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SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1884.
EDITORIAL.

The laziness of human nature is prone to shelter itself under the convenient vagueness of abstract terms. It is for this reason perhaps that we so frequently attempt to divert attention from our individual shortcomings by general appeals to the public spirit of the school. No doubt the creation and development of such a spirit is at once the prime duty and the best criterion of a public school; but until we realise for ourselves what that spirit is, and its practical relation to individual conduct, our appeals will be fruitless.

Public spirit then implies, in the first place, a recognition of the fact, that we are, one and all, members of a society, that has common interests and should have common aims. It is true, indeed, that the strength, which this feeling of mutual dependence imparts to united effort, is counterbalanced by the weakness that is consequent upon individual neglect of duty. So long as the whole body is strong, each member of the body partakes of that strength, but when one member suffers, all the members must suffer with it. Such a conception of school unity, if once practically realised, would go far to expand the narrow views of responsibility, which at present prevail even among the better boys of the school, cramping the developement of school energies, and limiting the usefulness of school institutions.

From another point of view public spirit would inculcate that wholesome pride in the prestige of the school, and that personal loyalty to its traditions, which are the very essence of public school life. Spartam nactus es; hanc exorna. This sentiment not only unites in one common object all the present members of the school, but also links the past to the present and the present to the future. There is undoubtedly much latent affection for the old school, both amongst its present members and amongst the old boys; but this requires to be quickened into conscious life before it can be productive of any definite results. When we can once feel that those of us who are at present members of the school are doing what lies in ourselves for its welfare, it may be desirable to devise some scheme, by which the sympathy and energies of the old boys may be utilised in the same direction. Till then it is vain to palliate our own remissness by reflections upon the indifference to our interests, that is shown by those who have in former years shared in our privileges, and who for that reason may fairly be expected to share in our present aspirations.
Finally, it should be remembered, that the cultivation of a habit of public spirit is not restricted in its effects to the duration of school life. "Non scholae" as our esteemed friend Ihne remarks, "sed vitae discimus." The same disposition of mind, that has made us loyal to our school, will make us loyal to our country; the service of the schoolboy will find its consummation in the service of the Statesman. In this way shall we best be fitting ourselves while boys for a manhood of patriotism and philanthropy.

HONOLULU.

[The following unfinished notes on Honolulu, intended for publication in the Sydneian, were found among the papers of the late J. H. Skinner, Esq.—Eds.]

On the evening of Saturday, October 29th last, there was great excitement and pushing to and fro in the town of Honolulu, for the news had just arrived by telephone from the look-out station that the steamship Australia was in sight flying the Hawaiian flag. On board the steamer were about a hundred passengers, among them H. M. Kalakaua and the writer of these notes. This unwonted excitement was displayed on account of the former personage, who was just returning from a series of visits to his fellow sovereigns in Europe and Asia. Our arrival was unexpected, as the captain was ungracious enough to leave San Francisco at the advertised time, and not, as usually happens and as the Hawaiians anticipated, a day and a half late. Consequently the preparations for our reception were not complete, the triumphal arches were unfinished, and the school children, fire brigades, and friendly and other societies were not marshalled for the procession. The ordnance in the possession of the native government being somewhat limited, the salutes from the guns of some Russian men-of-war in harbour were ingeniously harmonised by an accompaniment of steam-whistles on shore. Soon we were surrounded by a number of gigs pulled by natives, in the stern of each some functionary in gorgeous uniform and cocked hat. There were governors, sheriffs, staff-officers, &c. Into one of these gigs the king presently stepped, took the tiller, hoarded an apology for a launch, and was taken to the landing amidst the strains of "Hawaii ponoi," the national anthem which I was to hear many times more during my short stay in the islands. The anthem is national in the sense that it is known and sung all over the islands, but is a recent production. The music, which is good of its kind, is by a German bandmaster in Honolulu, who presides over a capital band, the members of which are all natives. The poetry of the anthem, which my modesty and limited acquaintance with the Hawaiian tongue withhold me from criticising, is the composition of the present king. His majesty went to the palace and I went to the Hawaiian hotel.

On the Monday the town presented a brave sight indeed, flags and bunting and bright colours in every direction, with here and there a triumphal arch bearing words of welcome in English or native, conspicuous among them one across the main street, put up by the Chinese residents. The scene at this
point, which formed a kind of focus for the sight-seers, was highly picturesque. The crowd was a motley one, made up of whites, half-whites, Hawaiians and Chinese, on foot, on horseback and in buggies, the native women riding like men astride on Mexican saddles. The natives, who had come over in large numbers from the other islands to see the festivities on the return of their chief, are extremely fond of flowers, and made the scene still more gay with their wreaths and garlands of yellow and red and green. In the evening there was a grand torchlight procession of the various fire brigades, and the palace gardens were thronged with natives eager to hear the singing and see the dancing in front of the palace. The Hawaiians have remarkably correct ears and their melodies are simple and tuneful. Their language moreover is soft and well adapted for singing. The king, surrounded by his court, sat in somewhat patriarchal fashion on the verandah at the top of a flight of steps, at the foot of which the singing and dancing took place; behind the minstrels and the dancers an excited and good-natured crowd, thoroughly enjoying itself. Having mingled with the multitude, my friends and I were next favoured with a view from the more aristocratic standpoint of the palace verandah. Presently an adjournment for refreshments was suggested, and in the dining room we were honoured with an introduction to the queen Kapiolani. Here I made the acquaintance, for the first time, of some Hawaiian eatables, first and foremost poi, then fish raw and otherwise, a species of sea-weed and pig cooked in tree leaves. Poi and fish form the staple articles of food among the natives. Poi in appearance has a strong resemblance to the "ill-stickers' paste. It is prepared from the root of the taro plant, which is first of all baked under hot stones and next pounded, with the gradual addition of water until the proper consistency is reached. It is allowed to ferment and is then ready for use. All feed from the same calabash, taking the poi up deftly with the first and second finger. I ate poi on various occasions without acquiring either a strong appetite for it or any great skill in manipulating it. Many white people become very fond of poi, the more fastidious substituting the fork for the finger. Add to the poi some fish dried or raw and the native has all his wants supplied.

On Tuesday there was a repetition of the gaiety of the previous evening, and on Wednesday a ball in honour of the Russian officers, given by the Maile Club, of which an old schoolfellow of mine was Vice-President. The Club takes its name from the maile or green wreath which the natives wear around their necks.

In Oahu, the island on which Honolulu stands, there is less than in the other islands to attract the attention of the tourist. The chief place of interest is the Pali. The name simply means precipice and this is "The Precipice" par excellence. It is approached by a gradually ascending road through the Nuuanu valley, about six miles long. At the top of the pass, where the wind blows furiously as through a tunnel, one has a panoramic view of the further side of the island, fields of sugar-cane and rice, and the ocean beyond, always providing there is not too much mist or rain to allow you to see anything at all. The view did not seem to me so fine as that from the top of Bulli and other passes in the New South Wales coast range.
The Pali has historic interest attaching to it. Here Kamehameha I, the Napoleon of the Pacific, fought the battle which crowned his efforts and made him king of the whole group. The people of Oahu were the last to give in, and fiercely and obstinately contested his progress. Step by step they were driven up the valley and, at last, over the Pali. The victory was a bloody and decisive one. The tourist in New South Wales is interrogated as to his appreciation of "Our Harbour" and "The Zig-zag." In the islands the question is "Have you seen the Volcano?" The volcano in question is the largest and without doubt the grandest in the world. It has the great advantage of always being in a state of activity and is, besides, comparatively easy of access. Any one, save a confirmed invalid, may transport himself with but little difficulty to the edge of what is a veritable type of the Hebrew Gehenna. Kilauea is not an isolated or distinct peak like Vesuvius and other volcanoes. It is situated in the south east corner of Hawaii, at a height of about 4000 feet on a ridge which culminates in the summit of Mauna Loa some 14,000 feet above the sea.

On Thursday we left Honolulu by a small steamer, the Iwolaui, our ultimate destination being the volcano. For travelling companion I had H., a German merchant of San Francisco, possessing those qualities which go to make up what we call a 'first rate fellow.'

THE MYSTERIOUS NUMBER ONE.—(Continued.)

Chapter V.

Lucus erat longo nunquam violatus ab ævo,
Obscurum cingens connexis aera ramis,
Et gelidas alte submotis solibus umbras.—Lucan.

I made my way towards the part of the cave which seemed to be the entrance, judging by the formation of the walls. The place narrowed rapidly, and presently I turned a sharp corner and found myself in complete darkness. The walls were not three feet apart, and the path very sinuous. I crept along it very cautiously, not knowing what to expect at every footstep. Presently I breathed fresh air. I drew forward and came to a narrow entrance just wide enough to admit me. I squeezed out, and stood, as well as I could discern, on a sharp rocky slope, but in the open air! I stumbled hastily and breathlessly downward. Every sigh of the breeze seemed to be telling of my escape. After some time I reached the bottom of the ravine, which was perfectly dry. The other slope was sharp and steep, but I stayed not a moment. I began to clamber up without noticing in the least where I was going. After what I thought about two hours toil I reached the top; the slope became easier and I could progress faster. I walked on and on through the bush, every now and then scaring some night-wandering animal. I could now look about me and think. The night was perfectly calm and still; the sky was completely covered with light fleecy clouds; the moon filtered her pale uncertain beams through them. It was one of those quiet warm nights when even Nature seems to refrain from stirring for fear of some hideous tragedy which is preparing near.
A thousand fantasies began to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

The trees seemed to beckon and nod to me; the very stillness of the night made the dreadful feeling of some mighty disaster more vivid. I sat down, but startled up with a shudder, for I felt that something was behind me just waiting for the opportunity. I walked on again, but it was always behind me; I did not dare to look backward, for I knew that if I did it would get in front, and I should not dare to go on again. Presently I began to run. I had been all the time passing through sparse bush, but now the ground began to slope, and the trees became close and tangled. I plunged deeper and deeper into the forest without heeding any path, for I was now in a whirl of mad terror. The trees now seemed to be waving frantically, voices wailed and shrieked for me to stop; a dusky form seemed always just about to cast itself in my path and clasp me. I was now running at the top of my speed among bushes and stones; at last I tripped and fell with a yell of despair and terror. Then I knew no more.

"He breathes!"
"He don't!"
"He'll recover!"
"He won't!"

I sat up in bed and looked about me.

I was in my own room at home, with nothing changed since I had left it, how long ago I knew not. I had a long convalescence, and it was feared my mind would be impaired; but I recovered. Nothing whatever had been found out about the murderers, and I had been brought to the mouth of George's River by two blackfellows who could not or would not explain anything about where they had found me. The whole affair was a complete mystery. Detective Sprawle, an officer of wonderful acuteness and experience, was completely at fault. He had traced every clue everywhere, but confusion worse confounded was all the result. As soon as I could get about I mentally resolved to trace the outrage to the perpetrators if I died in the attempt. I remembered accurately the faces of the three, and could have discovered them under any disguise, and this was all I had to go upon. I went every night to the park to watch; I examined the agony column, but there was no sign.

Six months had passed, and I and my father, together with one or two of the detectives, were the only people in Sydney who still thought of the affair. It was towards evening, and I was passing down Elizabeth street—at the window of a broken-down untenanted house I saw the face of an old woman looking out which struck me with an indiscernible pang of association: it was strange enough that she should be there at all, but her face seemed to rouse in my mind a host of uneasy thoughts which I could not quiet and could not account for. I felt sure I had not seen her face before, but yet it caused in me an indefinable fear.
I resolved to climb into the house at night by a broken window and reconnoitre. At half-past nine I came again. As I came near a man passed swiftly in and shut the door. I got in by a window looking on the street and looked about. There were lights in the room next. I approached the door softly and looked in. Great heavens! there was one of the men of the murder together with the foreign boy and the old woman I had seen; I turned back, gained the window and went for Detective Sprawle. He came with six policemen, marshed them in order up to the house and deployed them before it in fighting order, then calling out, "In the Queen's name!" he climbed in and examined the premises. They had escaped! Sprawle was rather sceptical; if they had really been there he would have had them he was sure, else I must have frightened them by making a noise.

"Well," thought I,
"Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius,
Qui nisi quod ipse fecit nil rectum putat."

I'll trust Mr. Sprawle no more. And, indeed, at our next meeting Mr. Sprawle was not present, in the flesh at any rate. (To be continued.)

ODE TO A VIOLIN.

O, wondrous piece of wood;
'Tis many years since thou did'st issue forth
From Straduarius' workshop,
Where, with patient skill and toiling watchful care,
He carved and fashioned every rib and block,
Traced thy bold outlines, formed the graceful scroll,
And placed a soul within thy wooden walls,
Which mingled with, entranced, did soar above,
And startle even, the impassioned mind of him
Who, with a master's skill
Pressed cunning fingers on the quivering strings.
Many and varied scenes hast thou passed through;
The crowded Concert Hall has heard the notes
Which thou did'st send with wondrous feeling forth
To charm the greedy ears of listening multitudes.
How many hast thou melted into tears
With notes "of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
When in the hands of some executant
Who knew to coax and humour every tone
Of thy mysterious and hidden power.
The hand of Poverty has touched thee too,
Some poor musician earned through thee his bread,
And when death took him from his earthly cares,
The orphans, by necessity compelled,
Parted with thee for needful nourishment.
And now, of nameless value, price untold,
Because of thy great maker's famous name,
Thou liest inert and speechless, mute and still,
Jealously guarded from each speck of dust,
The treasured idol of — an AMATEUR.

VENICE: A REMINISCENCE OF 1880.

I LOVED her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Olway, Radcliff, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part;
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show.—BYRON.

It was in the evening of Saturday, the second of October, 1880, at 7·10 that
was arrived at the Railway Station in Venice. What! a Railway Station in
the "Queen of the Adriatic" do you exclaim, what an unpoetical idea! Yes,
but sometimes "truth is stranger than fiction."

When we had discovered the hotel porter and got our luggage, we went out
of the Station and stepped into a cab—no, a gondola!

"Didst ever see a gondola? For fear you should not, I'll describe it you
exactly; 'Tis a long covered boat that's common here, carved at the prow,
built lightly, but compactly, rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier."
It glides along the water looking blackly just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
where none can make out what you say or do."

After a short row we were deposited on the steps of the Hotel Victoria,
where we had decided to put up. After some refreshment, we took a stroll in
the moonlight through some of the streets. The streets here cannot compare
with the Melbourne ones, being only about six feet wide! Frightened of losing
ourselves, we did not stroll far, but soon came back and retired.

After breakfast next morning we decided to go to Saint Mark's Cathedral, and
accordingly directed our steps thither. This building stands at the end of
Pizza San Marco, one of the finest squares in the world; not the largest, for
Trafalgar Square is larger, nor the most regular, for it is crooked in comparison
with the Place de la Concorde—but it defies London and Paris to produce its
equal. "One Venice, one Sun, and one Piazza," is the bon mot of the Venetians.

The ceremony of High Mass was being performed when we entered the
building. We watched the clergy going through its peculiar and varied
phases, its intonings, chanting, postures, and processions. This Cathedral is
rich in mosaics, in fact, all the fixtures here are in mosaic, none are painted.
The gilt ground of the mosaic conveys the idea of its being lined with gold,
and while the effect is exceedingly rich, yet from the absence of light, it is not
too showy.
The architecture of this building is in a great measure Byzantine. The interior of the cathedral is divided into compartments, in the form of a Greek cross. The centre and each division of its galleries are supported by columns ornamented with bas-reliefs. The choir is separated from the body of the church by a marble parapet ornamented with columns. The fourteen statues on the architrave represent St. Mark, the Virgin Mary, and the Twelve Apostles—works by Jacopello and Pietro Paolo, both of Venice. In the centre is a large metal crucifix, which bears the date of 1494. Among the works of art which decorate the walls of the choir are six bas-reliefs in bronze, illustrating the life of St. Mark. The High Altar is said to be the work of the eleventh century. The Pala d'Oro with which it is adorned is one of the most wonderful pieces of workmanship, studded with pearls and precious stones, and famous alike for the splendour of its decorations and its great antiquity. The Sacristy contains some very fine mosaics, the most remarkable being those of Our Saviour and the Evangelists. But it were vain to attempt to describe the endless variety of objects on which the eye falls. We returned to the hotel for lunch, and in the afternoon had a walk along the quays and watched the Venetians enjoying themselves. In the evening we went to the church of the Waldenses, which in spite of fierce persecution and suffering has been kept up through many years. Now happily that is past, and a man may worship God as his conscience tells him.

Next morning we went to the Doge’s palace, but before coming to that we passed through the Piazzetta. This is a small square joined at right angles to the Piazza San Marco. Near the margin of the sea are the two famous columns brought to Venice in 1120 from the Grecian Archipelago. They are made of red granite. One is surmounted by a winged lion, a work of the 15th century, and the other by a statue of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Republic, before the year 828, when the body of St. Mark, the new patron, was brought from Egypt to be buried and enshrined in the Basilica.

Charles Dickens in his Pictures from Italy speaks thus about the Palace:

"Going down upon the margin of the green sea, rolling on before the door and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty, and such grandeur, that all the rest was poor and faded in comparison with its absorbing loveliness. It was a broad Piazza, as I thought, anchored like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a Palace more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime and fulness of their youth; cloisters and galleries so light that they might have been the work of fairy hands—so strong that centuries have battered them in vain."

We entered the doorway and emerged into the courtyard and saw the Giant’s staircase in front of us, which leads up to the Golden Staircase. The corridor beyond this was full of interest. There we saw the famous, or rather infamous Bocca del Leone, or Lion’s mouth. Charles Dickens speaks of it thus:

"I passed a jagged slit in the wall, when in the distempered horror of my sleep, I thought denunciations of innocent men to the wicked old Council had dropped through, many a time when the night was so dark. So when I saw..."
the Council Room to which such prisoners were taken for examination and
the door by which they passed out when they were condemned—a door that
never closed upon a man with life and hope upon him—my heart appeared to
die within me.”

We then passed on to the Sala del Maggiore Consiglio, or Hall of the Grand
Council. This is one of the finest rooms in Europe, being 154 feet in length
by 74 in breadth, and high in proportion. Its walls and ceilings are covered
with paintings from the old masters. The Upper Council, or Maggiore
Consiglio, from which it takes its name, was composed of those noblemen
whose titles were inscribed in the Golden Book of the Republic, called the
Libra d’Oro.

We then came to the Hall of the Council of Ten, sometimes called the Hall
of the Inquisition. Here sat the dread tribunal, on whose lightest word
depended the life and liberty of thousands. The very chairs on which the
Inquisitors sat are preserved and are seen on the dais in the corner. Oh, if
those lifeless frames had language, how thrilling would be their revelations!
Yet more terrible are the memories with which the next hall, the Hall of
Three, is associated. In one of its side walls, is the narrow passage, or throat,
with which the Lion’s Mouth outside communicated. May we be preserved
in every land that calls itself Christian from a repetition of such scenes as
were enacted here.

The Bridge of Sighs next came to our view—

“‘I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.’”

This bridge is a covered corridor with a wall in the centre dividing it into
two separate passages. The one leads from the apartments of the Aroogadori
to the prisons, and the other from the prisons to the Hall of the Ten. We
went over it and came to the prisons. They were built in 1589. The style
is classic, and the façade overlooking the canal is at once grand and ominous.
Never did a prison deserve its name more thoroughly than this—never did a
house look more inhospitable, or more suggestive of a tomb for living men
than this “Gaol of the Sea.” The façade on the Riva is less sombre, but
quite as impressive. The Signori di Notti or Gentlemen of the Night used to
live on this side. They were the guardians of the city and chiefs of the night
police.

After we had gone down into some dungeons under the level of the water,
and had seen the hole where men who were not wanted silently met their
death by being thrown into the sea; we thought we had enough of such
melancholy sights, and decided to engage a gondola for a couple of hours and
sail down the Grand Canal.

The Grand Canal is the finest street in Venice. Paved with water, with a
row of stately palaces on each hand, this famous thoroughfare divides the city
into two equal parts. One hundred and forty-seven smaller streets or streams
branch off this great canal and intersect each other in every direction, passing
under three hundred and seventy-eight bridges, which connect two thousand
one hundred and ninety-four minor streets, and the two hundred and ninety-
four squares or campi of this singular city.
We passed the Custom-house, the Mint, the Royal Gardens and the Church of the Salute, and came to the Palazzo Pesaro, where we stopped and went in to see it. This fine building was erected at a cost of 500,000 ducats, and took 30 years to build. The Pesaro family came to Venice in 1225. Their ancestor was Josepho Palmieri, consul of Pesaro. But the first name they took, rejecting that of Palmieri, was Carosi. The palace is very splendid inside, and contains some fine paintings and peculiar furniture.

Embarking once more we were rowed on till we came to the Church of the Scolzi, or Barefooted Friars. The principal chapel is very magnificent, but, perhaps, too fantastic. The six sibyls on the walls we much admired. They are of the sixteenth century. The altar piece, representing the Virgin and Child, by Giovanni Bellini, is a masterpiece. This church is remarkably profuse in marbles, and the workmanship is magnificent.

The Rialto Bridge next came before our eyes, and we soon came up to it. It spans the Canal with a single arch, and has shops on either side of a passage down the middle. Shakespeare, when Shylock speaks in the "Merchant of Venice,"—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft On the Rialto, you have rated me About my monies."

does not mean this bridge, but the District of Rialto, where the merchants and moneylenders had their shops. Rialto is a corruption of Rivo alto, "the high shore," the name given to the highest part of Venice.

The railway-station came next, and then the bridge over the Lagoon. It was built in 1841-4 to join Venice to the mainland. It is 3940 yards long, and is supported by 222 arches. On the sides of the parapet are the tubes which supply the fountains of the town with water from the Sile. It cost 600,000 lire to build this bridge, and employed 1,000 workmen for four years.

We were rowed back again to the hotel and had lunch. After lunch we again took a gondola and went to the Academy of Fine Arts. This building was formerly the Convent of the Carita. It was enlarged in 1847 to meet the requirements of the Royal Academy established here in 1807. The most celebrated picture here was the Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian. The celestial light around the Virgin, and the solemn grandeur of the group of figures below, are very impressive. Another striking picture is "The Deliverance of the Venetian Slave by St Mark." There were many other pictures and objects of interest, too numerous to mention. We spent a very pleasant afternoon, and went back to the hotel for dinner.

Next morning, after breakfast, we went to the Piazzo San Marco, and ascended the Campanile. It is the highest monument in Venice. On the summit is the statue of an angel in gilt copper. Four walls in the interior run parallel to those on the outside. The ascent is made by means of an inclined plane and then by a few steps to the belfry, where we obtained a most extensive view. The morning is a particularly favourable time to see it, as the horizontal rays of the sun bring out every part. We descended and went
back to the hotel, and packed up our luggage and rowed in a gondola down to
the railway station, got into the train, started, crossed the bridge over the
Lagoon, and thus left Venice.

"But unto us she hath a charm beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto, Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."—Byron.

PAPERS ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
INTRODUCTORY.

H. P. S.

It is my intention to point out, in the course of papers which I propose to lay
before you, the readers of the *Sydneian*, the historical structure of the
English language. I intend to show you, first of all, how the names which
we see upon the map of our country, direct our attention, class by class, to
the different elements of which our nation is composed; how they tell us,
that words, once pregnant with significance, may sink their significance with
time; and not only so, but become corrupted into other words which bear a
significance entirely distinct from the original, and carry a meaning of an
entirely new nature. I propose to tell next, how commerce and commercial
habits have brought new words into our language, bearing before them, as
commerce always does, the weight of its importance in the market of
humanity. And I have assigned to my subject in succession, an account of
the words which mark historical epochs in our language—foreign words
which, receiving as Englishmen, we have corrupted with English pertinacity,
—English words, which, having received intact from our ancestors, we have
changed to other words which seem to be of different origin—words which
in their introduction into the language have been altered—deformed, one
might almost say.—words, whose meaning, once philologically easy of under-
standing, has been perverted by usage;—words derived from the same source,
but widely differing in sense, for reasons owed now to the different languages
from which they came directly into our own language,—now to their
difference in the one language from which we received them. Foreign words,
too, introduced in their integrity, I shall try to explain to you, and I shall
have something to say upon words in our language that bear double meaning;
nor shall I be altogether silent upon the subject of words that are now no
longer used, or upon the writers who used them. I shall not pretend to enter
into the grammar of the English language; and therefore it will only remain
for me to discuss such foreign expressions as have crept into it, and having
crept into it have been corrupted into expressions formed of words that to
the uneducated of the age seemed the nearest to their sound.

Thus far I have tried to explain to you the course which I propose to
follow. Let me say this concerning the English language. The history of
the English language, and the history of Britain, are two entirely distinct things. For nearly the first five centuries after the commencement of the Christian Era, our land was inhabited by Celts,—a race quite different to the Teutonic race, from which we are mainly sprung, but not wholly sprung. For when the various Saxon races or tribes came over in the fifth century after Christ, and gradually worked their way until they possessed all that part which we call England, it is highly probable, and we judge it from the nature of the Celtic words which remain to us, that they did their best to exterminate the Ancient British men, but appropriated their women as slaves. And I think that there is little doubt, if we take as a parallel the usage of other savage nations, as the Teutons were, that, appropriating their women as slaves, they used them in slavish marriage. Hence, I think, arose a race of mixed blood, between Celtic and Teutonic, and I am not at all disposed, as some writers have been, to claim a blood of Teutonic purity: for I think that in many points which the English nature of to-day exhibits, it shows Celtic characteristics of which we read, plainly intermingled with the Teutonic characteristics with which we are familiar.

But even this is not sufficient for a right comprehension of our subject; for I must remind you that two series of Norsemen, the Danes or Norwegians, and the Normans, became successively, in a greater or less degree, conquerors of the land in which our Saxon ancestors had settled; and each introduced their own dialect. When, then, did our language really find its beginning? I think I may fairly say that it found its beginning in the commencement of the twelfth century. The tyranny of the Norman Kings and the Teutonic hatred of conquerors—a hatred visible in all ages of their history in their contests with other nations—had fixed a great, and for a time impassable, gulf between Saxons and Normans. But that some tyranny reacting upon the Norman noble, even as it acted upon the English Earl, eventually made common cause between the two: and so they two joined, and jointly set themselves to work to curb the caprice of the sovereigns who possessed all the pride and all the despotic feeling of the nobles of Anjou. So in John’s reign, and in the reign of the third Henry, there was an object shared by both; and as that object was entertained by both, so the hatred of the one and the contempt of the other grew less, and growing less, gradually brought about an amalgamation of their respective languages: languages indeed hardly worthy of the distinctive name, as they were but dialects: both Teutonic, only, one tinged with Celtic and Scandinavian (the latter itself Teutonic), and the other to a certain extent corrupted by the Roman language of France. They became amalgamated, and from that time—to fix a date, we may say the time of the great Charter—from that time began to grow what we proudly call our mother tongue: upon the usage of which the sun never sets; and yet which, notwithstanding its existence in the most remote parts of the globe, is not unreasonably regarded by men of other nations than our own, as the most difficult European language to master. To explain to you, then, some of the difficulties and niceties of our tongue, is the task which I have set myself in this course of papers.
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

In the late yearly examinations at the University, the old Grammar School boys gained the following distinctions:

**Matriculation**—H. A. Russell, Cooper Scholarship for Classics; Bowman-Cameron Scholarship for general proficiency; Barker Scholarship for Mathematics.

Saddington and Barbour each gained a 1st Class in Classics.

**First Year**—Delohery gained the Mathematical Scholarship; Fletcher and Neill, seq., gained the Classical Scholarship, and Fletcher the Scholarship for Natural Science; Greville gained the Randwick Medal for Anatomy; and Professor Smith’s Prize for Experimental Physics was awarded to A. Bowman.

**Third Year**—L. F. M. Armstrong, 1st Class Classical Honours, Gold Medallist (the only 1st given); 2nd Class Mathematical Honours (2nd to Halliday, and 2nd in his year.)

F. Leverrier, 1st Class Honours in Science, Gold Medallist; Belmore Medal for Agricultural Chemistry; 3rd Class Mathematical Honours.

G. C. Halliday, 1st Class Mathematical Honours, Gold Medallist (the only 1st in Mathematics); 2nd Class Classical Honours. W. Tarplee, 3rd Class Classical Honours.

The following also passed the B.A. examination:—V. Moore, P. W. Rygate.

The following passed the M.A.:—F. Barlee, W. King, J. Lang, T. Trebeck, F. Wilkinson.

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SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL ATHLETIC CLUB.

ELEVENTH MEETING

On the Association Cricket Ground, Moore Park, Saturday, 31st May, 1884, at 1·30 p.m.

1. 100 Yards Flat Race
2. 220 Yards, Boys under 15 years (Handicap)
3. 80 Yards, Boys under 12 years
4. House Cup, Half-mile (Handicap)
5. 300 Yards Maiden Race (Handicap)
6. All Schools' Race, 220 Yards
7. 150 Yards, Boys under 14 years (Handicap)
8. Half-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-Student's 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. One Mile Walking (Handicap)
18. 440 Yards Open (Handicap)
19. 300 Yards, Lower School (Handicap)
20. Throwing the Cricket Ball

Entries close for all Handicap Races on May 17th, and for all others on May 23rd.
Entrance free to Nos. 10th, 13th and 14th.
For No. 20 there must be 12 entries.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneyan.

SrRs.—In a humorous commentary on my letter in your last issue, you agree with me in the main, but you seem to be too censorious on my language. By "blot" I did not mean a patch of ink, but a disgrace. It is a metaphor which the Editors surely have met "afore." Again, "we were not aware that Public Spirit had been latent." What appalling ignorance! Why did the Rowing Club fall to the ground? Why did the Debating Society perish? Through a lack of Public Spirit. During the last year Public Spirit has greatly increased, but for a couple of years before it most certainly was at a low ebb. You scoffed at "team" as applied to oarsmen, but I am informed that a well known evening journal uses it in a similar manner. As for enriching the English language, I dare not aspire to that, but I only aim at writing like Dickens or Macaulay, for of course I could never attain to the perfection of the Editors of the Sydneyan.

Before I conclude Mr. Editor allow me humbly to offer the suggestion that contributions should not be so hypercritically examined, as this habit tends to deter boys from writing, who otherwise would. Hoping you will insert this in your valuable columns,

I remain, &c., REMIGII AMATOR.

[We have great pleasure in inserting the above in our "valuable columns," though, at the same time, we fear we thus too easily gratify Remigii Amator's
love of "seeing himself in print." But we cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of publicly thanking him for saving this number of the *Sydneian* from its proverbial dulness. The witticism of "metaphor" and "met afore" is so original and so excessively funny that our sides have been aching ever since we read his letter. It is a great thing, too, for a magazine like ours to have even an occasional correspondent who writes "like Dickens or Macaulay," but he is too modest; we will go further, and say we know nothing like his production, either in Dickens or Macaulay. No one can fail to admire the impartial accuracy with which he has copied these hitherto inimitable writers; and a casual reader would find great difficulty in deciding off-hand to which of the two his communication, viewed as a literary composition, the more inclines. We do not wish to croak, but we sincerely hope that "Remigii Amator's" fondness of the water will not lead him and others into the same "hard mishap" that "doomed the gentle swain," Mr. King, whose death Milton so touchingly laments in his Lycidas.—Eds.

To the Editors of the *Sydneian*.

Dear Sirs,—As an "old boy"—not an "ex-student," I wish to make a suggestion with regard to the coming school sports. Has the committee hitherto acted wisely in reserving but one race for all those upon whose foreheads, or chins, time has set the brand of "old boy?" Their name is legion, and although crushed in a "masher" hat, assisted by a cane, as of yore, and yoked in the disgusting "clerical" collar, a few may stray with fashion's poor herd, o'er the dusky borders of whisker land, their athletic powers as shrivelled as their intellects. The great majority still live clothed and in their right minds, by no means ambitious to pose before the world as monkeys, however much they may have imitated that animal's tricks, when denizens of the lower school.

Masher! abominable word. Yet how else can we describe the animal. No other is so descriptively vulgar. Let us rejoice that while insolence and vulgarity flourish in our midst, we have Sir John Robertson and McElhone to rep—to repress them. And that even when the two (insolence and vulgarity) combined to form a "masher," Australian lexicographers rose equal to the occasion.

For "old boys" I speak—for those who, loving the old school that taught them their manhood, continue to subscribe to its institutions—for the school's sake. Such are sufficiently patriotic, and gentlemanly, to subscribe to—say the *Sydneian*, without counting too closely their literary change.

But "the Committee" has doubtless by this time recovered sufficiently from its astonishment at the audacity of anybody suggesting anything, to allow of my proceeding. (I sincerely trust that "the Committee" really will appreciate my "little digression," as a premeditated kindness, and not ridicule it as the wandering offspring of a nomadic mind.)
What I have been trying all along to say, is simply this. Amongst the "old boys" there are long distance runners and sprinters, just as there are the school now. And by having only one race, its nature must necessarily prevent many from running. I would suggest that there be two races, one long and one short, so that all old school boys wishing to run, may have the opportunity of doing so.

I am, sincerely yours,

"OLD BOY."

EDITORS' NOTES.

We acknowledge the receipt of a "Fragment" by an unknown, who conceals himself under the nom-de-plume of "D."

Describing the late Intercolonal Grammar Schools' Cricket Match, the _Melburnian_ says:—"Our captain began well, hitting two fours simultaneously." Though we watched the match from first to last with the closest interest, we must confess with shame that we failed to notice this remarkable feat, an omission which may perhaps be considered pardonable in us, inasmuch as all the leading journals of Sydney are equally at fault. Of all the dailies which have reported on the match, not one has recorded the Melbourne skipper's unique performance. Cricketers should therefore be grateful to our contemporary for rescuing from oblivion this deed of prowess. It is to be regretted that their reporter did not enter into fuller detail; it would be interesting to know whether one of the four was to square-leg, and one in the slips, whether both were boundary hits, or whether they were run out, with divers other particulars of the like nature.

[Query: If a batsman can hit two fours simultaneously, what is the limit to the number of fours that may be scored from each ball, and how many runs can be made off one over? The editors will be glad to receive solutions to this problem from theoretical mathematicians and practical cricketers in embryo.

A suggestion has been made to us, which we instantly repelled as unworthy of the _Sydneian_, and unfit for publication. It was that the true explanation of the phenomenon might be subjective, not objective; that perhaps the reporter of the _Melburnian_ was in that ecstatic condition described by Horace:—

"Ut simul icto

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque Incernis:"

or, in the vulgar tongue, that he saw double. This is improbable. Nay, impossible. For perhaps the reader will remember that the event occurred before lunch.—Eds.]

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