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WHOLE NO. 15.

The College Times.

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A DREADFUL STORY.

BY GULIELMUS AENOBARBUS.

"Oh, what a fall was there."—Shakespeare.

It is a well known fact that many people have, when looking down from any height, an almost irresistible impulse to throw themselves down. A hideous fascination, like that exerted by a snake over a bird, seems to paralyze the will and make the object utterly incapable of individual volition. Such is doubtless often the true history of a supposed suicide. But I was about to relate my own experience.

I have always been affected by extreme giddiness, even when at a comparatively slight elevation; and have once or twice gone so far as to experience the above mentioned feeling, though never in so great a degree as not to be able to control it by a slight effort of the will, but on this last occasion.—Oh, horrible! horrible!

I was, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on a holiday visit to a magnificent public building in New York that is especially noted for a tower very much higher than that of the University of this city. After going all over the building, making a noisy and laughing exploration of every nook and corner, we were about to go, when our *cicerone* expostulated and said that it was impossible to go without seeing the fine view from the tower. We had never thought about it, and the proposal was carried by acclamation immediately. As for me, I could not say a word; the mere mention of the tower seemed to affect me with I know not what strange feeling, that paralyzed me for a few seconds, and then sent the blood to my head with a rush that made me reel. But I could say nothing against the wish of the rest of the party, and we began the ascent. In my thus allowing myself to be led up against my will, I felt that the first half of the battle had been fought, and that I had lost.

After a wearisome, winding climb, and much sighing and laughing, we arrived at the top of the tower, which had a wall about breast high all around. A most magnificent view lay spread out before us, extending miles and miles away into the blue distance. All the party immediately approached the edge, and in my delight I followed them; but hardly did I look directly down

when I was seized with extreme giddiness and nausea, and as I endeavoured to combat this feeling by strength of will, still persisting in looking down, I felt a mad fascination and desire to leap over. Quick as thought, I thrust myself from the edge, and in an instant found myself in the middle, trembling in every limb.

I was unnoticed by any of the party, and stood there in the middle, ashamed to withdraw, but not daring to move one step towards the edge. One of the party, calling to me to point out something, turned round, and seeing the plight I was in, stared at me for some time with a puzzled air, and finally burst out laughing. At that all the rest turned around and joined in the merciless laugh at my expense. No doubt I looked a laughable object; but who can describe the agonies I felt and what was passing within my breast. I had been rooted to the spot, but now their laughter dispelled my fears, and made me determined to look over the edge and brave the consequences. I took one step forward and all my agony returned. The ghastly fascination drew me slowly on, slowly on, and grew each moment doubly strong, till I seemed to feel its power; each step as I advanced the air about me seemed to swarm with grinning fiends who seemed to draw me on; the whole tower seemed to rock beneath the throbbing of my heart; I screamed aloud; with one mad bound I gained the summit of the wall, and then—

TO LYDIA.

A TRANSLATION OF THE EIGHTH ODE OF HORACE.

O tell me why, I beg you,  
By all the gods above,  
Do you seek to ruin Sybaris  
By your unnerving love.

Tell me, 'luring Lydia,  
The reason why he loathes  
The sultry fields of summer,  
Where seldom now he goes.

Why neither rides he warlike,  
With all his former ease,  
Nor manages the bitted steed  
From 'cross the Gallic seas.

Why dreads he breast the Tiber,  
Or touch the yellow stream,  
Or shun the olive's oily coat  
As if 'twere viper's spleen.

Nor wields he now his livid arms,  
Livid with weapons' skill,  
For oft he hurled the quoit afar,  
And spear upon the hill.

O why does he lie hidden, as  
Achilles, great of old;  
The mighty son of Thetis,  
In woman's garb enrolled.

Before the Trojan beacons were,  
And mournful fires of death  
Had rolled their smoky volumes up,  
Unstirred by Auster's breath.

Who hid for fear his manly dress  
Should bring him to the front,  
To face the slaughtering Trojan bands,  
To hear the battle's brunt.

X. Y. Z.

EPITAPHS.

ON SIR JOHN VANDURGH, ARCHITECT.

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID.

Beneath this silent stone is laid,  
A noisy antiquated maid,  
Who from her cradle talked till death,  
And ne'er before was out of breath.

IN CUNWALLON CHURCHYARD, CORNWALL.

Shall we all die,  
Die shall we all,  
All die shall we,  
Die all we shall,

ON A SMUGGLER.

Here I lies,  
Killed by an X I S.

ON A CORONER WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

He lived and died  
By suicide.

ON A CELEBRATED COOK.

Peace to his ashes.

ON A COAL-HEAVER.

Cease to lament his change, ye just,  
He's only gone from dust to dust.

SHUTTING UP AND WALKING OUT.—There was a singular plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer "not at home," and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, another in another. By twelve o'clock there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour the master of the house would say "James, are all the doors shut?" "All shut, sir." "Very well, then open the street door softly." And so Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them thus—"What do you stand there for, like a couple of blockheads, gazing at my office. Do you take it for a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till the devil poked his head out of the windy."

Among the curiosities found on the tombstones of New England is the following, to be seen at Burlington, Massachusetts,—

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder;  
She burst while drinking a Seidlitz powder,  
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,  
She should have waited till it effervesced."

Dr. Archer once met at dinner an effeminate young man, who wore his hair in girlish length down upon his shoulders. On taking leave the old doctor went up to young Languish and taking one of the long curls in his hand admonished the youth in the following way, laying strong emphasis on the first word:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."