

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

# The Sydneyan.

No. XIV.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE  
SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

DECEMBER, 1878.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Editorial ...	1	Alcestis (Not by Euripides) ...	18
English Public Schools, No. 5 ...	2	The Mysterious Words ...	18
Ideal Education ...	4	On Fish ...	19
From Sydney to Sandon, N.Z. ...	7	The Value of Gymnasia ...	20
Grammar School for Girls ...	9	Cricket Matches ...	21
German Kindergarten Training, No. 5 ...	10	The Cadet Corps ...	22
Prefects Leaving ...	11	"Miserable" ...	24
Profitable Reflections for Upper		The Mayor of Sydney ...	24
School during the Holidays ...	12	Correspondence ...	25
"No Rose without a Thorn" ...	12	Debating Club ...	27
The Castle of Horrors ...	13	A Ghost Story ...	27
The Death of Sarai ...	15	Miscellaneous ...	29
Half-a-Dozen Hidden Flowers ...	15	Form Captains ...	31
Lines to A-muse ...	16	Facetiae ...	32
Dinner to the Rifle Team ...	17		

SYDNEY :

PUBLISHED BY J. J. MOORE, GEORGE STREET.

1878.

### SCHOOL CALENDAR.

---

December 12—Second XI. v. All Saints' College, Bathurst

„ 17—School breaks up at 3.15 p.m.

„ 18—First XI. v. Melbourne Grammar School

„ 19—Prize List read at 9.30 a.m.

Summer holidays begin

January 27—Autumn Term begins

„ 29—Meeting in Schoolroom at 3.15 p.m. for Election of Sports Committee

„ 30—Meeting in VI. Form Class room at 3.15 p.m. for appointment of "Sydenian" Committee

---

No. XV. of The Sydneian will be published about the end of February.



# The Sydneian.

---

## EDITORIAL.

---

WE desired, according to periodical custom, to pass in review the various rejected contributions which we have received during the past twelve months ; but an inspection of the aforesaid contributions prompts the belief that there is in fact almost nothing, either in quantity or quality, worth criticising. Nor can this by any means be accounted for on the theory that most original contributions sent in were of such an elevated standard as to ensure insertion ; a sad experience shows a directly contrary state of things. It must, we fear, be admitted, that the waters of literary activity, if not run dry, are yet at their lowest ebb. It is moreover very noticeable that, generally speaking, the symptoms of literary ambition not unfrequently apparent in a boy at the bottom of the school, appear to be gradually extinguished as he mounts higher, vanishing altogether before he reaches the upper forms ; his early fitful volcanic gleams of intellectual energy have faded away, and he is to outward view an extinct crater, buried in apathetic snow. The bottom of the school writes very bad English ; but the top portion does not write at all.

Our poetical contributions are of the meanest description. The entire mass amounts to three. The first is an absurd effusion of self-glorification over the manner in which the writer and his boon-companions defeated, or say that they defeated, certain "larricans," whatever those may be. The second is entirely similar in conception, but even much worse in execution, were such a thing possible ; inspired by the grandeur of his theme, the author boldly rejects the fetters of metre and rhyme : indeed, were it not for the hopelessness of making out any meaning from his words, one would not have known that it was poetry at all. The remaining one is a species of eulogy or ode, after the fashion of music-hall ballads, on the Grammar School Rowing Club ; not, indeed, so pitiable a production as the other two, but yet wholly without point, of sense or expression. Nor but what it is in some particulars quite painfully original, as where the writer informs us that his heart "twangs," and discourses on the probability of the Club "imbibing" success.

Next in order to what we have by courtesy called poetry, comes the rejected correspondence, consisting of a withering, but highly ungrammatical, epistle from some one who signs himself "yours truley, Lower School." In brief but forcible language he expresses his conviction that "the 'grammar school' are under a great ellusion by having Prefects," and evidently hopes that the announcement of this oracle, which he does not further explain, will be sufficient to procure their instant abolition. But if Prefects must be had, he gives it as his opinion that "they ough be choosen out the and two out of upper school," the meaning of which we do not clearly understand.

But our contributors are chiefly great in riddles. We have received riddles of every variety and description of feebleness; riddles without the slightest point, riddles with infantile answers, riddles with incomprehensible answers. They are very commonly of a highly personal character, but range widely in subject, from the "Curch" of Rome, whatever that may be, to the British Honduras. These form the last noticeable item on our list, which, it will be admitted, is not one of great splendour. It is a great pity that fellows so rarely attempt to write prose, which is in the nature of things much easier than verse; apparently they prefer wasting time in putting nonsense into rhyme, and look on writing prose as little better than a crime. If they left off warbling lays, and saw the error of their ways, then another editorial might perhaps contain more praise; which may the fates permit.

---

## ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—No. 5.

(Continued.)

ONE of the most salient features in the ordinary social life of Marlborough College is the wide-spread influence and ascendancy of the Sixth Form, which is synonymous with the body of Prefects; it has been the policy of previous Head-Masters to increase the prestige and privileges of this body to a degree probably not reached in any other contemporaneous school. They are practically exempt from all those minor restrictions, such as roll-call, compulsory attendance at meals, confinement within certain bounds, &c., which go far towards the production of a disciplined habit in the average schoolboy; but it is understood that they have passed through a sufficiently long training under these restrictions to have attained a mental stage when they may with advantage be laid aside. Their real power over the persons of the rest of the school is considerable. Any prefect may, on his own responsibility, set impositions, not exceeding a certain amount, on any boys detected in trivial offences. For more serious offences, such as obstruction of Sixth Form rights and privileges, he may cane the offender privately in the presence of two or three other Prefects as



witnesses. For insolence or contempt of the Sixth Form, or for serious faults which it is yet not thought advisable to refer to the jurisdiction of the masters, the culprit is summoned before a tribunal of the whole Sixth Form (about thirty), tried by them, and if convicted, sentenced to a severer caning, or other penalty. Once a fortnight, or oftener if required, the Sixth Form meet in council to settle any business relating to the management of the school. Strict secrecy is observed by rule; any member revealing what has taken place in Sixth Form meeting would be adjudged guilty of serious breach of privilege. The right of "fagging," that is, of compelling fellows in lower forms to save a Prefect trouble by performing small services for him, is legally existent, but practically is not carried to any such extent as it once used to be, although a Prefect will occasionally exercise his right for the sake of ensuring its continuance, just as one sometimes walks along a path to prevent its becoming overgrown and obstructed.

It might be thought that this unchecked exercise of power would tend to create a prejudicial feeling of discontent amongst the boys who are subjected to its sway. Such, however, is far from being the case; on the contrary, the whole school are virtually unanimous in supporting the dignity and authority of the Prefectural body as a matter of principle, and those few exceptionally ill-conditioned characters, whose delight it is to carp at every form of authority, find themselves in this instance unsupported by popular sympathy. Doubtless this is in great part the result of a feeling which Aristotle has indicated, in his sketch of a model constitution, as essential for the causation of a rational obedience to existing government, namely, the knowledge that each one may himself, in due time, become a member of the same governing body. Nor, on the other hand, is it found that the power vested in the Prefectural body is ever intentionally abused; public opinion, whose influence attains its maximum of intensity in an English public school, ensures adherence to the ordinary principles of justice. Unintentional harshness may, of course, arise from ignorance or inexperience; but this is unfortunately the case also with others than boys. On the whole, the inexperience of the prefects in life at large is probably more than compensated for by their clearer insight and more intimate acquaintance with the characters of those with whom they are in constant association.

One may with truth say of this system, that it realises the philosopher's dream of an aristocracy of intellect. The social intercourse of Marlburians is regulated almost wholly on the basis of knowledge: rarely does anyone associate familiarly with fellows of a form lower than his own; such society would be regarded in general as a degradation. Hence the intellectual demarcation and border lands of each form are much more sharply defined than could be the case, were its members less rigidly exclusive in their ways. The results of this exclusiveness are liable to be greatly under-estimated by those unacquainted with its practical working. Chief amongst them is the great heightening and refinement of the intellectual standard of the upper forms, increasing at each step in geometrical ratio,

as the result of the continued reciprocal mental friction of the several members; whereas without this exclusiveness it will be perceived that the increase is in arithmetical ratio only. Finally, on mounting the last step, the new Prefect finds himself suddenly surrounded by an atmosphere of privilege and responsibility made sacred by the memories and traditions of departed great ones; of which things he cannot fail but strive to make himself worthy.

It would be impossible to close even a partial account of Marlburian institutions without some allusion to the effects of house feeling; so important an item is the intense rivalry existing between the different houses, amongst the causes which combine to produce the final result. It has sometimes been doubted whether this is not productive of more jealousy and ill-feeling than is compensated for by the increased efforts towards efficiency. It is true, no doubt, that if at any time two houses are nearly matched in any respect, *e.g.* in football, the hostility of the contending parties assumes a very marked character. Were this permanent, it would be highly injurious, but in fact it is only temporary; no sooner does the one house, by the loss of two or three individual members, become clearly weaker, than the hostile temper of their opponents disappears before the collapse of resistance. On the other hand, the continual emulation of the separate houses supplies by far the most powerful stimulus yet discovered by experience for awakening the inmost depths of individual and collective character and abilities. Practical experience has testified that under these circumstances the individual will undertake on behalf of the community an amount of exertion that he would never have undertaken on his own. It cannot be denied that the tendency of school life at Marlborough is to very strongly impress this feeling on the character of every individual. Supported as it is on either hand by personal pride and school pride, backed up and encouraged by strong public opinion, house pride is well calculated to lay the foundations of an earnest and fervent patriotism, which, in all its many sided developments, will prove in after-life the most deeply-seated and heart-stirring of the emotions, such as may with confidence be relied on to make every man a good and serviceable citizen, whether or not he has been born to make his mark on the world.

O. M.

---

## IDEAL EDUCATION.

---

SUPPOSING some one of a philosophic and enquiring spirit were to ask any free and intelligent schoolboy why his natural guardians had compelled him to come to school; and supposing the intelligent schoolboy, in the plenitude of his intelligence, were to reply that he had been sent there to be educated; and supposing the too inquisitive questioner were then to proceed to further enquire, after the Socratic fashion, what meaning he attached to the word education, what was the process, and how it acted to



produce the required result, and what that result was: query, would that intelligent schoolboy be able to reply categorically and satisfactorily on these points?

Not only ninety-nine out of a hundred boys, but probably the majority of parents as well, are victims to the popular error that education is simply, and exactly synonymous with a course of training for business pursuits. According to this theory, education should include nothing which is not directly serviceable in the particular profession for which the boy may be designed: for example, it is common to hear such statements made, as that geometry is a superfluous study for ordinary men, whose occupations do not involve a knowledge of the higher mathematics founded on it. If our boasted modern civilization really penetrated below the skin, it would be unnecessary to expose a fallacy so obviously originating in the meanest and narrowest order of intellect. It is founded upon the absurd assumption that we live in order to obtain the means to live; that commercial transactions are the end object of existence; that intellectual culture and refinement are not only unnecessary but even unprofitable. Such a theory of life sets reasoning man on a level with the beasts that perish; yet in merit so far below them, as in the possession of the intellectual faculties, which he suffers to be degraded to this end, he is above them.

But there is a stage above this, to which all fairly intelligent persons may be expected to eventually attain, when they have had some experience; beyond it they cannot rise but by the study of philosophy. By those who have reached this point it is freely admitted that many studies which are not of direct importance should be pursued by all who wish to be educated, but still only with a view to the consequent sharpening or development of the mental powers which results from their increased exercise. It cannot indeed be said in defence of this proposition that it is based upon any higher conception of the object of life than the previous one; but it has at least the merit of tending to produce by natural effects some foreshadowings of philosophic culture which its adherents never contemplated, yet will not now repudiate.

The true theory of education is at least, as old as Plato; and now, now, after more than 2000 years, the mass of so-called civilized people are quite as little able to appreciate it as they were then. Education, to fulfil its proper ends, should be as completely abstracted, as the conditions of human life will allow, from every consideration of profit or advantage. The end of education is knowledge, simply knowledge, pursued for its own sake absolutely, and without the slightest attention to the practical results which may or may not be anticipated from it; just as virtue, on the same lofty principle, is to be sought after solely for itself, and not, as less divine spirits have ordained, for the hope of reward or fear of punishment. This is indeed a hard saying; and there must be but few who are capable of even aiming clearly at so high an ideal standard. But there is a stepping-stone to this position which all may reach, whose dim and clouded vision is not capable of gazing upon the brightness of the ideal. Education may be

regarded as a process of mental development conducted with a view to the increase of intellectual gratification; and it is from this point that we propose to consider it at present. It may be assumed for this purpose that every mind is capable of being developed in some considerable number of ways; not all in the same number, but some more and some less; and also, some especially in some ways, and some in others; and yet again some are capable of much greater development in particular ways than others. These three forms of difference correspond respectively to capacity, character, and force of intellect; and all must be taken into account. For example, music is a clearly defined branch of knowledge, requiring a separate culture from all others; in point of capacity probably all are able to attain some knowledge of it, who are not physically disabled; all, however, do not possess naturally, and may sometimes be unable to acquire, a taste for it; and all certainly cannot follow it up to the same point. It is indeed only too common to see men who do not appear to have the slightest comprehension of music; but it may safely be inferred that this is almost invariably due to neglect of culture when young; in this, as in all other forms of learning, the faculty of acquiring knowledge, if not exercised at first, disappears completely soon after the age of manhood. And the object of musical culture is, secondarily, to enable the student to appreciate the beauty of good music, and thereby to add to his enjoyment of life a whole class of pleasure from which he would otherwise be necessarily excluded; but, primarily, to elevate and refine the higher faculties and emotions of the mind, teaching them to contemplate unutterable things, and lifting them in spirit above this cramped and narrow existence. That it tended to this end the old Greeks were well aware; in all their schemes of education we find music figuring as the principal means to the refining of the mind, and indeed occupying a more generally prominent position than anyone would be disposed to allot to it at the present day, with our wide range of educational subjects. Still we may hope that it is not impossible even now, that music may be once more included in the best of things of which some knowledge is indispensable.

The above is intended merely as an illustration of the way in which each branch of the subject should be regarded; space would fail us, did we attempt to enter upon a complete classification of the others. It is sufficient to point out that the essential virtue of such studies consists in the absence of practical utility. But let it not be supposed therefore that practically useful studies are condemned; by no means, but they are not to be regarded as education; rather they should be called training. It would be well if a distinction could be made in schools between the boys who were to be educated, and the boys who were merely to be trained; so that a boy who had been taught nothing more than a few modern languages, practical mathematics, and so on, might not grow up under the delusion that he was an educated man. It would also be a curious test of the general intellectual standard of the nation to observe the proportion of parents who preferred training to education, if it was clearly explained to them that education



was merely intended to develop the mind, whilst training would enable them to be successful in the world.

PHILOMUSUS.

---

### FROM SYDNEY TO SANDON, N.Z.

(Continued.)

The pier, which is called Queen's wharf, is shaped like the letter T; and a few years ago had to be enlarged, and was being enlarged at our time of leaving Wellington for Sydney. After leaving the wharf, I was shown the hotel from which the coaches start, and on making inquiries at that place, I learnt that one of Cobb and Co.'s coaches started the next day at 6 a.m. for Sandon, which is 120 miles from Wellington, the fare being £2. So I returned to the steamer and slept on board that night, after getting the watchman to promise to wake us up at 5 the next morning. As we arrived when it was dark, I could not see any part of the city so as to describe it, but in going to inquire about the coaches, I perceived that all the houses were built of wood, a prejudice existing against brick buildings on account of smart shocks of earthquake which are sometimes felt in Wellington.

The next morning, we were up by a quarter to 5, and with the seamen from the steamer to carry our luggage, we made our way to the coach office. After waiting half-an-hour, the coach at length appeared with four sleepy-looking horses without a bit of life in them. The road first of all skirts the shores of the harbour for three miles running parallel with the Hutt railway line, and then strikes inland up a wooded ravine called Ngahauranga, on emerging from which the village of Johnsonville is reached. Further on is Tawa Flat, the country adjoining being somewhat broken into ridges and gullies. Twelve miles from Wellington, Porirua harbour is reached, which is chiefly used by small coasting vessels. Skirting the shores of the harbour, the road winds along through pretty scenery towards Pahautanui, a picturesque village situated at the foot of a steep hill, on the summit of which once stood a Maori war Pah or fortification, the site being now occupied by a church. At Pahautanui, which is close to the shores of Porirua harbour, we had breakfast at 9 o'clock, while the horses were changed. Looking seawards the flat topped island of Mana can be seen, with a light-house on its summit. Mana is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, half-a-mile wide, and 450 feet high, is covered with pasture, and used as a sheep run. Still travelling onwards the Horokiwi valley is next passed through. After passing the hotel there, which is about twenty-four miles from Wellington, we began to ascend the Paikakariki Hill, the road winding up a steep side cutting, overhanging a bushy gully for several miles, till the summit of the spur is reached, when a splendid view of the whole west coast line of the Province is presented to the eye. Standing on the coast of the hill, 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and looking northward, a great plain of splendid land can be seen stretching out below, with the beach on one side and bounded inland by mountain ranges. A few miles north and three seawards from the beach, is situated the Island

of Hapiti, nearly 1,800 feet high, while out to sea one can see a distance of nearly 40 miles. Nearly 200 miles off may be discerned in clear weather the perpetually snow-capped Mount Egmont in the Taranaki Province, which rises in a perfect cone. Looking across Cook Straits, the Hills of Middle Island are visible on a clear day, while far inland the sight is bounded by the Tatarua ranges.

We descended this hill by a side cutting, which in some parts is nearly 1000 feet above the sea, and moreover is so steep that if anything is once over the edge of the road, it will never stop rolling till it reaches the bottom. People on foot are also in danger of the sheep above loosing boulders and rolling them on their heads. At the foot of this hill five fresh horses were attached to the coach, and it was here we saw the first Maori, a girl of about 19, minding children. She was of an olive brown colour, well formed, and powerfully built, with long dark hair. As soon as we were ready again we started off and got on to the beach, which was of hard sand, the wheels scarcely leaving a track behind. Along this beach we went for nearly twenty miles, crossing two rivers, the first of which is the Waikance; on the bank of this river is a sand-hill covered with pipi shells, which in the distance appears like a mound of shells, for which travellers often mistake it. We went through this river all right, the water being about three feet deep; but the next river was a little deeper, between seven and eight feet, so that we had to cross over in a boat, while the coach went through the water. Most of the gentlemen went over in the first boat, but the opposite bank had such a gentle slope that each one had to give a good jump to clear the water. The ladies and a couple of us went over in the next trip, in which the Maori in charge was so awkward, that he not only took a long while going across, but also sent one of his bare feet through a hat box. This Maori, seeing the ladies could not jump far enough, and that the gentlemen were afraid of wetting their feet, said something to his son, who immediately put his back to the ladies and made signs for them to put their arms round his neck and be carried ashore, which they had to do. This amused the Maoris standing about very much, for they do not often see European ladies embracing a native's neck. After the horses had swam over with the coach, we took our seats in it again, paid sixpence each for the boat, and went on our way. The road is still along the sea beach, and then strikes inland to the village of Otaki, which is situated about two miles from the sea and adjoining the bank of the Otaki River. We reached Otaki about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were quite ready for the dinner which we had there, while the horses were changed. There were about thirty Maoris hanging about the hotel in this place.

After staying here for about half an hour, we proceeded on through a lot of sand, the gentlemen walking till the coach reached the beach, along which we went for about twenty miles, when we entered the bush along a sandy track; here we had to walk a mile through sand to the Monawatu River. This is a bar river, navigable by small steamers only, which run between Wellington and Poxton.



After crossing over in a punt we at length reached Foxton. Our journey for the next twenty-five miles was now by rail to Palmerston, so the driver gave us tickets, and after waiting for about half an hour we at length started on, managing to keep up a speed of twelve miles an hour, with as much jolting and shaking as there was in the coach. Palmerston was reached in two hours time at 11 p.m., and we made for what appeared to be the best hotel. Breakfast was ready at half-past 2 next morning, and at 3 a.m. we were off again, this time along smooth metalled roads, now and then crossing creeks over strong wooden bridges.

At daybreak the coach was slowly ascending Mount Stewart, from which the village of Sandon could be seen, about four miles ahead. The descent was along a very smooth road, the land each side being under cultivation. At last, about 5.30 a.m., on the 15th January, we arrived at Sandon, having accomplished the journey in six days and a half.

A. H. GRACE.

---

### GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

---

THE great want of a Grammar School for Girls has been felt here for some time, and it is with pleasure we notice that Mr. Windeyer (Member for the University) has filled up the desideratum by succeeding in passing a resolution of the House affirming that it is necessary to establish a Grammar School for Girls, and a sum of money has been placed on the Estimates for the carrying out of the same.

The necessity for educating girls as well as boys has been acknowledged in Victoria, New Zealand, Queensland, and other places. Then why not here as well. Many eminent writers have maintained the necessity for educating girls. The National (or Public) Schools of the colony are entirely inadequate for giving a high class education to girls. These Public Schools are designed to afford an elementary education to the pupils, so that the youth of the colony shall not be entirely devoid of knowledge. Four-fifths of our private (girls') schools are as bad, if not worse. Much has been said about bringing up "Young Australia" in a manner befitting the land of his birth. But how can this be done if our girls are not properly educated? If they have not received a high-class education, how can they bring up their children in a way worthy of this country. We have seen too much of the evil effects of bad or inefficient education of girls. The University of London has acknowledged the necessity for high-class education and has admitted girls to take degrees, and to study the same as ordinary students. Lately too, a young lady was admitted as a B.A. in the New Zealand University, which also encourages girls' education. As we had said above, the Public Schools are merely to give the general population some idea of knowledge, and as four-fifths of the private schools of the colony are worse than useless, it is to be hoped that Mr. Windeyer's project (in which we heartily concur) may be a success, and do all the good it is intended to do, and we hope, ere long, to see the Grammar School for girls flourishing in our midst.

## GERMAN KINDER-GARTEN TRAINING.

## V.

You will have observed already that in Fröbel's programme there is no mention made of reading, writing, and arithmetic; of grammar, geography, and history; of rules, precepts, or general propositions; not a word about books, nor even of instruction at all in its ordinary sense; yet you will also have observed that there is ample provision for activity and energy of various kinds—activity of limbs, activity of the senses, activity of the mind, heart, and of the religious instinct.

It is in this immense field of natural energies that the Fröbellian idea "lives, moves, and has its being." You will further see that the carrying out of this programme involves something very different in spirit and essence from the ordinary course of an English Infant School, to which children are often carried merely "to get them out of the way"

Having said, at the commencement of this essay, that Fröbel, as an educator, begins at the very beginning, I ought now to add that in his great work, "On the Education of Man," he takes into consideration the circumstances of the child during the period which precedes the Kindergarten age, and gives many valuable hints to guide the mother, who is Nature's deputy and helper, for the first three years of its life. As, however, to describe his views and plans in relation to that period would occupy us too long, I confine myself to the Kindergarten age. In Fröbel's opinion, the mother who consults the true interests of her child will, when he is three years old, give him up to the governess of the Kindergarten. In this respect he differed from Pestalozzi, who thought that the mother, as the natural educator of the child, ought to retain the charge of him up to his sixth or seventh year.

It is easy to see that, if this opinion be acted on, the education of the child will be restricted to the experience of the family circle. According to Fröbel, this basis is too narrow. The family circle does not generally afford a sufficient scope for the development of those activities which, in their combination, constitute life. A system of education, therefore, founded on this narrow basis, does not really prepare the child for that intercommunion and constant intercourse with his fellow-men of which life, broadly interpreted, consists. Fröbel moreover doubts, with much reason, whether mothers generally are qualified for the task assigned them by Pestalozzi, and points out that if they are not, the child must suffer from their incompetence, even if he lose nothing through neglect occasioned by the demands of the household upon their time and strength. He therefore insists that in order to furnish children with opportunities for displaying and developing all their natural capabilities, they must be brought together in numbers. The mutual action and reaction of forces and activities thus necessitated presents, in fact, a miniature picture of the larger life to which they are destined.

The passions, emotions, sufferings, desires of our common humanity, have



There both scope and occasion for their fullest manifestation ; while the intellectual powers, under the stimulus of inexhaustible curiosity and of aptitude for imitation and invention, are excited to constant action. At the same time the bodily powers—hands, feet, muscles, senses—under the influence and impulse of companionship, are more actively exercised, and the health of the constitution thereby promoted, while a larger and better opportunity is supplied for learning the resources of the mother-tongue. The Kindergarten, therefore, for its full development, requires the bringing together of children in numbers ; in order that they may not only be educated, but educate themselves and each other ; and requires, moreover, the surrender, on the mother's part, of the charge which she is, as a rule, unfitted to discharge, into the hands of those who understand and are trained for the work. This, then, is one of the cases in which Fröbel takes a crude and unconditioned notion of Pestalozzi's, and organises it into a clear and consistent rule of action.

We are still only standing on the circumference of Fröbel's expansive idea of education.

Let us now enter within the circle, and make our way to the centre.

In order to do this effectually, let us form a conception of the genesis of the idea—an idea not less distinguished by its originality as a theory than by its far-extending practical issues.

EIN LEHRER.

---

### THE PREFECTS, THAT ARE LEAVING SCHOOL THIS QUARTER.

---

FROM the VIth, Barker 1, Moriarty 1. Barker, whether as Corporal in the "Cadet Corps, or a most dauntless hardheaded, and generally pachydermatous "forward" in the Foot-ball Team, will not easily be replaced. In addition to this he was a conscientious Prefect, a trusty friend, and a most excellent fellow all round. It is not true, that he was a candidate for one of Mr. Nelson's writing prizes. Barker is leaving Sydney early in January to prosecute his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh. We wish him every success, and feel sure that he will maintain the credit of the Sydney Grammar School at Edinburgh, as so many of his predecessors have done. Moriarty, we are informed, intends to adopt the profession of the law. If considerable taste and scholarly instinct help to make a good lawyer, Moriarty should distinguish himself.

From the Vth, "Billy" Neill, the veteran of the school, and long known as "one of the best hearted fellows" in the place. What will the Cadet Corps do without its handsome Sergeant?

We can only say to them as to the other fellows leaving (an *adituary* notice of whom will appear in our next), that they must not forget the old place. We shall not forget them.

PROFITABLE REFLECTIONS FOR THE UPPER-SCHOOL  
DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

- 1.—Resolve to attend the Debating Society regularly. Let every fellow in the VIth look upon this as a duty. "Conference maketh a ready man."
- 2.—Write something—but not poetry (?) please—for the *Sydneian*. "Rem tene, verba sequentur."
- 3.—Make all your arrangements for the coming quarter during the first week. "Dimidium facti qui coepit habet." Procrastination is not always the best policy.
- 4.—Elect Secretaries for the various Committees for their business qualities and not for their personal popularity.
- 5.—In work and in play avoid differences—"Non omnia possumus omnes"—and study division of labour, "divide et impera."

---

"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

---

On the sloping brow of a mountain side,  
Hid away from the stormy wind,  
Where the singing rivulets gently glide,  
Through the haunts of the deer and hind,

Through the land of the fawns and the fairies free  
Where the sylph takes his airy flight,  
And the drooping bough of the weeping tree  
Forms the home of the sunbeam bright—

Of old sunbeam, who, into every nook,  
Peeps his small but enquiring eye;  
And whose shortest peep leaves a cheering look,  
Fain to hinder the deepest sigh.

In this lovely spot, pretty flow'rets grew,  
And they shed their sweet scent around;  
On their blushing petals, soft zephyrs blew,  
Gentle dews cooled the heated ground.

Then sure! not a bud, nor a flower could die,  
Tended thus with a thoughtful care;  
Never breathed could be e'en the softest sigh  
By a fairy or sylphid there.



But beneath the ground lived the "hillmen" small,  
 And they vented their wicked spite  
 On the sunbeam, fairies, and flow'rets all,  
 And they darkened the perfect light.

Yes,—the blossoms drooped, and they died away  
 As their murd'ers laughed with scorn,  
 And while sunbeam hid, shades came o'er the day,  
 True—"No rose is without a thorn."

HILDA.

### THE CASTLE OF HORRORS.

THE night was black, and through the hollow caves,  
 Did shriek and howl the winds, like hellish fiends,  
 The thunders roared as if the heavens would burst,  
 And lightnings flashed, in crooked darts and fierce,  
 And for one instant lighting up the scene  
 They made the blackness denser and more black ;  
 Then striking some dead tree that still upstood,  
 Awoke the dry tall branches from their sleep,  
 And bathed them in a flood of running fire.  
 While burning timber crackled loud, the light  
 Showed to mine eyes the mouldering broken walls  
 Of some large castle, which, methought, "though old  
 Will serve to shade me from this ghostly storm."  
 Ev'n as I thought, fresh howls, fresh shrieks, I heard,  
 And shudd'ring close I drew my cloak around ;  
 Then trembling, carefully my way I look,  
 Towards that antique ruin, Every step  
 I stumbled, for the plain was thickly strewed  
 With harsh, rough boulders, whose dark outlines rose.  
 But scarcely visible, e'en by the light  
 Of lightning's brightest flash ; I found myself,  
 When many times I had thus fallen, beneath  
 The cold grey walls, and looking up, afresh  
 I shuddered, and I felt my hair on end,  
 And my flesh creep, while horror seized my soul.  
 The place was desolate and ghostly owls  
 Did hoot and scream, and flap their wings, and brush,  
 Down from the heights, the crumbling mortar  
 Which striking, at my feet, the ground, echoed  
 A hollow sound, which added horror still.  
 The ivy rustled o'er my head, and then methought  
 A cold white form appeared, then disappeared.  
 Oh ! sure, 'twere best to face the storm, nor seek

For shelter in such dismal spot, and weird,  
 But fresh the tempest roared, and fresh the flash,  
 Then with firm tread, I forward set my face,  
 And entered through the portal, and my steps  
 Did echo, and re-echo through the place,  
 Till fresh, my blood ran cold, and horror struck,  
 I stayed my steps, as fearful to proceed,  
 As to retrace my way. Then in the dark,  
 Up-rising from the crumbling floor, I saw  
 A form, white, indistinct, and beckoning,  
 And spell bound, dumb I followed (stumbling oft),  
 Through mould'ring halls, and winding corridors ;  
 When sudden, lo ! my guide did disappear,  
 I turned me round to flee, but nought appeared  
 To my affrighted eyes, save the black dark,  
 And all around, I seemed enclosed by walls.  
 Then as I gazed, there shone up from the ground,  
 A yellow, ghostly light, showing the place  
 Wherein I stood. The walls were damp and cold  
 Nor was there window there, but one great door  
 That creaked and groaned upon its broken hinge.  
 Along the floor, reptiles, most hideous, crawled,  
 And, with a hissing sound, their forked tongues  
 Darted towards my face. I turned and ran  
 And into lighter regions made my way ;  
 Then paused to breathe, when lo ! a scuffling noise  
 I heard, and saw the shade of that last lord  
 (In whose ancestral home, I now did stray),  
 Whose murders, and whose deeds atrocious, caused  
 These frightful scenes : and there was death, all black,  
 With hideous form and horrid countenance.  
 His iron hook did tear the struggling limbs  
 Of his companion, scarce less hideous,  
 Who grappled with all might, and yelled and shrieked  
 Till every beam, and rafter did resound  
 At last victorious, stood the great grim death,  
 Who whirled aloft his club, and rolled his eyes  
 Defying all, he cried that he was lord  
 Then suddenly my trembling form espied,  
 And fast with horrid yells towards me came.  
 I turned, I fled, but fast did he pursue ;  
 Till right before me, lo ! an awful chasm,  
 That yawned and opened to receive me in,  
 And helpless down I fell into the depths.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then trembling, quiv'ring I at last awoke  
 And found 'twas all a dream.

HILDA.



## THE DEATH OF SARAI.

'Tis in the vale of Mamre ; all is hushed.  
 The purple vineyards mantle o'er the land,  
 And from th' ethereal skies a soft light falls  
 Which clothes with lurid radiance all around.  
 Its wonted joyous look the Patriarch's camp  
 Has lost, for sorrow throws a cloud o'er all ;  
 It stands deserted and alone.—

No sound

Re-echoes from the verdant hill-sides round ;  
 The shepherd's much-loved lute lies idle by,  
 And flocks untended wander as they will.  
 What meaneth this ?

The Friend of God comes forth,  
 His noble features wear the shade of care,  
 And pausing oft, his feeble footsteps reach  
 The tent, where lately dwelt his wife, his joy ;  
 Whose gentle presence oft his heart had cheered.  
 In agony he bends his aged head ;  
 His stooping posture shows his mourning deep,  
 And tells the tale :—The mistress of the tent  
 Doth sleep—the sleep from which none ever wake—  
 The sleep of Death.

HILDA.

## HALF-A-DOZEN HIDDEN FLOWERS.

- (1.)—To my aid I call you, Muses, Flora, Pan, sylvan fawns, and dryad girls ; how may I hide my flowers ?
  - (2.)—Ye Nereids haste, nor linger till Andromeda is yet more beauteous, and so surpasses yourselves.
  - (3.)—Nor I pray you ever be Narcissus like, and foolishly wait to gaze at your own shadows till loving them, you also turn to flowers and need a hiding place
  - (4.)—Delay not till you like Hero see death, and in despair plunge into the waters, sink, and so be unable to render me aid.
  - (5.)—Venus, goddess of beauty, mother of love and queen of laughter, beneath whose feet spring the bright flowers, come in thy chariot, beauteous whole, and Eros fluttering round shall guide thy doves.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- (6.)—My task is done, and done alone, for those I earnestly implored (certainly, they were unlikely ones to help me in my difficulty) came not at my call, and how have I the means to force them to my will, or chide their disobedience ?

HILDA.

## LINES TO A-MUSE.

O muse of Lyric Poets, once  
 Again I ask your aid,  
 Inspire me with a lively *vein*,  
 Or *vain* (I am afraid)  
 Will my attempt to write a *verse*  
 If you're *averse*, now prove,  
 But first I beg Harpocrates  
 That cat to silence move,  
 Whose *news* would fright my *muse* away  
 As hounds do *emus* wild,  
 If gods or *Fates* won't end his *fate*  
 Befriend me Furies styled,  
 But if perchance the muse disdain  
 The prayer with which I greet her,  
 I must *succumb*, unless she *come*  
 How can I rush to *metre*!  
 My *so'le* request Euterpe then  
 I pray you'll grant betime  
 To warm, that I may *rhyme* my *soul*  
 Which now is cold as *rimé*.  
 A word about the weather first  
 Which Jupiter Pluvius sends,  
 Who while he *reigns*, *rains* plenteously  
 For drought to make amends,  
 Unless he *curb* the bustling winds  
 And *rive* the *rain* clouds less.  
 He'll *stir up* such a luckless change  
 And *sad'll* be the mess.  
 The fates to the late Ministry  
 Propitious are no more,  
 The *Land* Bill to them *terror* bro't,  
 And proved a luckless bore.  
 Their *knell* was toll'd, Farnell told *Fitz*  
 They into *fits* were beat;  
 Perhaps it ill *befits* me now  
 To mention their defeat;  
 But when the tellers read the *lists*  
 O *list* to what befel  
 The members of the Ministry!  
 I shan't in detail tell  
 How Farnell's eye in *frenzy* roll'd,  
 His *friends* he looked at few,  
 Their faces showed they had not *won*;  
 They *wondered* each *one* too



How *Burns* with indignation *burns*  
 'Gainst those that him oppose,  
 And *Leary* strove to *leer*, *he* look'd  
 Drawn daggers at his foes,  
 And how in fine the Government,  
 By gestures uncontroll'd,  
 Their grief and disappointment show'd.  
 Enough of them I've told.

G. T. M.

### DINNER TO THE RIFLE TEAM.

THE complimentary dinner to the Rifle Team took place last Friday evening in the school dining-room. There were about forty present, including ex-students, of whom there was a good muster. Want of time prevents us giving anything but a short account of the speeches. After due justice had been done to the good things provided by Mr. R. Miller, and the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, the Chairman (Captain Weigall) proposed the "Rifle Team," who had at last won the Bugle for the School, expressing his admiration of the way in which they had worked together in practice, and of the way in which they had been coached by Lieutenant Anderson. He proposed the "Rifle Team," coupled with the names of Lieutenant Anderson and Colour-Sergeant Bowman. Mr. Anderson, in responding, said that the Team had done all that he could have wished, they had practised steadily throughout the quarter, and had never shot so well as when they were required to shoot well. He took that opportunity of thanking the ex-Cadets for the handsome prize they had offered; it had acted as a sort of stimulus, though it had not had much time to work. Colour-Sergeant Bowman also responded. The Chairman then presented Badges to W. F. Barker, Barlee, and Dezarnaulds, and prizes (value £1) to Corporals Thomson and Barker, and Cadet Barlee. Ex-Sergeant Hodge proposed the "Cadet Corps." Captain Weigall responded. The next toast was that of the "Cricket Team," proposed by Mr. Meyrick and responded to by Mr. Francis and Q.M.S. Baylis. "The Sydneian" was proposed by Teece and responded to by Barlee. "The Debating Club," by McPherson, and responded to by Neill. "The Rowing Club," was proposed by Mr. Francis, and responded to by J. Mullins. "The Masters," by A. Bowman, responded to by Captain Weigall. "The VIth. Form, the Intellect of the School," proposed by E. M. Bowman, and responded to by Wilkinson. "Ex-Cadets," Colour-Sergeant Bowman, was responded to by Hill and A. Bowman. "The Ladies," L. Corporal Higgins, responded to by Cadet Higgins. "The Bologna Lodge" was the last toast, proposed at some length by Teece, and responded to by Grand Master McPherson.

## NOT BY EURIPIDES.

When Æsculapius met his death,  
 At the hands of wrathful Jove,  
 His father then the Cyclops slew,  
 With fire from above.  
 For this offence he had to serve  
 As slave to mortal man ;  
 And with Admetus, Pheres' son,  
 His servitude began.  
 Admetus lived at Pherae, King,  
 Alcestis was his wife,  
 His father and his mother had  
 But short remaining life.  
 Apollo from the fates obtained  
 A new life for his lord,  
 Could he but give a substitute  
 To gloomy death abhorred.  
 Now when Admetus' end drew near  
 His parents would not die,  
 To save their selfish son so dear  
 Their life they'd not deny ;  
 Alcestis therefore gave her life  
 To stay her husband's end.  
 Unselfish is *her* character,  
 Which we must all commend.  
 Brave Hercules was on his way  
 To drive the Thracian steeds,  
 And in his friend Admetus' house  
 His appetite he feeds,  
 Until Alcestis's death he learns,  
 Told by a mourning slave,  
 When straightway off he goes, and keeps  
 A watch beside the grave,  
 Until he conquers grim black death,  
 Who, overpowered, sets free  
 Alcestis, mourned as dead by all  
 And all goes merrily.

WALKER.

---

 "THE MYSTERIOUS WORDS."
 

---

THE night was dark, dreary, and cold, and such as we Australians would call "mucky." On such a night a man might be seen going up and down the streets and lanes of London. The clothes that he wore would not have brought twopence at a pawnbroker's. This man had a dark lowering countenance, and had thick, black, matted hair. As this man walked up



and down the streets he muttered these mysterious words—*the deed must be done*. Did these words mean that he was to break open a house and perhaps commit murder? That famous clock (*Big Ben* at Westminster, which has tolled in days of joy, and days of sadness, in days of festivities and fun, and in the time when the most atrocious deeds were done, struck the hour of midnight. Still the man kept walking on and saying to himself those mysterious words. The time rolled on; it tolled the hour of one, but still the man walked on. He did not care for the drenching rain, which was pouring down in torrents. He walked along Fenchurch-street, until he came into an alley which went off the aforesaid street. He walked up that alley until he came to what might be termed a terrace of houses. At one of these he stopped and opened the door and went in. In the room into which he entered there were few articles of furniture. On a shelf there was a revolver. He took that down, and taking off his boots went up the creaky stairs. Not a bit of noise did he make, for he trod so very lightly. At last he got up to the top, and then he opened the door of one of the rooms and peeped in. There was only the sound of heavy breathing to tell that it was occupied. As the man stooped down, conspicuous amongst his clothes was a thick leathern strap, and to that strap was fixed a formidable bowie-knife. He opened the door and went in. He went over to a bed, and as he looked into it he said "*the deed must be done*." He then woke three little children that were in the bed and told them all to stand in a row, and as he told them this he took off his strap and began to sharpen his knife, saying as he did so "*the deed must be done*." He then went to a cupboard and gave them each a piece of bread and jam.

So you see my readers "*the mysterious words*" are explained.

F. S. M.

---

### ON FISH.

---

Not long since a party of twelve sat down to lunch after walking some distance through the bush. The keen air had made their appetites as sharp as the point of a tin opener, and they as naturally turned their thoughts upon the only tin of salmon left, as the tin opener did its point. However some of the party sharper than the rest, and I should think quite as sharp as the instrument above named, were determined to have their share by any means, and accordingly opened a conversation, while the one to whose lot it had fallen opened the tin. The subject was whether the recently imported salmon ova would sufficiently increase to supply the Colonial market. While the openers of the debate were saying most absurd things purposely, the other party grew as warm as our friend the tin of salmon by the fire, and when the knowing ones had created sufficient interest in the matter (meanwhile the future dinnerless ones lost sight of the principal) they both set to work to exhaust their subject, and strangely both finished their subject at the same time. I will leave my readers to guess how the earnest disputants pondered over the fallacy of their subject, when upon inquiry they found there was no salmon over.

## THE VALUE OF GYMNASIA.

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to say that I think the young men of Sydney would be much benefitted in health by a regular and systematic course of careful gymnastic instruction, such as is now given to every officer and private of the army; and I think, too, that many would thereby be kept from drinking and dissipation, and also from the wish for it; as it is a well-known fact that when the muscular system is in a healthy, vigorous state, the craving for stimulants (which, I think, ought only to be taken for a short time, as medicines), is much less than it is when the muscles are in a thin flabby state. This fact is so well recognised in the United States, that at Binghampton, the State Inebriate Asylum, there is a spacious gymnasium, which, when I visited it in 1870, was under the superintendence of Major —, a reformed inebriate. Bodily exercise is also employed with great advantage at lunatic asylums; and at Earlswood Idiot Asylum, I understand, the boys are put through a course of gymnastics before any endeavour is made to develop that dormant mental faculty which is generally possessed by each idiot. If, then, muscular work is so beneficial in curing dipsomania, lunacy, and idiocy, surely it must be equally so in preventing these terrible, but, alas, too common diseases. Indeed, most people must have noticed the curative property of exercise in dispelling melancholy, that frequent forerunner of lunacy, and also in lessening pain; but exercise of the upper parts of the body is especially efficacious, and, indeed, can be compressed into a shorter space of time, which is an advantage for business men. And I need hardly remind you that exercise of the chest develops and therefore strengthens that most delicate part, which is very much weakened by the sedentary and stooping occupations in which so many young men are engaged; but this can, I am sure, be counteracted by regular and steady gymnastic exercise, for I have known recruits to increase five or six inches in the chest after the usual three months' course, and there is no doubt that consumption has been warded off by the "movement cure." Soldiers have been so much benefitted by the new military system of gymnastics that the public school councils have taken up the matter, and are beginning to introduce gymnasiums for the use of the boys in wet weather, and at all times; and very much appreciated are they at the schools where they have been introduced, viz., Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton College, and at my old school, Rugby, where a splendid gymnasium has lately been erected at a cost of over £4,000, given by an old Rugbeian, who had been cured of dyspepsia by gymnastics. They would be conferring a great benefit upon their city, upon their own clerks, and therefore upon themselves, because the clerks would be able to do more and better work, and give their services for a longer period, if they attended gymnastic classes. I will also say that if this small sum were guaranteed for the use of the gymnasium, which is now lying idle, I could supply instructors for gymnastics, single stick, fencing, boxing, and calisthenics, at a reasonable rate, from Clifton College gymnasium, which I have the honour to superintend.



Hoping that my feeble words may draw the attention of the public to this most important matter,

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

E. MONTAGU MANNING, Captain,

Late Superintendent of Military Gymnastics.

12 Victoria-square, Clifton.

## CRICKET.

### SECOND ELEVEN v. THIRD ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS OF 3RD ELEVEN.				SECOND INNINGS OF 3RD ELEVEN.			
(Capt.) Thomson, 2, c Cleeve, b				T. Thomson, 11, run out	...	2	
Martin	...	2		F. Barlee, 1121, b Fuller	...	5	
C. Richardson, 1, b Martin	...	1		R. Higgins, 21121111, b McCoy	...	10	
J. McDonald, 111, c Bird, b Martin	...	3		W. Farquhar, 11121, b McCoy	...	6	
W. Farquhar, 111143512, run out	...	19		J. McDonald, 122, b McCoy	...	5	
R. Higgins, 0, c and b Bird	...	0		A. Gerard, 1, c Fairfax, b Martin	...	1	
A. Gerard, 0, b Bird	...	0		G. Eden, 11, b McCoy	...	2	
R. Broomfield, 0, b Bird	...	0		R. Broomfield, 11, run out	...	2	
F. Barlee, 1, c Gorrick, b Fuller	...	1		D. Mackay, 212, not out	...	5	
Eden, 0, c Fairfax, b Fuller	...	0		C. Richardson, not out	...	0	
Mackay, 1, not out	...	1		W. James, absent	...	0	
James, 1, run out	...	1		Byes, 1111	...	4	
Byes, 11	...	2		Wides	...	0	
Wide, 1	...	1		No ball	...	1	
No ball, 1	...	1					
Total	...	32		Total	...	43	

### 2ND ELEVEN.

Gorrick, 1222, b Richardson	...	7		Shute, 21211211, not out	...	11	
Bird, 211, c Gerard, b Richardson	...	4		Smith, 111121, b Thomson	...	7	
Fairfax, 112, h. o. w., b Thomson	...	4		Amess, 0, b Thomson	...	0	
McCoy, 0, b Richardson	...	0		Moffatt, 0, b Thomson	...	0	
Fuller, 12112, b Richardson	...	7		Bye, 1	...	1	
Cleeve, 212112, b McDonald	...	9					
Martin, 1, b Thomson	...	1		Total	...	51	

### ELEVEN v. TWENTY-TWO.—December 7th, Domain.

#### FIRST INNINGS OF TWENTY-TWO.

Street, b Jones	...	0		Smith, c Jones, b Bowman	...	0	
Bird, 2, b Kennedy	...	2		Barlee, 2, c Kennedy, b Bowman	...	2	
Barker, thrown out Fairfax	...	0		Dezarnaulds, c Kelly, b Wilkinson	...	0	
G. Fairfax, 12, b Jones	...	3		Connell, 1612211, c and b Kennedy	...	14	
Ayres, 11511, c Kelly, b Kennedy	...	9		Cleeve, 112, c Kelly, b Jones	...	4	
Gorrick, b Jones	...	0		Davis, 11121, c Mullins, b Kennedy	...	6	
Thomson II, 431111131142222121,				Moffatt, c Rygate, b Kennedy	...	0	
b Bowman	...	33		Richardson, c Bowman, b Fairfax	...	0	
Farquhar, 1, b Rygate	...	1		Roberts, c and b Fairfax	...	0	
Martin, 12111111, b Bowman	...	9		Amess, not out	...	0	
Shute, b Bowman	...	0		Byes, 1111; leg-byes, 11;	...	7	
Thomson I, 12131, c Fairfax, b				wides, 1	...		
Bowman	...	8					
McCoy, 211, b Bowman	...	4		Total	...	102	

## FIRST INNINGS OF ELEVEN.

Baylis, 21112111111, not out ...	13	Neale, c Martin, b Richardson ...	0
Mullins, 31, c Richardson, b Bird ...	4	Fairfax, c Farquhar, b Richardson ...	0
Wilkinson, b Martin ...	0	Mckay, 111, c Bird, b Martin ...	3
Bowman, c Dezarnaulds, b Bird ..	0	Kennedy, c Martin, b Richardson	0
Kelly, 1, c Gorrick, b Bird ...	1		
Rygate, b Bird ...	0	Total ...	33
Jones, 3113112, lbw, b Richardson 12			

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

*The Eleven.*

Jones ...	84 balls, 35 runs, 2 maiden overs, 4 wickets.
Kennedy ...	48 " 8 " 3 " 5 "
Rygate ...	54 " 19 " 2 " 1 "
Bowman ...	66 " 21 " 2 " 7 "
Wilkinson ..	30 " 6 " 3 " 1 "
Fairfax ...	12 " 6 " 0 " 2 "

*The Twenty-Two.*

Martin ...	84 balls, 12 runs, 7 maiden overs, 2 wickets.
Bird ...	60 " 16 " 4 " 4 "
Richardson..	20 " 5 " 0 " 4 "

The report of the match v. Newington was not sent in in time for publication.

## THE CADET CORPS.

THE prizes won at the Annual Prize Meeting at the end of last quarter were presented to the winners by Mrs. Weigall at a full dress parade on Friday, September 20th.

At the same time Mrs. Weigall presented silver stars to Lieutenant Anderson, the captain of the team, and seven others who had been shooting very steadily, viz.—Colour-Sergeant Bowman, Quartermaster-Sergeant Baylis, Corporals Barker and Thomson, Lance-Corporal Gorrick, and Cadets Hill and Thomson. These, together with Cadets Barker, Barlee, and Dezarnaulds have practised steadily three times a week this quarter, and their efforts have been rewarded with great success.

At the Association Meeting our team won the bugle and took seven out of the fifteen prizes offered. Quartermaster-Sergeant Baylis won £3 and Coloured-Sergeant Bowman, Lance-Corporal Gorrick, Cadets Barker, Dezarnaulds, Hill, and Thomson took £1 each. For the "Challenge Bugle" the shooting of the team was very good and even.

Grammar School ...	265
King's School ...	240
Newington ...	212

In 1875 we won the bugle, but we were disqualified through a little oversight on our part, and it was awarded to Newington. Next year we were again at the top of the list when the firing was done; but after a most



irregular appeal from the King's School another centre was awarded them, and as their score was thus one more than ours the bugle was again consigned to exile in Parramatta.

In 1877 we were beaten by Newington, who carried off the coveted prize again; but now Bugler Marshall is the happy possessor thereof, and long may he remain so. We all love "Curly" too much to ever give him the pain of parting with such a neat and becoming ornament.

To celebrate the event the Corps will entertain the team at dinner on Friday, December 6th, when a few choice old fellows are expected to be with us.

Badges will be presented to Cadets Barker, Barlee, and Dezarnaulds, who have proved themselves worthy of them, and prizes will be given by the Company to Corporals Barker and Thomson, and Cadet Barlee, who shot well; but were not entitled to Association prizes thorough some unaccountable magnetic repulsion that exhibited itself between their bullets and the target on one unhappy occasion. (Just at that instant the wind was very gusty, the light was very bad, and the rifles were "canted" just a very little to the left.)

The "old fellows" who were in Camp with us have offered a valuable trophy over £9 for the best twelve scores that shall have been made during this year. Hill, Gorrick, and Thomson are all strong favourites for this prize.

A Marksman's badge for the present year has been awarded to Colour-Sergeant Bowman, Corporals Barker and Thomson, Lance-Corporal Gorrick, and Neale, and Cadets Hill, Dezarnaulds, and Thomson.

The following scores have been taken out of the Scoring Book by Lieutenant Anderson, and are certified by him to be correct. The Officers compliment Cadet Hill on winning the Ex-Cadets' Prize, value £9 12s. 6d., which is entirely due to his constant practising. He made very poor scores at the beginning of the year; but by practice succeeded in making twenty-four scores over 20. Quartermaster-Sergeant Baylis made the next best average, but did not go out often enough to make the necessary twelve shootings. Lance-Corporal Gorrick and Cadet Thomson also made twelve scores of 20, or exceeding 20, which is highly creditable.

		Total.	Average.
Cadet Hill	.. 36,33,33,30,30,29,28,27,27,25,25,24	= 347	= 28 11-12
L.-Corp. Gorrick..	32,30,30,29,29,28,27,26,24,24,23,21	= 323	= 26 11-12
Cadet Thomson ..	35,32,30,29,27,26,24,23,22,20,20,20	= 308	= 25 2-3
Corp. Thomson ..	34,33,30,30,26,26,26,24,23,21,20	= 293	= 26 7-11
Corporal Barker ..	27,25,25,24,24,22,22,21,21,20	= 231	= 23 1-10
Q.M.-Sr. Baylis ..	37,31,30,27,27,27,27,22	= 228	= 28 1-2
Cadet Barlee ..	31,25,24,24,23,23,21,21	= 192	= 24
Cadet Barker ..	30,26,26,24,22,22,20	= 170	= 24 2-7

The prize, a handsome double-barrelled B. L. gun, will be presented by Captain Weigall at 3.15, on Friday next.

HENRY C. L. ANDERSON, Lieutenant.

## MISERABLE.

No home, no friends,  
 No one that lends,  
 No hopes that fill my heart with pleasure;  
 No hat, no shoes,  
 No pleasant news,  
 No earthly thing to call a treasure.

No room, no bed,  
 No fine silk spread,  
 No dressing gown to wrap me up in;  
 No gloves, no socks,  
 No black silk stocks,  
 Nothing like these for me to get in.

No kin, no wife,  
 No love for life,  
 No telling what will come to-morrow:  
 No place to stay,  
 No joy to-day,  
 No friendly smile to smooth my sorrow.

No love, no light,  
 No visions bright,  
 No thought for me that's gay or funny;  
 No sleep, no rest,  
 No kind bequest,  
 And what is worse than all, no money.

## MENDICUS.

## THE MAYOR OF SYDNEY.

*Grammar School to the Fore!*

THE civic elections have just taken place, and the Aldermen have elected from among their number to be Mayor of Sydney, one who has been long known for his liberality, gentlemanly conduct, and good citizenship—we refer to Alderman C. J. Roberts, the Mayor elect. We feel considerable pleasure in recording the fact, for that gentleman, at the banquet at the Town Hall, stated in replying to the toast of his health, that “it was sixteen years ago since he bade farewell to the Sydney Grammar School, where he had passed many happy days.” Proud ought the boys of the Grammar School to be to know that the Mayor of Sydney is an ex-student of this institution. He said further that “he had not long been in the Municipal Council before he thought of his old school days, when he was told, if possible, to get to the top of the class.” He has, so to speak,



now reached the top of the Lower School, and we sincerely trust he may be spared to reach the top of the Upper School and be its Head Master. It is such men who do most good for their country, and we hope to see many more Grammar School boys come to the front, and like Mr. Mayor Roberts, proud to acknowledge their "Alma Mater." We feel sure that, if Mr. Roberts were to pay a visit to the school, he would be heartily welcomed by all the boys.

---

## CORRESPONDENCE.

---

*To the Editor of the Sydneian*

SIR,—Alderman Roberts, the Mayor elect, has stated that he is an old Grammar School boy. I would suggest that a deputation of boys be sent on behalf of the school to congratulate him on his being elected as Mayor of Sydney. Can we not arrange it?

I am, &c.,

GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY.

---

*To the Editor of the Sydneian.*

SIR,—I notice in your issue of October, a letter signed "*Sydney*," having reference to the support given by boys of the Sixth and Fifth Form to the Debating Club. For this lack of interest, I think, there is some real or imaginary reason. Why do not the higher boys give their support to the amusement which brings them, more than any other, into contact with the boys of the Lower School? is a very fair question to ask.

When I first entered the Grammar School the first thing that struck me was, the boys of the Upper School enter at the front door, those of the Lower at the side door; they enter the grounds by a common gate, but seldom or never exchange civilities; after putting away their books, &c., the Upper School loiter about the passages, stand on the doorstep or pull about that venerable old tree, (that Mr. Pratt planted some twenty years ago and is so proud of) while the Lower School, more wise, make use of the pretence of a play-ground provided by the *Trustees* for the amusement of the *whole* school. In that play ground you seldom see any Upper School boys, and why? because they think it beneath their dignity to join in such games as little cricket, marbles, top spinning, &c., &c.; because they are the Upper School, and the Lower School are *the kids*, and therefore are to be looked down on, in short to be treated as though they were a different people and had nothing in common. That these are the feelings of the bulk of the Upper School I am certain, during two years I have watched and noticed, and events have invariably led to these conclusions.

Some movements have been started to bring the schools more together, to give them common interests and to cause more sympathy between them, and in all cases the movements have been supported well by the Lower

School and Fourth Form, and found their strongest opponents in the Sixth and Fifth. Take as an instance the sports fee ; the *strongest* opposition was shown to this, by one of the Sixth, and it was opposed by several of the Fifth, The Lower School, though the subscription was only 1s. 6d. against 2s 6d ; contributed more than the whole of the Upper School, The Debating Club, when first started numbered thirteen members, two of whom were Sixth, one Fifth, and the rest Fourth Form boys. At first the Lower School was not admitted, but on the motion of McPherson, who stated "that it would be the best way to promote better feeling amongst the boys," it was resolved to admit the Lower School, and at our next meeting seventeen were enrolled.

Then, you say, how are the Sixth and Fifth more accountable for this lack of unity than the rest of the Upper School ? Thus, the whole School takes its tone from the Higher Forms, the Sixth's example is more or less imitated by the Fifth, the Fifth's by the Fourth, and so on. So, if the Sixth work to bring about unity, the Fifth will work, the Fourth will work, and so the desired result will, *must* come ; therefore I entreat you, as one man, support the Debating Club ; it is worthy of your best support and regular attendance, if its only object is to increase unity, but it has other objects which also demand your support.

Hoping I have not encroached too much on your valuable space,

I am, yours &c.,

UNICA.

---

*To the Editors of the Sydneian.*

SIRS,—The strike of the A.S.N. Co.'s men has now assumed an aspect simply frightful. The men were described in the *Herald* as perfectly quiet and orderly, but the people, police, and the permanent force have had experience in their quiet and orderly conduct, and it is truly said that the British tar, when his blood is up, is wild and knows hardly what he does ; and these seamen have a peculiar antipathy towards the heathen Chinese, who, with his long pigtail, trots along the street at the risk of his very life. A poor John Chinaman who was set upon in George-street was defended by a shopkeeper, to whom he at once sent as a Christmas box, a small jar of preserved ginger. A wise fellow this ; he hopes to entice all little boys to help them when they are in a difficulty, by giving away a few shillings worth of these sweets.

However, they will have to keep within their dens for a few days at the very least, perhaps a few weeks. The Parliament will have to take some steps to put a stop to this "intimidation" on the part of the seamen, who mercilessly beat even their shipmates who are willing to work. Some people I think, are acting very unwisely in collecting money for the men on strike, of which they know nothing at all. It is to be hoped that this strike will soon end, as many people are sufferers.

I am, Sirs, yours obedient servant,

JEM.



## THE DEBATING CLUB.

THERE is nothing to report about the Club, as there have been no meetings, since our last publication, in consequence of the examinations. We hope, however, to see it carried on as usual next quarter.

## A GHOST STORY.

(CONTINUED BY ANOTHER AUTHOR: VIDE No. V.)

THE next day soon arrived, one of those hot days peculiar to the Christmas holidays, when the thermometer indicates 90° in the shade, and things in general present a very dried-up parched appearance.\* We had made an early breakfast, for, contrary to our resolution of the previous day to stay about the village, we were about to set out on a shooting expedition, as wallabies abounded at B——, and were just preparing to start when we were joined by S——, whose arrival we hailed with joy. S—— was one of those reckless merry fellows who seem to delight in adventures, practical jokes, and larks of any kind. Here was our leader for the coming visit to the ghost; he did not believe in ghosts or spirits of any kind, except perhaps a little \* \* \* brandy, taken on rare occasions, and moreover was eager for the night to come, that we might prove to the villagers that the ghost existed only in their imagination. After a capital day's sport, we returned to our hotel and made arrangements for the coming visit. It was decided that we were to wait for the moon, and to proceed to the church taking with us Tom Collis and a few more of the villagers, on the condition that they need not accompany us on our rash and, as they called it, impious expedition any farther than the churchyard gate.

The moon had risen, and the cicadas were screeching their hardest, and the mournful note of the curlew might be heard from a distant creek, when, at about 11 o'clock we started, for the church was three miles distant and we wished to arrive there about midnight, the hour at which the ghost was said to appear. As we approached the churchyard Tom Collis endeavoured to enliven us with tales of ghosts and of murders which he had heard of, mentioning in particular a murder committed near that very spot, of so dreadful a kind that by the time we reached the church-yard gate, we could feel our courage oozing out of the tips of our fingers, and had it not been for the presence of our leader, I really believe we should have turned tail and fled.

I must dispense with such a panegyric on old moss-grown walls and ivy covered doors as doubtless my predecessor would have entered into, and allow the reader to picture to himself such kind of church as may suit his fancy, stipulating however, that there be a belfry, and that the church be not altogether new. Leaving the villagers at the gate, we proceeded in single

\* The originator of this story mentioned snow and ice as the chief characteristics of the weather, but the present writer, not being familiar with those phenomena and having been always accustomed to associate Christmas with hot weather, has taken the liberty of changing the scene and weather.

file to ring the bell, or die in the attempt. S—— led the way, carrying a bull's-eye lantern in one hand and a stout walking-stick in the other. As for me, I was armed to the teeth, and although I did not let anyone know it, for fear of being laughed at, yet I thought it best to be prepared in case of any emergency. I came third, and two of the party volunteered to bring up the rear, an offer which I gladly accepted, from a desire to be one of the first to welcome his ghostship, for I found that by this time my disbelief in the presence of ghosts was *slightly* shaken; I could not help conjuring up every conceivable horror, every ghost-story I had heard and disbelieved, until I imagined I could almost see the ghost of Cæsar as he appeared to Brutus, though had he been there I was quite certain that he would never catch *me* at Philippi. With the exception of S——, my companions were all more or less funky, and more than once halted to look round, expecting to see some weird shape advancing from the shade of some cypress-tree or tombstone.

In this way we reached the door of the porch, and slowly proceeded up the aisle leading to the vestry, S—— having, to our horror, carefully extinguished the lantern. Before reaching the belfry we would have to pass through the vestry, from which one door led to the belfry tower, and another to the church-yard. On reaching the vestry two of us were to mount the stairs and reconnoitre. The only difficulty was who was to go with S——. At last one rather bolder than the rest consented to follow, and anxiously we watched for their return; seconds seemed minutes and minutes seemed hours, as we heard our friends slowly winding round and round the staircase; but as we saw no signs of the phantom our courage rose considerably, and we began to think what hero-worship we should receive in the morning from the villagers.

In a few minutes S—— and his companion returned, and were just telling us that they could see nothing, when the bell began to toll with a slow measured note, and turning round we beheld the long-sought spectre. There stood the ghost, a tall skeleton-like figure in a white robe, with a faint light playing about its eyes, and its right hand extended, as if commanding us to depart and not disturb the dead. Our knees shook under us, and with a prolonged howl three of us turned and fled like the veriest cowards. I have often wished to run, and have often been compelled to run, but never have I equalled the speed with which I ran that night. Out of the vestry, helter skelter across the churchyard we ran, seeking only to escape from the spectre, that with S—— and his companion held possession of the vestry, and as far as we were concerned might hold it, until at length our flight was stopped by falling head first into a newly dug grave, where we lay until morning.

But although the ghost had put to flight three of the party S—— was a little too brave to be at all perturbed by its presence. He made a rush at it with his stick, and the ghost, not anticipating such courage, gathered up his long robe and made a dignified retreat backwards, closely followed by our hero, whose valour now rose to its height. Each quickened his pace until the spirit, intent only on escaping from this rash



intruder upon his solitude, made a slip, and with a cry of terror fell backwards and disappeared in a well that had long been disused and was now almost hidden by the long kangaroo-grass that grew round its edge. S—— advanced cautiously to the brink of the hole, and finding that the ghost was likely to suffer a second death, kindly lent a hand and drew forth the very man who had tried to dissuade us from visiting the church—the waiter of the hotel. S——, who fully expected some such wind-up to the evening's amusement, compelled him to ring the bell for the next two hours as a reward for playing such a trick; but on our return in the morning chaffed us most unmercifully for our terror on seeing the ghost of B——, which he had effectually exorcised.

RUS.

---

### MISCELLANEOUS.

---

At the suggestion of the Head Master, the Trustees have decided that for the future the Classical and Mathematical Examinations of the school shall be conducted by outside examiners. The examiners appointed for the present occasion are—Classics, the Rev. W. Hey. Sharp, M.A. (Lincoln College, Oxford), Warden of St. Paul's College; Mathematics, T. Harlin, Esq., M.A. (late Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge). These gentlemen will forward to the Trustees a report upon the general condition of the school.

For various reasons it has been determined to postpone the formal distribution of the prizes won during the year until the end of next quarter. The school will break up at 3.15 p.m. on Tuesday, December 17th. It is hoped that it will be possible to read the prize list at 9.30 a.m. on Thursday, December 19th. The following quarter will begin at 9.30 a.m. on Monday, January 27th.

It is with much pleasure that we announce the arrival of a stalwart son of the soil, who, with a barrow, pick, and shovel, has commenced work, and we can almost figure in our minds the embryo of the future play ground, as already some fifteen barrow loads have been removed from one place and put in their future position. We hope that by the time we return from our holidays, the ground will be ready for Little Cricket, which is played wherever a ball will travel with a little steadiness. And certainly it is in this game that beginners learn the knack of breaks, and batting, and keeping the ball down, as there is generally such a crowd around the batsman that they almost pick the ball off his bat. Last and not least, many pick up the taste for cricket from this Little Cricket, and carry it home to the back yards, where on washing days, the cricketers do not get that honour paid them which is due to all players of the manly game.

It is gratifying to be able to report that W. C. Wilkinson has won the second of the three exhibitions, annually awarded at the University of London.

On the tenth we went to see our 1st Eleven off for Melbourne. The Head Master, the ever patriotic Hodge, and many of the school, with some ex-Students were present to wish them good-bye. The prospects of a pleasant voyage did not seem to be very bright, for the wind had been blowing all day and was dead ahead. As most of our readers know, the name of the steamer was the Macedon, belonging to the Melbourne Steamship Company, and intended for carrying coal and cargo rather than passengers. She was very crowded, chiefly owing to the seamen's strike, which prevented the A.S.N. Co. sending their boats away. The steamer carried a large number of Macedonians, and it is to be hoped for the comfort of the boys that Uncle Tom's Cabin (of the Minstrel Troupe) was on board ready to be fitted up. Mr. Francis accompanies the boys, who have Baylis for their captain. At ten minutes to five the warps were hauled in, and with three cheers for the Eleven and three for Mr. Francis, they started, and we dare say that ere this Neptune has been on board, and given most of them receipts. We append the names:—Baylis, Bowman, Fairfax, Jones, Kennedy, Kelly, McKay, Mullins, Neale, Rygate, Wilkinson, (12th) Street. Neill goes as scorer, and Mr. Francis will act as umpire. And in conclusion it is hoped that they will gain the experience which always comes from leaving home, and that they will see the defects and superiority of both the towns and both the schools. The 2nd Eleven are also going to play a match, and we are glad that they are provided for, as well as the superior team. Fuller is chosen captain and Mr. Bean entertains them during their stay at Bathurst, where the match takes place. They will play the 1st Eleven of All Saint's College, and as they will have a nice blow over the Mountains they should be fresh and bright, and ought to feel the advantage of the country air. The list of players is given below:—Ayres, Bird, Cleeve, Fuller, Farquhar, Gorrick, G. Fairfax, Martin, McCoy, Roberts, M. Thomson, (12th) Connell.

At the examination of the Lower School in French, the following boys obtained a First Class.—

King 2	McGuinne 2
Woolcott	Hulle }
D'Apice 1	Perry }
Gaden 2	Bode 2

The Head Master's Voluntary Modern History Prizes (for which examinations were held in April, June, and September) has been awarded to—

1. Barker 1
2. Rennie
3. Allen 1



# FORM CAPTAINS.

Form.	1st. Week.	2nd. Week.	3rd. Week.	4th Week.	5th Week.	6th Week.	7th Week.
FORM VI.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
V.	Rolin	Rolin	Rolin	Rolin	Rolin	Rolin	Rolin
IV.	Crockor 1	Crocker 1	Armstrong	Sherring	Halliday	Mullens	—
IV. NG.	Hill	Dowling 1	Higgins 2	Sands	Oxley 1	Fairfax 3	Sands
Remove	Cowper	Rofe	Rofe	Moore 4	Cowper	Rofe	—
C. Service	Francis	Newell	Cowper		Moffatt	Moffatt	Francis
			Francis	—			
III. A.	Leibius	Leibius	Leibius	Leibius	—	—	—
		Morrice					
III. B.	Thomson 3	Thomas 1	Palser	Thomson 3	Loxton 1	Palser	Loxton 1
III. C.	Robinson 1	McGuinn 2	McGuinn 2	McGuinn	Salwey	McGuinn 2	McGuinn 2
			Pierce				
			Salwey	Salwey			
II. A.	Layton	Bode 2	Bode 2	Bode 2	Layton	Bode 2	Dezarnaulds 2
II. B.	Cornish	Cornish	Cornish	Cornish	Littlejohn	Littlejohn	—
	Morris						
I. A.	Macpherson	Macpherson	Hughes 2	Hughes 2	Saddington	Hughes 2	Mullins 3
I. B.	Aarons 1	Kenna	Kenna	Mason	Watt	Bollinger	Campbe 6

## FACETIÆ.

THE man of business who is dishonest in the use of his scales *lies* in *weight* to deceive.

If the first form boys do well in their examination they will find that "II. B or not II. B" will be the question next year.

The Tailor's motto—"Once more unto the *breech*(es), dear friends, once more."

Why might the S. G. S. Cadets be excused for allowing the Bathurst Corps to enter their camp without being seen? Because they left their best *Barker* behind.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it's *flash* language.

Why is a musical instrument like an open sea?—Because it's often sounded.

Out of evil comes good. A man with one foot never treads on his toes.

Which class in this school most resembles a family? III. C; for there we find a *Parr*, *Maher*, and children.

Is it not strange that in the Medical Profession we find *dux* and *quacks*. The *dux* at the head of the profession and the *quacks* at the end. Can any one *anser* why?

Master examining a class in Latin Grammar:—"Jones, what does the Dative case signify in English?" "To or for Sir!" "Lee, what does the Ablative case signify?" Lee thinks for a few seconds; he has never learnt the lesson, but a happy thought strikes him, "Five or six Sir!" Another pupil who had just begun Chemistry, during a Latin examination, when asked what O signified, smartly replied, "Gas oxygen, one part by bulk, sixteen by weight."

ORBILIUS AND HIS VALET.—The Valet salutes his master, whom he perceives to be unwell. "Art thou sick Orbilius?" "You knave, you play upon my name, and I will play upon yours." "Valet."



