The Sydneyian

No. XLVII.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

JULY, 1883.

CONTENTS.

Editorial ............................................. 1
Hats .................................................... 2
A Visit to New Zealand .......................... 3
Castor et Pollux ................................. 7
Sabrinae Invocatio .............................. 8
The Mysterious Number One ............... 9
English Poetry ................................... 11
Results of Examinations .................... 14
Editors' Notes .................................. 15
Correspondence ................................. 16

SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED BY J. J. MOORE & CO., GEORGE STREET.
1883.
The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:

- The Marlburian (2)
- The Lorettian (3)
- The Durham University Journal
- The Reptonian
- Ulula
- The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly
- The Rossallian
- The Cheltonian (3)
- The Cinque Port (2)
- The Wanganui Collegian
- The Columban (2)
- The Bathurstian
- High School Magazine
- Maryborough Grammar School Punch
- St. Andrew's College Magazine
EDITORIAL.

The holidays are over, and once more we fall into the routine and bustle of school-life. Old faces are gone, and their places are filled by strangers to whom we would say a word of encouragement and advice. Every new boy that comes to this school commences a fresh era in the history of his life; and he must be careful how he writes this chapter of his autobiography; as, in it, he is laying, consciously or otherwise, the foundation of the plot of his whole career. He attaches himself to an institution, regulated by certain laws, and associated with certain traditions: the former it is his duty strictly and conscientiously to keep, the latter to hand on to his successors, more firmly established, and more widely recognised. If he be prepared to do this we welcome him, and bid him God-speed; but if not, let him go; it were better for him and for our school that he had never come.

We hope that the majority of new boys intend to remain at the school until they have worked their way up into the highest forms on the classical or modern side; for it is only in this way that they can get any good whatever from the school. Far too many boys come amongst us, for the sole purpose of being “crammed” up to pass, within a year or two, the various examinations countenanced by the University: shewing, thereby, that they have quite a mistaken idea of the education offered by the school. We do not want such boys; such birds of passage are entirely out of place. They are like the Getae, whom non cultura placet longior annua. They should go to a professional “crammer,” whose one ambition it is to prime them up to the possibility of securing 33½ per cent. of marks required to scrape through. No; we want boys to come young, and push their way honestly up through the school, that on a solid foundation they may build up surely the structure of their knowledge, so that they may be fit “to go anywhere and do anything.” Superficial learning, lightly attained, is as lightly lost; and the community at large suffers by having flash veneer palmed off upon it as the genuine article of sound knowledge. And this is the more important, because, in the majority of cases, home training is so little understood. Many parents are too busy to instruct their children in the rudiments of the “Three Rs,” consequently the responsibility devolves upon the masters of the school. And many boys change their schools so frequently that they have never grown accustomed to one uniform method of discipline and education, which is absolutely essential to success.
To pass on now to the old boys we would say a word to those, who, from whatever reason, saw fit to allow themselves a longer holiday than that appointed by the Trustees. Such boys little know the amount of trouble they give to all the masters by this illegal absence. How can the various forms and divisions be accurately settled when it is not definitely known what boys have left, or what boys are still to return? These surreptitious holidays throw our whole machinery out of gear. It should be, in common courtesy, an understood thing, that due notice is given the Trustees of the removal of a boy, and that all the rest present themselves to answer their names at the appointed day and hour. Parents should co-operate with the masters in this matter, as the trouble and annoyance caused by such irregularities are incalculable.

H A T S.

It is deeply to be regretted that the bulk of the *Sydneian* is such that it can contain no more than a brief extract of my somewhat elaborate and exhaustive exegesis on these important and useful articles. Intelligent observers of physical and natural phenomena, with a taste for comparative analysis, and it may be for metaphysical research into the entities and quiddities of eschatological hypotheses, must often have puzzled their cerebral organs over the origin, and widespread growth of those stereotyped formulæ relating to Hats, so frequently interspersed in our 19th century conversation, "Who's your Hatter?" "He has turned out a bad Hat." "As mad as a Hatter." "Like an old Hat," are phrases of everyday occurrence. As, however, the complicated and intricate ramifications of this vexed question are far too numerous to be compressed within the compass of an octavo, I shall restrict myself, simply, to pointing out the use and abuse of this capital tegument; merely suggesting as an *obiter dictum*, that its superiority over other articles of dress, may, perchance, have procured for it its enviable position in our world-wide literature. This pre-eminence consists in the fact that it is at once the protector and adornment of that most important fraction of our bodies, viz., the receptacle of our brains. Hence, it is only natural that man's and woman's ingenuity should have been taxed to the utmost for its glorification and embellishment. I pass over the myriad eccentricities of the feminine headpiece, to say a word or two about its masculine counterpart. And herein, each man appears to be a law unto himself; as on perambulating our metropolis we find that no two hats are of identical configuration. And hereby is fulfilled the proverb *quot homines, tot sententiae*; and to misquote Sheridan "When men do disagree upon the matter of hats their dis-unanimity is wonderful." In fact, the general impression left upon our mind is, that all the second-rate hatters of London have conspired to thrust upon the wily Australian the dusty embellishments of their shopwindows, displayed during the last season, as quite the superior article in the latest fashion: wherein another proverb hath its fulfilment "There is nothing new under the sun," especially in the matter of hats in Australia. "Variety is
charming" saith an old saw; verily this incongruous diversity hath charms. But, it may be urged, surely the mind should rise superior to stilted style, and foppish fashion; and should cultivate the useful and comfortable, instead of the ornamental and absurd? No doubt. But we are compelled to admit, that the ideas of the useful and the comfortable, as exemplified by the hats of our aristocratic democracy, consist mainly in hideous untidiness, trimmed with dirt. What is the cause of this? Why should uncouth headpieces disfigure so many of our members? What peculiar satisfaction can possibly exist in unfurling, so to speak, the banner of grubby inclinations? And what is true of hats is true of dress generally. The doctrine that preaches up indifference to outward adornment is, at the best, one-sided. So true is it that a slovenly or vulgar dress is the strongest indication of a slovenly or vulgar mind. There are few who cannot be tidy; few who cannot be neat; few who cannot be clean. Neatness and cleanliness lie within the reach of the poorest as well as the richest; who, if they have them not sink to the level of slovenly louts or gawdy snobs.

In connection with hats I would suggest that some uniform be worn by members of our school; following the example of the great schools at home. This uniform generally consists of a particular style of dress and hat: and I venture to suggest that a uniform hat be adopted by the school. The various houses have, I am glad to see, started a straw hat, ornamented with the house colours. Why should not the school wear straw hats ornamented with the school colours?

A VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.

My trip the incidents of which I am about to relate, although by its title provoking expectation, was not marked by anything sensational, or of more than ordinary interest. What rendered it more enjoyable was the fact that it was not a holiday trip but that it occupied fully three months, two of which should have been spent in school. It is a singular fact moreover that I enjoyed the first two more than the last to which I was lawfully entitled, for it was a part of the Christmas holidays; but this probably arose from thinking of the time when I should be required to make my re-appearance in Sydney and go again to prison, for such I considered school to be at that time. But let me commence my narrative. It had been for some time settled that I was to go to New Zealand, but my departure was hastened in a way very satisfactory to myself. Having come home from school one day I found seated with my parents a bluff old sea captain who had been before known to them and was then in charge of the brigantine Eliza Mary. His next voyage was to be to Kaipara River, N.Z., and it was considered a fine opportunity for me to go over at once, an idea in which you may be sure I heartily concurred. Arrangements were made and one evening I found myself upon the deck of the Eliza Mary who was to be towed out next morning. The next day came and with it I felt quite important. When the tug came alongside and the usual crowd of loafers assembled to witness
our departure I thought myself quite a hero, I already fancied myself a
traveller and determining to be the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes" clambered
a little way up the rigging and looked about. I was just beginning to fancy
that every one must consider me a great personage when a man standing by
said 'Hey sonny you'd better come off there, the ship's just going'; I nearly
fell down; that I, I who was passenger and about to cross the sea, should be
thus spoken to by a landblubber, seemed so exceedingly impudent that I
glared upon the man for a few seconds, jumped down and stamped about the
deck for a minute to show my independence, told the captain he would have
a fair wind to prove my nautical knowledge, and finally went below. By
the time we reached the heads however I had sufficiently recovered to come
on deck again. Now as I saw the sea before me, and no vulgar larrikins to
disturb, I again imagined myself a hero. This time an exile was my fancy
and putting myself in a dignified attitude I gazed intently upon the cliffs
which we were rapidly leaving behind, intending as they faded from view
upon the horizon with a lofty air to exclaim 'Farewell my native-land.'
Perhaps there was some real sentiment in my ideas as I gazed upon the shore;
my thoughts certainly reverted to my home and looked forward to future
events. But presently another fiend, not a man with whom I could battle,
but an enemy with whom I was unable to cope, the dreaded mal-de-mer,
rudely interrupted my meditations, and in a little while circumstances over
which I had no control compelled me to seek my cabin, and to remain there
for the next three days. Perhaps my readers will remark that I must have
been a very foolish youth and doubtless they are in a measure correct, but I
question whether any of them in similar circumstances and similarly con-
stituted to myself, for I was ever imaginative and susceptible to first im-
pressions, would have acted differently. The voyage was one of ordinary
interest; it occupied twelve days, during which time we had a succession of
storms and calms. Of course the captain declared the storms to be the most
violent he had ever met with, and the calms to be unprecedented, in fact
according to his words the voyage was the most eventful one he had
ever sailed, and at that time I believed him. Most of my time was spent in
fishing for gulls which were turned to a useful account, the sailors using
their feathers for pillows, &c., one huge albatross I caught measured about
nine feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. One valuable ac-
 complishment I acquired upon the voyage was the art of playing the mouth-organ.
I had provided myself with one of these delightful instruments before leaving
Sydney, and a great part of my time was spent in gazing upon the waves and
expending my energies in vain attempts to play 'God save the Queen' and
'Rule Britannia'; but I mastered them at last, at least to my own satisfaction.
Perhaps the most interesting event that occurred was watching the gambols
of a whale one evening. The huge creature gave the first notice of its
proximity by spouting up a volume of water close to the vessel and then
passing within ten yards of her stem repeated the action. The sight was novel
to me and therefore of great interest, but what gave me no less pleasure was
watching the gambols of shoals of porpoises which we daily came across. It
was the only time I had seen the full length of a porpoise, for they did not swim about as we see them in this harbour rolling over and over, but with their whole length stretched out as ordinary fish. The captain had not told me when we would be likely to reach New Zealand, so that when I came on deck one morning and saw land ahead I was astounded. Going to the man at the wheel I asked him whether he was aware of the fact, and on learning that he had been so for two or three hours I went to the mate and volunteered the statement that there was 'land on the starboard bow,' but as he seemed to take no interest in the announcement, I confided to the captain the secret that we would be in by dinner. The entrance to the Kaipara River is very dangerous for vessels, all but a narrow passage being blocked by a sandy bar upon which the waves beat furiously. Along the beach may be seen the remains of a number of vessels which were unfortunate enough to be driven upon the sands. It is a singular fact however, if my memory serve me rightly, that not one life has been lost, the entire loss being one of property; but so great has this been that it is estimated that there are at least fifteen (15) thousand logs buried in the sand.

The morning after our arrival, I went on board the steamer which plies up and down the Wairoa river, for on entering the heads the Kaipara River flows away to the right, the Wairoa branching of to the left. My destination was to be Mangawhare a small station on the banks of the river, and in the very heart of a true New Zealand bush. To ride any distance from the station was a matter of great difficulty and to walk was nearly impossible both on account of the denseness of the bush and the boggy nature of the soil. Here I made my first acquaintance with the Maories but did not visit any of their camps none being near enough to Mangawhare. I found my time there hang rather heavily on my hands for I had nothing to do, and the arrival of the steamer twice a week was the only thing to break the monotony. Navigation there was very difficult, consequently but few vessels were seen so far up, a great number however were to be seen at a station lower down, loading with timber. The tide of the Wairoa river is stronger than is usually met with, so much so that no one ever attempts to pull any distance against it, but will wait for the turn even if it will not be for several hours. An instance I remember will prove this more forcibly. Two young men and myself were one day sailing up the river to a place about twelve miles off; we had gone about half the distance when tide turned and we were compelled to put back. By the next tide we started again and reached the place in a very short time. I spent a few days there very enjoyably, some of my most pleasant reminiscences of New Zealand being connected with that visit. It was there I really saw the splendour of the New Zealand bush; it is entirely different from any scenery that may be seen here, dissimilar in almost every respect, it however allows no comparison so far does it surpass the Australian forests. The first idea that strikes the mind is its variegated appearance, and this arises from the profusion of flowers. Huge trees towering to an immense height with leaves green and fresh as the newly-budding oak are at a little distance from the ground joined in wonderful confusion, around these are entwined
beautiful creepers with flowers of the brightest hue, nor is the ground itself surpassed, for beautiful green ferns and some flowering plants form an undergrowth so thick that it can scarcely be penetrated. Here and there in the open plots of ground will be found little pools of water filled with lilies and other plants with flowers of the most enchanting colour. So thick is the undergrowth that on one occasion when I was out walking with a young companion we were obliged for some distance to walk along the tops of tree ferns about eight feet from the ground and while so doing my companion fell through but sustained no injury as he slid down between two trunks. He managed to creep along until he came across a tree up which he scrambled. A very pretty gum is found in these forests; it is called the Kauri gum from the tree from which it is derived. Formerly a certain place would be covered with Kauri trees and perhaps burnt down; the gum would then run into the ground and become solidified, the state in which it is dug up. Some pieces are so transparent that it is possible to see through them; these are mostly used for ornament, the rest being exported and made into varnish. I cannot say much for the morals of the Wairoa people; it is true they had a minister but they generally considered him a kind of convenience, to make for instance the fourth in a game of whist, and sometimes perhaps to represent his grievances in the form of a sermon. I was at a station about two miles from Mangawhare one Sunday, and while strolling about discovered that some foot-races were to be run in the afternoon. Having nothing else to do I went to see them. When they were all over a gentleman who had taken a prominent part in the proceedings said, 'Well I'll tell the parson all about this,' just at that moment the voice of the parson was heard 'Oh! he had it fair enough, he was in by a yard, its a perfect swindle.' Slowly I turned away musing upon the instability of human nature. I remained about a month at Mangawhare and then went to Auckland. I did not remain there the whole of my time but spent some of it at the Thames, a township some miles from Auckland. It is the centre of the gold-mining district and many an hour have I spent in examining the numerous drives that have been abandoned by unlucky speculators. The mountains at the back of the town have almost the appearance of honey-comb so numerous were these drives; a drive I may be permitted to explain, is a digging right through the face of the cliff, a shaft being sunk below the level of the surface. Auckland in appearance is very hilly, in fact it has one mountain alongside it; this is Mount Eden an extinct volcano. From the top of it a splendid view may be obtained, the country around for many miles being visible. It has a huge crater very broad and deep, now of course covered with grass which is a favourite resort for both young and old. Two or three very enjoyable weeks I spent at a sawmill between the Thames and Auckland. One of my uncles was the manager and as a family of relations was going there I went with them. It was a favourite amusement of ours to divest ourselves of boots and socks and revel in the saw-dust of which there were about sixty or seventy thousand tons, the only danger being to our eyes. A most useful plant grows in that region called the supple-jack, from its extreme pliancy. With canes
of this in our hands, for we could use it for almost everything, we used to wander through the bush in search of adventures, the nearest approach to one being an encounter with an old turkey whose nest we had come across. The advantage of the New Zealand bush is that it is not infested with snakes, there being no reptiles save a few harmless lizards to be found in the country. Our chief delight used to be, embarking in a punt to row up the creek, which flowed down from the mountains, until we arrived at a particular spot called cherry-grove, from the number of cherry trees growing there. There disembarking we would all swim about in the water until we were tired and then scrambling up one of the trees feast until we could eat no more. Not with cherries alone were we feasted but as a fresh bees' hive was discovered about every week and forthwith robbed, we had a plentiful supply of honey. A very interesting amusement was watching the logs being chained together. For this purpose all the men had to strip and go into the water and swimming about push the logs in front; indeed it was very fatiguing work and on a cold day the men were unable to continue it for any length of time. I was sorry that I could not remain there any longer, for the far-famed New Zealand peaches were just coming in, but I had to return to Auckland to take my passage home in the Zealandia. The arrival and departure of the mail-steamer is about the only thing in Auckland that creates any excitement, and the Aucklanders seem to make up for their former inactivity by flocking en masse to these events. While we were leaving the pier one man tried to see how far his legs could conveniently stretch apart; for this purpose he placed one upon the pier and the other on the steamer as she was leaving the wharf and awaits the result; it was perfectly satisfactory, he found out what he wanted to know and dropped gracefully into the water, from which he was hoisted in a half-drowned condition. The voyage home was rendered amusing by the show of paternal care exercised by the dwarf, Japanese Tommy (who was going to Sydney), over a family of juveniles. Finding one of them looking over the bow of the vessel one day, he persuaded him by means of a walking-stick, to return to what he considered his proper quarters. We got into Sydney on a Sunday morning, so that I had to go to School on Monday morning, a thing which, you may be sure, I very much lamented.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Sir fatus, strinxit magis arect a ligamina nigri
Bellatoris equi; dextraque equitare videbat
Mox reges geminos; Unique simillimus alter,
Crediderisque illis nullum discrimen inesse
Cen nix arma et equi splendebant; taliaque arma
Nunquam fìcta viris; terreno ex flumine nunquam
Talis equus biberat, cuncti tremuere videntes,
Oraque pallebant hominum; Dictator et Aulus
Colligit hanc vocem tremulus; "quo nomine terrâ
"Appellant homines vos, quâque habitatis in urbe.

"Cur sic ante aciem Romanam equitatis." Et illi

Hec dixere "Hominis appellant nomine multo,

"Multis in terris versamur; novit et ipsa

"Nos bene Cyrene et Samothracia; nostra Terenti

"Mane domus felix ornatur flore diurno.

"Alta Syracusis surgit, de marmore facta,

"Porticus excellens malos; natalia tecta

"Nunc tenet Eurotas; et non inhonesta colentes

"Venimus ante acies." Hastam project uterque

Ignorum equitum; Romanusque omnia miles

Audebat.

DISCIPULUS.

SABRINÆ INVOCATIO.

O quæ solutis crinibus implicas

Intorta nodo lilia sucino,

Audi, Sabrina, audi vocantem,

Quæ vitrea gelidos sub unda.

Tenes recessus; te Pudor invocat,

Argentei, te, diva potens lacus;

Audi, nec ostam salutem

A mune difficultis precanti.

Per te severam Te' ya, ades bona,

Per te tridem, quo ferus obruit

Neptunus urbes, per tremendum

Oceani caput invocamus.

Per fœda rugis tempora Nereos

Cani, et dolosi Carpathii pedum,

Tritonis incurvamque concham

Squamiferi, magicingu cantus

Glauci vetustos; Leucotheæ et manus

Per te decentes, assiduus precor,

Prolemque Portumnum, potentem

Ora'e, Acheloia'dumque voces

Blandas sororum; tuque juva, Theti,

Cui planta puro purior invicem

Scinetillat argento, et sepulchro

Parthenope tumulata caro.

Per pectinem te prosequor aureum,

Quocum Ligeam rupe adamantina

Sævis recumbentem juvabit

Blanditiis religare crines.
Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

It was in the agony column of the "Herald"; and I passed it over without a second glance, thinking it a puff disguised so as to attract attention. After breakfast however, by the merest chance, I took up the paper again, and again happened to glance at the jumble of letters. My curiosity was piqued, and I sat looking at it for a minute to see what it meant. Nothing came of the process, and I went off to finish a book I had been reading; for it was Saturday. Presently it began to rain, preventing all thoughts of cricket in the afternoon; and as I had soon finished my book I made up my mind that I was going to have a very slow day. After dinner I took up the paper again; spelt over the telegrams, glanced at the other news, and finally began to look for possible excitement in the "Lost and Found" column. This naturally led me to the personal column, and my attention was again arrested by the disorganised heap of letters which I had noticed before. I looked at the thing; yawned; looked again, and yawned more widely than before. I was in such a state of dulness that any employment would have been a relief, and I determined to discover the secret, if secret there was. Having read Poe's "Gold Bug," and Jules Verne's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth," I was tolerably confident of being able to discover any easy puzzle of the sort. In the first place I was fairly justified in considering it to be written in English; at any rate probabilities were strong in favour of it. I proceeded to count up the various letters, and determined to call the letter which occurred oftener e, the next i. Well, there were 15 z's and 11 x's. So far so good. As the was the most likely word to find, I looked for z preceded by the same two letters. There were no instances. This staggered me, but I proceeded to try every means of solution I knew. Nothing came of it however, and I gave it up in despair, thinking that solving such enigmas looked very well and easy in
print, but in practice it was quite another thing. Suddenly, however, I remembered Jules Verne's philosopher and his exactly similar predicament. I immediately wrote down the letters backwards, and they stood thus:

$2013$ $xmxewzkwzw$ $xawmyzmxjzlawnym$ $zdalkxamyzeukkzwxaflw$ $vzbmxezjzamx$ $sxprrzmyz$ $zb$

It will be seen that the combination $mzyz$ occurs four times. This then must be $THE$. I had already gained four letters, namely—

$z = e$
$x = i$
$y = h$
$m = t$

The puzzle ends with the letters $myzb$, that is $THE$. I at once conjectured $THERE$. Thus $b$ stood for $R$. In the third line I observed this combination $vzbm$, that is VERTI. I ran through a list of words with VERTI contained in them: vertical, inertia, &c.; but none would do, for it will be observed that after the letters VERTI, one letter intervening, follows $z$, that is $E$. At last I thought of ADVERTISEMENT. It fitted admirably. Allowing this conjecture, I had now eleven letters, namely:

$z = E$
$x = i$
$y = h$
$m = t$
$w = D$
$j = M$
$l = A$
$a = N$
$v = V$
$e = S$

And there are but twenty-four in our alphabet. With such a complete apparatus I was sure of success. Commencing at the beginning, I found $xmxe$; that is, IT IS; following next $wzkxzwzw$, that is DE-IDEO DEATH. Decided of course; $k$ therefore stood for $C$. Of the next seven letters I could make nothing; then followed $qxaawmx$; that is, IN THE TIME AND THE PLACE; I conjectured at once. $q$ therefore stood for $F$; $d$ for $P$. It went on $xaamyzkzwxa$; that is, IN THE Succeeding; succeeding, of course. Then follows the word advertisement; then $sxprr$; that is, I—Ill—E THERE; I will be there: going back to the seven letters which before I could not make out; namely $gcusxp$; $sxp$ stood I now knew for will; $gcu$ could only be some pronoun, from the position of will; it must also be a pronoun of three letters; $she$ would not fit, for $E$ is represented by $z$. You was the only alternative. I had now assigned equivalents to all the letters. It only remained to see if I could extract any sense from the puzzle, which would prove my reasoning to have been correct. Thus it ran:

$2013$. It is decided. DEATH. You will find the time and the place in the preceding advertisement. I will be there. I started violently as the meaning flashed on my brain. It was growing dusk, for the solution had occupied me a long time. A creeping sensation came over me, and I felt as if some uncanny thing were behind me. The room seemed to be full of weird shadowy forms, whispering and mowing at me. I passed my hand over my eyes and looked again. There it was in black and white, and I became more uneasy as I looked. Who would be mad enough to insert such a thing? Who was the murderer? Who the poor victim? I saw at once that it was no hoax; for
such an advertisement, I knew, ran no chance of discovery; since everyone would take it for a puff, as I had, and would pass it over without a second thought. The tea-bell rang, however, and my reverie was suddenly broken. During the rest of the evening the whole thing passed from my mind; but my previous uneasiness took possession of me with ten-fold force, when I got to the quiet of my room. I got nervously into bed and lay awake half the night, turning over the mysterious affair in my heated brain. Nothing came of it; and I fell asleep to dream of strange and ghastly murders, ghosts and other horrors. On Sunday morning I awoke nearly at dawn, and my first thought was of the mysterious advertisement. I crept cautiously down stairs and got the paper; there it was, sure enough. Next in order followed an advertisement not infrequently to be seen in the agony column, and looking as commonplace and unsuspicious as possible.

DEAREST F. R. J. Meet your own Nellie. Tuesday. Domain Walk. 11·30 p.m.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH POETRY.

Some weeks ago, I happened to give my form an exercise in English Poetry, on Horatius Coelebs; and on looking through the various poems shown up, I was astonished to find so much appreciation of the subject; and in a few instances, so much real merit both in the treatment and diction. And yet I do not know why this should be a matter of surprise, if one reflects that human nature is, when factorised, the product of imagination and reality; a metaphor which ought to find favour with our mathematical geniuses, who, generally speaking, are far too long-headed to give way to sentiment. To many, nay to most, imagination has been, and is the atmosphere with which their youth has been surrounded; whether amongst the rich or poor, in homes happy or otherwise; though we too often find that the youthful aspirants to the Laurea. Apollinaris have their early productions nipped in the bud by the frosty sarcasm of contemptuous criticism. We all know "Poeta nascitur, non fit." and that no amount of hammering on a rhyming dictionary will ever strike out a single spark of real poetic fire. Imagination must be there; sympathy with suffering must be there; depths of the heart to be stirred by a lovely sight, as of mountain, wave or sky, must be there; in a word, "a"subjective receptivity external objects must be there, before a single poetic idea can exist. When once this idea has been fully grasped, the next thing is to clothe it in suitable language. And a knowledge of language is only to be obtained by wide reading. English literature, whether in prose or verse, is far too little cultivated by the Australian youth. How few of our boys know anything whatever of Scott's Novels, or Poems, or Dickens, or Thackery, or even Marryatt's Novels, or Robinson Crusoe, or the Arabian Nights; books that every boy ought to have read, and to know almost by heart before he leaves school; while the works of our greatest poets are absolutely unknown. The only literature that is thoroughly appreciated by the majority of our boys, is that
which describes the amazing adventures of a certain Jack Harkaway; and it is, I suppose, about the greatest trash that ever disgraced a printing press. So long as our youths gloat over the imbecile escapades of that brainless fool, we cannot expect much nobility of character amongst them. But I trust that the institution of so many form libraries will do a great deal towards educating the boys to a true love for sound intellectual reading. This is somewhat a digression from the subject of poetry; but I would press upon all boys the necessity of devoting some of their spare time to honest reading, so that, by a thorough knowledge of the highest efforts of the greatest minds, they may never be at a loss for words when courting the smiles of the obstinate Muse.

I will now notice a few whims and oddities in metre and language, shown up in the exercises, which, perhaps, may give a useful hint or two to future laureates.

"Horatius saw the fleeing Roman band,
Fearing to fight for their own native land,
He, therefore, to guard the bridge volunteer'd
And save them from the people they so fear'd.

In the third line, the stress is laid on the wrong syllables.

These now to cut away the bridge began,
While Horatius with his single hand . . .

These lines are supposed to rhyme.

They charged upon Horatius brave,
And unto him a wound they gave;
But Herminius and Lartius darted back,
And now the bridge began to crack.

There is not much poetry in the last line; and yet, at least half-a-dozen boys have evolved the same brilliant idea.

The next is very funny:

But Jove sent to Rome a man,
His name it was Horatius,
Who helped the Romans as a hero can,
As Livy has related.

He then took stand at the bridge's end,
With his trusty sword in hand,
Then the bridge began to quiver
And fell into the river.

Observe the following rhymes.

"The foe came down against the Roman gate,
And did their utmost that they might it take,
But there was one within the Roman State,
Who from their fierce onset did hold the gate.

The rhythm of the above is very clumsy and ponderous.
The following contains a burst of true patriotism, to which, we are compelled to add, both truth and grammar are sacrificed.

Horatius met his enemies, and then
Ensued a battle, fierce as Gods or men
Had never witnessed, from the time the world
Rose from dark chaos, till Britain's flag unfurl'd.

These four stanzas are very humorous:—
Since from Porsena you had saved proud Rome,
The State; so pleased were they with your feet (!)
That even in the famine of a siege (!)
They gave to you as much as you could eat. (!!!)

His image then they made of brass,
That soldier true and tried,
It stands in the Comitium, and
It stood there when he died,
Horatius turned. the bridge fell down.
He leapt into the stream;
And boldly swimming gained the land,
With the aid of a wooden beam (!!!)
They gave him of the land
That was of public right,
As much as one stout man could plough
From early morn to night.

(Fancy a stout man on a hot day.)
This latter verse, however, smacks very much of Macaulay, who thus improves upon it.

"They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night."

The following stanzas are essentially good:—
The Tuscans swarmed before the bridge,
When Coles—See him stand—
Besought the Romans not to quail
But trust them to his hand.

"You must take your trusty axe,
"And hew the bridge away
"While I with two to help me
"Will keep the foe at bay."

With stalwart hands the Romans wield
The axe, and far the splinters fly,
And see, the bridge begins to yield;
In Tiber's depths the ruins lie.
But e’re the tottering structure falls,
Back both his brave companions dart;
Unmoved he bears the frantic calls,
Still dares the foe with lion heart.
Now that his task was nobly done,
Headlong he plunged into the tide;
Applause from either side he won,
And safely gained the other side.

The following is the best exercise shown up; and it does great credit to the author. The last ten lines (which I have not inserted) are not worth publishing, as, by abounding in feeble jokes and witticisms, they spoil what is otherwise, a very creditable piece of poetry.
The Romans had no coward hearts, yet stood all pulses still
When the Etrurian horse and foot came pouring down the hill,
And though they’d driven the tyrant out, and wrecked the Royal State,
When they saw the King with Porsena, each dreads a rebel’s fate.
They thought, perhaps, the chances were, behind the walls of stone
Better than braving Tarquin there, where every face was known.
But one amongst the Roman band blenched—not at Kingly crest,
He bravely faced the coming foe, and shouted to the rest;—
“If we leave them this bridge to cross right quickly shall we find
More foes upon the Capitol, than those we left behind;
I’ll keep the foremost here at bay, whilst you cut down the bridge,
Or burn it —, ne’er a man shall cross of all upon this ridge.”
Then Lartius and Herminius sprang boldly to his side,
And for a while these doughty men faced all Etruria’s pride,
What time the others cut away each pile and massive beam,
Until at last one plank alone hung swaying o’er the stream.
Then rose up such a mighty roar, that for a moment’s space,
The whole Etruscan forces stood, and yielded back a pace.
Then Lartius and Herminius sprang lightly to the shore,
And bold Horatius stood alone, one instant, and no more—
Then cried “Great Father, Tiber, hear now my latest word,
And to thy kindly bosom take the soldier and his sword,”;
In all his harness plunging in, while darts fell thickly round,
He swam to where the Romans wait, to hail him safe and sound.
And those for whom he fought that day, right nobly showered reward
Upon the man who risked his live the bridge and Rome to guard.

TERM EXAMINATION.

At the Term Examination the following first-class honours were awarded:

UPPER SCHOOL. ENGLISH.

Russell i.        Walker        Thompson i.        Abbott        Steel
Hunt i.          McNeil i.     McInnes i.         Shortland     Roseby
Anderson i.      Luker         Campbell iii.     Cameron       Gullick
**UPPER SCHOOL. FRENCH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>King i.</th>
<th>Badham</th>
<th>Oliver</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Garran</td>
<td>Smith i.</td>
<td>Newell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leibius</td>
<td>Wooloott</td>
<td>Ritchie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson i.</td>
<td>Steel</td>
<td>Croudace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dare</td>
<td>Dixson i.</td>
<td>Anderson i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Littlejohn i.</td>
<td>Shortland</td>
<td>Tait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker</td>
<td>McNeil ii.</td>
<td>Reid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson i.</td>
<td>Hunt i.</td>
<td>King ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McIntyre i.</td>
<td>Stephen ii.</td>
<td>Falk i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Horne.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GERMAN.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Smith i</th>
<th>Cohen</th>
<th>Roseby</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Woolcott</td>
<td>Chauvel</td>
<td>Newell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LOWER SCHOOL. ENGLISH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wall ii.</th>
<th>Russell ii.</th>
<th>Garnsey</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lyon i.</td>
<td>Goldsmid</td>
<td>Reid ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson</td>
<td>Hayden ii.</td>
<td>Anderson ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmer</td>
<td>Ayling</td>
<td>Stewart ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addison i.</td>
<td>Smith iii.</td>
<td>Begbie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uther</td>
<td>Firth i.</td>
<td>Addison ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harriott</td>
<td>Kelly</td>
<td>Smith v.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy</td>
<td>Schuette i.</td>
<td>Solomon</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FRENCH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Campbell v,</th>
<th>Belisario</th>
<th>Haydon ii.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lyon i.</td>
<td>De Lissa</td>
<td>Hunt ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wall ii.</td>
<td>Harriott</td>
<td>Woodward i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rofe</td>
<td>Holmes</td>
<td>Brefort iii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glanville</td>
<td>Quodling</td>
<td>Kennett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fillett ii.</td>
<td>Falk ii.</td>
<td>Anderson ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy</td>
<td>Russell ii.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EDITORS' NOTES AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

We have received a letter from “P. W. J.,” in reference to a Tennis Club. If the author sends in his name (not necessarily for publication) we shall have great pleasure in publishing his communication.

“Our School Sports” have been facetiously described by a would-be poet, who has (to adopt his own spelling) come to greif (sic.) Before he writes to the *Sydnean* (sic) again we would advise him to procure a spelling book.
Even if his "sweetheart" is on "the famous Association Ground" he had better not rush to meet her; while we are on the subject of metres we may as well quote a stanza of the poem to show the author's idea of the laws of verse.

"The talk was all of handicaps, of times and jumps, and sprints,
The self-elected trainers gave their men very mysterious hints." We are not up in sporting terms, but we suppose "sprints" has some meaning for the initiated, on the whole we advise our friend to grow wiser before his next attempt, which, let us hope, will be in prose.

We have received a windy contribution from "Mumu," and having perused it carefully three times, we are unable to form a conclusion as to its meaning, if meaning it has, which is, in our opinion, extremely doubtful. We quote a passage:

"You never saw a dozen men congregate for two minutes without emulating the parrots, or 'plenty yabbler-yabbler' upon nothing, now beasts with instinct become gregarious for set purpose; you can see the seriousness peeping out of the corners of their eyes, and when the sharp bull-terrier or 'brindled cow or spotted mountain pard' ascends the rostrum, he or she only glances round, and the motion is moved, seconded, and carried in solemn silence;" and much more of the same sort.

"Mumu" states that he issued from a debating-room "with a vague idea that he had just quitted a lunatic asylum." Our advice is that he return thither as quickly as possible; and that in future he elide the last letter of his nom de plume and become "MUM."

The Editors desire to give notice that the back numbers of the Sydneian, with two or three exceptions, can be purchased at half price.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—I beg to suggest that a Chess Club be formed by the members of the school who study that interesting game. For a very small entrance fee tournaments could be instituted and prizes offered.

Yours, &c.,

CHECKMATE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—Can you tell me why it is that there have been no Cup Matches this year in the School. The Sixth Form have been allowed to keep, unchallenged, the Cup they won last year; although they have no right to it. It seems a farce to have a Challenge Cup, if the Committee of the Sports do not intend to carry out the regulations attending it.

Yours, &c.,

FAIR PLAY.