

PRIZE POEMS.

Formerly it was the custom at College to offer a prize for the best poem that was written by the College boys from year to year. For three years this prize and competition have not been forthcoming. It would not, we think, be doing justice to the boys of the Sixth Forms of those years to say that it was for want of genius on their part that the prize was not contended for; for, in looking over their record at the University and a few pieces in our issues of last year, surely enough talent, if not inspiration, is apparent to warrant us in thinking something creditable might have been done. Nor would it be prudent on our part to say that it was from pure neglect by those in authority that the prize was not offered. We prefer rather to think that the omission has occurred from some mischance in the first place and then allowed to continue. We are sorry for this, because we think that the competition has many things to recommend it. Nor do we think that the poem should necessarily be an English poem, for, though even some of the highest form are poor enough at their Latin prose and verse, the stimulus which would be given by such competition would cause a more active and careful attention to rules and constructions. The Elegiacs and Alcaics would become more perfect, and thus lead masters to take, if possible, a greater interest in this department. We understand that an Elegiac or Alcaic is one of the accomplishments of University honour-students who take up a certain course. As the whole or nearly all of those who are trained have to follow that course, it would at least give us some idea of what such a competition would be, so that when we come to the University we might make a better show: a result of great benefit to ourselves and no detraction at least from the College training. Several times, of late, the matter has been talked over by the boys of the Sixth, and they unanimously came to the conclusion that it would have been a first rate thing if the competition had been brought before them. Some highly creditable English prize poems have been written in former College years, and unless the College has degenerated, or at least the standard of its highest pupils—which we are not prepared to admit—we do not see why something quite as creditable could not be done to-day; and, from all we can learn, the same opinion is held by all the masters with whom we have had any conversation on the subject. How, then, it came about that the prize is not contended for seems to us unexplainable. No opposition has ever been offered, so far as we know, and it seems, as we said before, to have just dropped out of the College course without any one being ready to replace it. Having an eye to the improvement and advantage of the boys at present here, as well as the College in general, as we always do here, we say that the custom of competing annually for a prize poem should still be continued. It may be too late to offer one this year; that, however, is a matter to be decided by the Principal and masters. We are sorry that the question was not mentioned and debated sooner than it has been; at any rate, we would advocate that in future years the time-honoured and disciplinary competition for a Prize Poem be continued.

R. A.

U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

TWENTIETH MEETING.

The Society met in the Prayer-room, May 10th, the President, J. G. McKeown, in the chair. After the roll was called, the minutes,—in which the style, preparation and elocutionary powers of the different speakers and readers were criticized in an impartial manner,—were read and adopted.

The Society next fell to business, or rather would have, if there had been any for their consideration.

This item being rapidly got through, a Chairman was required, and the lot fell upon H. E. Morphy, who proved himself well worthy of that high honour.

The readings were then proceeded with, G. Blackstock rendering with subdued emotion Artemus Ward's experience of Woman's Rights in the State of Inglianny." Longfellow's Warden of the Cinque Ports, was read by F. E. Hodgins, after which R. Atkinson rose and delivered his arguments in favour of Country Life as against that in the City. W. H. Langton followed on the negative. Each of these two established the theoretical accuracy of their own views to the satisfaction of everybody, but after J. A. Patterson had spoken, W. H. Aikins took a severely practical view of the question, clearly showing by statistics that at rate ten years ago, city life was as healthy as country life, and he didn't see why it was not so now. R. D. Richardson argued on the affirmative, and P. Bryce on the negative, after which the Chairman having given a careful consideration to the arguments, and without any preconceived prejudice, etc., decided in favour of City Life. This pleased the members of the Society, who evidently wish to guard themselves from the imputation of being "young men from the country."

After a vote of thanks had been presented to the Chairman, the following announcement was made:—Subject of debate: "Is Education for a definite path of life, more advantageous than a general education?" Affirmative: J. G. McKeown (leader). Negative: F. E. Hodgins (leader). Readers: W. H. Aikins and E. Proctor.

The Society then adjourned.

TWENTH-FIRST MEETING.

The Society met in the Prayer-room, May 17th, the President in the chair. After the roll was called, the minutes of last meeting was read and adopted.

On new business being called for, W. A. Langton rose and stated that he had in his possession a prize from the College games of last year, and one which had not then been utilized. He conceived that as much of the money, realized by the *College Times* of the previous year, had been used to defray some expenses incurred by those games, this prize should be considered as the property of the Society. On motion by Atkinson that this prize be appropriated to some literary competition, W. A. Langton moved that the Society resolve itself into Committee of the Whole, to consider what style of competition should be adopted for this prize.

The meeting accordingly went into Committee, W. N. Ponton in the chair. After considerable discussion, J. G. McKeown moved, that the prize be awarded for the best Poem. F. E. Hodgins then moved in amendment that it be awarded for the best Essay, and W. N. Langton for the best Oration before the Society. A vote was taken, which the postasters, led on by *some* poets of the *College Times*, claimed to have won on the ground that a member could only vote for one amendment. It was, however, decided that by all precedent every member could vote on each amendment. The division was then taken, the Poets contenting themselves with opposing both Oration and Essay. The Oration was lost, and on the Essay there was a tie. The Chairman delivered his casting vote in favour of an Essay, after which it was decided that the Principal should be asked to suggest a subject. The Committee then rose and reported progress, and the Society adjourned after a very interesting meeting, and feeling deeply for the loss that the absentees had unwittingly experienced.

A wag, reading in one of Brigham Young's manifestoes, "that the great resources of Utah are her women," exclaimed, "It's very evident that the prophet is disposed to husband his resources."

"PARTURIENT MONEST, NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS."

HORACE.

'Tis noon, and thronged the boarders dining hall,
A busy bee-like murmur fills the room,
Commingled with the clash of knives and forks
In fierce attack. The nimble (?) waiters flit
About the room with plates of nutriment;
This eager to deposit at its bourne
A plate of "roast beef, rare, and lots of fat,"
And that, with "outside piece and hurry up,"
Or "meat-pie, lots of crust;" and "John" and "George"
Bursts from the universal mouth of ninety boys,
At all times ravenous, now still more keen,
As round the expectant nostrils wreaths the steam
With savoury odour fragrant—And the hum
Swells higher—and the clatter louder grows:
But hush!—A sudden stillness seems to drop
Upon the room and hushed is every sound.
Each joins unconsciously the general still
Though knowing not the cause. Deep silence reigns
As thro' the portal strides, with streaming gown
And face of fearful import, he who aways
With nod the boarders and the boarding house.
What would he have at this unnatural time?

The host turns, the unmasticated piece
Bulging his cheek, and with drawn breath
And quivering expectation waits the event.
The guilty trembles, by his conscience made
An arrant coward; while in his virtue wrapt
The blameless fears not for himself, but yet
He sits as much agaze, and not without
A secret sort of joy that some one else
May smart, or that excitement in some sort
Intrudes enlivening influence on the feast.

Meanwhile the Thunderer strides, his every step
The languid echo on the noiseless walls
Arousing, and his sternest look assumed
Impressing all with sense of weighty cause
For this unthought appearance.

Now he stops

Hard by that table where the fifth and sixth
Refresh exhausted nature! Now he speaks!
And mid the general hush and silence deep
Is borne across the room in accents mild
"The day-boys, Cronyn, want a cricket ball."

GUILHELMUS AHENOBARBUS.

During the revolutionary excitement in 1848, it was reported in the papers that the King of Prussia had abdicated. The mistake originated with the electric telegraph, which sent the following despatch: "The—King—of—Prussia—has—gone—to—Pot—," at which stage the communication abruptly terminated for a while. The concluding letters of the word, "adam," were not telegraphed till after the messenger had hurried out of the office.

Curran and Egan falling out, they met to settle their differences at the pistol's muzzle. On the ground, Egan complained that the disparity of their sizes gave his antagonist a manifest advantage. "I might as well," said he, "fire at a razor's edge as at him, and he might hit me as easily as a hay-stack." "I tell you what, Mr. Egan," replied Curran, "I wish to take no advantage of you whatever—let myself be chalked out upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot which hits outside that mark should go for nothing!" There was an end to the duel.

As Jekyll walked out in his gown and his wig,
He happened to tread on a very small pig;
"Pig of science," he said, "or else I'm mistaken,
For surely thou art an abridgment of Bacon!"

Hood suggests that the phrase, "*Republic of letters*," was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them.