A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE
SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

JUNE, 1884.

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SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1884.
EDITORIAL.

The proposal that all boys attending the Grammar School should wear a uniform ribbon of the school colours, is a practical and visible recognition of a principle that has often been advocated in the pages of the *Sydneian*. Such a regulation, if rigidly enforced, would tend to promote a feeling of School unity, and would supply an additional incentive to combined effort. It is true, that symbols, unless they are expressive of some underlying reality, are in themselves meaningless things, but where such symbols embody a genuine sentiment they form a very valuable rallying point for all that is best and noblest in *esprit de corps*. What would a regiment be without its colours? It would sacrifice all its traditions of past glory, and would lose much of its claims to present fellowship.

Apart, however, from abstract considerations, it is evidently desirable that the boys of a large city school should wear some distinguishing badge, not only as a constant reminder of their duty to their school, but also to protect one school from being credited with the misdoings of another. From the want of some such distinguishing badge it has often happened that at sports' meetings or other similar assemblages the boys of the Grammar School have been censured for rude and ungentlemanly behaviour, for which they were not really responsible. When we are immaculate ourselves, we shall perhaps be able to afford to father our neighbours' faults. Meanwhile such generosity is a luxury beyond our means.

It may further be urged that a uniform ribbon, and if possible, a uniform cap will help to engender a taste for neatness of costume, and a wholesome regard for personal appearance. It is just this proper pride that distinguishes the well-dressed schoolboy from the overdressed masher. By encouraging the former we may hope to do something to discourage the latter.

The regulation that is now advocated is no innovation. It is sanctioned by the precedent of the great public schools of England, and is in itself both reasonable and practicable. To ensure its success we must appeal to the hearty co-operation of the parents, the firmness of the masters, and the loyalty of the boys themselves.
THE STUDY OF NAMES.

We can travel but few miles in England without meeting with the memorial of a by-gone age in the name of the place we visit: and yet how little do we regard that memorial,—how casually do we put it aside, refusing, as it were, to listen to the story which it would tell. Nowhere do we so easily forget that names had once a peculiar fitness, which was the occasion of their giving.

History tell us that the successive human waves that swept over our country were composed respectively of Celts, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans: that the Roman powers occupied for a time Celtic Britain, and that Angle-land was christianised by Roman missionaries. We should, therefore, expect to find, in our topographical researches, traces of each of these peoples; as we do. We shall find, too, memorials of the Puritan revolution: and we shall find the growth of our nation sketched in a series literally of landmarks.

At so great a distance of time, the names which our Celtic predecessors gave to places, are not likely to have come down to us in any number: nor have they. It was necessary that a more organised form of Government should exist to render these names above oblivion; but still we find in the Thames, in the Avon, in the Ex, in the Usk, a reminder of the Briton of old, who, when he applied the words to the rivers, simply called them the “water,” and the Don was the Do-avon, the “black water.” So, too, of the Pen-nine range: he spoke of it simply as the “hill.” By “Stonehenge,” he meant the “stone suspended on uprights”: the ordinary fashion of building a cromlech. When he referred to the land of the Cantii, which we call Kent, he had in his mind only the fact that it was an “open country;” and when he called our Cornwall the Kernoo, he was likening it to a projecting horn.

But presently the Romans came over; and much of their time was spent in civilising the land they had subdued: in building towns, fortifying camps, laying out roads, and constructing defences. And when the Briton saw these improvements, new and unheard of as they were to him, he would naturally give them the names he heard the Roman employ; and perhaps he would prefix or affix some explanatory syllable in his own tongue: just as we, on this side of the world, prefixed and English adjective to a Maori word in the phrase “Northern Wairoa,” or “Great Omaha” or better still, the “Gate Pah.” Thus Carlisle was *caer* the fortified, and Luil a contraction of the Roman Luguvallum, so that they called it “the fortified Luguvallum.” Again, Lincoln was originally Lindum, that is the “hill near the water.” The Romans added Colonia, making it Lindum Colonia, the colony on the hill near the water, and the ancient Briton finding the length of the name inconvenient, shortened it down to Lincoln. And it was when the Celt saw how splendid or strong a fortification had been made where Gloucester now stands, that, borrowing half the name from his Roman conqueror, he called it Glowcastra. Similarly, with the camp on the Lune, arose the name Lunecaster, our Lancaster.
On the other hand we find pure traces of Roman footsteps in such unadulterated names—pure Latin names, that is—as Chester, the camp; Colchester, the camp of the colony; and Jersey, in the Channel Islands, which has been successively corrupted from Caesarea, Cesarie, Jarzy, into its present form. Finding Celtic names, they at first combined them with their own, just as the Celts made combinations of Celtic and Roman. Thus we have Cambridge, the bridge over the crooked river; Strathmore, the moor on the valley.

Time passed on: the Romans were recalled to attend to matters at home, and the second great human wave passed over from the shores of the Baltic to England; not all at once, it is true, but all tending to form the Teutonic element in our land. There were Jutes from Jutland or Gothland, Angles from Angulus, the corner of the Baltic near Holstein; Saxons, originally from the knife-like Cimbrian peninsula: and together we call them Anglo-Saxons.

Where do we not find memorials of these ancestors of ours? They left their name upon three counties, and nearly all the rest have names of Saxon origin. The ham and the ton—the abode and the town—so often to be met with separately, and sometimes in conjunction, tell the tale of the birth of Dereham, of Atherston, of Northampton. So dun is "hill;" and Huntingdon the "hunter's hill;" Holm is "island;" Dunholm. "the hill on the island." Other characteristics, too, gave the Anglo-Saxon his cue in naming places. Stafford was the Pole-ford, because it was on a river which could only be crossed on stilts. Hereford, from here, an army, was the place where the army crossed the Wye; Buckingham was the "residence among the beech-trees;" Berkshire was the shire of the "bare oak," at which meetings were held. And just as he used worth, a farm, as in Bosworth, Lutterworth; so, too, he employed bury or burgh: a habitation or castle, as in Tewkesbury or Gainsborough, or even in the little Lincolnshire town of Burgh itself. To the Celtic kernoo he added walli—foreign, as he called the Britons he had driven out—and thus made Cornwall; whilst stoc, a place, occurs in Stoke itself, Bishopstoke and Basingstoke. Waltham Abbey, too, is the Priory of the wooden house.

Not many traces are left, in the shape of names, of the Norman missionaries of the sixth century: but the Danish invasion is strongly marked by the Norse names we meet with. It will be remembered that the part which these chiefly occupied was the north and east: and the by, or dwelling; the thorpe or hamlet; the croft or field; and the thwaite or plot of land; which confront us on the map as in Spilsby, Grassthorpe, Thorneycroft, Husthwaite, all tell us how completely the Scandinavian established himself in Yorkshire and in Lincoln.

With the eleventh century came the Normans, bringing with them a somewhat Gallicized form of Norse: the patois which a nation two centuries away from its Scandinavian house, and established in a French province, would naturally speak. The ruined Abbey of Battle marks the scene of the Conqueror's first deed in the land he was about to subjugate. Croydon was the Norman hill of the Cross; and Croyland—the land of the Cross—was their
substitution for or completion of the Saxon Crowland. Castle Rising and Castle Carey, are memorials of the stormy days of Stephen's reign: whilst Market Harborough, Market Bosworth, Stowmarket, and Market Rasen, point to the increasing necessity for central towns for the country villages, in times of rising commerce. The Puritan Revolution is marked by the corruption of Pulham St. Margaret into Pulham Market; and the English, now formed, of a later century is seen in Newhaven and Torquay.

Of course it would be possible to enlarge this list almost indefinitely, but I think I have mentioned enough names of places to convince you to what an extent the history of our Fatherland may be studied in its geography.

Let me now turn to England's great city. Before the Romans came, London was: and if its ruins are not to be surveyed by Macaulay's New Zealander; at any rate its beginnings were viewed by a Briton, whose only garment was paint; and thus we expect to find much history wrapped up in its topographical features. First its own name: London, like the old name I have already given you of Lincoln, was the Celtic Lyndin—the hill or fort on the water. If we examine the north we shall see that there lie Moorfields—a memorial of the extensive morass that once protected the metropolis. Epping Forest is a remnant of an immense forest, which, even so late as the reign of Henry II., was filled with various species of beasts of sport; and the entrances to London shew how they were originally used, as—Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Alder or Eldersgate, Folegate, the entrance or road of the people, and Ludgate—after a mythical British King Lud. The nature of the different districts of London is evidenced in Shoreditch and Strand; the edge of the river in Fenchurch-street, the Church near the marsh; in Houndsditch, so famous last century for highway robbers; in Highbury, the place on the hill; and in Holborn, the old brook, which once flowed as an open stream into the filthy drain of Fleet ditch. Fleet itself simply means a flood, a creek, an inlet of the sea. Thus also we have North Fleet, Wainfleet.

As we walk into the great retail quarter of the city shall we not be reminded that Cheapside is literally the “bargain-place,” and has been so since the Anglo-Saxon by a chêp meant a “purchase:” and as the marketplace is usually the scene of any riot, do we not recall the fact that it was hither that Wat Tyler and Jack Cade carried their rebellions? And when we see Covent Garden we remember that in it was once a Convent belonging to the Abbey of Westminster.

Charing Cross takes us back some centuries, and forms a reminiscence of the time when England, being a continental power, employed a continental language; when she was in the transient period, between Anglo-Saxon and English. We all know that Charing Cross was the handsomest of the nine monuments which Edward I. erected in memory of Eleanor his wife, on the journey of her body from Lincoln to Westminster; and Charing is not the participle of a verb to char, but simply a corruption of chère reine, in an affectionate recollection of Edward’s dear queen.

(To be continued.)
TRANSCRIPTION FROM MILTON.

Page 4, Book II., 643—687.

Horrida Tartareo contermina menia tecto;
Ter triplices portae, triplici circum ere minantur
Et ferro triplici, triplicique adamante ligatae:
Hoc circumvallatur inexpugnabile robur
Igne, nec absumptum est cingente voragine flamme.
Assidet hinc atque hinc species horrenda videri;
Altera femineam simulans pulcherrima formam
Pube tenus, postrema obscenos implicat orbes
Squamea, et armata est lethali cuspide serpens.
At mediam circa latrant Inferna canum vis,
Inque vicem resonant loca Cerbereo ululatu
Raucisoni; subitoque interrupente tumultu
Latratus, stabulare placet subeuntibus alvum;
Assiduisque latent clamoribus usque frementes.
Non tam detestanda cohors, fera membra lavantem,
Quo fluctu distat sejuncta Calabria ripa
Trinacria, Scyllam vexat; nec fedior unquam
Canidiam sequitur, tacitas que vecta per auras
Infantum noctu venit excantata recenti
Sanguine, Hyperboreas sagarum initura choreas,
Sub cantu deducta polo dum luna laborat.
Alter formam tamen, forma si forma carenti
Esse potest — species vultus nec membra nec artus
Distinguenda oculis — aut illud material
Corpus rite cluet, quod ana imitatur imago,
At magis intemtrataque nec utra, utrinque remota est;
Stat, referens noctem, Stygiis immanior umbris.
Atque manu, Furiis velut irritata trecentis,
Horrenda vibrat jaculum; speciemque corone
Tempora regalem, hec si tempora dieur aquum est,
Exornata gerunt. Mox hic Satan ipse propinquat;
Serpit in adversum monstrum bunc informe, relicta
Sede, pari gressu — Stygii tremuere recessus,
Ast ille impavidus, nec enim timor occupat artus,
Miratur quemam illa velit: nil terruit illum.
Ni Deus ipse, Deoque satus, divomque hominemque
Evitatem aditus. Tune infit voce superba.

"Quid, precor, unde venis tam detestabile monstrum,
Quamvis torva tuens, audax opponere frontem
Informem portis subeunti protinus illis?
At, sine pace tua, alta sedet sententia nostro
'Pectore, transgressum Stygiis evadere regnis.
'Aut procul hinc discede, aut si te insania cepit,
Eventus experte, dolens gustabis, iniquos.
'Quid sit Dia Superis Stygios contendere fetus."
THE GREEK ALPHABET IN VERSE.

(The following, composed by Prof. Soule, is an extract from an American Paper.—Eds).

Miss θ though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass;
She had a little sister θ,
And she would often bang and β,
And push and pinch, and pound, and pelt her,
And many a heavy blow she δ:
So that the kitten e’en would μ,
When θ’s sufferings she ν.
This θ was so bad to θ,
That every time she chanced to meet her,
She looked as though she longed to η,
And oft against the wall she jammed her,
And sometimes took a stick and λ.
And for the pain and tears she brought her,
She pitied her not one ι.
But with a sly and wicked eye,
Would only say, "O, fiddle φ."
And θ cried with noisy clamour,
And ran and told her grief to γ,
And γ with a pitying ψ
Would give the little girl some π,
And say, "Now, darling, mustn’t χ."
Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek
Were living just across the creek,
Their names α, and ω: *
The one was small, the other bigger.
For α, so demure and striking
ω took an ardent liking;
And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her,
Fell deep in love with little θ.
And oft at eve the boys would go,
And on the pleasant water ρ.
So when the hapless little θ,
ν a was about to β,

* O’Mikron, O’Meagher.
She down upon the bank would run,
And cry aloud, and shout like fun,
Run Mike, run Mickey, o. (Oh, Mike run!)

MORAL.
Have you a sister? do not treat her
As a did her sister b.

THE REBELLION ON "WHAT, TIELER?"

They said they were determined not to be laughed at this time, at any rate like their predecessor new boys. It was a great shame that the magisterial "we" had taken advantage of the infirmities of flesh—(or shall we say of mind? oh! no) of the latter—and upon this occasion, he shouldn't get a chance. So they set to work, and sharpened their pencils and squared their elbows, and put out their tongues, and made little circles in the air above the paper, and then they fairly settled to it. And how they warmed to the work! And how those who were using ink made blots and licked them up with their tongues; and when they thought they had made a mistake, erased it with their fingers! and how eagerly they asked for "more paper," when they had carefully covered half a sheet from the left hand top corner to the right hand bottom one! And this is the condensed result of what they wrote:—

Wattyler was a kind of chief over the people of England in the reign of Henery the IV. About this time in this reign there was a tax sent from the king; it was a pole-tax in Wesseks of one shilling per head; and a shilling was in those days sufficient to support a family of six for one week or perhaps more. This was an exciting poll-tax, and it burst forth in Essex and Kent, and spread north to Westminster and then west to Scarborough. W. Tieler rose the cry of rebellion, which was of rather a severe nature, and crowds flocked round his banner. One day when all the people were in church he marched from Sussex to London, trying to spot the tax, and killing all persons who looked like gentlemen. He even murdered people in London. At Smithfield, a place in England, he convened with the King, giving the conditions that the king should pardon all past offensives and greviances; but upon his happening to handle the handle of his dagger, as if in a hurry to begin the war, the Lord Mayor, William Walmouth, stabbed him in the throat with his mace, and as he lay on the ground, one of the king's skewers put an end to his life and dispersed him with a pole axe, cutting off his head. The king then rode in amongst the rebellion and said "W. T. was a traitor; I will be your leader." This braveness on Richard's part shook the power the rebellion, and the words fell like magic on the crowd, who all submitted and received a free pardon, and 1,500 of them were hanged as insubordinate traitors. Soon after, Tyler died at Smithfield. In character, Tyler was a governor of the people, and was very cruel. He got up to the age of sixty, when he was slain.

In this insurrection we discover trace of hostility between Saxtons and Norms; for at that time the mott of the English people, who are very good agriculturies, was "when Adam dealt and Eve spat, who was then a gentleman."
They tell me, Dear boy, you’re a masher gay,
Now, what may a masher be, I pray?
“O’er parts his hair with scrupulous care,
He’s redolent always of scent—well, say
Opoponax, Jockey Club, ess-bouquet.
Eternally humming a song’s refrain
From the opera bouffe of Paris or Spain.
Beating with delicate hand the time
To various rhythm and various rhyme.
He lolls all the day in ladies’ chairs,
And whispers sweet nothing in ladies’ ears.
Breaks open his letters and cannot refuse
To answer each one of his sweet \textit{billets doux}.
Fastidiously shrinking from crowd and from crush,
Lest the coat of his fellow-man ’gainst him brush.
And does any man to a lady propose,
This ball-room \textit{habitué} instantly knows;
And the pedigree has at his finger’s ends,
Of all landed gentry and all country friends.”
A shallow and trumpery fellow, I say,
Is your la-de-da masher, so handsome and gay.

\textbf{OVIDI NASONIS.}
\textbf{ARTIS AMATORIÆ.}

\textbf{Book I., 101—130.}

King Romulus did first propose
Some games, with terror rife,
His bachelors by force to help,
Each to a Sabine wife.
No awning then did canopy
The “houses” as marble white.
No saffron odours did perfume
The stage with ruddy light.
But nature’s shady canopy,
Boughs from the forest green
Of Palatine were simply placed,
And artless was the scene.
The people seated them on steps,
Which were of turf then made.
The boughs their shaggy locks did give,
I ween some sort of shade,
They sidelong glance, with eye intent,
Each singles out apart
His special choice—and many thoughts
Surge in his secret heart.
Anon, the pipe of Tuscany
Strikes up a rustic strain,
And Lydia dances it to the tune,
Thrice on the level plain.
'Midst thunders of applause, (Applause,
A science is to-day),
The King the signal gives. Up there!
Up! and upon your prey!
Up and at once the Romans leap,
Their shouts, their mettle show.
They throw their arms around the maids
With rapture all aglow,
As fly the eagles, stoop the doves,
A terror stricken race
As fly the tender lambkins, when
The grim he-wolf they face.
So fearfully those maids did dread
Onset of lawless men,
Blanched was the paling check of each
So ruddy red till then,
One was their cause of fear, yet fear
Did various forms admit,
Some tear their flowing locks, while some
As if demented sit,
She in mute sorrow, sits; in vain
She on her mother cries.
She moans her fate—she is stupefied
She lingers, and she flies—
They seize the maids, and carry off,
Each home his charming prize,
The maiden modesty of most
Found favour in his eyes
Did any coyly struggle still,
Or fight against her swain?
He caught her up in eager arms,
And bore her off amain—
"Why spoil those pretty eyes with tears,"
Endearingly he'd say
A father true, I'll prove, if you
A mother, with me stay.
THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The unhappy fate of the majority of Athletic Meetings during the past month was a melancholy example of the fickleness of even Australian weather; and Committee and competitors alike were anxiously awaiting Saturday morning. But, with the usual good fortune of the School, the day proved delightfully bright and warm; and the weather clerk lent his patronage to a most thoroughly successful meeting. Considering the rivalry of the Randwick Races, the Tennis Match at Parramatta, and the New Zealand v. Sydney Football Match, the number of visitors was surprisingly large; and the Grammar School boys proved themselves worthy of their own good name by giving no cause for complaint or criticism on their behaviour.

The handicapping was, as a rule, better than the previous uncertainty would lead us to expect. We say, as a rule; for the half-mile race were decidedly the exception, and will afford material for wise reflection on the part of next year's Committee. Mr. Francis was never better in his old post of starter; and the wise forethought shewn in appointing mathematicians, learned and experienced in " those horrid clock sums, you know," to the duties of keeping time, prevented those phenomenal doings which occasionally raise the jeer of the knowing athlete. We present a detailed account of the races.—

No. 1.—100 YARDS, OPEN.
Hayes, 1; Maccabe, 2; Hart, 3.
Hayes had much the best of it all the way, and came in two yards in front of Maccabe; Hart being close up. Time, 11 2/5ths. secs.

No. 2.—150 YARDS HANDICAP. Boys under 14.
First heat: W. Harris, 1; H. Neil, 2; M. Harris, 3.
Second heat: C. Gibson, 1; C. Smith, 2; A. Neich, 3.
Final: C. Gibson, 1; W. Harris, 2; M. Harris, 3.
The final was a splendid race. M. Harris made a magnificent effort to over­haul the leader, and all three finished very close together. Both the brothers are wonderful runners; they are, as Mr. Weller would say, "werry little and werry good."

No. 3.—HOUSE CUP. Half-mile Handicap.
R. Cruickshank, 1; R. Thomas, 2; A. Lewis, 3
Wimbledon Hall produced an unexpected winner, and Cruickshank's handi­cap was too much for the others. Thomas toiled bravely after him, but was never troublesome.

No. 4.—80 YARDS. Boys under 12.
W. Harris, 1; — Read, 2. Won easily by Harris.

No. 5.—MAIDEN HANDICAP. 300 Yards.
First heat: J. McPherson, 1; Newsham, 2.
Second heat: Kemmis, 1; Hilliard, 2.
Third heat: A. Cruickshank, 1; Harnett, 2.
Final heat: Hilliard, 1; McPherson, 2. Won by a yard.

No. 6.—THROWING CRICKET BALL. J. Vicars, 88 yards.

No. 7.—HALF MILE HANDICAP.
McPherson, 1; Poolman, 2. Poolman ran very pluckily.
No. 8.—LOWER SCHOOL.

Thomas, 1; J. Wilson, 2.
Won by a yard. Wilson came up very fast at the finish, but did not get clear of the crowd in good time to catch Thomas.

No. 9.—HURDLE RACE. 120 Yards.

Won by three yards. Nicholson soon got on even terms with Weston, and won easily.

A private match between Messrs. Hughes and Dick was previously run off; Hughes won an exciting race by a foot.

No. 10.—440 YARDS HANDICAP. Boys under 15.

F. Watson, 1; R. Thompson, 2.
Won by a yard. A good race. At one time the star (in this case, stripes) of Mod. IV. shone brilliantly, but want of condition told on Preddy.

No. 11.—SCHOOL CUP. 220 Yards Handicap.

First heat: North, 1; Hayes, 2.
Second heat: Campbell, 1; McPherson, 2.
Third heat: A. Cruickshank, 1; Newell, 2.
Final heat: Hayes, 1; Macpherson, 2.
A close race for the final. Time, 25 secs.

No. 12.—MILE CHAMPION.

Henry, 1; Conolly, 2. Time 6 min. 19 secs.
Two only appeared on the field, and trotted off sedately. After a considerable period it was rumoured that the competitors had camped out; but to the relief of everybody, they at last appeared. After four laps of this form of mild mild excitement, Henry reached the tape. We understand that several elderly gentlemen, whose medical advisers have ordered them a gentle constitutional, have gone away convinced that the thing for them is a "Champion" Mile.

No. 13.—ALL SCHOOLS' RACE. 220 Yards.

Cochrane (New. Coll.), 1; Eden (High Sch.), 2.
Thirteen ran. After a splendid start Cochrane won with very little to spare. A Grammar School boy slipped in the middle of the race, and closely inspected the turf; we did not learn that he went away either wiser or happier.

No. 14.—220 YARDS. Boys under 15.

A. Smith, 1; Thomas, 2; Street, 3.
A protest was lodged against Smith on account of age, and has yet to be decided by the Committee. Won by six yards.

No. 15.—STRANGERS' RACE. 300 Yards.

F. Ives, 1; A. Henry, 2; F. Baylis, 3.
A good start sent away a large field, and they were well together at the turn. Ives drew away, and won by half a yard; Baylis was unable to get through in time to push the winner. Time, 24 secs.

No. 16.—BICYCLE RACE. Four miles.

C. R. Wood, 1; Godwin, 2.
Wood got level at the sixth lap, and won easily.

No. 17.—OLD SYDNEYANS. 150 Yards.

Grainger, 1; Russell, 2
Grainger got well away at the start, and won with tolerable ease.
No. 18.—MILE WALKING. Handicap.

Dunlop, 1; Gibbes, 2.

The usual large field started, and the various styles of walking were enough to puzzle any untutored savage desirous of understanding our English ideas of enjoyment. The three small leaders walked in great style, and Bennett was not passed until late in the race. The rear files plodded on pleasantly, and getting in a group together,

"Beguiled the time with friendly chat,"

and petitioned the stern judges to allow them "just a little run." Round the last turn, Carter thought that he was in for a go-as-you-please, and got disqualified; Dunlop got off with one warning, and reached home first. Gibbs walked very well throughout. Won by half a yard.

No. 12.—440 YARDS HANDICAP.

Stokes, 1; Wilson and J. McPherson, dead heat

The best race of the day. Stokes came up in the last few yards, and just reached home a winner.

No. 20.—SACK RACE. 100 yards.

Newcomen, 1, Harnett, 2.

We are told (having no personal experience, be it understood) that it is customary for the habitues of the Water Police Court, to pleasantly remark, on getting the usual seven days, that they can "do it on their 'ed" We have lived some years, but until this race enlightened us, could never comprehend the process; on this occasion all competitors seemed at times to prefer this apparently curious mode of progression. However, the spectators were highly delighted with the amusing termination to the long programme; and, we hope, reached home contented, in spite of the usual complete absence of tram accommodation.

The thanks of the Committee are due to Mr. Ballantine for the stop-watches, and to Mr. Wearne for the sacks. Gregory had marked the ground out thoroughly, and was, as usual, of the greatest help to all concerned in managing our most successful Eleventh Annual Meeting.

In addition to Mr. Weigall's prize, and the subscriptions from the Masters, we have to thank the following gentlemen for their subscriptions to the Prize Fund; and we are sure that any of them present on the ground must have felt that their aid was given to a worthy cause.

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<tr>
<td>R. E. Higgins, Esq.</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Metcalf, Esq.</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

T. H. Kelly, Esq., sent an excellent clock for a prize.
The Balance Sheet will be published in the next number of the *Sydenian*; meanwhile we can safely state that our finances are especially flourishing, and that the Committee are indulging in hopes of doing more for the Cricket next summer than has been possible hitherto.

**JUNE ENTERTAINMENT.**

**APPENDED** is the Programme for the Entertainment to be held in the Big Schoolroom on Friday, June 20th:

**PART I.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Overture</th>
<th>Orchestra</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pianoforte Duet</td>
<td>Messrs. Carter and Hewlett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solo</td>
<td>W. Street, Esq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus—“Hark, the Distant Hills”</td>
<td>Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarionette Solo</td>
<td>S. Hodge, Esq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anvil Chorus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overture</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“ARISTOPHANES.”

**PART II.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Overture</th>
<th>Orchestra</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bayonet Exercise</td>
<td>Cadets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solo</td>
<td>H. Raymond, Esq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>Boys</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FRENCH PLAY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quartet</th>
<th>Boys</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Overture</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SHAKESPEARE.**

Tickets may be had on application to Mr. Carter. The Prizes will be given away punctually at 7:45 on Friday evening.

**CADET NEWS**

The half-yearly Prizes have been awarded as follows:

**RIFLES.**

Average of eight shootings, at 500 and 600 yards—seven shots at each.

- Corporal T. Hungerford... 55... 1st Prize, Challenge Cup
- Cadet Weston.............. 52½... 2nd... £2 0 0
- Sergeant Wallace.......... 49½... 3rd... £1 10 0
- Corporal Thomas.......... 46½... 4th... £1 0 0
- Cadet Newcomen.......... 46... 5th... £1 0 0
- Corporal Hilliard........ 45½... 6th... £0 15 0
- Cadet Antill............... 45½... 7th... £0 10 0
The Sergeant, at the beginning of the year, started with a Team, composed almost entirely of recruits. The scores obtained to-day are published herewith to show the proficiency to which the Team has attained under his instructions:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Score</th>
<th>500 yds.</th>
<th>600 yds.</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sgt. Hagney</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sgt. Wallace</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corp. T. Hungerford</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Newcomen</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corp. Fitzhardinge</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Weston</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corp. Thomas</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corp. H. Hungerford</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Antill</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corp. Hilliard</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 528

Time: 10. Average, 52.4-5th.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

The annual examinations in English and Modern Languages, will be held on the following dates:

**UPPER SCHOOL.**


Tuesday—June 19—9:30—12:30. German.


**LOWER SCHOOL.**


The Prize List will be posted on the school gates on Saturday, June 21. Railway passes will be issued at 12:30 on Thursday, June 19.
QUARTERLY GRAMMAR EXAMINATION, APRIL, 1884. UPPER SCHOOL.

The following boys head the various Lists. Maximum 100:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LATIN</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>FRENCH</th>
<th>GREEK</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leibius, 99</td>
<td>McCarthy, 83</td>
<td>Dixson, 93</td>
<td>McNeill i., 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McIntyre i., 97</td>
<td>Garran, 82</td>
<td>Newell, 92</td>
<td>Harris i., 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitz, 95</td>
<td>Kemmis, 82</td>
<td>Roseby, 90</td>
<td>McInnes, 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson i., 92</td>
<td>Harris i., 80</td>
<td>Fitz, 88</td>
<td>Leibius, 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dare, 91</td>
<td>Reid i., 80</td>
<td>Manjier, 87</td>
<td>Thompson i., 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garran, 91</td>
<td>Hayden, 76</td>
<td>Vicar ii., 85</td>
<td>Walker, 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, 88</td>
<td>Kenna, 75</td>
<td>Simpson i., 85</td>
<td>McPherson, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson i., 87</td>
<td>Smith i., 75</td>
<td>Stirton, 84</td>
<td>Lyon i., 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen i., 86</td>
<td>Anderson i., 74</td>
<td>Quodling, 82</td>
<td>McCarthy, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King i., 85</td>
<td>Cargill, 74</td>
<td>Bryant, 80</td>
<td>McNeil ii., 81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen ii., 85</td>
<td>Leibius, 74</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyons i., 74</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson i., 74</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WINDEYER ESSAY.

An Estimate of the Intellectual and Political Forces at work in Europe in the middle of 15th century. Essays to be given up at the end of September.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

June 13.—Examination of Upper School begins.
17.—Examination of Lower School begins.
20.—Midwinter Holidays begin. School Entertainment 7:30 p.m.
July 14.—School reopens for admission and classification of new boys.
15.—Regular work resumed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydenian.

DEAR SIRS,—I was surprised to see that the letter signed by “Old Boy” in your last issue had no notice whatever taken of by the “Eds.” You may be right in thus judging it to be beneath criticism; but I, who am somewhat of a dyspeptic nature, and therefore prone to finding fault, will take a leaf out of Mr. Midshipman Easy’s book, and proceed to “argue the point” with “Old Boy.”

His letter resembles that of the proverbial school-girl, where the main point lies in the postscript; it is true that in this case there is no postscript, but “Old Boy” admits that the last paragraph, nay the last two lines contain what he has been “trying all along to say.” If, on his own shewing, two lines were sufficient for his purpose, why on earth has he prefaced it by pointless jargon of bombastic persiflage? Why does he hang his “Masher” hat on the peg of the Old Boys’ race? And even if he has a spite against “Sir John Robertson or McElhone” he should ventilate his grievances against them, not in the Sydenian, but in the daily papers.
His arguments, too, are not very clear. What does he mean by the sentence
"Their name is legion, and although crushed in a "Masher" hat, assisted by
a cane . . . a few will stray . . . o'er the dusky borders of
whisker-land, their athletic powers as shrivelled as their intellects"? This, if
analysed carefully, means that it is impossible for those who are crushed in a
"Masher" hat to stray o'er the dusky borders of whisker-land. Is the wear-
ing of the "Masher" hat incompatible with the growth of whiskers? For my
own part, I grew whiskers, aye, and a beard too, long before "Masher" hats
came into existence.

Again, he talks about "posing as monkeys" and "imitating that animals'
tricks"; monkeys cannot be described as "that animal." He should have said
"those animals."—but this is a small thing. Further on, he says that
"Masher" is a "descriptively vulgar" word. I do not see that the word
"Masher" is vulgar; it, no doubt describes what is vulgar, but the word
itself cannot be said to be vulgar: else "Old Boy" is vulgar, if he make use
of it. Again, I am not aware that Australia boasted any "lexicographers."
I do not know that they, even if they existed, could add much to the English
ones, except perhaps a few colonial expressions and epithets;—which would
not be much to boast about. "Masher," besides, is not of Australian
invention, but comes from America.

I must also take exception to the phrase, "taught them their manhood." How
can one teach or be taught—the state of being, or the quality of, a man? I
cannot help thinking that, if instead of devoting all his time to learning
"manhood," he had taken more pains with his English composition, he would
have done quite as much credit to the old place; and not have given one the
impression that "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," his
sense occasionally reels staggering from mental intoxication.

I am afraid that "Old Boy" will think I am suffering from an unusually
acute attack; and I hope he will be moved to suggest some remedy.

Yours, etc.,

ANOTHER OLD BOY.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to thank "Y.M.C.A." for his communication, which we will gladly
insert, if he, in compliance with our rules, will forward to us his real name.

We have found a stray document in our box, signed "Remigii Amator;" but as there is no address on the paper, and no intimation as to whom it is
intended for, we beg to state, that, if not claimed within a week, it will be
thrown into our waste-paper basket.

We are much obliged to "A." for his critique on "D.'s" poems. We
regret that we have no room for it in this issue, but it shall appear in the
next.

"A Sailing Song" received with thanks. Shall appear in our next number.

SYDNEY: F. CUNNINGAME AND CO., Printers, 146 Pitt Street.
The Sydneian.

No. LIV

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

AUGUST 1894.

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