

M214

Memento

Veteris Ævi.

(1859).



(For Private Circulation, only.)

**Opening of Sydney University in its New  
Buildings and Hall, Grose Farm,  
July 18th, 1859.**

*(From Sydney Morning Herald, July 19th, 1859).*

**Annual Commemoration of the Foundation of Sydney  
University.**

Yesterday the Annual Commemoration of the foundation of the Sydney University was held in the splendid Hall of that Institution, only recently completed. At eleven o'clock a.m., numerous visitors began to arrive and continued rapidly to assemble in large numbers until the doors of the hall were thrown open and admitted the expectant throng. The noble and spacious apartment was almost immediately and densely filled in every part; the organ on the dais at the western extremity playing whilst the many hundreds of personages present, official and unofficial were gradually settling into their respective places. Most of our principal colonial families were represented amongst the audience in the body of the Hall, a large proportion of whom were ladies, the eastern gallery below the Cambridge window being similarly occupied. Directly in front of the organ on the raised seats sat the resident Consuls. The Legislative Council was represented by Hon. Messrs. J. R. Wilshire, Edward Hunt, David Jones, William Bland, R. J. Want, H. Prince, E. F. Wise, J. McFarlane, M.D., and others. At the back of these gentlemen sat several Reverend Ministers in the various Presbyterian Churches, wearing their academic robes, also Wesleyan Clergymen, Ecclesiastics of the Roman

Catholic Church occupied benches at the oblique angle and still further forward were placed the functionaries of St. Paul's College, the Rev. H. J. Hose, M.A., Warden, and the Revs. W. B. Clarke, M.A., W. H. Walsh, M.A. and Robert Johnson, Senior fellows, and the Rev. A. H. Stephen, B.A. and Messrs. H. H. Browne, William Dumaresque and W. T. Cape, fellows. Here also sat Mr. W. C. Windeyer, Esquire Bedell, and near him Mons. Dutruc. Among Members of the Legislative Assembly were Messrs. J. Pemell, John Black, Edward Flood. Dr. Williams, Rev. John Pendrill, M.A., John Rae, Very Reverend Dean O'Connell, J. K. Heydon, W. C. Curtis, A. Lenehan, Ven. Father Therry, J. V. Gorman, Mr. Hugh Kennedy, Registrar of the University of Balliol College, Oxford. The Hon. Charles Cowper, Premier, the Hon. L. H. Bayley, Attorney General, Sir Alfred Stephen, Chief Justice, Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., D.C.L. (in his gorgeous robes), having on his left hand, His Excellency, Sir W. T. Denison, K.C.B. (in full uniform, wearing his orders), and on his right, the Most Reverend Archbishop Polding in his robes. To the right of his Grace, E. Deas Thompson, C.B., Mr. Alfred Denison, Rev. W. Purves, M.A., the Hon. James Martin, Q.C. and Mr. Peter Faucett, members of the Senate, wearing academic robes, the Hon. F. L. S. Merewether, B.A., Rev. Robert Allwood, B.A., Sir Daniel Cooper, Knt., Hon. H. G. Douglas, M.D., Hon. J. H. Plunkett, Q.C., James Macarthur, B. O'Brien, M.D. The Rev., the Principal John Woolley, D.C.L., Professor John Smith, M.D., Mr. M. B. Pell, B.A., Professor of Mathematics, took prominent parts in the proceedings. The prize

composition, "Captain Cook's meditations on the Future of Australia," was obtained by Mr. W. H. Yarrington.

The "Empire" Newspaper of same date says: "The Rev. Principal Dr. Woolley, who filled the office of Dean of the Faculty of Arts, then read the list of freshmen of candidates for degrees and prizemen, and then called upon the gainer of the prize for English verse, Mr. W. H. H. Yarrington, to recite the poem. The subject, "Captain Cook meditating on Australia's Future," was delivered in a very impressive manner and was loudly applauded."

Among the names of the prizemen and Graduates appear the following: H. C. Russell, Cecil Stephen, G. Lane, W. P. Cowlshaw, F. H. Quaife, E. Bowman, W. Perry, G. A. C. Innes, E. Hunt, J. Garland, Wesley Tom, F. J. Gibbs, S. S. Cowper, J. McLerie, J. J. Halley, R. Jones, R. R. Terry, F. E. Rogers, W. Dixon, J. E. Bowden, H. T. McCarthy, W. H. Yarrington, University Prize Poem (Gold Medal, £20). Master of Arts, W. C. Windeyer, R. M. Fitzgerald, D. S. Mitchell, W. C. Curtis, E. Lee, M. Burdekin, J. Paterson, J. Donovan, J. Johnson, J. Kinloch. Bachelor of Arts, S. Hawthorn, R. Jones, G. D. Pilcher, A. Bowman, S. Burdekin, E. J. Hargraves, E. Hunt, R. Russell, R. Want.

At the direction of the Principal, Mr. Yarrington then ascended the ambon or pulpit, and in a clear and emphatic voice recited the following poem, which was attentively listened to, and loudly applauded at the conclusion.

## UNIVERSITY PRIZE POEM.

"CAPTAIN COOK MEDITATING ON  
AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE."

*(Delivered at the Opening of the Great Hall of the  
University, Sydney).*

**T**HE stillness and the hush of evening lay  
O'er sleeping nature; and the quiet bay  
Calmly reposing, as in tranquil sleep,  
Stirred not, save as the swellings from the deep  
Came stealing o'er it, just as gentle breath  
Lifts the soft bosom that in seeming death,  
By passions all untortured, quiet lies,  
Untorn by anguish undisturbed by sighs;  
So slept the waters, o'er whose face a beam  
Of softest light, e'en as a living stream  
Of purest silver, lay; while from her throne  
Amid the floating clouds in beauty shone  
The tranquil moon; a mild and holy calm  
Hung o'er the scene; and like an incense-charm,  
The fragrance that from woodland flow'rets swept—  
Flow'rets that with the dews of evening wept—  
Came o'er the waters with the gentle air,  
Then rose to Heaven like a hallowed prayer!  
Resting upon the water's surface lay  
A noble ship that in the peaceful bay  
Sought from the ocean's fierce unrest repose;  
And here her wand'rings found a happy coast;  
Here, where no more the angry billow rolls,  
Nor lurking rocks are feared, nor teach'rous shoals.  
Hushed was each sound; nor heard the boatswain's call  
Nor hoarse command, for sleep was over all—  
Sleep, peaceful sleep! The ship a spectre stood,  
Floating uncertain on the air or flood,  
While o'er her web-like rigging and the spars  
The moonlight brooded; and the twinkling stars  
Were seen the midst. Is there no creature there  
Or is that ship a phantom of the air?  
No, on the silent deck appears a form;  
'Tis of a seaman whom full many a storm

Hath tossed. It is the form of him whose name,  
From age to age, shall with undying fame,  
To every son of this bright land be taught.  
'Tis Cook!—who treads that deck in lonely thought!  
Yes! there is he, of Britain's sons the first  
Upon whose view, in all its beauty, burst  
This sunny land, where now we dwell; yes there,  
Gazing on all around, so still so fair,  
Into his soul he drinks its quietness;  
And o'er his spirit visions dreamlike press,  
Then fleeting vanish; while his pensive mind,  
Which to the past and present hour is blind,  
Thinks on the future of this happy land—  
Thinks, as he gazes on the woodgirt strand,  
Upon the time when far and wide around,  
Those groves shall echo to the axe's sound—  
Those woods, through time unmeasured that had been  
Of savage life the fruitless, wasted scene;  
Beneath whose spreading boughs—the opossum's home—  
The kangaroo and stately emu roam—  
Woodlands that oft the war-cry wild had heard,  
Which, like the screaming of some dreaded bird  
That floats above, strikes terror to the weak;  
Whose echo is the wailing, wild death shriek!

He sees the time when those primeval trees  
Shall pass away as waving with the breeze,  
In golden beauty, harvests rich appear,  
To glad with bounty, and with beauty cheer:  
He sees, with humble roof, the cottage rich—  
Where dwells the peasant who, industrious, plies  
With toil the fertile land; and there his mate  
The partner of his life, whose heart elate  
With happiness, amid her children dwells;  
Hers is the joy, that with affection swells;  
'Tis hers to soothe his mind when cares oppress,  
And, with her gentleness, his home to bless.  
There happy dwell they, while with plenty crowned  
The village rises to the view around.  
Thus, with her pictures, fancy doth beguile  
The dreamy thoughts of him who prays the while  
That not delusive what he sees may prove,  
And that the scenes before his mind which move—  
Of cities rising into pomp and power—  
Of noble buildings, that with dome and tower

Shall stand for ages, and with solemn spell  
 Recall their ancient majesty and tell  
 When first to God temples where high upraised,  
 And when with lifted hearts, in hymns was praised  
 The goodness that did bless:—tell of the time  
 When first from belfry tower was heard the chime  
 Of Sabbath bells;—tell of the years gone by,  
 When Austral's sons with boldness dared defy  
 All dangers that their onward course withstood,  
 Until they'd won whate'er was great and good:  
 Prayed he these things—which were but of the brain—  
 Might, in reality, live o'er again!

And, as he trustful sees fair learning's seats  
 Rise in their grandeur, joyfully he greets  
 The sight, and as an earnest sure he prays  
 That these may be; and that in future days  
 Sages and poets should, within those walls,  
 Be nurtured; and from out those college halls  
 Men, who in wisdom learned should watchful stand,  
 And guard with sacred care their native land:  
 That thence should come poets with souls of fire  
 Whom genius should, with burning thoughts, inspire  
 To sing prophetic! Preachers, strong in God,  
 Who shall declare the truth of Him that trod  
 This earth; whose faith through ages long shall live  
 And, to all nations, the sweet bondage give  
 Of brother's love!

Such are the thoughts of him,  
 Across whose brain, in shadowy outline, dim  
 The future passes; such the fervent prayer  
 Which for this land, so beautiful, so fair,  
 He offers up to God! That it may be  
 For ever glorious, and for ever free!

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*(The above poem was reprinted in the Sydney Morning Herald,  
 at the Unveiling of Captain Cook's Statue, Hyde Park,  
 February 25th, 1879.)*

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