The Sydneian

No. XLIX.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

OCTOBER, 1883.

CONTENTS.

Editorial .... 1
Farewell .... 2
Journal of an Excursion to Torres Straits, Paper No. 2 .... 2
The Mysterious Number 1 (Continued) .... 6
Titus and Neon .... 8
Jack Harkaway in Australia (Continued) .... 10
Concert of Musical Society .... 12
Debating Society .... 13
Masters Match .... 13
Intercolonial Cricket Match .... 15
Rifle Match .... 15
Cadet News .... 16
Quarterly Examination Prizes .... 16
Correspondence .... 16

SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1883.
The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following School Magazines:—

The Annals of the Brisbane Grammar School
Nelsonian
Cheltonian
Geelong Grammar School Quarterly
Melburnian
High School Magazine
Ulula
Tailorean
Reptonian
Rossallian
Lorettonian
EDITORIAL.

The establishment of a Musical Society in connection with the Grammar School deserves more than a passing notice. It is of course unnecessary to enlarge generally upon the value of music as an instrument of intellectual culture, or to point out its effects in refining the taste and in extending the range of human sympathies. Few of us probably are ignorant of the extent to which a susceptibility to the influence of music has modified the poetry, the history, and even the legislation of some of the most civilized countries. However, without entering into any general consideration of the claims of music, as an essential part of a liberal education, it may be well to notice in what respects a Musical Society may be of special and practical use to ourselves. In the first place, it may be made to conduce to esprit de corps by uniting its members in the bond of a common pursuit and of common interests; it will afford frequent opportunities for friendly intercourse between masters and boys; and when an annual School concert has become an established institution, this Society will provide the means for a periodic reunion of all the friends of the School. Meanwhile, though the Society may not at first be able to supply the individual teaching that is requisite to train scientific musicians, it may reasonably hope to impart a general facility in reading music and in picking up tunes, and so ultimately succeed in cultivating some of the voices that are at present harsh and unmusical to a degree. For even the most enthusiastic admirer of Australian boys must confess, that distinctness of articulation and modulation of voice are not their strong point. We do not now refer to the natural drawl (the result partly, perhaps, of a lovely, but enervating climate, and of a wide-spread distaste to unnecessary exertion in any shape), but rather to the thickness of utterance and coarseness of intonation, which are observable in so many boys, even of the better classes. Surely the Musical Society might do something to remedy this defect. Finally, we must bear in mind that the Musical Society is a voluntary effort, and that personal enthusiasm is the soul of all voluntary efforts. The Committee must not, therefore, be disheartened by failure at first. They will undoubtedly require a large amount of self-denial and disinterested work to ensure success; but they must remember that success in such a cause is worth many disappointments, and much individual sacrifice of time and trouble.
FAREWELL.
Diximus haud coelo testante novissima verba,
Qualia cum tristi fervet amator era.
Nox illis lacrimas celavit amica cadentes
Corde tamen gemino palpitat intus amor.
Hic, ubi nos saannis alienos nuper amores
Risimus, hic ipsi verba suprema damus.
Lampadibus nituit muros gommantibus aula
Et crebro salibus personuitque jocis:—
"Desuper horrescit glomeratum turbine caelum,
Flaminibus reboant litora mista salo.
Frustra : namque ratis soovi mea Nereos iras
Perferet incolumis; jam, mea vita, vale!"
Deripit illa rosas quibus est redimita capillos,
Ut fiant capiti pulchra corolla meo.
Prætereaque vetat, cum jam violenta per undas
Aequoreas madidam pelleret aura ratem,
Neve suum grata jam donum mente recorder
Neve quidem digner vel meminisse sui.
"I, mea vita, tiique renideat æquor eunti
Sitque precor lecto digna puella tuo!
Nec me respicias; vesterumque oblitus amorum,
Ignora quondam quod tibi prima fui."

L. A.

JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO TORRES STRAITS.

PAPER No. 2.

In my first paper I gave an account of my voyage to Torres Straits, up to the time when we arrived within the Barrier Reef, and I concluded with some remarks on beche-de-mer. I will now give my notes on the continuation of the trip.

July 2nd. On coming on deck early in the morning, I found that we had just passed through Whitsunday Passage. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery on the whole coast, and is very well worth seeing. It is a channel between the mainland and a row of Islands, among which are the following:—Whitsunday Island, Hook Island, Pentecost, Passage, and Dent Islands. This passage is three or four miles wide, and there is good deep water all the way through. Vessels are able therefore to go safely through at night, especially as they are directed by a lighthouse on Dent Island, which is very prettily situated on a low cliff. These Islands are very often visited by the blacks, from the mainland, who paddle off to them in their canoes; the coast blacks, who are very numerous on this part of the Queensland shore, are bold navigators, and venture out many miles to sea. At one time some of the steamers used to stop, to enable them to come alongside and dispose of their shells, &c., but this has been long since given up.
The chief charm of the scenery through Whitsunday Passage consists in the configuration of the land, which is hilly, and in the fine growth of timber with which it is covered. Both the main, and the Islands themselves are thickly wooded, the foliage being of a dark green colour. At the water's edge are bold, dark rocks in some places, in others are stretches of sandy beach. There is also a little coarse grass growing here and there upon the shore, the light colour of which is a pleasant relief to the eye against the dark leaves of the trees.

After we had got clear of Whitsunday Passage, we passed among a great many Islands, which, from their rocky composition and conical shape gave one the impression that they were the tops of submerged mountains. Indeed, both the Islands and the rocks, and hills on the shore, appear to have been upheaved by volcanic agency.

About 9 o'clock we passed close to Cape Gloucester, or Gloucester Island. This is a beautiful Island, very well wooded on the north shore, but on the east and south, it consists of magnificent hills and rocky mountain peaks; the rocks being of a reddish colour. Up the gullies grow a few trees, and a good deal of scrub, and mangroves grow along the shore in some places. Behind this Island is Edgecombe Bay, leading into Port Denison, on whose shores the town of Bowen is situated. We saw a cutter trying to beat into Bowen, and there was a large vessel lying at anchor under the lee of Gloucester Island.

At midday we were abreast of Cape Upstart, which rises very abruptly from the land round about, and it is for this reason that it received its name from Captain Cook. It is very barren and sterile, as is also all this part of the country which can be seen from the sea.

During the afternoon we passed Cape Bowling Green, a long sandy spit with a lighthouse on the extreme end. It is the southern boundary of Bowling Green Bay, after crossing which we came to Cape Cleveland. This Cape is also the site of a lighthouse, which marks the entrance to Cleveland Bay, on whose south shore is the town of Townsville. Just before turning round Cape Cleveland, there is a reef of rocks to be seen, called the Salamander Rocks. They are situated at about a mile from the shore, and are just awash; steamers have been known to strike on them in broad daylight.

On entering the bay we passed a small schooner, bound as we were, for Townsville. She was said to be a labour schooner, playfully designated a slaver; one of those vessels which go to the Pacific Islands to procure labourers for the Queensland Sugar Plantations. There was evidently sickness on board her, for after dropping her anchor, she hoisted a flag for a doctor.

Cleveland Bay is an open expanse of water, exposed on the north east to the sea; on the north it is bounded by Magnetic Island, a large and well wooded island, the scenery on the north shore being very beautiful. There are beautiful little bays, with sandy beaches, enclosed by rocky points, and with a background of dark hills and trees. The Island received its curious name from Captain Cook, being so called by him, because the compass of his vessel did not work well when in its vicinity. The waters of Cleveland Bay are very shallow, the bottom being mud.
We anchored at dark, about three miles from the shore, and were in the course of the evening visited by a small steam lighter. The commander of this craft had quite a talent for forcible language, and he informed our captain that there was too much swell on for his boat to lie alongside to take the cargo, and that we had better go round Magnetic Island to a place where the water was smooth. This was entirely laziness on his part, for there was not much sea on; the fact is that he did not want to work at night: and perhaps he is not to be blamed after all. Acting on his suggestion therefore, during the night we weighed the anchor, and steamed round the Island, arriving by daylight on the other side of the bay, about nine miles from the town.

The hills round about looked very beautiful, gilded by the beams of the rising sun. They are brown and bare mostly, but in some places are patches which are covered with timber. In almost all the gullies could be seen the smoke from the fires lighted by the blacks. The channel into the anchorages on this side of the Island is only about two cables wide; the Palm Islands serve as points of bearing by means of which vessels can find their way in.

Shortly after anchoring we were joined by our friend of the previous evening in his lighter, and found him to be a very hard working old man after all, for he really exerted himself greatly, as if to make up for last night's delay. By one o'clock all the cargo and the mail bags were discharged, and we had received on board a number of Chinese passengers. We were not able to get away quite so soon as we expected however, for on trying to make a start it was discovered that the steamer was fast in the mud; fortunately, the tide was rising, and in the course of a couple of hours we got afloat again, and directed our prow on the route to Cooktown. The lighter had remained by us during our difficulties and did her best to tow us off, at which task a rowing boat would have been just as effective. The mails which we had brought were still on board this lighter when we left, so that the probability is that they would be more than twenty-four hours in port before delivery.

Townsville is named after the late Captain Towns, who is said to have founded it, and is built along the south shore of Cleveland Bay. It is the seat of a large trade, and is the port of shipment for a large extent of valuable country, much of which is occupied by sugar plantations; it is also the point of communication with the mining districts of Charters Towers and Ravenswood. Only small steamers are able to go up to the wharf at Townsville; there is a small creek which at high tide contains enough water to enable them to float up to the landing place; where they are obliged to remain until the tide again rises.

July 4th. At six o'clock this morning we sailed by some low-lying rocky Islands called the Frankland Islands. The coast at this part is very mountainous and rocky, consisting of red granite. Later on during the forenoon, we passed through the Channel between Fitzroy Island and Cape Grafton. This is an extremely fine piece of scenery, both the Cape and the Island being beautifully wooded. The channel is not very wide, and one is able to see the shore very distinctly from the deck of the steamer. Fitzroy Island, as I was told, was once used as the Quarantine Station for Cooktown, although it is about ninety miles distant from that place.
After passing Cape Grafton, we crossed Trinity Bay, a large sheet of water, on whose western shores are situated Cairns and Port Douglas. From Port Douglas, a road of about ninety miles leads to a place called Herberton, in a wild part of the country. On the Barren and Rocky Rivers near Herberton there is a good deal of fine timber to be found, such as beech, Kauri-pine and cedar; but there is great difficulty in getting it carried down to the coast for exportation, and much of it is left rotting on the ground where it has been cut.

A fellow passenger who had visited the district, told me that the blacks are very wild there, and he told me a story illustrative of their ungrateful and untameable disposition. He said:—"A party of men had taken up a piece of country on which was a great deal of fine timber, and were engaged in cutting it and preparing it for market. They had erected a little humpy or hut, in which they slept at night, and which was visited every day at noon by one of them, for the purpose of cooking their dinner. He was engaged at this task one day when a party of blacks come up to the door. The man treated them kindly, spoke to them, and gave them food which they received and carried off. Next day they returned at the same hour but did not go to the entrance of the hut; consequently, as they made no noise the man who was attending to his cooking did not notice them. Unfortunately he was sitting with his back to a place where a slab had fallen aside in the wall of the hut, and the blacks in creeping round, noticed this. One of them raised his spear, and thrust it through this aperture with all his force into the back of the man's neck. He started up and fell forward across the table, on which his rifle was lying, and had sufficient strength to take it up and fire at the retreating natives. His companions hearing the shot came hurrying up, just in time to shoot one of these ungrateful wretches, who received food from the man one day, and endeavoured to kill him, without provocation, the first time they could catch him unawares."

About midday we saw some low sandy islands, covered with mangroves. They are called Lowe Islands, and on one of them there is a lighthouse; their appearance is very pleasing. North of these and close to the land is a pretty little place called Schnapper Island. This Island lies below the beautiful Cape Tribulation, so named by Captain Cook, because it was within sight of this Cape that his vessel the "Endeavour" met with her first mishap. She ran on a reef and was only got off with great difficulty. He afterwards repaired her in the river to which she gave her name, on which Cooktown now stands. A large wooden grid, which he used in beaching her there, was to be seen until recently, and a coin has been found which was supposed to have been left by one of his party. Rising up behind Cape Tribulation is a curious mountain called Peter Botte. Its summit consists of a single rock which appears high up above the foliage of the surrounding peaks, and serves as an admirable landmark. After leaving Cape Tribulation, we saw some more flat, mangrove covered Islands called the Hope Islands. On some of them I noticed several of the curing sheds erected by the beche-de-mer
fishers, and also a few of their boats at anchor. These men are exposed to many dangers, especially to attacks from the blackfellows. Several massacres have taken place, and on a little Island called Green Island, near Cape Grafton, the crews of three or four vessels have all been killed.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERIOUS NUMBER ONE.

CHAPTER II.

TUESDAY. DOMAIN WALK! The words kept running in my head, to the exclusion of every other idea. I waited in a fever of impatience, and when tardy Tuesday arrived I felt as if a lifetime had passed since Saturday. My excitement prevented me from taking any tea, and I could hardly restrain myself from blurting out the whole affair at the table. At eleven I let myself cautiously out, and after a quarter of an hour's hurried walking I found myself at the entrance to the Domain Walk. It was a wild, gusty night. The wind was rising and dying at intervals, filling the trees with sad, ghostly sounds. It was the night before full moon, and there was no gas, so that sometimes the walk was lit up with pale, watery light, and a moment after the clouds would close, and all was dark again. Rain had been falling in torrents, and the trees were full of water, which fell in showers with every gust. As I passed up the walk there seemed to be a continual light foot-fall always behind me. Dead leaves came brushing past me along the asphalt, and the mournful drip of the fig trees gave the finishing touches to the scene. My teeth were chattering, though it was not cold, and I felt more than half inclined to go back. I stepped into the angle of the wall where the walk turns, and waited. Before long two men came along the walk from the Exhibition end, and slowly approached the spot where I stood. They were both tall, but I could distinguish nothing further. As they came near I retreated behind one of the young oak trees with a bench in front of it. The two men left the path, and, after looking anxiously about and listening, they sat down on the bench in front of me. One of them was talking earnestly, and even vehemently, but in a foreign language. The other's words and gestures had a wild, desperate expression. He answered in short, jerky sentences, and in English, but as his words were merely replies, I could make nothing of the conversation. The other man was evidently persuading and commanding him to do something of great importance, and he was very unwilling. Presently a quick footstep passed the lodge, and came down the walk from the right. I could see that the man was short and sprucely dressed, and was swinging a cane. He began to whistle, but the melancholy of the place seemed to overpower him, and he stopped. As he passed the spot where the men sat one of them gave a low cough. The short man stopped, turned aside, and came towards us. "Nellie! Nellie!" said he, in a loud, agitated whisper, "is that you?" Here a cloud obscured all the light there was. The man came quite close to the seat, and
again whispered, "Come, Nellie; I know you're there." Then I heard a scuffle, a hollow sound like a thump, and then a dull, crushing blow, followed by a heavy fall, and a slight muttering or gibbering sound. The moon burst out again, and I saw the short man lying on the ground on his back. His left temple seemed to be crushed right in, giving his face the appearance of having been cut entirely away. His feet were almost touching mine, and one of the men was bending over him, and pulling a short sword or very long knife out of his body. A torrent of blood was bubbling up round the blade. As the man rose he perceived that there was some one behind the tree, and he dropped the knife and jumped backwards. With a sharp exclamation, I turned to run, but his companion intercepted me, and struck at me with what seemed to be a short, thick stick. I was paralyzed with fear, and fell on the ground, avoiding the full force of his blow. I was completely stunned, nevertheless, and remained unconscious of what followed.

CHAPTER III.

Next day, as the habitués of Tattersall's collected for lunch, there was an unusual air of excitement and interest in the conversation. Various speculations about a fearful murder committed in the Domain the previous night were being propounded and commented upon by the company assembled. No account had yet appeared in the papers, and the whole business was a complete puzzler, as they all admitted. The murdered man was known to one or two, who were accordingly the lions of the moment. One of them it was who had found the corpse as he passed through the Domain to business. He gave an exact account of the way in which he conceived the murder had been perpetrated, with a lively description of the corpse, the idiotic remarks of the police, and their sledge-hammer proceedings, with a view to discover, as they put it, "the perpetrators of the outrage." No single clue had been discovered, except that a paper was found pinned on the breast of the murdered man's coat with the words "No. 1" on it. The police were, however, quite uncertain whether to attribute this to the murderers or not. The inquest was to sit on the body that afternoon, when everything that could be discovered would be published. This was however not the only excitement. A boy—myself, namely—was missing from a certain house in Woolloomooloo, and my father was hurrying distractedly everywhere, making inquiries for me. Some people wildly hazarded a conjecture that the two affairs were connected, but most scouted the idea, although they owned that it was quite unaccountable. After lunch all who were able adjourned to the scene of the murder, and to view the corpse. At the inquest in the afternoon the examination was very speedily over, for there was no evidence to take, and the jury found "That the deceased, one Frederic Richard Jeems, came to his death through injuries inflicted by some person or persons unknown."

(To be continued.)
EXERCISE IN GREEK VERSE COMPOSITION.

Tītrus and Nēon, both fond of the chase,
Were once strolling along at a leisurely pace,
Not intent upon hunting, but taking a walk,
And holding together a neighbourly talk:
'Twas a chat
On this and that—
Subjects that interest men of all stations,
The war, or Demosthenes' latest orations.—
When Titus looked up, aroused by a sound
As if some one were scratching away at the ground,
And he saw
The huge claw
Of a bear
Peeping out from each side of the trunk of a tree;
He was just going up, they clearly could see.
Without the least fear,
Brave Titus crept near,
And standing the opposite side to the bear,
He clutches the claws, and holding them tight:
"Now, Neon," he cries, "come, hasten your flight,
Fetch my arrows and bow—
They're both in the hall, hanging over the table—
Run quickly! skedaddle! as fast as you're able."
So Neon turned round, and hastened to go,
Leaving Titus to wait. The time seemed so slow:
Oh, the struggles and pulls! but Titus was strong,
And Bruin was young, and had not very long
Got over the measles, a horrid disease,
Which does not facilitate climbing up trees.
After waiting, perhaps an hour and a quarter,
Neon came up equipped for the slaughter.
Said Titus, "Why, Neon, how long you've been gone."
"Well, at your house, you see, the dinner was on—
A hot sirloin—
They asked me to join.
I knew that you wouldn't much mind the delay;
Had I thought so, nought could have induced me to stay."
He fitted the arrow just ready to shoot.
"Stop a minute," said Titus, "catch hold of the brute;
You know
I'm more used to that bow,
And am certain of killing him dead;
Let me introduce that long shaft to his head."
Your haunches, old man, I soon will be chewing,
Some savoury soup your bones will be brewing,
Though the paradox is, even now they are Bruin.’’

Neon, laughing, forbore,
Lays each hand on a claw,
And Titus immediately looses his grasp,
“Mind, Neon,” said he, “if your hands you unclasp,
Sir Bruin will hug you, so hold him steady.”
“Don’t jabber, you idiot,” says Neon; “get ready
And finish him quickly.” But Titus said, “Stay,
I know you’ll not mind a little delay;
Just wait half-an-hour while I too go and dine,
My nerves will be steadier after some wine.”
Just by way of a moral to finish this tale:
Though bewaring all bears, let forbearance prevail;
But discretion of course is the consort of valour.

As Titus was reckless,
And in rashness was feckless,
We can pity poor Neon and pardon his pallor,
Though he wasn’t quite right
To leave his poor wight
Of a comrade, boxed up with so nasty a neighbour.
So in serving a term of similar labour
He got his deserts,
In panting and spurts,
And “My eyes, how it hurts!”
To be on the alerts
With a lug and a tug,
To escape Bruin’s hug,
That would finish him quicker than poisonous drug,
And for ever close snug
His mouth (alias mug),
And render e’en more so the feature that’s pug.
Inextricably wrapped in the vile heavy rug,
’Twould just be one shiver, the bear gives a shrug:
When the sexton was ready his grave might be dug.—
Possibility only—all happily ends;
And Titus and Neon take leave of their friends.
Remembering that always between friend or brother,
One favour granted merits another.

A. S. Pindar,
Late Assistant Master at Humbugby School, and Fellow of Quiddity College, Hoaxford.
Suddenly the lights went out.
This may seem irrelevant;
But it ain't,
For on perusing vol. 1 you will observe that the sun and moon rising together, they naturally, at 12 o'clock precisely by the gun, eclipsed one another—which got in front of the other I am unable to state at present, having just been out to dinner.
Anyhow, impenetrable darkness
Cast o'er the scene her murky mantle.
(Good bit that, eh?)
And all was blue!
(Note—Critics say that the above is unscientific; but hang Science! What is a novel if it isn't something different to one's ordinary experiences?—Revenons à nos moutons.)
Consequently, Yellow Jack and Co.'s bowie knives fell simultaneously not on their victims, as a practised felon's should, but in the darkness missed their mark, and each particular villain tumbled headlong over his particular selected Harkaway, and
The lion is roused!
Likewise lioness, cubs, and cubicles.
Then arose a shout of triumph, tremulously chastened by fear.
"Whose shout was that?" said Mrs. J. H.
(Now, I forgot to state that Mrs. Jack Harkaway, née Bloodthunder, and a daughter of that famous pirate, Captain B., slain long since, had turned out a bit of a shrew, and was equal to the management of several Jack Harkaways, she used to say in her pleasant way, as she thwacked her noble spouse over the head with a warming pan or other conveniently persuasive implement.)
"My shout!" replied Jack.
"Oh, if that's your game, I don't mind if I do 'ave a nobbler this blessed cold night," evasively put in the bushranger chief, warily turning the whole affair into a joke.
"Will you take it hot or cold," said ever-polite and sociable Mrs. H.
"Wal! hot's the word, mar'm, if it's all the same to you," answered this urbane and not unaccomplished gentleman.
"Take it hot, then," shrieked our heroic Xantippe, and, seizing on a blazing gum tree—there was, of course, a convenient bush fire raging—she playfully hammered the head of the bold (clean bowled this time) John of the Tawny hue, till the long-suppressed Latin grammar of his school days fairly oozed
out, and oh! sad to relate, such quantities, or rather false quantities of blunders with it.

Readers of vol. 1 will remember that he had opposed by mild measures the ordinary course of conventional education. Hence his ruin!

Moral—Do not, except under extreme provocation, dynamite your masters—even if they do occasionally blow you up.

However, to continue our narrative. It is, of course, needless to state that the Harkaway family, with one fell swoop, entirely annihilated the remaining bushrangers, and once more came triumphantly out of their difficulties, and are apparently about to live happily ever afterwards.

Wait a bit!

We know a trick worth two of that!

Doubtless, at the present rate of killing, the Harkaway family would soon have depopulated the habitable globe, and none would have survived to write their history.

Happily this consummation has been avoided.

Napoleon was conquered by the elements; schoolboys also by the elements (of Euclid); so, also, no less a foe was capable of overcoming the threatening immortality of the Harkaway race.

For suddenly arose an earthquake. Earthquakes are shocking phenomena. This one especially shocked them inexpressibly.

It was the same earthquake that had so lately sundered Sunda on a Sunday.

The earth snored, yawned and gaped, horribly suggesting bedtime.

Nature is only conquered by obeying her. The Harkaways were all children of nature, so all, from the veteran hero of a hundred fights down to the promising suckling of only one (fight), took the hint and went to——

There let us leave them in peace or otherwise, if it please you—at any rate leave them, for there they lie, or sit, or, preadventure, heads downwards, more profoundly sepulchred than schoolmaster, pirate, bushranger, or even cannibal would have contrived, and safely gone beyond the field of heroically impossible or impossibly heroic exploits.

Should any school-boy in future see a later edition of Jack Harkaway's or his descendants' deeds, let him solemnly place one finger gracefully athwart his most prominent facial ornament, and slowly drop his dexter eyelid in mute symbolism of unshaken scepticism; and believe me that that race is veritably and indeed thoroughly well dead, buried, and by this time pulverised—

"And may ten billion thunderbolts
Go for me—if I lie."—(SHAKESPEARE.)

We lately came across the spot in the green mountains where the mortal remains of this distinguished family are said to be still guarded by their immortal manes; and there I came across an epitaph evidently indited by an admirer of them.

It ran as follows:
“Hic mentitur Joannes Harkawayum et hoc genus omne, qui calcitravit humum aut in aliis verbis, Perambulavit suas cretas. Haustus a sua Matre.”

“Mentitur.” I presume, is a slight error for “jacet,” and sua matre—Mother Earth, d’ye see, and the inscription is apparently written with the aid of an abstruse and erudite work of one Dr. Smith, minus the light of a sound classical education.

FINIS.

CONCERT OF THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The first concert of this young and flourishing Society was held on Thursday, October 1, and was well attended, some 300 school boys and outsiders, including about 40 ladies, being present. It went off, on the whole, very successfully, especially when the extreme youth of the Society is considered. The programme consisted of twelve pieces; songs, pianoforte, oboe, flute, violin, and cornet all contributing to the enjoyable music supplied. Dr. Byrne had promised to perform on the piano, but owing to an unavoidable accident was unable to be present. To Mr. Herbert Raymond are due the best thanks of the Society and audience for his excellent comic songs, by which, through his kindness, the concert was so enlivened.

The programme commenced with a pianoforte solo by Mr. Carter, who kindly, on short notice, took Dr. Byrne’s place.

2. “Love’s Secret,” a violin solo by Shute, was well performed.

3. “Glorious Apollo,” given by the Musical Society, was good, but the time was much too slow.

4. “La Pavane,” a trio, by Woolcott Brothers, on pianoforte, violin and flute, was fairly rendered.

5. “The Man that Plays the Cornet,” was well given by Mr. H. Raymond in appropriate costume.

6. “Norma,” a duet by Mr. Gedye and Oliver, was very good.

7. “The Man with the Large Appetite,” was also given by Mr. H. Raymond, who was encored as in No. 5.

8. “Satanella,” a solo on the oboe by Traill, was very good.

9. “John Peel,” hunting song, solo by Walker, and chorus by Musical Society, was very fair.

10. Solo on pianoforte by Mr. Gedye, very good.

11. “Wambiana,” by Woolcott Brothers, was very well rendered.

12. “The Bold Fisherman,” comic song, by Mr. Raymond, was a great success.

The concert then ended up by the members of the Musical Society singing in good style “God Save the Queen.”

Thanks are due to the accompanist, and also to the conductor, who performed his arduous duties very well.
DEBATING SOCIETY.

On October 10th a meeting was held of boys who wished to form a Debating Society.

It was there resolved that boys below the IVth Form and 1st Moderns would have to be elected members.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing half-year:—President: Mr. Weigall; Vice-President: Hungerford; Secretary: King; Committee: Sendall, Thomson, Windeyer.

Friday, October 12th—

J. Herbert (O.S.) in the chair. Seventeen members present. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, Hungerford (Premier,) began the debate, “Should women pursue a University Education?” by speaking in the affirmative.

The following also spoke—

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<th>For</th>
<th>Against</th>
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<td>Windeyer</td>
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<td>Higgins</td>
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On a show of hands, six voted for, and ten against. Hungerford therefore resigned on behalf of his Ministry, and the Chairman called upon White to form a new Ministry.

THE MASTERS v. SCHOOL.

The above match came off on the Conservative Ground, Moore Park.

The excitement which the School manifested in the match never flagged until its termination on Thursday, October 11th.

The interest shown by the Masters was pleasingly displayed by their punctuality and neat turn-out, each in cricketing costume, with their college or club colours forming a very pleasing spectacle. The team was considerably weakened by the absence of Messrs. Dalton and Crook, their places being filled by Smith and Hayes ii.

Mr. Carter and Hayes i. were the respective skippers. The Masters took possession of the wickets first, being represented by Messrs. Carter and Farrar. Both men began to bat with great freedom, and looked as if they were going to make a stand, when Mr. Farrar unfortunately played one on, thus separating two very dangerous “Incogniti.”

The Masters looked glum at this piece of hard luck, but I suppose they were inspired with fresh vigour on catching sight of their “Chief” approaching the lawn, from the manner in which Messrs. Carter, Hewlett, Whitfield, and Newbery knocked the bowling about.
The innings closed for the respectable total of 59, of which Mr. Carter obtained a dashing 23. Mr. Whitfeld's 11 was got in a workmanlike manner, and Mr. Newberry's leg hit for 4 won the applause it deserved.

The fielding of the Eleven was slovenly and lazy, with the exception of Woolcott.

The Masters took to the field not a little pleased at the success of their innings and the striking contrast to last year's match, which as one Master remarked, he remembered only as a dream, in which he neglected to take one thing into the field, and that was his horse. The innings of the Eleven closed for 73, or 14 to the good. I have never seen Hayes and Woolcott bat in better form, the former being foolishly run out for a well-earned 20, and the latter carrying his bat out for a useful 24. The other batsmen are sadly in want of practice, being completely out of form.

The Masters wiped the eyes of the Eleven in the fielding department. They were not to be seen, as a few of the Eleven were, with their hands in their pockets, striking attitudes, but all worked well, and energetically backed up the praiseworthy bowling of the young colt Smith. Two pretty and well-judged catches were made by Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Newbery. The energy shown by Mr. Giles in the field, is, if not graceful, deserving of mention, the former being somewhat damped by the impolite behaviour of the Moore Park grass, which, as Artemus Ward would say, jumped up and struck him repeatedly, causing him to bound about in a most bewildered manner.

The even character of the game enlivened the Eleven somewhat; the captain being bowled by a rattling one from Wood, and Mr. Farrar, after making 3, succumbing to an easy one from Barbour by putting it in mid-off's hand, quickly disposed of the two "Incogs." The rest of the team were speedily got rid of by Wood and Barbour, the innings closing for 39; the worthy host of the Wimbledon Hall being top scorer with 10, for which he hit out right well amidst the enthusiastic applauds of his youthful family.

This left the Eleven 25 to get to win, which were obtained by Tindale and Wood, with the loss of Woolcott and Barbour, thus winning the match by 8 wickets.

The Masters as a whole made a very fair show, and I should recommend the "Committee" to ask Mr. Hewlett to go into practice and play for the Eleven, as he is undoubtedly a good man out of form. The match was both enjoyable and interesting.

A few words in conclusion. The "Committee" of the fifteen, in fact the whole School, cannot sufficiently consider the necessity of having the full strength of the School represented in the forthcoming Intercolonial Match. I have the fullest confidence in the "Committee." Let the younger members throw aside any party feeling they may have, and act honorably and conscientiously for the credit and welfare of the School. If they strictly guard against this, which I am sure they will, then it remains with the Fifteen to devote themselves zealously and earnestly to practice, having the best of grounds, and receiving every encouragement from the Sports Committee, they should successfully uphold the high reputation of the Eleven in the coming season.

SAM.
The cricket season was opened by the Eleven playing the Twenty-two, the former just winning by one run, after a most exciting game. The only one of the eleven who made any runs at all was Adams, who carried out his bat for 15, while Mr. Carter was almost the only one who scored for the 22. Tyndale bowled splendidly for the eleven, and Smith was the most successful bowler for the 22.

INTERCOLONIAL CRICKET MATCH.
SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
The above match will be played at the Association Ground, Moore, Park, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th December. The visiting team will arrive on Friday, 14th December, when, it is to be hoped, the School will give them an enthusiastic reception.

FIRST ELEVEN.
Engagements for Season 1883-4.
Wednesday, 24th October ............... Undergraduates
Wednesday, 31st October ............... Old Boys
Saturday, 3rd November ............... Banks
Wednesday, 7th November ............... Old Boys
Wednesday, 14th November ............. Warwick
Saturday, 17th November ............... Belvidere
Wednesday, 21st November ............. Callan Park
Saturday, 24th November ............... King's School
Wednesday, 5th December ............. Incogniti
Saturday, 8th December ............... Gladesville
Monday, 17th December .................
Tuesday, 18th December ................. Melbourne Grammar School
Wednesday, 19th December .............
Wednesday, 6th February .............. Warwick
Wednesday, 13th February ............. Callan Park
Saturday, 16th February ............... Campbelltown
Wednesday, 20th February ............. Banks
Saturday, 23rd February ............... Albert
Wednesday, 27th February .............. Old Boys
Wednesday, 5th March ................. Carlton
Saturday, 8th March .................. Campbelltown
Saturday, 22nd March ................ King's School
Saturday, 12th April ................. Ashfield
Saturday, 26th April .................. Manly
Saturday, 3rd May .................... Manly

RIFLE MATCH.
A RIFLE MATCH was shot between 7 members of our Team and a like number of the Torpedo Corps, on Saturday afternoon, at the Rifle Butts, and resulted in a win for the boys by 9 points. Sergeant-Instructor Hagney and Lance-
Corporal Faulk were top scorers, with 59 and 58 respectively. The young colts shot very well indeed, and the Team this year is undoubtedly the best that ever represented the School.

Grammar School.................. 358
Torpedo Corps.................... 349

Majority for School.............. 9

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CADET NEWS.

The annual encampment of the Cadets, originally fixed for the end of September, had to be postponed in consequence of the prevalence of measles in the School. There is some talk of holding a few days’ encampment at the end of November, if the parents of the boys wish it, and if the Trustees approve.

The Rifle Team are in regular practice, under Sergeant Hagney, for the Association Matches. They are shooting well, and should bring the Challenge Bugle home again with them this year.

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QUARTERLY EXAMINATION PRIZES.

APRIL AND SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Upper School—Latin: Leibius
Greek: McIntyre i.
English: Woolcott
Arithmetic: Binnie

Lower School—Arithmetic: Brereton i.
Latin: MacPherson ii.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

Dear Sirs,—

I desire to write a few words for the purpose of stimulating the first eleven to greater activity in practising fielding. It must be apparent, even to a casual observer and the most unscientific amongst us, that the laxity in fielding exhibited by our eleven is due to the great prominence given to batting, and the fostering of whatever part of the game the aspirant to cricketing honours appears to excel in. This should not be. For while recognising the value both of batting and bowling powers, I venture to assert that unless these are backed up by good fielding, their excellence is marred and the look of the game spoiled. I should be glad to see some steps taken by the Committee for the cultivation of this branch of the game.

I am, etc., CRICKETER.

SYDNEY: F. CUNNINGHAME AND CO., Printers, 146 Pitt Street.