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VOL. II., No. 3.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, MARCH 18, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 13.

The College Times.

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The "COLLEGE TIMES" is issued every two weeks, by the Upper Canada College Literary Society.

Subscription Fee 25 cents.
Single Copy 5 cents.

"THOSE PRETTY LAMBS WITH BLEATING ORATORY." ARCADIA.

When I was a small boy there was an old book that used to delight me very much. I have quite forgotten the name of it, and almost all about it, but one very vivid picture of a pale boy standing up among some other pale boys, and making a speech to which they were apparently listening most intently. This picture formed a representation, as the title below set forth, of "Canning's Mimic House of Commons," and was meant to face a narrative of the boyhood of George Canning, for the book was one of those "Men-who-have-risen" kind, meant to stir up the youthful ambition of small boys.

I am often reminded of this misty picture when I take my seat among the chosen few who form the Upper Canada College Literary Society. We form a parallel picture—barring, perhaps, the Canning.

The pale boys in the peculiar coats used to harangue in their miniature House of Commons, and debate upon the great questions of the day, addressing each other with the sonorous "Sir" of the period, and doubtless disagreeing with and censuring the conclusion that the real House of Commons had arrived at after long debate and mature deliberation. Much in the same manner does the voice of our chairman of debate annihilate the modern poets; ignore Tennyson, forget Shakespeare, and humble the proud head of Milton in the dust, by the declaration that Homer is the most sublime of poets. Homer!! Twenty lines or so of Homer's sublime poem are as much as he can get up for one lesson, painfully elaborating the words by the help of Liddell & Scott, and carefully murdering with the barbarous translation any perception of the sublime that may perhaps spring up in his mind. If you would have his plain unvarnished opinion of Homer, ask him when he has just translated the last particle of his lesson,—and previously caution him against profanity. But Mr. Chairman has read a certain stanza, incessantly quoted in prefaces to Homer, and written in the days when it was a certain evidence of taste to admire Homer, and a vulgar piece of originality to see anything in Paradise Lost beyond a tedious poem written by a certain blind old Puritan. A couplet of it runs

Read Homer once and you can read no more.
For all books else appear so mere, so poor

Now my sentiments are very well expressed by the omission of the second line. But do not imagine that, though I am of the rising generation, I really think Homer to be what it seems to me. Far be it from me! I have not the slightest doubt and implicitly as blindly believe that Homer is sublime, poetic, and entrancing—"ἢ τινος γὰρ ἔνεκα σοφοὶ ἀνδρῆς ἐψεύθευον αὖν." However I shall hedge in so far as to state that the first book of the Iliad is not so bad—when you know it; but the ninth book of the Odyssey, the one we read, is simply disgusting.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, whom we left bleating on the question of modern and ancient poetry.

After the debate is ended, the President resumes the chair, and some member rises and moves "that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Thingumy (the Chairman of debate) for the able manner in which that gentleman has performed the duties of his office." It is passed unanimously, and the gentleman accordingly rises and return thanks in a neat, well-worn speech. All this is perfectly mild and harmless, but wherefore the "gentleman?" It is not necessarily a compliment. Is not our hair cut by gentlemen of colour. The term is fast degenerating, and doubtless by the time I shall have to caution a boot-black to go gingerly over the knobs, I shall have to address that artist by the title of a gentleman of polish.

Now I ask the reader if, after having seen Jones and Snooks rampaging about the hall while waiting for the Principal to take himself off and let us have the Prayer-room for our meeting, he would not be rather astonished to hear Jones get up and call his particular crony Mr. Snooks, and Snooks then rise and allude to the "honourable gentleman" who had just spoken? However it is but just to say that when poor Snooks did let slip that parliamentary title, the Society could not stomach it and laughed at Mr. Snooks. But a pleasing variety is given to the meetings by the changes that are rung upon the form of address, as for instance where one member feeling that he had something out of the common to say, or impressed with the dignity of the President, rose and addressed that functionary with the class-room "Please sir!"

The highly intellectual tone of the meeting is sometimes relaxed by other little incidents equally ludicrous, as for instance when the Treasurer, sometime ago, got up and gravely informed the Society that he had received thirty-seven cents, whereof he had expended thirty-five, wherewith to purchase a book, wherein to keep an account of the other two! But then the Treasurer was a wag.

I was much amused the other day at a little feature in the proceedings of the Society. I saw the Secretary of the Society go up to a member and gravely hand him a note. He informed me that he was "notifying." The by-law says that the Secretary shall notify such members as shall have absented themselves from three successive meetings; accordingly the Secretary, if any member behave thus, goes home and writes a solemn note, beginning with a ponderous "Sir," informing the delinquent that he must give an account of himself. The note he brings next morning and gravely hands to the boy to whom it is addressed, and the latter bye and bye as gravely hands an answer back.

But think not, reader that I am making game of the Society or of us, the members. I am only showing how there can be funny points even in that intellectual body. I think that there cannot be the slightest doubt that we are all embryo statesmen; and may not our companion picture be complete? Perhaps there is a Canning.

GUILLIELMUS AENOBARBUS.

COGNOMINA PARLIAMENTARIA.

The lively members in the House—Boulter and Springer.

The Ecclesiastical members—Deacon, Monk and Calvin D.D.

A chip of the old block—Wood.

The weightiest member—Cumberland.

A fine baby—Fairbairn.

A seasoned member—Currie.

A Bill, entitled an Act—Will-i-am's.

A walking statute book—A. Code.

The "twittering songsters of the grove"—Daw-son, Robin-son and C-lark.

A treasure for an archæologist—Coyne, uttered by Peel.

A courtly member—A. Prince.

A little shaver—Barber.

A working member—Tooley.

The only member present at the Prorogation—A Farewell.

TRANSLATIONS.

In such an institution as ours it may seem that the Modern Languages are rather over-looked, and the Classics have the lion's share of patronage. Still there are some good translations got off in the "French Room" which might perhaps rival the famed *Gallia est divisa*, &c. For instance, "Arrachez les chevaux de frise," is *Tear away the saw-horses*; and again, "passer au fil de l'épée," is *To put one's son to the sword*, or *To pass over to one's son with the sword*, i.e. to give him the command. There's life in the young dog yet.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never he'd of it." "Then one quarter of your life has gone. Do you understand geometry?" "No." "Then one-half your life's gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life are gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman, "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life's gone."

Hahnemann, the founder of the homeopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement which the patient made to him. He then took a small vial, opened it, and held it under the lord's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured!" His lordship asked, in surprise, "How much do I owe you?" "Thousand francs," was the reply. My lord immediately pulled out a bank note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day— "When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thou art married I tell thee to keep them half shut."