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SYDNEY:
PUBLISHED AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1884.
The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:

- **Melburnian**
- **Newingtonian**
- **Durham University Journal**.
- **Ulula** (2).
- **Carliol**.
- **Reptonian**
- **Geelong Grammar School Quarterly**.
- **Nelsonian**.
- **St. Andrew's College Magazine**.
- **Cheltonian** (2).
- **Taylorian**.
There is a class of thrifty but dishonest persons, to whom drivers and tram conductors apply the classical term of "dead-heads." This term is applied in the first instance, we believe, to those who upon various pretexts attempt to evade the monetary obligations incidental to those commodious and comparatively cheap modes of transit. But the tendency to shirk every duty, and to shrink from every responsibility is unhappily not confined to the itinerant "dead-head." We venture to think that numerous representatives of the class may be found amongst ourselves. In the ordinary work of the School the spirit, to which we refer, may of course be modified by a judicious admixture of rewards and punishments, but in its out-door life, where under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed direct legislation is less practicable, the presence of "dead-heads" is at once evident. In fact it may be said, that the whole public life of the School, outside the class-rooms, is maintained by some thirty or forty boys; the remainder content themselves with an attitude of passive obstruction. The ill effects of such a state of things is at once patent. Our various organisations, at a great expenditure of the energies of the few, maintain a sickly vitality or perish of premature decay. In the absence of any life of their own they have, like a weakly and fretful infant, to be coaxed and subsidised by constant indulgence. But with whom does the fault lie, and what is the remedy? The simple fact is, that we are none of us willing sufficiently to sacrifice our time and our energies for the outside life of the School, and it is only in such self-sacrifice that we can find the remedy we want. Spasmodic or partial efforts are really worse than no efforts at all. It is clear that we cannot afford to leave the solution of our difficulties to the convenient law of natural selection. For the ordinary school boy (for we do not here refer to the ideal school boy of Macaulay) naturally selects to be as idle as he can, and to shift his own responsibilities when ever he can do so, on to the shoulders of others. The difficulty therefore is one of constantly pressing importance, and unless we wish to see the school subside into its pristine torpor, we must make a definite crusade against this "dead-head" element, whether in ourselves individually, or in the collective inertness of the School. A good deal has been done in the last few years in the direction of better organisation and increased opportunities. There is undoubtedly some Public Spirit among us, but to be operative it requires to be more diffused in its action.
THE STUDY OF NAMES.

Continued.

One of the best known and most frequented parts of London in old time was Smithfield; which was simply the smooth field. For here, in a space of some five acres in extent, it was that jousts and tournaments, and that most uproarious of fairs known as "Bartlemy," were held.

Another place also reminds us of the play our ancestors indulged in. The familiar name of the fashionable street called Pall Mall, was originally *paille maille*—that is, a game played with a mallet and a ball, and not unlike our modern croquet.

Dress has of course influenced the names of some places; and without going into the etymology of Petticoat-alley or Shoe-lane, I may refer you to the fashionable part of London, called Piccadilly, which owes its name to a stiff kind of collar called a pikardil, worn by the mashers of the day, and made with great pecuniary success by a local tailor.

There is one difficulty, which I may mention by the way, that will in the future assail the student who desires to discover the original meaning of a topographical name, and that is the abridgement of its pronunciation which leads to the abridgement of its spelling. Man is naturally a lazy animal; and if he possesses the ability to express his thoughts, when speaking, in one word instead of two, he will, as a rule, do so, however verbose his written style may be; and similarly, if he can make himself intelligible by one syllable instead of more, we find that such is usually his practice. Thus it is easier to say "impose" than "place upon," easier to say "can't," "don't," than "cannot," "do not." Of course there are some people who prefer to say "tremendous conflagration," rather than "great fire," or "circum­spectively," rather than "cautiously;" but they are the exception, and therefore give proof of the rule. Upon the same analogy we find that names have been shortened for convenience' sake, and have gradually come to be spelt according to their shortened form. This fact will, I say, furnish, in ages to come, a serious difficulty to the student of the subject upon which I am writing. For when, in future generations, the spelling has permanently altered to the pronunciation, what amount of reasoning will lead him to the fact that Gloster was once Gloucester, Cister was Cirencester, Pomfret was Pontefract, Wyndham was Wymondham, Immells (in Lincolnshire) was Ingoldmells? It is not remarkably easy, as it is, at present, to take Lincoln back to Lindum Colonia, or Notts to Snotenga-ham-shire, or Hunts to Huntingdonshire.

Another difficulty worthy of mention we find in a change made in the word, in the attempt to apply some meaning to that which seems to have none. Thus "crayfish" is often pronounced (and written also) "crawfish,"
under the idea that this is a shortened form of crawl-fish, because the object in question will crawl on the sand; whereas “crayfish” is a corruption of the French “écrevisse,” a lobster. So, too, the common old tavern sign of the Cat and Fiddle, was thought to be derived from its mention in the nursery rhyme, “Hi diddle diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle, the cow jumped the over moon,” &c. As a matter of fact it was merely a corruption of chat fidèle, and was the sign of the Faithful Tabby. Again the Elephant and Castle, popularly supposed merely to represent the strength of that little-known (at the time) animal in its power to carry a castle on its back, was but a corruption of the Elephant of Castile, and probably took its origin in the arrival in England of the Castilian Consort of Edward I. The Goat and Compasses, making two words intelligible when apart, but somewhat obscure when in connection, was merely a rendering of the words “God encompasseth us,” and is an illustration of the Puritan common use of scriptural expressions. Now this alteration is strikingly exemplified in names of places. The latter often contain the name of some person—I quote the words of my dear old tutor, Mr. John Peile, of Cambridge—and if that proper name goes out of common use, it is almost certain that the name of the place will be altered so as to represent some known object. Thus the Cumberland lake Buttermere, was the mere of Buthar, presumably one of the many Norwegians of that name who made themselves homes in the country at Butterhill, Buttergill, &c. Clearly there is no sense in the change; no meaning whatever is gained by it. But “butter” was a familiar word; the proper name was unfamiliar, hence the change. Just in the same way, and in the same country, Bót hung i.e. Bôt’s hill, became Boathill, Geit’s-garth (i.e. weir or dam) became Gate-scarth, Solvar’s-seat became Silverside. The Norwegians became Englishmen, as much as the other invaders of England. They were absorbed into the greater body; and their descendants bore English names, and the old proper names were forgotten. Similarly Lizard Point—more usually known as The Lizard, is said to be a corruption of Lazar-point—i.e., an out-of-the-way place for lepers. And other corruptions of the same sort are well known; how Dun-y-coed, the Keltic for “hill the wood” became Dunagoat; how the French Chartreux has become Charterhouse; and how even the fairly intelligible Burgh Walter has become Bridge-water. Thus, too, in Guernsey, the parish of Ste. Marie an Châtel, has become the Cattle parish. Let me add one more, from the island of Jersey. There is a swamp known as the marsh of Marie Le Coq—Le Coq being a common Norman name. This was once really Le Marais du coq, the marsh where cocks (i.e., woodcock) abounded.

Of course a good many names of English towns or villages find their parallels on the continent of Europe, but equally of course they are names whose origin is very obvious. Thus Newtown or Newton is found in Villeneuve, Novgorod, Naples, and so forth; Newcastle in Neuchatel; Kingston in Königsberg, Villeroi, Ciudad Real. Cambridge, the bridge over the Cam, corresponds with Innspruck, that over the Inn. But if we look at
the map of such new countries as those of North America, we may find very evident traces of the characteristics of the inhabitants. In the United States, for instance, one is rather struck with an apparent desire not to seem such a new nation, when one comes across an Athens, a Memphis, and the many towns that end in *polis*. Of course I do not refer to such names as are evidently affectionate memories of the old country; but to call one town Sparta, and another Rome, seems like going rather far. Still we find the Old Country recollections brought in very strongly in parts. Thus where we have Cumberland in New South Wales, we naturally expect to find Westmoreland near it, whether there are valleys or moors at hand or not, and we do find it. In New Zealand again we have the town of Cambridge: what then more natural than that there should be in close proximity to it the town of Oxford, considering that the old University towns of England are almost invariably mentioned in the same breath? Or again when we find a county of Gloucester in the colonies, do we marvel to see in it a town of Stroud? And does it not follow, as a matter of course, that Wellington and Nelson should be close together; or that Marlborough and Blenheim should be connected? But this is rather going into the ethics of sentiment: and before I close with a glance at New Zealand places, I want to say a few words about the poetry of names.

That a great deal of poetry lurks in the names of some places is undeniable. Colour it may be, it may be shape, or some other striking characteristic, that originally suggested the idea to those who stood sponsor to the place. Flower-covered plains may have suggested to the Spaniard the name of Florida, or it may have been the prospect he beheld of a "pleasant land, a land flowing with milk and honey," where his future, he thought, should be so flourishing. The once forest-covered island of Madeira, doubtless led its Portuguese discoverer to give it the name of "the Green Wood"—the only memorial remaining of the many trees it used to possess. Port Natal, too, tells us its own tale in the fact that it was discovered on Christmas Day, the dies natalis of our Lord. The Himalaya range is literally defined as the "abode of snow," the name which was assigned to it by those who in the tropical region of Hindostan, regarded the presence of ice as a point worthy of remark.

But whilst some names are merely *pretty*, such as Essendine, and Ulleswater and Rydal Water, do we not find a poetical instinct in the minds that gave their names to Ulladulla, to Mississippi, and to Shoalhaven? And was it not a poetical nature that rendered the ever rippling smile of water by Minnehaha, and the constant dropping of a waterfall by Sahsahjewun, in the mind of the American Indian?

Yes, away in the solitary forests of the great American Continent, the poetry of nature found its vent with the untutored Indian, who, alone with his Maker, could survey the beauties which that nature had given, and who, with a simplicity that is unhappily almost outside of the pale of civilisation, could express his thoughts about those beauties in the sounds that most nearly resembled his appreciation of them.
Let us lastly turn to New Zealand, where lives the highest class of the Pacific natives, and examine the names of places there. The native names our pioneers found in New Zealand were, like those of all aboriginal races, what one may call "natural" names. Thus the Maories saw a place where two rivers met, and meeting were divided by a piece of land; and so they called the district between the rivers the Waikato, the Water-cutter, or as our English word has it, the water parting. Again there was a place where shellfish were abundant; a recognised spot where they might supply their wants, and they called it Waipipi or the water where the pipi-fish was plentiful. Even as in Britain we have our Troutbeck or stream of trout; in New South Wales our Musselbrook; in Dorsetshire our Langton Herring; in Ancient Palestine our Bethsaida or Fishtown; and so, too, Motuihi is Fish Island. Motutapu exactly corresponds to our English Holy Island. Waiwera, "the hot water," is our Bath, which was once called the "Sun-springs."

I should weary you were I to prolong my catalogue of names; and a hurriedly-written paper such as this cannot be else; but let me conclude by saying that the study of names is not altogether an unprofitable study; that it may sometimes teach us to think where we should not otherwise have thought; that by it we may be induced also to study the history, and the customs, and the characteristics of peoples, and essentially of our mother-nation, and that by its aid we may dip deeply into the legendary traditions of a long forgotten age.

JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO TORRES STRAITS.

PAPER No. 5.

We remained at anchor for about an hour, at the end of which time the pilot considered that the strength of the current had abated sufficiently to enable us to get round the point. A fresh start was accordingly made, and his opinion proving well founded, we shortly found ourselves close to the hulk "Belle of South Esk." As there is no wharf at Thursday Island (except the Magistrate's Jetty), and not even a landing place for passengers (who are carried ashore on the backs of the boatmen), all the steamers are obliged to discharge and take in cargo at the hulk, which is anchored where the water is deepest, at about 200 yards from "The Beach," so called. It is on the beach that all the landing, whether of passengers or of cargo is effected, and as it is very much littered with stones and the debris of wreck, and as the tide recedes to some distance, it does not present a very pleasant appearance at low water, and this, coupled with the inconvenient manner of landing is not calculated to convey a very favourable impression to the mind of a newly arrived traveller. It is above this beach that most of the buildings constituting the settlement are situated, consisting of the court-house, and houses of the officials; there are also three hotels, a general store, and several private houses. All the houses are constructed of wood and iron. There is no attempt at a road, and scarcely any footpath to be seen, merely tracks leading from one house to the other.
As soon as a means of communication was established with the hulk, a number of people came on board the steamer, and among them the gentleman whom I had come to visit, and whom I will designate as "the Skipper." His little sailing dingy was alongside among a crowd of boats of all descriptions, and the blackfellow in charge of it was summoned to put my portmanteau in the bows. After bidding the steamer and passengers farewell, we climbed over the side and seated ourselves in the stern-sheets; we then dropped down astern of the steamer clear of the other boats, and setting the sprit-sail, started off for the station before the wind, towing behind us a new skiff which had that day arrived from Hongkong. A sail of fifteen minutes brought us to the shallow water alongside the pier, and as soon as we grounded on the sand, the blackfellow jumped overboard, and carried us up on the beach, one after the other. It was a great pleasure to me to be once more on shore, and I retired early, to be lulled asleep by the sound of the waves on the beach.

Thursday Island is about 1700 miles distant from Sydney, and we had occupied ten days in the passage, stoppages-included.

I spent a very pleasant fortnight in Torres Straits, occupying the time both in sailing about, making acquaintance with the locality, and also gaining an insight into the work attending the conduct of a fishing station. On my friend's station I was able to observe everything in connection with the life on shore, and as I also enjoyed the opportunity of taking two cruises to the fishing grounds in the schooner "Gretchen." I saw the boats at work and could form some idea as to the sort of life which the men lead.

The islands in the Straits are all more or less hilly, and are tolerably thickly wooded; the trees however, though of bright foliage, are for the most part small and stunted, which defect is due to the poor quality of the soil. Orchids of a common variety, bearing a pink flower, grow in profusion on the rocks and trees; there is also a plant or bush which bears a kind of cotton or kapok which is said to be used for manufacturing cloth in Japan.

The shores in places where there is mud are thickly lined with mangroves which grow very tall and straight, and are much used for building purposes, making capital piles for the jetties at the different stations. Water is in some places plentiful and can easily be procured by digging; in other places it is difficult to get and is of bad quality, and the inhabitants are depending upon the rainfall for their supply. From January to March during the north-west monsoon rain falls in abundance, and there is a constant succession of heavy gales, during which no fishing can be done; for the remainder of the year the south-east monsoon has full play, and as a rule the weather is clear and fine. There do not appear to be any animals indigenous to the islands, there are birds of course, cockatoos, parakeets, pigeons and a few pheasants; reptiles are also numerous, and it is not an uncommon thing to find a snake under one's bed.

The aborigines of the Straits, like their brethren in other parts of Australia, are slowly disappearing. They are somewhat different in appearance to those who dwell on the mainland, and are perhaps a shade more industrious; they
only visit the white settlement occasionally when they have fish to barter. Their canoes are formed from a hollowed tree with an outrigger on each side on which is placed a kind of platform; the whole family lives on board and all take part in the navigation of the craft.

The houses of the settlers are all built close to the water, and are of the simplest description; the mode of life is plain in the extreme with one or two exceptions. Fresh meat is a treat to most of them, but fish are plentiful, and nearly every one has a few poultry, while Prince of Wales Island supplies them with wild pigs. On Thursday Island there are two hotels which provide fair accommodation for such a place, and a store where provisions and all necessaries can be purchased.

The boats employed in fishing are luggers of from 9 to 16 tons, and are all well found, stiff and weatherly, they sometimes encounter heavy weather, but accidents are very rare indeed. The crews of the boats are of mixed nationalities, and are almost entirely coloured men. One sees South Sea men, Malays, Japanese, Hindoos, Arabs, &c., in fact the whole world would almost appear to be represented here.

The ordinary crew of a boat consists of six men; the diver, his tender, and four seamen. The diver is the captain, has authority over the others and is responsible for the safety of the boat. He attends to the navigation and descends in the diving dress to search for shell. While he is on the bottom the tender holds the life-line, by means of which he can communicate his wishes, and keeps an eye upon the two men at the air-pump to see that they do not neglect to send down the requisite supply of air. The usual mode of working is as follows:—Having received on board provisions sufficient for a fortnight or three weeks, according to the expected duration of the cruise, the boat starts away for the fishing ground, which is distant some hours sail from the station. Arrived at the spot where he has decided to fish, the diver dresses up in his diving dress and descends, the depth being probably 9 fathoms, (at times they can work in any depth up to 18 or 20 fathoms, but not for long, as the great pressure of the water causes rheumatic affections of the joints and spitting of blood.) While he is working the sails are lowered, and the boat is allowed to drift. He walks along the bottom picking up the pearl shell, which he puts into his shell-bag; if he has happened to drop upon a patch where there are plenty of shells he will work hard all day, for as he is paid by a "lay" of so much an hundred, it is to his interest to procure as many as possible. The divers, while at work, feel no hunger, and a hard-worker will consequently sometimes cause discontent among his crew for not wishing for any food himself, while he keeps them at work and they have no time for meals. At times, however, the wind or tide causes the water to become disturbed and muddy, and it is then impossible for the diver to see the shell as they lie on the bottom; he is therefore obliged to remain idle and they all take a holiday, lying under the lee of some island where they can replenish the water casks and get firewood. When the water is clear the diver can distinguish objects several yards distant, his eyes being assisted by the glass front of the helmet.
When evening comes, the boats all make for the rendezvous, which is always in some bay among the islands, and the men pass the time until they turn in, with card playing and music of a rough description, for some of them, Malays especially, learn to perform on accordions and concertinas.

The pearl-shells are all opened by the men before being delivered to their employers, and the diver takes possession of the pearls which are not very numerous after all. It is necessary that the shells should be opened as soon as possible after being obtained, and there being so many boats employed, it is impracticable to place a trustworthy man in each to open the shells: the divers when questioned about the pearls deny all knowledge of them, and as there is keen competition for good divers it is considered advisable to be content with the shells themselves, which are worth about £150 per ton in London. As a rule 1000 pairs of shell go to the ton.

The men most successful as divers are South Sea Islanders, notably those from the island of Rotumah, near Fiji; Maories are also considered good. Malays and Japanese are not so gifted with powers of endurance as the former one, nor are they so "lucky" as the local saying is.

When the boat's cruise has come to an end, it either returns to the station for fresh provistons, and to be eased of its cargo of shells, or the owner comes out by appointment in his schooner in order to keep the boat on the fishing ground and thus save time. The bringing out of provisions to the boats is known on the spot as "running the grub."

The percentage of deaths by accident among the shell fishers is remarkably small; the divers are exposed to numerous dangers, the air-pipe may become damaged, or some portion of the dress give way; the only deaths which have occurred, have been caused by the men getting foul of the rocks or coral, and as the boats according to custom, were drifting with the tide the strain on the air-pipe has caused it to snap before the anchor could be dropped. Sharks come and look at the diver occasionally, but are usually frightened away by the bubbling of the air from the escape valve of the helmet. If the shark means to tackle an object which is strange to him, as the diver is, he swims away for a short distance and returns twice, the second time he makes his attack. The diver is of course careful to observe his motions and if Mr. Shark returns after inspection, he rises to the surface without delay by allowing the air to inflate his dress.

Besides the boats with the apparatus, there are still a few with naked or swimming divers. These men are chiefly from the New Guinea Islands; they can descend in depths of from four to ten fathoms and remain under water for about a minute and a half.

Contact with the whites has not at all improved the moral condition of these black people, they all learn to drink and use bad language. The Queensland Government for a long time did not see fit to prohibit the sale of spirits to coloured men, as the heavy importations necessary to meet the demand were
the source of a large revenue. Lately however, steps have been taken towards this desirable end, and the use of ardent spirits by the crews of the fishing boats will probably soon cease. Formerly the men were not satisfied even with bottles of spirits, they purchased whole cases, and conducted their debauches on a wholesale scale.

"Methought I saw a demon rise:
He held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnished sides ran brimming o'er
With floods of burning liquor.
"Drink!" said the demon, "drink your fill!
Drink of these waters mellow;
They'll make your eyeballs sear and dull,
Your skin they will turn yellow!"

To the credit of some employers however, drinking, on the stations under their immediate notice, has all along been a thing unknown.

"A SAILING SONG"

Our trim little boat does at anchor ride,
On the rippling bosom of the tide,
With her raking masts, and her cordage taut,
As calm as a creature "sans" care or thought.
But I see by the pennant's restless twirl
She is longing we should her sails unfurl,
For the breezes blow without the bay,
And out at the point, the waves so gay
The children wild of the tireless sea,
Are chasing each other with noisy glee
As they dash on the rocks, while the hissing spray
Is caught by the wind and drifts away.

T'is a day for sailing, the sun shines bright,
And the sea-gull shrieks with a wild delight,
So we'll take a reef in the main-s'l broad
And batten the hatches fast and hard,
Then up with the anchor, haul aft the sheet!
We'll prove that our vessel is staunch and fleet.
We're off o'er the billows, away we go,
The spray may fly and the wind may blow,
And the porpoise plunge in our seething track,
Our keel is as swift as his shining back;
We dart along, on her outstretched wing
The boat, like a bird, is a living thing.
Now far enough from the land we've sped,
The sun is seeking his western bed,
The gulls in a flock do homewards fly,
And the shades of night stretch athwart the sky;
So with slackened sheet let us speed towards home,
While old ocean's waves giving a parting moan,
As speeding along before the wind,
We leave their curling crest behind.
The bay so calm is now at hand
With its quiet shores of yellow sand,
Hoarse o'er the bow the cable rings,
And our merry craft folds her snowy wings.

HANNIBAL MILITES COHORTATUR.

Jam rapuit Phœbus nonum trans aethera cursum,
Ex quo precipites ascendere cœpit in Alpes
Illa invicta cohors. Pugnâ fessasque pericolis
Dux ille egregius montes per iniqua catervas
Pertulit incolumes; quin et mollivit aceto
Vel rupes adamanteas: nec flumina cursu
Præcipiti obstiterunt, nec inexpugnabile robur
Perfregere tuum crudeles viribus unquam
Monticole; qui nate novem, quondam, Hannibal, annos,
Romano populo, tactis altaribus, iras
Jurasti aeternas habiturus, longaque bella.
Jam juga summa premunt enisi culminis, unde
Nunquam desluxere nives, nec splendidus unquam
Evaluit radiis tellurem solere Titan
Pergelidam. Prægressus ibi dux prospicit agros
Italie tandem longe lateque repertos.
Nec certe quicquam visu formosius unquam
Despexere oculi: ridentia frugibus arva
Cernere erat fecunda procul, queis ventus aristas
Deflectit flavas. Aliâ stant prata, recenti
Tecta herbâ; bobus placidis dum præbet amenas
Arbustum tenebras; filoque simillimus amnis
Albescit medio vagus, irrotatque meatu
Florentes agros. Peni tamen, ore severo
(Credideris victos) stabant: meminerre Penatum,
Conjugis, et natorum, ardentque cupidine vanâ
Dilectæ patriæ. Quibus Hannibal ipse locutus
Incendit virtute animos, viresque reducit.
"Cernite nunc" inquit "finem metamque viai
Inceptae: primas vos conscendisse cohortes
Alpes—grand decus—discent per secla nepotes.
Montibus his tandem superatis, credite, Poeni,
Moenia non solum Latii, quin ipsius urbis
Victricis Romae victistas. Tota patescit
Jam via proclivis, facilem quae praebet eunti
Descensum. Quisnam, tantam progressus, easdem
Unde venit, repetet sedes? Plus ille perici
Inveniet reddiens, quam qui declivia montis
Nobiscum tentat citra. Qui pergere nolit,
Profecto redeat; jactetque regressus amicos
Quomodo desertor ducem fidosque sodales
Liquerit; et praedà nos idem expectet onustos
Ingenti: revocate gradum, revocare volentes.
Quaeremus reliqui nos non sine pulvere palmam.
Tertia quum rubicunda jugis Aurora refulsit,
Cæperimus vires nostras deducere in agros
Hesperios: Romæ portas frangemus adorti
Invicta, qua terrarum regina vocatur.
Ingens, credite, inest urbi illi præda superba:
Quam vos sortiti redeatis non sine fama,
Divitiis pingues: uxori quisque, patrique
Miranti praedam victor monstrabit, et aurum,
Quod vobis peperit quondam ditissima Roma."
Dixerat. Assensu conclamant undique magnus,
Atque alii socios alia per castra vagantes
Conquirunt; vetus et redit in præcordia virtus.

MARTIAL.

LIB. 6; EPIGRAM, 40.
I courted, lady, none but thee,
But now I court my Glycerie,
The lady of my love is she;
And she will be what you were then;
But now can never be again.
Ah, fickle heart! the moments fly—
I sighed for you—for her I sigh.

C. F.
JUNE ENTERTAINMENT.

We do not wish to blow. But even at the risk of incurring this terrible charge, we must say, that on the whole the last school entertainment may be considered to have eclipsed every previous effort. Long before the curtain rose, the big school-room was literally packed with the beauty and chivalry of Sydney; and we were pleased to notice that not the least appreciative part of the audience was composed of the Grammar School boys. On the last stroke of a quarter to eight the business of the evening was commenced by the presentation of the sports prizes; a duty gracefully performed by Mrs. Windeyer, who also kindly consented to distribute the prizes won by successful Cadets. The applause which greeted the last blushing recipient had scarcely ceased when the curtain again rose, and the audience were delighted by a masterly performance of Brahms Hungarian Dances. We take this opportunity of thanking the talented performers who so thoughtfully volunteered their services, and whose assistance both vocal and instrumental was a valuable addition to our musical programme. It may not be generally known that the fair artistes are sisters of "Tibby" Thompson, who last year, as a prominent member of the Cricket Eleven, did such yeoman's service for the school. The Musical Society next made their appearance, but in this as well as in the succeeding glee's they were heavily handicapped by the absence of their able conductor Herr Max Vogrich. Once more a face long familiar to the school was seen on the stage, and Mr. Hodge rendered with his wonted taste a Saxophone Solo, which later on he supplemented with a Clarionet piece. Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain" by Mr. Street, concluded the musical portion of the first part. But the "Frogs" may perhaps be considered the success of the evening, possessing at least the charm of novelty. The dresses were admirable, and the acting of all was consistently good; it is difficult to single out any one individual for special praise, unless it be Dionysus or the Moke, whose wayward but retiring disposition provoked at once the merriment of the spectators and the discomfiture of his rider. The corpse was truly lifelike, and Charon fairly beat record over the Champion Styx course. The "Frogs" were in good voice and their energetic director, Mr. C. E. Hewlett, may well be congratulated on the decided hit made by the first Greek play performed on an Australian stage. In the second part included a French Scene from the fertile brain of Dr. Max. We do not arrogate to our subscribers a profound knowledge of the French tongue, but we fancy that the irate washerwoman flung about no less bad language than soapsuds.

No school entertainment would be complete without a Comic Song by Mr. H. Raymond, himself whilom a denizen of our classic halls. Our Star Comique was at his very best and irresistibly droll in "Poor Mary Ann." The Bayonet Exercise reflects the greatest credit on Instructor-Sergeant Hagney, who as usual brought his team to a high state of perfection. A very successful evening was concluded with the pièce de resistance, three scenes from "Midsummer
Night's Dream," the Interlude by the Clowns. So efficiently drilled was the Corps Dramatique, and so thoroughly did all the actors enter into the spirit of their respective rôles, that the office of prompter was a sinecure. Cargill as Titania and the Fairies in their bright and artistic dresses formed a singularly attractive picture. The lion roared so lustily, that the Man in the Moon encumbered with "lantern and bush of thorn" could hardly withhold his dog from the tempting shanks of the Monarch of the —IVth Mod. Exams. Mr. Whitfield, as Bottom, and O'Neil as Snug the Joiner, were inimitable, and their acting alone would have secured the success of the piece. We are unwilling to detract from a performance which evidently gave the utmost satisfaction, and upon which the school may be genuinely congratulated, but we would suggest that on a future occasion the long intervals or "waits" should as far as possible be curtailed, or that the programme should be slightly reduced in length.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, JULY 18TH.—R. Anderson (O.S.) in the chair. There was an attendance of fifteen members. This being the first meeting of the term, the election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—

President—A. B. Weigall, Esq.
Vice-Presidents—J. H. Lindon, Esq.
R. Anderson, O.S.
A. Haie, O.S.
R. Thompson.
Committee—G. C. King
R. Windeyer
A. McNeill
F. Lloyd.
Treasurer—G. H. Leibius.
Secretary—A. Thomson.

FRIDAY, JULY 25TH.—A. Hale (O.S.) occupied the chair. Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was a small attendance. A. Hale (Premier) opened the debate, "Should Members of Parliament be paid?" in the negative. The following also spoke:—

For: A. Thomson
G. King

Against: G. Leibius.
F. Lloyd
R. Windeyer
R. Thompson.

On a division, 6 voted for and 4 against the Ministry.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st.—R. Thompson in the chair. Twenty members present. A. Hale (Premier) opened the debate, “Which is the greater cause of vice, Ignorance or Poverty,” in favour of Poverty. The following also took part:

Ministry: G. King
S. Mack
A. Thomson

Opposition: R. Thompson
F. Lloyd
R. Windeyer
W. McIntyre.

The result of the division was as follows: For, 10; Against, 7.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8th.—A. Hale (O.S.) in the Chair. The following programme was carried out with great credit:

1. Pianoforte Solo .... .... .... .... .... A. WALLACE
2. Song—“Bonnie Dundee” .... .... .... .... R. ANDERSON
3. Reading from Theodore Hook .... .... .... .... R. WINDEYER
4. Pianoforte Solo .... .... .... .... .... S. MACK
5. Song .... .... .... .... .... K. HUNGERFORD
6. Song—“Marching thro’ Georgia” .... .... .... .... R. ANDERSON
7. Dialogue—“The Letter” .... .... .... .... R. WINDEYER
8. Pianoforte Solo .... .... .... .... .... A. POOLMAN
9. Song—“The good Rhine wine” .... .... .... .... T. HUNGERFORD
10. Song .... .... .... .... .... Sergeant HAGNEY
11. Recitation from Sir Walter Scott .... .... .... .... A. MCNEILL
12. Song—“We Tars that o’er the Ocean sail” .... .... .... .... A. THOMPSON
13. Duet .... .... .... .... .... K. and T. HUNGERFORD
14. Recitation—“Bingen on the Rhine” .... .... .... .... Sergeant HAGNEY
15. Song—“Jack’s Yarn” .... .... .... .... W. A. WALKER
16. Reading from “Pickwick Papers” .... .... .... .... W. MCINTYRE
17. Pianoforte Solo .... .... .... .... .... A. POOLMAN
18. Song—“Wait till the clouds roll by” .... .... .... .... A. THOMPSON
19. Pianoforte Solo .... .... .... .... .... A. WALLACE

S. MACK .... .... .... Accompanist.

The Subscription is One Shilling per term. The Society is in a very flourishing condition, having about £6 cash in hand.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

On Thursday, July 30th, ten members of the Cadet Corps fired a match with a similar number of the Royal Marines from H.M.S. Nelson, which resulted in rather an easy win for the School Team by 126 points.

Appended are the scores:—
SCHOOL TEAM.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>500 yds.</th>
<th>600 yds.</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Weston</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal Hilliard</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Col.-Sergeant Kenna</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal T. Hungerford</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Newcomen</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal Thomas</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal H. Hungerford</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant Wallace</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Bowman</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal Fitzhardinge</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

270  223  493  Grand Total.

Royal Engineers and Marines     ...     ...     ...     367
Majority for the School     ...     ...     ...     126

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS.—My object in writing this letter is to arouse a more lively interest in connection with the Musical Society than is now taken. I remember that when our first practice was held, the doors of the big schoolroom was filled with faces exhibiting the greatest interest in the proceeding; we had a number of ex-students as performers, and the Society was in every way a credit. But now, after the charm of novelty has gone, it seems that there are only a few in the School who have enough perseverance to keep to what is really an enjoyment. Nay, even the present members are so very lax in their endeavours and irregular in their attendance that we are under some apprehension of losing the services of our talented conductor, unless some change is made. Let each member of the School determine to uphold the honour of our School; just as we hold the premier position in sports and learning, so let us make ourselves unique in this enjoyable science. Think of the gratification we should ourselves feel were our name coupled with that of Herr Max Vogrich in the same way as that of the Liedertafel has just been. And, though we cannot hope to arrive at such a pitch of excellence as that body, still we could do enough to reflect honour upon our School.

Hoping this will not be without effect,

I am, etc.,

MEMBER.
To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—I do not wish to disparage the Sydneian in this letter, nor to cast any reflection upon the excellent Editors, but my wish is to draw attention to the fact that some numbers of your paper are very dry. This, of course, is not so much the fault of the Editors as of the boys themselves. If they fail to send in readable matter, the blame lies upon their own shoulders; and if they are unable to do so they should not complain of those who make the attempt. I should, therefore, advise all who feel dissatisfied with the present state of this paper to render all assistance in their power, instead of discouraging others by their criticisms.

I remain, etc., JUSTITIA.

The following three stanzas, which we insert, are taken from a poem called "The Ocean," sent to us by a correspondent who appropriately signs himself "Lunaticus":—

O mighty ocean, work divine,
How I love to tread thy shore
And hear thy distant murmurings,
And the raging billows roar;
While the sea-birds circle with endless flight,
Or on lofty pinion soar.

This is bearable; but the author's thoughts take a sudden turn and proceeds,

A lovely little village lay,
Happy in its own rural way,
And bathed in golden tinted ray
When o'er the hills the sun low lay.

Again, with characteristic loftiness of thought, he gives us the finest passage of the poem,

The lark on its upward flight
Utters forth a melodious strain;
And the bee in the place of its sting,
Which always gives so much pain,
Utters a hollow groan,
Which is something like a moan.

Our correspondent would likewise "utter forth a melodious strain" if we could get hold of him; and perhaps the same melodious strain might bear a strong resemblance to a moan. On the whole, we recommend him to slip round the corner when he sees us. His contributions would have been welcome during the recent cold weather, when waste-paper was useful for lighting fires; and we invite him to send as much of this sort of thing as he likes next winter—not till then.

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The Sydnetian

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SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1884

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