woe has been my lasting weal.

A moral lesson I would read:
Shun idle ways and vulgar habits;
Or you will find the nuisance breed,
Like Bill exterminated rabbits.

EBENEZER JOSKINS

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG OF A RECRUITING OFFICER.

WHY or wherefore I can't tell, but to the sailors the sun is known as "Jamaica," and is spoken of as "she." The captain said the other day—"I wonder what Jamaica is going to do for us to-day—I think she'll peep out if she can."

The wind has brought with it several land birds, chiefly what the sailors call fly-catchers, they have been blown hundreds of miles from the land, and thankfully take refuge on the ship. They die very soon for want of proper food. These fly-catchers are a pretty bird of the size of a lark, with brown backs, yellow speckled breasts, and two large white feathers in the tail. Beside sea-gulls proper, and what Brownlow calls "bosuns" birds very like them with brown backs and white breasts, there is a very graceful bird called a sea-swallow: it is a long thin bird, twice the size of a swallow, with French grey plumage, and wings very long and, covered with close short feathers.
We have had as yet no grand sunsets; on Tuesday I thought we should have had one, but an envious cloud just beneath the sun, on which was shed his brightest glory, ungratefully tried to thrust its borrowed light in front of the source and so eclipsed both.

What a parable the sun's daily course is. When the light of the world is at its noon-tide height and its light is undivided we use the light but care not to look at the source whence it comes, indeed we cannot; the dry light is too much of an essence for us to bear it, and so we are content to see it reflected in a hundred imperfect ways from things around us. But when it comes down to our level and we see it with the refraction of the earth's atmosphere, all is changed; the white light is divided in many ways, and the warm tints are pleasing to the eye: we think not so much of the usefulness of the light as of the warmth of the tints, and wonder at its power gives place to love of its beauty.

Wednesday promised another sunset, but I was again disappointed: a glorious rift appeared in the western clouds like the golden gate to a new and lovely world. The Sun King was received through, but what he saw I know not: only the cloudlets that had heralded him to the west stood gazing where they were not permitted to enter, and their faces were glorified as they looked. So that I judged this other world was beautiful. But a dark portcullis was dropped over the golden gate and only the moon remained to show the Sun King had not left us for ever. I must not neglect the moon in my account of things around: she has been most faithful to her duties. To-night she will be full, and will doubtless throw a veil of silent peace over the sea which no restlessness will be able to rend.

Monday, October 15.—Sunday finished with being a close muggy day—the wind straight up and down, as the engineers say: a head sea was the only thing to relieve the monotony. This morning after eleven hours good sleep I turned out to find a strong northerly gale blowing and the vessel rolling so that one can scarcely manage to hold on to a seat in the cabin. These lines are a happy combination of the ship's intentions and my own: the two do not always agree. I literally have my hands full, my left hand clutches my inkstand and by so doing thwarts a very reprehensible inclination it has to cast itself on my bosom or the captain's, who is sitting opposite. I shall, therefore, make no remarks foreign to the subject this morning.

Have you any idea what a feat of dexterity it is to walk a ship's deck under some circumstances? The way of it is this: you first go up the companion, if the ship is rolling towards you, this is easy enough, the steps sink under you, and you have only to put your feet out and you are at the top before you are aware of it. But if she is rolling from you the case is different—you put your foot out cheerfully intending to spring to the next stair, but your effort is perforce changed to clinging for safety while you are hoisted through several feet.

Having reached the top of the poop you tack from support to support, till you find temporary safety in clutching the rails of the ladder leading down
to the deck. Then the difficulty really begins: the decks are wet, and when
the deck slants at a certain angle (after a little experience precisely ascer-
tained) you must either slide or fall.

Tuesday afternoon—I was interrupted yesterday by the Steward coming
to lay the table, so I postponed my writing till the evening.

Tuesday evening—When the last word was written my writing materials
nearly found a watery grave, for a sea came right over the bridge and in at
the chart-room door. I judged it best to retire. However, to take up the
broken thread of my narrative: I would have written something yesterday
evening but for “circumstances over which I had no control;” And as these
circumstances form a natural and illustrative continuation of Monday’s log.
I take up the thread there. Going on deck that morning I watched a
favourable opportunity to run down to the first batch, but leaving that too
soon slid down to the bulwarks; taking a fresh breath I tacked to one of
the cargo ventilators whence I could reach the second hatch. Thence
with tottering steps and outstretched arms I reached the engine-room, amid
derisive cries of “Come to its mammy, then,” from the second mate, I got
to the sheltered side of the engine-room, and was talking amid difficulties
when——, but I must premise.

I have never yet fathomed the peculiar charm that technical language or
dialects have for most men and women. If you want a job done by your
ironmonger you feel elated if you can describe what you want as he would
describe it: a man feels comfortable if in American society he can say,
“Stranger, can you whittle?” with perfect tone and accent. Or in railway
travelling, if you are detained on your way to town, let a gentleman look
out and feebly remark, “I, there’s a train coming the other way,” and
you remain unmoved. But let him say “There’s the distance signal for the
down express,” and immediately you respect or envy him according to
your sex.

Now I confess to this weakness, if indeed it be a weakness, and have
gladly availed myself of the chances of using rightly nautical phrases
which my present experience has given me. But one word or rather two
have been fixed in my mind ever since I knew I was going to sea; I would
get to know what they meant, and when I could use them naturally and
rightly, why then I should indeed be a sailor. The magic words were,
“lee scuppers.” This brings me back to standing at the lee side of the
engine-room. The deck was wet, the ship rolled over so that I was standing
on the top of a steep incline, one foot slipped from under me, I tried to
regain my balance, the bulwarks were nearly level with the sea and a big
sea seemed coming over—it was a foe I might turn my back upon without
loss of honours. I did so and on my hands and feet gracefully slid down
the deck till my feet stopped in the scuppers, the jerk sending me down
on my chin; I arose wet and bruised rubbing my chin ruefully, but yet,
I assure you rejoicing, for even as I rose from my knees the delightful
thought flashed through me that I could now say with unaffected ease,
“that the vessel had heeled over to leeward and I had fallen into the
lee scuppers.”
A FISHING EXCURSION WITH — — — —

(à la Hiawatha.)

Should you ask me "Whence this story?"
"Whence this legend wild and woeful?"
I would answer, "I would tell you,
Do not be in such a hurry.
Read my story; if you like it,
I am very well contented.
If you don't—it does not matter."

"I was on January the second,
In the soft and dreamy sunshine,
When the mist from off the water,
Carried on the gentle breezes,
Wafted on the airy current,
Slowly, slowly reached the heavens—
I was going out a-fishing
With a friend, and very gently
We were gliding o'er the water.
He was sitting on the gunwale:
I was lying in the bottom;
He was telling many stories,
Many strange and thrilling stories,
And expecting I should heed him,
I should give his stories credence,
Listen to his barefaced lying,
And excuse his bold effrontery.
Suddenly, as if in anger,
At his lies and his adventures,
Rose the wind: he then was holding
Loose the sheet as he was talking,
And enraptured with his stories
Noticed not a squall arising
From the other side behind him.
And the gust approaching fiercely
Took us by surprise completely.
Overturned the boat, and in it
Both the liar and the lier.
Picture then our consternation,
Picture our intense confusion,
As we struggled in the water.

Cool and pleasant was the water,
In the hot and steaming summer.
Down we sank; the pleasant coolness,
After all the heat and sunshine,
Much refreshed us and revived us.
Soon we reached the sandy bottom,
White as snow and soft as velvet.
Many fishes came to see us,
Came to stare and wonder at us.
Some were large and some were larger,
Some had eyes as big as saucers,
Others had their tails behind them:
And they all came staring, garing
With their goggle eyes upon us.
And we thought that we would enter
Just to give to our relations,
To our friends and our admirers,
An account of all the wonders
To be seen beneath the ocean.
Just above the door was written,
In the language of the Ancients,
Some inscription; but the meaning
Neither he nor I could master.
‘Let us enter, friend, this palace,’
Said my curious companion.
So we entered; at our coming
Straight from every crack and cranny
We could hear an endless scuffling
Of the feet and claws of lobsters,
And of crabs and other creatures
Startled at our sudden entrance.
We proceeded to examine
Every object with attention:
Strange that though beneath the water
We did not feel inconvenienced,
Only felt a little frightened
At the monstrous fish around us!
Presently we heard a tinkling,
Heard a tintinnabulation,
As of crowds of little creatures
Ringing bells and clashing cymbals.
All the fish at once departed,
Leaving us alone, and quickly
Darted through the lucid water;
And we thought that we would follow.
Many wonders of the ocean,
Such as huge and blood-red sepias,
Weeds of every known description,
Many shining caves and grottoes,
Where the lights and misty shadows
Each with each were alternating,
Many shells and many corals,
Pink and blue and red and yellow,
Large anemones were growing
In the corners and recesses
Of the rocks, and as we passed them
Stretching out gigantic feelers
In a most suggestive manner.
Soon we saw a stately building
Like our poor late Exhibition.
All the doors were lying open,
And the place was quite deserted.
But before our observations
Had begun, a sudden earthquake
Shook the whole tremendous building
And the roof fell in upon us,
And the sea rushed in, the water
Which till now had seemed so pleasant
Choked us now like common water
We began to cough and strangle.

Up I woke: My friend, the liar,
When he saw that I was sleeping,
Anger with me, with the bailer
Had been slowly pouring, pouring,
Down my neck the cool sea water.
This accounted for the feeling
Of the soft and pleasant coolness
In my dream: but he, on seeing
That I did not wake, proceeded
To pour faster still and faster,
Till at last he threw a tinfoil
Into my wide open gullet;
This dispelled my pleasant dreaming.
And the earthquake which awoke me
He had caused by leaning over,
For an extra brimful portion,
I proceeded to chastise him:
There ensued a fearful tussle,
From which quickly we desisted
For the sun was hot above us,
And our lunch remained untasted.

Thus was ended that day’s fishing,
Never have I since adventured
In a boat with that companion,
That hyperbolous companion
To indulge in pleasant dreaming.

**CADET CORPS.**

**Extract from Company Orders,** dated 6th April, 1888. The Commanding Officer is pleased to make the following promotions, viz.:

Quartermaster-Sergeant Kenna to be Colour-Sergeant, vice Brereton, resigned; Sergeant T. Marks to be Quartermaster-Sergeant, vice Kenna, promoted; Corporal Hungerford to be Sergeant, vice Marks, promoted; Corporal Higgins to be Sergeant, vice H. Marks, resigned; Lance-Corporal Clapin to be Corporal, vice Hungerford, promoted; Lance-Corporal Shirlow to be Corporal, vice Higgins, promoted; Cadets Badham, Forrester, Falk, to be Lance-Corporals.

By Command, A. B. Weigall, Captain Commanding.

A shooting match between eight members of the Royal Marines of H.M.S. Nelson and a similar number of the Grammar School Cadets, took place at the Paddington Rifle Range, on 15th March. Conditions—seven shots at 500 and 600 yards two sighters at each range. As will be seen by the subjoined scores this match resulted in a win for the Grammar School Cadets.

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<th>Grammar School</th>
<th>Royal Marines</th>
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<td>Score</td>
<td>376</td>
<td>318</td>
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**Majority for School**

In the above match the boys shot well together, Sergeant H. Marks making top score, Corporal Thomas second, Sergeant T. Marks third. The shooting throughout was almost even.
A second match between the Volunteer Artillery and the Grammar School was shot at Paddington Range on Saturday last. Distance—500 and 600 yards, two sighters at each range, ten men a-side, which resulted in another win for the Grammar School Cadets by 75 points.

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<th>Grammar School</th>
<th>Volunteer Artillery</th>
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<td></td>
<td>454</td>
<td>379</td>
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Majority for School ... ... 75

In this match Corporal Thomas made top score with 61 out of 70, beating Sergeant-Instructor Hagney by one point, Colour-Sergeant Kenna making 60. It may be mentioned that the Volunteer Artillery had a good many recruits who had never shot in a match before. There were also five "colts" in the Grammar School team who fired very well. On the whole the Grammar School Rifle team should give a good account of themselves at the next annual meeting of the N. S. W. Rifle Association, in spite of the loss of such splendid shots as Sergeant H. Marks, Sergeant Bowman, Corporal Moffitt and Helsham, the team that represented the school in the "Walker Trophy" match of last year.

NOTES ON THE RIFLE TEAM.

BY BULLS EYE.

Colour-Sergeant Kenna.—A good reliable shot, can at all times make a good score when wanted; should practice a few times before a match.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Marks.—A good steady shot, wants a little more care to produce excellent shooting.

Corporal Thomas.—About the best shot in the team, makes some splendid scores; but apt to be nervous, otherwise would be one of the best shots in the colony.

Corporal Hayes.—A good shot but seldom practices, a good man in a team after a few practices.

Lance-Corporal Falk.—Is at present making good shooting, but sometimes seems to be lost regarding his elevation, with a little more care will be as good as any in the team.

Lance-Corporal Forrestier.—A colt—is making some good steady shooting; a splendid position; must be more self-collected, if out of luck; will make a grand shot.

Cadet T. Hungerford.—A colt—Has the makings of a magnificent shot, quite cool, a good position, and takes a pride in it.

H. Hungerford has the makings of a good shot, but too anxious to make a good score, will be able to compete with any other member of the team by-and-bye.

Lance-Corporal Badham wants a great deal more care, fires in a hurry, and is too talkative.

Cadets Wallace, Walker, and Bowman all very promising. Bowman seems to be afraid of his rifle, should practice "snapping."

In losing Colour-Sergeant Brereton and Sergeant H. Marks, the Corps has lost two right good men. Sergeant Brereton is a soldier at heart, he always took an honest pride in his Corps, and by his honourable and straight-forward and manly demeanour exercised a wholesome moral influence on his comrades. Sergeant Marks was a model of cleanliness and neatness, and in these respects was an example which all cadets should imitate; he was probably the best shot in the team; we hope to see his name in the Cambridge Team at Wimbledon next year.
CRICKET.

FIRST ELEVEN v. CAMPBELTOWN.

Towards the end of last term the above teams met on the Campbelltown ground, and, much to their delight, the school scored a victory over this redoubtable team by 100 runs; Mr. Carter and Wood played a dashing innings for 86 and 47 respectively; Woolcott performed fairly for 21, and Massie (11), and Tyndale (12), were the remaining double figures.

CAMPBELTOWN C. C.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rudd, h.o.w., b. Barbour</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield, b Wood</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copeland, b Robison</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurley, c Mr. Carter, b. Barbour</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris, b Robison</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bull, c McManamy, b. Wood</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riley, b Wood</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCudel, c Kenna, b Wood</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwyer, c Tyndale, b Wood</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fannell, b Robison</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campion, not out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundries</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total........... 89

SCHOOL.

| Wood, b Mansfield        | 47|
| Barbour, b Mansfield     | 5 |
| Mr. Carter, c Copeland, b Morris | 86|
| Tyndale, c Rudd, b Riley | 12|
| Haynes, c Rudd, b Riley  | 0 |
| Woolcott, b Copeland     | 21|
| Kenna, c Funnell b Morris | 0 |
| Massie, c Funnell, b Morris | 11|
| Robison, b Copeland      | 3 |
| Johnson, not out         | 3 |
| McManamy, c Dwyer, b Morris | 0 |
| Sundries                 | 5 |

Total........... 189

GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. BELVIDERE.

On Saturday, 7th April, these teams met on the Domain, and the game resulted in a most open draw. The School total was 115, that of the Belvidere two wickets for 56. No less than 4 chances were given for these two wickets.

SCHOOL.

| Wood, b W. Richardson   | 5 |
| Barbour, b. Lindeman    | 11|
| Mr. Carter, c Ring, b. Richardson | 0 |
| Tyndale, c Lindeman, b Ring | 18|
| Hayes, c J. Richardson, b Barnett | 29|
| Mr. Farrar, run out     | 23|
| Woolcott, not out       | 8 |
| Adams, l.b.w., b Lindeman | 3 |
| Kenna, l.b.w., b. Barnett | 3 |
| Walker, c Lindemann, b Barnett | 6|
| Robison, c C. Richardson, b Lindeman | 4 |
| Sundries                 | 5 |

Total...........115

BELVIDERE.

| C. Richardson, not out | 24|
| H. Lindeman, b Barbour | 11|
| G. Ring, b Robison     | 16|
| Halligan, not out      | 5 |

Total for 2 wickets...... 56

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Committee have decided to hold the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Club on the Association Ground, Saturday, 19th May, 1883.

Programme.

1. 100 yards Flat Race.
2. 220 ,, Boys under 15 years, Handicap.
3. 80 ,, 12
4. House "Cup", ½ mile, Handicap. 
5. 300 yards, Maiden Race, Handicap.
6. All Schools Race, 220 yards.
7. 150 yards, Boys under 14 years, Handicap.
8. Three quarters of a mile Handicap.
9. Hurdle Race, 120 yards,
10. 300 yards, Amateur (open to Members of A.C.), Handicap.
11. Champion 1 mile.
12. School Cup, 220 yards, Handicap.
13. Ex Students’ Race, 150 yards, Flat.
14. Bicycle Race, 4 miles, Handicap.
15. 440 yards, Boys under 15 years, Handicap.
16. Sack Race, 100 yards, Flat.
17. 1 mile Walking Handicap.
18. 440 yards, Open Handicap.

Entries for all Handicap Races close on May 5th; for Flat Races, 10th May. Entrance free to Nos. 10, 13, and 14.

The City Band, under the leadership of Mr. Sebastian Hodge, will perform during the afternoon.

P. B. KENNA,
Hon. Sec.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting held on Tuesday, March 13, it was resolved to start a Musical Society in connection with the school. At that and subsequent meetings, the Society was organised as follows. It is divided into two sections, a vocal and an instrumental and honorary section. Members of the vocal section pay a subscription of six shillings a quarter, entitling them to tickets at entertainments and to instruction in a singing class, which is conducted by Mr. J. Churchill Fisher, on Thursday evenings at half-past seven. Instrumental members are those from whom help will be asked at entertainments, these and honorary members pay a subscription of half-a-crown a quarter, entitling them to tickets at concerts.

The Society is worked by a committee of three, a Secretary, and Librarian for the singing class. The officers are: Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Giles; Committee, Mr. Carter, Kenna, Steel; the Librarian has not yet been appointed.

The Society is open to old as well as present boys; it is hoped that those in the school will make it known to old boys. The attention of members of the singing class is drawn to rule that “two absences without sufficient reason shall disqualify for membership during the rest of the term.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC SPIRIT (IN THE LOWER SCHOOL).

To the Editors of the Sydneian

Sir,—Being a member of the Lower School, and having something to do with the cricket arrangements, &c. I feel justified in writing to you concerning that part of the school. It is a well known fact (at least I believe it to be so) that all boys paying their sports fee are entitled to the use of the cricketing and football materials; but I am sorry to say that very few avail themselves of the advantages to be obtained from paying the moderate sum necessary. If instead of frittering away their money on icecreams, &c., they would pay their fee to the sports, not only would they be benefited but the
whole school, as ‘many a mickle makes a muckle.’ And although the contribution of mickles may not seem a lofty way yet it is a practical way, and better bats and stumps would appear instead of the complained of wretched tools. Certainly they are wretched, but it would be unfair to expect better from the shabbily supported Sports Committee. I hope next term to see the boys upholding the honour of the Lower School more readily than they did last quarter. I will only say a few more words about the selecting of a Sports Treasurer. At present the boy generally chosen for this post is one who is often absent from school, and who takes very little interest in the matter, but he is popular and so is chosen. I trust next term to see boys elected who will work with a will, and those who have the selecting of them not let their likes and dislikes intervene, and so leave out a better boy. Hoping you will deign to give this communication a place in your valuable Magazine.

I remain yours truly,

SPECTATOR.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIR,—“Eldon,” in a letter on the “Debating Society,” published in No. 43 of your journal, speaks of Music as ravishing the ear alone, and of Painting as appealing only to the eye. His very limited opinion of the powers of those arts is surprising. It is true that the mind receives the ideas of music through the medium of the sense of hearing (just as it does the ideas of oratory), and those of painting through the sense of sight, in the same manner as it receives any other ideas through any of the other senses; but, to intimate, as he apparently does, that painting and music are merely sensual alone. Some kinds of music and painting (like some kinds of poetry) are sensual alone. The manner in which music or painting affects the mind depends upon its character (i.e., of the music or painting). But I protest, Sirs, that there are descriptions of painting and music that affect in the highest degree the noblest qualities of the mind,” “Oratory—sublimest power of man—thrills to the very heart, and, directed aright, awakens all its noblest impulses.” Thus high is your correspondent’s opinion of Oratory, while of the Arts, which I am trying to defend from infamy, he has a very poor estimation indeed. Excepting in that he calls it the “sublimest power of man,” I do not deny that his opinion of oratory is correct. But music is a divine art, and has surely equal claims to supremacy with oratory; and painting is not a “poor relation” of theirs.

“What strong images of virtue and humanity,” says Steele, “might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is taught by writings.” And of one of Raphael’s works, he says: “The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence.”

It is my belief that your correspondent did not give the subject of the Arts, of which I am speaking, sufficient thought before expressing his opinion, else he would surely not have made such foolish assertions as these, that “The painter’s greatest efforts appeal but to the eye; the ear alone is ravished by the musician’s most melting strains.”

April, 1883.

W. SNAILRAY.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—Referring to the question of your correspondent “Enquirer,” in No. 44, as to the origin of the line—“Though lost to sight, to memory dear.” W. D. Adams’ “Dict. of Eng. Literature,” says as follows, on this
quotation:—"A 'familiar line,' which has hitherto baffled all research."
Your correspondent might find what he wants by consulting Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations;" though I do not know for certain that the origin of the passage is therein disclosed.

March 21st, 1883.

W. SNAILRAY.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

At the last yearly University examinations, all the scholarships save one were won by old Grammar School boys. This result is very gratifying and we hope it may be repeated. It is all the more creditable when it is remembered that the Grammar School compares very unfortunately with the schools at home; any school of the same standard at home, in a town not half so wealthy as Sydney, would find many munificent friends to give scholarships to encourage promising boys to go on to the University. Those who have the welfare of the Sydney University at heart, would do well to remember this, as the Grammar School naturally sends up most of the students there.

Mr. Goldie asks us to state that he has received the sum of £6 5s. 6d. towards placing a memorial stone over the late Mr. J. H. Skinner's grave, and that any one wishing to subscribe further is requested to do so as soon as possible, as the accounts will be closed after the 10th May next.

There has been one alteration in our staff of masters. Mr. Lindon has gone to Queensland for a time for the sake of his health. His place has been taken by Mr. J.P. Canaway, B.A., late Tasmanian scholar and Junior Student of Christchuch, Oxford.

At a sports meeting, held on Monday, April 23, a vote of want of confidence in the committee, was moved by Buchanan (1) and Cork, it was not strongly supported. Woolcott was then elected treasurer. Clapin and Addison (to represent the Lower School) were elected on the committee.


Hubert Murray, a former Captain of the Grammar School, and at present as a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, has obtained a first-class in Classical Moderations at that University.

Ernest Lamb, who left the school in June last, has passed his little-go at Cambridge in Mathematics and Higher Mathematics, and has taken a first-class in each subject. He has entered at Trinity Hall.

R. C. Broomefield, the Captain of the school, is to leave by the P. and O. steamer Carthage, to enter at Oxford. He should do us credit.

At the Matriculation Examination at the Sydney University all the scholarships were won by boys from the school. Detohery gaining the General Proficiency and the Mathematical; and Fletcher and Neil being bracketed equal for the Classical Scholarship. In the second year, Armstrong won the Classical; Halliday, the Mathematical; and Leverrier, the three Natural Science Scholarships. In the third year, Piddington won the medal for classics; Rich being prox. acet., and Rolin for Mathematics, so that the Grammar School fully maintained its prestige.

Herbert Marks left by the American mail with the intention of matriculating at Jesus College, Cambridge.