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The College Times.

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REMARKS ON THE GREEK PARTICLES.

The Greek Particles are among those what-nots, those indescribable creations about which nobody knows anything beyond the fact that they exist. No one can translate them, they remain bugbears of the Greek tongue, and a source of frenzy (not by any means fine frenzy) to poor school-boys, who have got to render fifty lines of Greek a week into the best English they can. But we are unwise to premise that no one knows much about them, for certain profound scholars in many ages have written diverse books of unseasonable length about them, from which it would be unwise here to quote. In fact it is ascertained that like the celebrated stone in "Pickwick Papers," many have quarrelled and since have—yes—gone mad about the Greek Particles, but they remain on every page of Mr. Homer's immortal book, and we know about as much as ever we did about what they really mean. "What then," says the representative intelligent reader, "are you writing about," but the said reader forgets that the existence of bodies, which cannot be explained, is sufficient subject to occupy slightly more than a column in the College Times.

We know by reliable information that the Greek Particles were invented by Homer and Hesiod, that they burnt the midnight oil one night, and in the morning, like the ancient alchemists, brought them forth complete in all their glory to remain a shining light in the Greek language, and for future generations to translate—if they can. From this we argue that Messrs. Homer and Hesiod were very great men, and if they were not thought much of in their day and generation, it only verifies the proverb that "a prophet is not without honour except in his own country," granting that the reader's imagination is vivid enough to change the word "prophet" to "poet," and "country" to "age." It is conjectured, although not absolutely known that they had a hard time bringing out these same Greek Particles. "Ex nihil nihil fit," says the proverb, but out of nothing certainly came those Greek Particles, (at least as far as we know, for we don't hear people speaking ancient Greek, and so have no opportunity of knowing whether the particles were commonly used or not. If they were, our theory about

their invention does not hold good;) these particles which stand, as everlasting monuments to the genius of Homer and Hesiod.

Well, it seems that Homer, when he and Hesiod had finished their work, wrote a book to display them to the best advantage. It was called the "Iliad and Odyssey," was written in Dactylic, Hexameters, Catalectic, and "tumbles on the ear like the rough and angry roar of a winter sea." It has been modernized and adapted to music by a celebrated composer, and can be sung with effect to the air of the "Mabel Valse." When sung it tumbles on the ear more than ever like the rough and angry roar of a winter sea. It is at the commencement of the lines that the particles are most displayed, every second one commencing "ὁ μὲν ἢ γέ," and then at the end chorus, "ὁ μὲν ἢ γέ." The style forcibly reminds us of English comic songs of half a century ago, whose burden was generally, "fa, loo, ral, lal, ri, tum, tiddy, etc." Some commentators have asserted that the particles really meant something, and one once went so far as to affirm that "Ἀχιλλεύς ῥα," meant "Achilles, God bless him," and "Κλεάρχος μὲν," "Clearchus, good luck to his elbow," but the general opinion is that Homer made them out of nothing and ergo that they meant nothing.

If we may judge by frequent occurrence "γέ," must have been a very expressive particle, as in Homer it occurs generally about three times in a line. Hesiod, we do not know much about, though it is conjectured that he wasn't so beastly proud of the particles as Homer. Of course, he used them after so materially assisting in the making of them, but he does it in a more unassuming manner, as far as we can judge, and usen't to dot his sheet all over with γέ's after he had done writing like some boys do with the pronoun "er" in Latin prose.

Altogether of course, and to a certain extent, the Greek particles are very nice things, when you haven't to attempt to translate them, but we have quite enough of them in the original Greek, and would advise any individual who thinks of forming a joint stock limited liability company, with a view of taking out a patent for introducing them into the Anglo-Saxon tongue—to do so—and then retire into private life.

GAMALIEL.

Lord Strangford told Moore, the poet, that a certain lady of fashion and a blue-stocking had in anger knocked down one of her pages. "Oh," said Moore, "nothing is more natural than for a literary woman to double down a page." "I would rather," returned his lordship, "advise her to turn over a new leaf."

When Oliver Cromwell first coined money, an old cavalier observed that the new pieces had "God with us," on one side, and "The Commonwealth of England" on the other. "I see," said he "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

CURRAN was addressing a jury before a judge whose political bias was unfavourable to the prisoner, and who shook his head in doubt of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. You might think that it implied difference of opinion, but if you remain here many days you will perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there's nothing in it."

SELF-MADE.—One of old Bombay's admirers in speaking of him to a wit, said, "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," retorted the wit, "and he adores his maker."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

SIR,—As cricket is the game of Old England, whom we are proud to acknowledge as our Mother Country, and as moreover, we live in a town which boasts of the best cricket club in the Dominion, and as we have a reputation to keep up, which has been made for us by our predecessors, which we have been rapidly losing for the last four or five years, I think cricket ought to be more essentially the game of the College than it is. True there are a fair number of subscribers on the roll of our club, true a junior club has been commenced, which is to train the boys for the higher station in the cricket world, and true we have masters who are inclined to favour the progress of the noble game, but yet there is one thing wanting, namely, the earnest co-operation, not only of the boys who play cricket, but of all the boys who call themselves College boys. Surely this is not asking too much. It is only requesting the boys to take some pride in their school, a thing which I am sure all do in their hearts. What we want is for them to show it outwardly, to favour the increase of cricket playing in the school, and I am sure that if each boy outwardly shows that he cares something about, whether his schoolmates win laurels at cricket or not, those schoolmates would be greatly helped in their efforts to make a name for themselves and for their College. I think that if some of the boys who now make such an outcry against cricket, were to have been here four years ago, when College boasted a crack eleven, none would have been prouder than they of their eleven, for then "in the brave days of old," the boys against cricket were in a hopeless minority, and it was almost blasphemy to speak a word against it. One word as to base-ball, which the anti-cricketers advocate. I was much struck on reading your last issue by what was said or inferred about the reason for liking base-ball, being chiefly because it was easier to play than cricket. I do think that this has a great deal to do with it, and confidently hope that I express the feelings of a large body in College when I end with the words, "Long live cricket." I am, Sir, yours,

COVER POINT.

"SIC, O SIC!"

Virgil.

A solemn, sad and silent boy,
He ate him on the ground;
He looked as one who knew no joy;
His face with rue was crowned.
His nose was very, very blue;
His cheeks were very wan;
His mouth was very much askew;
And he looked most woe-begone.
And while I look'd with pitying eye,
And 'gan his fate deplore,
He cast to earth, with many a sigh,
The stomach's treasured store.
Quoth I, "What ails thee gentle lad,
Art smit with illness' stroke?"
"Take warning by my fate so sad,"
Quoth he, "and never smite."

GULIELMUS AENEIDARUM.