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QUADIA, DISCURSUS, NOSTRI EST FARRAGO LIBELLI.

VOL. II., NOS. 9 & 10.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, JUNE 29, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 20.

The College Times.

Managing Editor, - - - - - W. A. LANGTON.

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All Communications of a literary character should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

All Communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee.

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

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L'ENVOI.

To-day the second volume of the *College Times* is completed. It has been a source of pleasure to all, we trust, as it has been a source of considerable labor to its promoters—labor however on which it is one of the greatest pleasures of after life to look back. The second attempt of its name, it has succeeded wonderfully, in fact far surpassing what its most sanguine supporter ever dared to hope. It is not for us, as the Committee, to judge of its literary excellence,—we leave that to the judgment of those who have so kindly aided us either by pen or purse. We have endeavoured to make the paper what its motto would signify namely, a chronicle of College boys' actions and of College episodes and mirth provoking occurrences, though it is not always these can be presented in such a way as to be engaging to the reader. In a pecuniary point of view, the figures given in another column fully testify that the literary inspiration of the writers has not had the usual effect of making them incapable of carrying on a paying enterprise. In fact we have a surplus. Nor has the Literary Society acted in a niggard manner, but has dealt generously with its Committee and a brother institution of College, reserving only the smallest portion for its own use.

We think this success has been in a great measure owing no-less to the good feeling and united action of the ten whom the Society entrusted with the carrying on of this paper, than to the ability and zeal of the Editor. He is by this time on the sod of old England, and the Committee would seize the present opportunity of expressing the sense of obligation under which it rests to his devotion to his often arduous work.

We would not wish to omit some reference to the aid received from our masters. Though we never had the pleasure of receiving from them any piece for insertion yet they all, and especially two, have afforded us great assistance by the kind interest they have displayed in our effort and also by suggestions which their larger experience would show to be of value to us.

We would also desire heartily to thank those old College boys who have contributed to these pages and we hope that this fact will encourage those who next year are to lead the van at College so that they may enter upon and carry forward what we this day lay down.

In this issue are combined the ninth and tenth numbers. We have followed last year's precedent and from its success we augur well for the success of this venture. It is not however all due to our reverence for precedents. It has been forced on us by the only difficulty we have had to encounter, the Printer's Strike. While this was in progress we were unable to get the paper printed and consequently the last five numbers have had to brave the perils of a hurried issue. The examinations were also a stumbling block to us. All know how difficult it is to get anything done during examination time and we have had consequently to labor under a serious disadvantage in that respect. And to the faults of this supreme effort we would ask you to be specially lenient. We have been without our Editor and the work has fallen to another who would crave your indulgence for the errors with which his inexperience and scant ability for such a task may have led him. We hope that at this time next year another and worthier Committee may also be making like acknowledgements after having raised their "monument more lasting than brass."

TO THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Again the ever moving wheels
Of time have brought us to the day
When all, e'en he who always steals
An hour for books, can have their play.

Again the holidays are near—
Words ever sweet to College boys,
When free from every studious care
We seize their never-failing joys.

Doubtless some have soared on pinions,
Turned to reach a lofty station,
High above the many millions
Of our now most prospering nation.

To some of those, since school has closed,
The pangs of unattained ambition
Will, likely, only have aroused
A new desire for competition.

To them th' invigorating run,
Through pleasing country wide and fair,
(I would that all might have the fun,)
Will add more fuel to the fire.

Ambition gratified, in some
Begets a wish for newer fields
To roam—a wish to raise a dome
Which to relentless time ne'er yields.

Shall lasting fame e'er be the prize
To grace the brows of any hero?
Fondly we hope that some will rise
The mighty ship of state to steer.

Some the professions high may grace,
And win a name that may awake
The careless ones to seek a place
Which, gained, may well become the great.

Full many are the pleasant hours
When, gathered in our large play ground,
We've oft defeated, with large scores,
Our strong opponents from all round.

While in sports we've been successful;
Seeking wisdom, which each treasures,
We have stored up precepts useful,
Taught us by our able masters.

As lessons long, so pleasing prove
When knowing teachers lead the way,
How could one doubt that we should move
So surely forward day by day?

Affliction's heavy hand hath fallen
Upon our generous Principal,
And death has taken past that bourne
A son, whence none the glories tell.

God's ways to us mysterious are,
And while he mourns the one that's lost,
We pray that still some shining star
May guide his way when tempest-tossed.

Though widely scattered we may be,
Let none forget the U. C. College;
But cherish well the memory
Of pleasant days so profitable.

GOOD LATIN AND GOOD ENGLISH.

It has been suggested that the following verses may not prove uninteresting to some of our readers. They are highly spoken of as being all that the heading promises. They were sent to Dean Ramsay on the publication of the twentieth edition of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. They are from the pen of the Bishop of St. Andrews:—

"Ad virum venerabilem, optimum, dilectissimum, Eduardum B. Ramsay, LL.D., Edinburgi Decanum, accepto ejus libro, cui titulus *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, vicesimum jam lautiusque et amplius edito.

"Editio accessit vicesima! plaudite, quicquid Scotia festivi fert lepidique serax!
Non vixit frustra, qui frontem utcumque severam
Noverit innocuis explicuisse jocis:
Non frustra vixit, qui tot monumenta Priorum
Salsa pia vetuit sedulitate mori:
Non frustra vixit, qui quali nos sit amore
Trendum, exemplo præcipiensque, docet.
Nec merces to indigna manet: Juvenesque senesque
Gaudebant nomen concelebrare tuum:
Condiat appositum dum ferula nostra salinum,
Præbebitque suas mensa secunda nugas:
Dum stantis rheda aurigam tus paginam fallat,
Contentum in sella tædia longa pati!
Quid, quod et ipsa sibi devinctum Scotia nutrix
Te perget gremio grata fovere sonem:
Officiumque plium simili pietate rependens,
Secula nulla sine non commisit Tui."

We append a translation by Dean Stanley:—

"Hail twentieth edition! from Orkney to Tweed
Let the wits of all Scotland come running to read,
Not in vain has he lived who by innocent mirth
Hath lightened the frown and the furrows of earth:
Not in vain hath he lived who will never let die
The honors of good times forever gone by:
Not in vain hath he lived who hath laboured to give
In himself the best proof how by love we may live.
Rejoice, my dear Dean, thy reward to behold,
In united rejoicing of young and of old:
Remember so long as our board shall not lack
A bright grain of salt or a hard nut to crack:
So long as the cabinman aleth in his seat,
Broods deep o'er thy page as he waits in the street,
Yes, Scotland herself, with affectionate care,
Shall nurse an old age so beloved and so rare,
And still gratefully seek in her heart to enshrine
One more *Reminiscence*, and that shall be thine."

—*Church Herald*.

THE COLLEGE.

DIED

On Monday, the 17th instant, at U. C. College, of croup, GEORGE ROBERT, second son of G. R. R. COCKBURN, Esq., Principal.

On Saturday, June 22nd, the Junior Cricketers of the Boarding House played the Junior Day-boys, the former winning by one run with a wicket to spare.

We see that the Committee of the *College Times* have made use of the vote to them, and have got their photographs taken. They supported their supporters by patronizing Messrs. Ewing and Co., and certainly the photograph does great credit to that firm.

Saturday, the 15th, was the occasion of two matches besides the Port Hope one. The Junior College Cricket Club played the Wellington Juniors, winning by three wickets; and the College Base Ball Club (Juniors) played the Champion Junior Club of Toronto, also coming off victors.

The Upper Canada College Literary Society purposes to partake of a supper on Wednesday night next, when there will probably be such a display of speechifying and wit, as would be calculated to astonish the mind of any weak-minded individual who might by chance be care-dropping.

We learn that in addition to other things, College is about to lose the services of the English Classical Master, C. W. CONNOR, Esq., LL.D., who has for many years been connected with this institution. He has been very well liked by those who have had to do with him, and no one has taken a livelier interest in the success of this little sheet than himself. We are glad to be able to state that he will be still engaged in teaching elsewhere, though in a perhaps easier position.

For the last three weeks, the College has been stale, flat and unprofitable to a degree. Those luckless youths that aspired to an exhibition presented gloomy and haggard countenances, showing that the brain supply was being heavily drawn on. Every day, the moment College is out off they hurry, rushing blindly past friends and relations on the street. Visions of examiners grave and forbidding, rise before them as they go and urge on their already break-neck pace. Next morning they come late, say that they "don't know a line" and "haven't looked at it" though they have consumed any quantity of midnight oil in fagging. Oh, how the *College Times* sees through them.

THE LATEST.—The following, not from that Lower Fourth boy, comes to us from the French Room. Here it is: *un coup de cloche*, a bundle of clothes. This is keeping up a reputation.

HELLMUTH COLLEGE.—The members of the first eleven of our College and those that take an interest in the 'noble game' felt greatly disappointed at receiving some time ago a communication from the Hellmuth College Cricket Club, saying that they would be unable to accept our challenge for a return match. They could not get permission from the Head Master to play on any ground but their own at London. Great regret was felt by the eleven, as "*Delenda est illa macula*" had been their motto ever since the 25th of May. The disappointment was somewhat lessened, however, by the thrashing they gave the Trinity School Eleven at Port Hope, a few days after. The defeating of the Hellmuth Eleven will have to be left to future generations.

CONVOCAATION.—This year College experiences what has in former years been almost without precedent, the omission of the usual U. C. College Convocation. We are sure it will be a source of great regret, not only to the prizemen but also to those who have not been successful. The reason has been the rather sudden removal of the Principal's second son, who died of croup about a fortnight ago. A way out of the difficulty has been suggested by a correspondent in another column, and while we are sure the boys all feel the greatest sympathy with the Principal, yet in justice to the boys we think that that plan might have been carried out. The prizes were distributed on Thursday, June 27th, a.m. at eleven o'clock, in the Public Hall.

"FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL TO
ALL MY GREATNESS!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Such is the echo on this day—a *dies Alliensis* forever in the calendar of the College—resounding in the hearts of each one of the illustrious decemviri—the 'Editing and Executive' Committee. For on this day the *College Times*, the second of its name, finds a grave; but only, let us hope, to come forth next year in renewed strength and vigour. The Council of Ten now gracefully retire into private life, nor is there a more fitting opportunity than the present to return their sincere thanks to all and every supporter of this their effort of the past; though we would call the attention of those to the fact that the thanks are Irish thanks, "for favours to come." The enterprise last year was a hazardous one, yet it succeeded; the enterprise this year, equally perilous, has been doubly successful. How many youths, "to fortune and to fame unknown," has it brought into a harmless notoriety; but unfortunately for the youths the sentiment at the head of this effusion is but too true: their greatness fades with their work.

What a medley is comprised within the forty pages. We have the comic and the tragic; the heavy and the light; the serious and the frivolous; the remedy for abuses and the jest at innovations. Some one wants essays; some one does not want essays. One says, "Down with the marking system;" and another says, "Not yet." And now there is an ardent gymnast wants every one to join him and descants on "Amusements," while a cynic throws dirt on the white robes of the Debating Society, yea, though once a president thereof. Shakespeare and "Tenders for Ventilation" are rudely huddled together, and the Greek Particles piled bodily on the head of a "Sio" boy. The masters come in for a fair share of criticism: one rejoiced at being dubbed a poet, another raging at the cognomen of "Cynic." The masters' meeting is unceremoniously invaded, and "ye Principal" interviewed for a speech on Toffy. Even that *pulcherrima rerum*, the Commercial Department, does not go scot free, nor is an unhappy youth's experience at a muffin struggle left unchronicled.

The poet of the *College Times* did not get off so many soul-stirring strains as the rhymers of yore. An assault on a great institution of this Dominion, the Narrow-gauge, and a classic translation of a Horation Ode are the steps by which he would fain mount to glory. "Oh! what a fall is here." This is not the place for suggestions, or we would offer them. We write the poet's confession, and can but say "too true." Here it is:—

"Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of any cause,
And can say nothing."

A couple of poetic sells will fail utterly to turn the scale in favour of him, and *Conis-Latin* is not to be thought of.

So much for the past. What for the future? Can there be found boys brave and trusty enough to go on and prosper next year? We hope so. And can we make a finer literary peroration than by quoting the words—of comfort for ourselves and of encouragement for coming generations—of the Laureate of America:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;
Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again"
And write another paper.

[NOTE.—The concluding sentiments, graceful in language, and pathetic in sentiment, are too good to be lost. They shall be entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the Office of the Minister of Public Works. So, copyist, beware. Also, the reader will better understand the idea by supposing "great men" to refer to the Decemviri, and the "foot-prints" to this paper. Omit the "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," and suit the idea of "sailing," &c., to quill-driving, and the whole thing is clear as mud.]

CYCLOPS.

U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

TWENTY-SECOND MEETING.

In accordance with a notice conspicuously posted in the Hall by the President, this illustrious Society met for a special meeting on Thursday, May 6th. After the roll was called, the minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. The President then announced to the assembled senators the reason for calling them together. He said that he was in a position to state that there was a surplus over and above the expenses of the *College Times* amounting to fifty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents (\$57.55). For this reason he had called the meeting, namely, to devise ways and means for disposing of the said surplus.

After the evident satisfaction of the members had subsided, the chairman of the Editing Committee, W. A. Langton, wished to lay before the Society a scheme for disposing of part of the fifty-seven dollars. The Committee felt a desire to perpetuate the fact of their being associated together in a work of this kind. He would therefore ask the Society to permit them to have a photograph comprising all its members. On motion of W. H. Aikins the sum of \$20 was placed at the credit of the "gallant few;" the Literary Society knowing the ruin a surplus had brought on some Governments, were evidently delighted with this easy way of getting rid of the load.

This accomplished, the brain-workers voted another twenty dollars to the muscle workers, viz: the Cricket Club, coupled with a hope that they would give a better account of themselves than they had hitherto done.

And now some futuro alderman bethought him of his own enjoyment and forthwith proposed that the remainder be devoted to paying in part for a banquet. This was received with rapture by the Society, and a Committee was forthwith elected to arrange the details "so that no one indeed should feel the want of an equal banquet."

On motion of one of the members it was decided that the Society should now adjourn and stand adjourned called together again by the President.

Here endeth the Literary Society for this year.—*REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*

An illiterate publican wrote over the door of his bar-room "Bear sold here." "No wonder," said Jerrold, "for it is his own *Brain*."

**PRIZE LISTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.**

This year, like all others, Upper Canada College has been successful in carrying off Medals and Scholarships; and though some say that its success this year is but small compared to other and former days, yet, if it be so, we can afford to let other Colleges share with us the distinctions of the University, without feeling that our former glory is lessened, or that our future prospects are impaired. This year, three gold medals, out of the five awarded, have been taken by old U. C. College boys and eight Scholarships, exclusive of the four gained at the matriculation examination. The following is the list:—

GOLD MEDAL IN CLASSICS.
FLETCHER, J.

SILVER MEDAL IN CLASSICS.
WHITE, J.

GOLD MEDAL IN NATURAL SCIENCES.
ORERER, J.

GOLD MEDAL (MEDICINE).
ZIMMERMAN, R.

STAR GOLD MEDAL.
ZIMMERMAN, R.

SCHOLARSHIPS: THIRD YEAR.
CLASSICS.

1st. WALLACE, F. H.
2nd. (sq.) SMALL, J. H.

MODERN LANGUAGES.
1st. LONG, J. H.

SCHOLARSHIPS: SECOND YEAR.
MATHEMATICS.

2nd. (sq.) DAWSON, A.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

1st. THOMPSON, G. W. (double)*

GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

4th. THOMPSON, G. W.

SCHOLARSHIPS: FIRST YEAR.
CLASSICS.

2nd. (sq.) KERR, F. W.

GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

4th. AIKINS, J. A. M.

SCHOLARSHIPS: JUNIOR MATRICULATION.
CLASSICS.

2nd. (sq.) { HARSTONE, L. (Treble.)
KERR, F. W.

MATHEMATICS.

1st. HARSTONE, L.

GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

1st. HARSTONE, L.

The Prize for Greek Verse was also taken by FLETCHER, J., the Gold Medallist in Classics.

COLLEGE PRIZE LISTS.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR'S PRIZE.

BIGGAR, W. H.

THE CLASSICAL PRIZE.

BIGGAR, W. H.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES PRIZE.

BIGGAR, W. H.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

McKOWN, J. G.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

LANGTON, W. A.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

BIGGAR, W. H.

FORM PRIZES IN SIXTH.

1st Form Prize BIGGAR, W. H.

2nd " " McKOWN, J. G.

3rd " " HOPKINS, F. E.

FIFTH FORM PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize BOWES, E. A.
2nd " " PONTON, W. N.
3rd " " RIDOUT, T.
4th " " BROWN, E. B.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

BOWES, E. A.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

BROWN, E. B.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

HARSTONE, J. C.

UPPER MODERN FORM PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize COATE, C. B.
2nd " " McTAGGART, A. W.
3rd " " SIMPSON, D. B.
4th " " CORBY, C.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

COATE, C. B.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

SIMPSON, D. B.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

McTAGGART, A. W.

FOURTH FORM PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize NORTHROP, W. B.
2nd " " SHEPHERD, B.
3rd " " BROWN, J. F.
4th " " PROCTER, E. R. O.
5th " " KEYS, D. R.
6th " " RIDOUT, D. F. J.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

HUNTER, H. D.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

NORTHROP, W. B.

THE WRITING PRIZE.

RICHARDS, S. O.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

NORTHROP, W. B.

LOWER MODERN FORM PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize MACKAY, J.
2nd " " ROCHESTER, J. E.
3rd " " LEWIS, J.
4th " " MONKTON, A.
5th " " WAY, I.
6th " " SHEPPARD, M.
7th " " PALMER, T. M.
8th " " TROW, C.
9th " " BARBER, J. R.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

MACKAY, J.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

MACKAY, J.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

WATSON, J. R.

THIRD FORM PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize SUTHERLAND, A.
2nd " " McMURRICH, J. B.
3rd " " THOMPSON, O. W.
4th " " ROSS, J. C.
5th " " McCREA, W.
6th " " FREELAND, A.
7th " " WILLIAMS, A. J.
8th " " McMICHAEL, A. J.
9th " " BUCKAN, J. W.
10th " " McGIVERN, J. C.

THE MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

SUTHERLAND, A.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

McCREA, W.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

SUTHERLAND, A.

THE WRITING PRIZE.

STRATHY, A. J.

SECOND FORM (B) PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize PLUMMER, F.
2nd " " WINTER, M. G.
3rd " " STOKES, S. P.
4th " " RALDAN, E. B.
5th " " COLEMAN, R.
6th " " WILKINSON, G. E.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

PLUMMER, F.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

PLUMMER, F.

THE WRITING PRIZE.

PURVIS, G. E.

SECOND FORM (A) PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize COATE, H. J.
2nd " " ARMOUR, D.
3rd " " McANDREW, J.
4th " " WINANS, F. S.
5th " " JAMES, W. G.
6th " " FREELAND, E. B.
7th " " HOPE, A.
8th " " EVANS, G. E.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

Æq. } ARMOUR, D.
COATE, H. J.

THE ESSAY PRIZE.

HOPKINS, A.

FIRST FORM (B.) PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize AIKINS, F. T.
2nd " " KERR, D. B.
3rd " " LOVE, S.
4th " " MONTGOMERY, T.
5th " " MORPHY, H. O.
6th " " BLAKE, E. W. H.
7th " " HALSBY, G. H.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

KERR, D. B.

FIRST FORM (A.) PRIZE LIST.

1st Form Prize BOYD, F.
2nd " " BOYD, E.
3rd " " NAONE, H. G.
4th " " CHAFFER, O. W.
5th " " WATSON, W. E.
6th " " GANSEY, G.

THE GRAMMAR PRIZE.

BOYD, F.

PAINTING PRIZE:

VICKERS, J. A. D.

THE DRAWING PRIZE.

PENCIL:

PARÉ, T. J.

CHALK:

ANDERSON, R.

BOARDING HOUSE PRIZE.

GOOD CONDUCT.

Seniors:—RIDOUT, H. R.; BONTY, H. R.

Juniors:—McGIVERN, J. C.; DENNY, J.

We were unfortunately unable to obtain the names of the Exhibitors in time for insertion. The returns in Modern Languages were not sent in until too late.

A VISIT OF COLUMBUS TO AMERICA IN 1872.

"What are these
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on it?"

We all thought him mad. The crew avoided him with a sort of superstitious awe, chiefly, perhaps, since the emphatic declaration of an old sailor, who had been some time in Greece, "that he was nothing more than a vampire." Indeed I must confess that I could never look at him myself without feeling an odd, unaccountable sensation.

He seemed indefinitely old, though not at all feeble or decrepit. In fact, his frame, though withered, was that of a middle-aged man, and of one who had endured hardships, but I never saw so aged a face. Eyes as vacantly lustreless, and skin as much like parchment, may perhaps be seen in aged men, but it was the indescribably weird expression that riveted my attention, and made me sometimes feel, in spite of myself, that he was not of this world.

We, of the good ship ———, were bound for Australia, and had picked up this solitary passenger, who was booked for "The Cape of Good Hope or thereabouts." He would give no explanation of this except by repeating it with a strange, low, chuckling laugh, which had at once gained for him the character of lunacy, with which he had been handed over to us.

We were bound, as I said, for Australia, *via* Cape of Good Hope, and, during the voyage, I had ample time for scrutinizing our passenger, but he had equally ample time for scrutinizing me, and took advantage of it. I could not bear that cold lack lustre eye. It seemed to be incessantly turned to me. It made me restless and uneasy, and when I saw it fixed on me, I would shift my position to the other side of the deck. Still I felt the eye, and, stealing a glance at the passenger would meet that unwavering gaze. I could not help thinking that he wished to confide something to me, and my suspicion proved correct.

One day, after we had been at sea nearly two months, and were now near the Cape, it fell a dead calm accompanied by fog. The passenger had been restlessly pacing the deck all morning, and all last sitting down, he beckoned me to him and, pointing to a seat beside him, began, in a voice "monotonous and hollow as a ghost's," a voice that sounded far away yet near:

"If you have patience to listen to an old man's words, sit down beside me; I have something to tell you: I was once a sailor like yourself and have in my time braved more dangers and suffered more hardships than you have ever dreamt of. Yes! I know that you have deeds to tell of such as few can boast, but in my time it was a mighty undertaking, and a voyage of weary weeks to cross the great sea, while now you dance across its waves in twice as many days. For years I planned and pondered on my first voyage; and when at length, after many disappointments and vexations, I did start, it was with a future blank and dim as yonder fog. My crew grow towards and their mutterings and mutiny would scarcely let me complete my voyage, indeed had almost forced me to return, when, seeing signs of land, I still pressed on and stumbled on the wished for shore. How different has been my last visit from my first. How I arrived there, by what ship set down, I need not tell you. I landed on the same spot as on the first occasion, but did not know the land. The sea was all the same, it has no change. We passed the seaweed sea, which once my sailors thought was land; all was the same, but not the land. There all was changed. No naked savage hailed me as a god. I was met by white men, yet not such as I left there—my own countrymen. The land has seen its inhabitants twice changed, for now the English accent met my ear. But whither was the Indian fled? Has he been enslaved, or has he gone

to other land, since white men have intruded on his haunts? Or is it possible that the number of his race has become so small that it can occupy one small tract of land, and call that freedom—they who used to roam the land at large? In their places great cities have sprung up. Not only has the untamed redman been subdued, but untamed Nature, much more formidable. Only a little distance and that full of danger, was I, once upon a time, able to make my way inland. Nature and man combined to form a barrier so impassable that we were soon obliged to retreat disheartened and with lessened numbers. Now I have been able to travel over all the continent, and always found myself near civilization in a greater or less degree. Now, a stately city opened its gates to the traveller; now a gentle hamlet afforded shelter; or again some camp at least or outpost gave me the welcome society of man. Such is the country now, and peopled by energetic nations it will soon be greater. To them is left the task of working out the treasures of a new and well stored world. Yet not alone; the task would be too great, but already the overflowings of the old, are finding a resting place in the new world, and perhaps, in after years, America will become the seat and centre of enlightenment, as have been in turn both Asia and Europe. My child shall rule the world!"

He paused at these words, and peering out into the fog, seemed to listen intently. Whilst I was staring blankly at him, and mortally debating whether he was a madman or a evil spirit, he suddenly exclaimed, "I am called," and, looking up, I saw at a short distance off, a huge black hull from which there came across the water a cry of "Ship ahoy!" At the same moment a boat put off from it, and made for our ship. We hailed the stranger in return, but, receiving no reply, the steps were let down at the side, and the whole crew crowded to the bulwarks, and waited for the arrival of the boat in anxious silence.

They soon reached us—a weird looking crew, and, marvellous, each man the very counterpart of our mysterious passenger. This thought seemed to strike all the crew simultaneously. All turned around to look at him—he was gone, and looking down again, we saw that he had glided unseen down the steps and was getting into the boat. The strange mariners said not a word, but pushed off, and, in a few moments, gained their vessel. We saw them climb the side and then—we saw no more. Whether the vessel glided away, or a denser fog settled on it, I know not; but the wave played freely on the spot where late she rode, and we saw her no more.

An exclamation of surprise burst from the crew, and as they looked on one another in stupid wonder, one old man broke silence with—"The Flying Dutchman?"

"And who is he—the passenger?" "Vanderdecken, or the Devil." Said I, "Columbus." L.

"NE QUID RES PUBLICA DETRIMENTI CAPERET."—CICERO.

It is the duty of journalists,—and a painful duty it is—to watch with jealous eye for any abuse or wrong that may seek to evade their righteous indignation. And this being the case, we, the *folius Græciæ lumen* in a literary sense, have sometimes to descend from the Elysian regions of our imagination to the sad fact that in our own particular sphere, under our very noses, giant weeds of neglect have sprung up to disturb our heavenly visions. But in order that the "gentle reader" may not tire we will particularize. On entering the spacious College Grounds we are struck with the erident mathematical tendencies of the authorities. A row of houses stands before us, but arranged in a descending scale. On our left the highest, the handsomest, the grandest. Then next, another not so high, not so handsome, not so grand. And next the College!

To those who never have seen this wonder of the world, we would give the advice to stay where they are. Four red brick walls, covered by a roof, are its all, respectable enough and venerable while it could see over the other houses in the row, and was as good as the worst, but now. Nor in this harmonical progression is the order of magnitude the only constituent, but also order of merit. For the farther one goes the worse they get. Now, why should this be so? Contrast heightens colour, and in this case the contrast is very painful. It may, however, be said, rumour hath it that the smaller buildings are to be admitted *ad eundem statum* as the rest in a short time. But what of that? Is the ground to be knocked from under our feet so easily? Are our preceding sentiments to be so rudely contradicted? No, not while this reliable sheet remains. However, feeling the shakiness of our position, we had better pass on to the play-ground, and here is presented a by no means pleasant spectacle. From our stand inside the gate we behold to our left a plot of mother earth,—formerly a garden, but now generously given to form part of the play-ground,—guiltless of grass or boards, and a remarkably clean spot after rain. We stand on boards, or rather planks of wood, innocent of nails to keep them down, and from which spring a few bare posts, (and concerning these it was gloomily whispered that they were remotely connected with the erection of a racquet-court) looking supremely conscious of their own and the surrounding wretchedness. The eye would seek some relief, and searches out some green spot on the play-ground on which to rest and be thankful. Look where you will, there lies before you a grass plot without grass, and through the centre there runs a filled-up drain! Why this should be, we know not. When ourselves of the E. & E. Committee used to be in our prime, things were not as they now seem. Then our eleven had a crease to practice on, and then they had a crease to play matches on, but the scene is changed. However, we can say no more. Our ink is giving out, and we are giving signs of doing the same. We did not think to drop a tear in all our miseries, but we are fain to let fall a crystal tear or two concerning matters in general, and the above mentioned facts in particular.

IXION.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—Frederick the Great used to ask every new soldier in his guard three questions, viz.: "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" A smart young fellow, born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service, and his martial bearing caused him to be immediately accepted. Being ignorant of the German language, his captain told him that the King would question him in that tongue the first time he saw him, and cautioned him to learn by heart the three answers that he was to make. He did so, and as soon as he appeared in the ranks Frederick came up to interrogate him; but, changing the usual order of his questions, asked him the second first: "How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty-one years," answered the soldier. The King, struck with his youth, asked, "How old are you?" "One year, an't please your majesty." "You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses," exclaimed the monarch. The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied, "Both, an't please your majesty." "This is the first time I was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army," rejoined Frederick. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, kept silent, and when the King questioned him again, to penetrate into this mystery, the soldier told him in French that he did not understand a word of German; at which the King laughed heartily, advised him to learn that language, and exhorted him to perform well his duty.

A person meeting an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard he was dead. "But," said the other, "you find the report false." "Tis hard to determine," was the reply, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY
BY NIGHT."

'Twas night, and darkness shrouded all the earth;
The stars shone forth in heaven and cast below
A shade of melancholy hue, and all below
Seemed lone and desolate, except a few.
That few—who might they be? This now we tell.
They are of those whose duty 'tis to spend
Their time in learning lore from many books.
'Tis they who represent old U. C. C.
These, now their weary toil is done, prepare
To drown their "woes unnumbered" in the cup.
So they unto a restaurant close by
Betake themselves, and round a table meet
To drink the health of "Queen and family,"
To drink each others health, and wish success
To her within whose classic walls they've lived.
Seated as chairmen, there's a pale-checked youth,
Whose face, unshaven, truly does betoken
That out of puberty he has not passed.
To right of him, behold a genius bright
Who knowledge has, and having, ne'er escapes.
Upon his left there sits the President,
Whose lips the sparkling cup has never touched
Save a few times, and this, we fear, is one.
Here and there are mingled 'mongst the crowd
The noblest and the famed. And there we see
The Editor, in faultless dress arrayed;
Close by his side the future Editor;
A sixth form boy sits here, and there a fourth.
But lo! who's that in military garb,
Who has, in very truth, "chest out and belly in;"
But of him we will speak and tell you soon.
And now the feast begins, and such a feast!
Nectar there was, and sweet ambrosia too,
This last the remnant of a gorgeous feast,
That once was given on Olympus' height
To all the goddesses and Juno chief.)
The feast proceeds; and now, from right to left,
From left to right again the wine is poured.
The scene more clamorous grows, and now the cups
Are whirled around the room, the chairman, too,
Has all that he can do himself to mind.
Alas, 'tis more than many a one can do
To keep himself from falling off his chair.
The toasts are drunk without a thought for ought
Till from his chair the chairman does arise,
And with majestic countenance thus speaks,—
"The Army and the Navy" is proposed.
Now why the 'umult? why the uproar great?
From 'mongst the crowd arises one who when
The call for Volunteers came through the land,
Deserted form and all, resolved to join.
And thus he speaks,—"My friends, my fellow-mates)
'Tis I alone who dare to prove those words,
'Decorum est pro patria mori.'
Ye think the meaning's this, ye cowardly crew,
'Oh 'tis a sweet and glorious thing to eat
A mutton pie!' Oh fallen, fallen man!
(Just now there falls from off his seat,
A youth, by wine o'ercome, and soon one more,
Another joins these two, and then there's peace.)
"Ye think 'tis manly thus to shame yourselves,"—
(The hero now himself does take a sup)
"And think that ye are men by acting thus."
(He takes another sup, which he must like.)
"I quite agree with you." And now, apart,
He asks for other cups to quench his thirst.
Alas! he too is soon o'ercome, and lays
Himself close by the side of his schoolmates.
* * * * *

And now sweet slumber holds the tired throng;
And here we leave them, for no more is known
Of what they did, save that they all did sleep
Till morning dawned, and then with trembling step
Each one his home did seek, his shame to hide

J. O. A.

KEPT IN.

The scene is in the Public Hall
On Monday afternoon;
The bell rings out, the Principals speak,
And then there's silence soon.
"The following boys have been detained;"
Then reads he from the book,
"Rickety Bob and Master Ford,
Oysters and Horne Tooko."
There's full a score of other names
Which we need not repeat,
For they are mentioned far too oft
From the Cockburnie seat.
The scene is changed. Down in the room
Where shavers learn to scrawl,
Those who have been kept in to-day
Are gathered one and all.
The Master now, whose turn it is
To watch the motley crowd,
Makes each boy answer to his name
As it is read aloud.
And then the task for each is set,
To study or to work,
(The studying has a minus sign,
For most the boys it shirk).
But hark! a whisper clear is heard,
Which can be understood
Alone by those who seated are
Near Michael Ford and Scud.
"I don't care now a single snap,"
Quoth lazy, careless Scud,
"For being kept in every day;
It don't do any good."
"Why we get out at three o'clock,
And other schools at four,
So what's the harm of staying in
For just one hour more."
"I'm sure I will not kill myself
With study—no not I!
As long as *keeping in* is the rule,
For this don't make me spy."
"As long as I have not to write
Four conjugations out,
I'll never at a lesson look,
Or put myself about."
"But once upon a time, Mike Ford,
In class I used to shine,
And that was when the cane was soaked
In salt and water brine."
"Oh then, to miss a single word,
Not one boy could you see;
For then 'twas feared the Master's cane
Would rather trouble we."
"So I don't care a single snap,"
So quoth the lazy Scud,
"For being kept in every day,
It don't do any good."
"Them's just my sentiments, old boy,
Our marking is not lower'd"—
"What's all this noise," the Master cries,
"Stay in to-morrow, Ford."
Ha, ha! what cares Mike Ford for that,
I'm sure he's not much pained,
So long as he has not a chance
Of ever being caned.

[The above lines were inspired by seeing the following extract from a Master's soliloquy in the Detention Book:—" . . . Some of the boys seem to regard detention in the light of a joke; perhaps a dose of the cane might suit their case better."]

R. D. R.

TRANSLATIONS.

[The following translations from English into Latin verse have been sent us by an "Old U. C. C. Boy." They may serve to recall the proficiency of the sender in those studies which *adolescensiam alunt*, and in this case have evidently "been the delight of his maturer years."]

I.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh the gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Felices colles, saltus, et amabilis umbra,
Arvaque nequidquam semper amata mihi;
Quis secura locis errare puertina laeta
Gestiit, ah! nondum tristo perita malis:
Ex vobis auræ (sensi) spirantia præbent
Gaudia, quæ puncto temporis usque ruunt;
Læta, recens, illis dum panditur ala, videtur
Deliciis animum lætificare meum;
Atque, venustatem redolens facillomque juventam,
Faudere defessis altera verna viris.

- II.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
Stato in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us, then, with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

BEN JONSON.

AD DIANAM.

Sella recumbens tu quoque candida
Argento, ut est mos, sume superbiam,
Regina venatrixque, casta
Pulchraque, deficiente luce.
En! Vesper orat lucida munera,
Quæ, Diva præstans lumine, fuderis!
Ne, Terra, dirumpas molestâ,
Invida, prætereuntis umbrâ;
Nam Cynthia orbis natus, ut omnia
Coelo residens nubila tergeret,
Quum Sol periret. Luce præcans
Diva, veni speciosa vultu!

AN OLD U. C. C. BOY.

Some one wrote the following "Essay on Man," which has the merit of being almost as comprehensive as brief:—

"At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never!"

The late Dr. Zisk, of Dalsorf, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor: "I never saw any ye had to renounce!"

THE LAST CRICKET MATCH.

"What's in a name?"

That name, that reputation for good cricket which we hear so much about, and which we are supposed to do so little to sustain, has now been vindicated.

That "disgraceful and humiliating" defeat at Hamilton, for which the first eleven were so much blamed, has been partially atoned for, and we can add one to the long list of victories which the College has gained in past years. The only disappointment of the first eleven is after the victory, that they cannot play Hellmuth a return match, and fully wipe out the disgrace sustained in the former match; but they must bide their time, and perhaps the struggle may still come off after the holidays. Well to return to the Port Hope match. It was a great success in every way, as arrangements for the pleasure of the boys were so well contrived that not a spot appeared to mar the enjoyment of the day. This was owing altogether to the great courtesy of our rivals, who took so much pains towards the success of the day, that many regrets were expressed when it was understood that no return match could be played this season, as nothing would have delighted our boys more than to have been able to make some return for the many kindnesses which they experienced at the hands of the masters and boys of the Trinity College School, Port Hope.

This match closes the first half of the cricket season of 1872, a short one, productive of but one victory and of but one defeat. Let us hope that after the holidays cricket may be re-established on a firmer basis than ever, that the club may receive much support, and that an eleven may be sent out which will do honour to the name of the College and to the names of the cricketers who have preceded.

CRICKET.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

On Saturday, June 16th, the match that had been unavoidably postponed from May 14th, was played between the Clubs of the above Schools, at Port Hope.

Our Eleven left Toronto by an early train, and arrived at Port Hope about nine o'clock. At the station we were met by a deputation of the Committee of their Club, who had a conveyance in readiness to take us to the St. Lawrence Hotel, where we all partook of breakfast. We were then driven up to the ground, and on our arrival were greeted with hearty cheers, and immediately after were shown to a tent, provided expressly for our convenience.

About 11 o'clock the wickets were pitched, and the toss being won by Trinity College, we went in, McKeown and Proctor to the bat.

The first wickets soon fell under the telling bowling of Campbell and Coxworthy. The former, especially, bowled well, almost every ball being on the wicket.

Appearances were much against us at first, for there were few fine hits made, except by Wood, who carried his bat for 14.

Croyn was unfortunately run out, before he had a chance of making anything. The other wickets fell rapidly, and when the last man was out the score was only 50.

After a very short rest, Trinity went in, Mr. Bethune and Coxworthy to the bat, to the bowling of Croyn and Biggar. Biggar bowled swift under arm, and there were few runs made off his balls.

Rogers was caught out by Atkinson shortly after he went in, and luckily before he had well started to make a score. Campbell, who carried his bat, had only opportunity to make 5.

After the first innings, the two Clubs sat down to an excellent lunch in the College dining-room, and, we imagine, did full justice to it.

On our return to the ground, the Band of the 46th Battalion, which had been engaged for the occasion, made its appearance, and the seats were thronged with spectators, who seemed to take lively interest in the game.

About 3 o'clock U. O. College went to the bat again, in the same order as before.

The score on our side, which was also the score of the day, was made by Proctor, caught out by Meredith for 28.

Croyn this time played in his usual style, and succeeded in making 27, and Spragge 18. These ran the score up, and when the last wicket fell, it had reached 107.

When Trinity went in the second time, they had 128 to tie, and fears were entertained at one time that they were going to do it; for this time, Mr. Bethune and Rogers getting in together, made a stand, and the latter seemed determined never to get out, and his wicket fell only when he had made 27.

The score was increasing so rapidly, however, that our Captain thought it advisable to change the bowlers, and Brown was put on with round arm. The change had its effect, and in the first over afterwards Mr. Bethune's wicket fell.

The fielding on both sides was very good, and the back stopping was particularly admired. On the field some fine catches were made, especially by Atkinson, who, during the first innings, caught out Rogers.

We give the score in full:

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.		UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.	
First Innings.		First Innings.	
Mr. Bethune, b. Croyn	0	McKeown, b. Campbell	0
Coxworthy, b. Croyn	2	Proctor, b. Campbell	28
Rogers, c. Atkinson, b. Croyn	1	Richardson, b. Coxworthy	4
Meredith, c. Spragge, b. Croyn	2	Spragge, b. Coxworthy	18
Barker, b. Croyn	0	Croyn, run out	0
Irving, b. Biggar	0	Wood, not out	14
Perry, b. Croyn	1	Atkinson, b. Coxworthy	0
McBrien, run out	0	Biggar, c. Mr. Bethune, b. Campbell	0
Smart, b. Biggar	0	Campbell, not out	5
Campbell, not out	5	Cope, b. Campbell	0
Hall, b. Croyn	0	Brown, b. Campbell	0
Byes	4	Moffatt, b. Campbell	0
Leg byes	2	Byes	3
Wides	4	Leg byes	3
		Wides	0
Total	29	Total	50
Second Innings.		Second Innings.	
Campbell, run out	0	McKeown, b. Coxworthy	9
Hall, run out	1	Proctor, c. Meredith, b. Corwy	28
McBrien, b. Biggar	1	Richardson, run out	0
Rogers, c. Croyn	27	Spragge, b. Coxworthy	13
Coxworthy, c. Atkinson, b. Croyn	3	Croyn, b. Smart	27
Mr. Bethune, b. Brown	5	Wood, c. Perry, b. Coxworthy	0
Meredith, b. Croyn	2	Atkinson, b. Smart	0
Barker, c. Atkinson, b. Brown	0	Biggar, b. Smart	3
Smart, b. Brown	0	Cope, b. Smart	1
Irving, c. Cope, b. Brown	1	Brown, run out	4
Perry, not out	0	Moffatt, run out	0
Byes	8	Byes	11
Wides	5	Leg byes	2
Leg byes	3	Wides	9
Total	68	Total	107
	29		50
Grand total	97	Grand total	157

Mr. G. Hall, of Port Hope, and Mr. O. Morrison, of Toronto, acted as Umpires, and G. D. Perry and E. Scatcherd as Scorers.

After the match, and the usual cheering, &c., we once more sat down together to dinner, and after waiting many weary hours for the train, left for Toronto.

We can only say here, that during the whole of our stay there, the kindest of attention was paid to us by all; and we regret very much that, on account of the affliction in Mr. Cockburn's family, we cannot have a return match before vacation. We would be only too glad to have the pleasure of entertaining them here, and would do what we could to repay their kindness.

The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom: "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill as well as insult you."

THE CAMP.

"Multos castra juvant."—HORACE.

In speaking about the camp—the Niagara camp—which has sucked in, and now contains, so many brave and worthy defenders of our country, we were almost tempted to begin by the words "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," but as we always wish to be free from the imputation of giving our readers anything stale, we refrained.

'Tis a glorious thing to see the blue sky overhead and the green grass below, and to see the many-hued uniforms of the various companies between, whom we can respectfully admire at a distance. But what a thought it is, how the chest swells out when we recall to our minds that some of the gallant men who compose these companies have actually been our "seuales et sodales." To what a height are they now lifted, and how do we sink down by comparison into mere worms. They have burst the ugly shell of the caterpillar and have gone forth, bright butterflies with their uniforms of many hues. But are they the same beings, who were wont to crack a joke and be familiar with us who are left? We question it; we question if aught remains of the part when it merges into the butterfly. But let us speak of the great devotion of these gallant fellows to their country; let us tell how some of them—some that our readers know—left everything—home, friends, books, examinations everything, and went off to do what for their country? To die? We think not. To fight? No. What then? Why to camp out, which is the most devoted thing of all that have been named, and where the many privations, and especially the want of "grub and blanket," justly stir up the ire of these manly defenders. But there is one thing that makes up to these youths for the great privations, and that is that they can be called by the name of soldier. "Full private Snooks" has a most imposing sound beside plain "Snooks."

If any one of these brave fellows has a literary turn he may thoughtfully con Shakespeare's lines as he scrapes his chin, and try to imagine himself the ideal soldier of whom the bard speaks.

"Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
Even at the cannon's mouth."

Then the ladies—bless their hearts—are traditionally fond of red coats, and even of green ones when donned by soldiers; and how sweet and pleasant it is to be gazed on by the fair sex, who wave lily-white handkerchiefs to spur the soldiers on to victory. Then, of course, how jolly it is to gather around the "wolf-scaring faggot" at night, when the day is through, and tell stories of martial adventures, to sing songs—in short, to have a good time if you are allowed, which is extremely doubtful. And then there's the parade and the drill, and the feeling that you are a martyr for your country. And last, but not least, there's the return home covered with glory, and welcomed by shouts, and then the humiliating doffing of the red coat for the more peaceable black one.

So indeed, the honours of the soldier's life are many and varied, and many are the causes which call him on "where glory waits him."

The following is a specimen of a diary kept by one of the Queen's Own Rifles in camp.

"Tuesday.—Got up; drilled; washed; drilled; thought I saw some girls; paraded; eat dinner; drilled; went for a walk; drilled; went to bed."

No monotony, no sameness, always an interval between two drills. GAMALIEL.

A man with a scolding wife, being asked what his occupation was, replied, that he kept a hot-house.

Ye Thrilling Adventures of ye Wretched College Boys, seeking ye Bubble, Reputation.

Some boys were sent with martial ardour,
To leave for Camp:
Those boys did slope from College,
And left for Camp.

Those boys provided were with rifles,
All for the Camp:
Those boys did go on board the
Steamer for the Camp.

Those boys did quarters get
At the long'd for Camp:
Those boys, alas, were summoned
By the "gallant Colonel."

Those boys did seek Toronto,
By the next steamer:
Those boys the Princeps saw,
And the gates of College,
Them again saw never. O.

Correspondence.

CONVOCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

SIR,—I understand from the higher authorities that we are to have no Convocation this year at College. Now I do not think this is quite fair to the boys who get prizes or other honours, and who have been looking forward with great interest to the 28th of June. Of course Mr. Cockburn could hardly be expected to take any part in the proceedings, but could he not have induced the President of University College, an old U. C. College master himself, or the gentleman who has this year examined the exhibitioners in classics to take his place, or even some of our local magnates, who would, doubtless, have cheerfully conducted the ceremonies.

I think that on all hands great regret will be felt that the annual institution of College has been allowed to fall through.

Yours,
A DISINTERESTED PARTY.

OSTRACISM.

The reign of Tyrants was over. Athens had now become a democracy. On this account it was necessary to introduce some changes whereby the democracy would be assured and be free from the power of the usurpers.

Cleisthenes was the reformer who undertook this arduous task, and the fact that Athens stood as a democracy through the most stormy periods of its existence, till it fell a prey to the destroying soldiers of the Roman legions, is ample proof of the farsightedness and wisdom of his change as supplementing those of Solon.

It was comparatively easy for any man to usurp the supreme power on account of the small military force that a government in Athens had at its command wherewith to quell any conspiracy. A tyrant who might arise, having at his command troops sufficiently numerous, could often overawe the populace. To check this, we find Ostracism established, and it acted, as may be seen, as a safety-valve by which the people could get rid of a more than usually aspiring personage. While yet the spirit of some, and especially the remnant of the patricians, was still unconvinced of the prudence of these reforms, there was a danger of their being subverted. The constitution was yet in its infancy, and had not in itself the inherent strength which a form of government, long established and well tried always possesses. The changes were not

in accordance with the views of the nobles, which feeling showed itself in the almost successful agitation of Isagoras in conjunction with the Spartans. On this account there was clearly something wanted to act as a guardian, and to foster the constitution till it arrived at maturity and was able to take its own part and fight its own battles.

The *modus operandi* of this system was very simple. The Agora was railed off and each tribe admitted man by man, by a separate entrance. The name of any one who was supposed to be dangerous to the state was written on a shell [*ostrakon*], and this was cast into the receiving box or cask. If, at the close of the day, six thousand votes were cast against any Athenian, he was declared ostracized and suffered the lawful penalty. This penalty was exile, though without confiscation of property or taint of dishonour. He was allowed to reside in any other Greek city, but could not return to Athens for the space of ten years, though this time was afterwards commuted to five.

This institution, however, was not exercised at the mere will of any one. A charge had to be made, and the senate adjudicated thereon, deciding whether such a charge was well grounded, and in accordance with the spirit of the law. Then, again, the Ecclesia had to sanction the appeal, and if this was done, a day was fixed on which the fate of the one in question was decided. When, however, this institution was invoked, it was not only a particular one who was liable to be ostracized, but the fate of any Athenian citizen might that day be fixed. This proves that ostracism was a particular case of a general principle in Solon's constitution. This principle was, that what was a law against one was a law against all Athenian citizens, unless by the express will of six thousand of the citizens.

To be exiled in this way was, perhaps, rather a glory than a shame, seeing that it bespoke for him who suffered it sufficient force of character and power to be esteemed hurtful to the state. Hence, when this system was twice prostituted, first in the expulsion of Daman, a poet and a scholar, and then of Hyperbolus, a mere cypher, compared with the two great leaders, Nicias and Alcibiades, then it was that ostracism received its death-blow.

This principle of action was common to some other of the Grecian democracies besides Athens. The best likeness to it was in Syracuse, which possessed an institution called *Petalism*, afterwards greatly abused, and consequently abolished.

In fact Athenian ostracism only survived as a living system till the time of Alcibiades, from which point it began to decay, and soon became a thing of the past, owing, as above mentioned, to its being twice dishonoured. H.

The Roman drinks were believed to be chiefly those mentioned in Horace. There has been, however, a strange overlooking of the fact that Horace himself was rather fond of our modern whiskey. Of this the following line is a proof:—

"*Sic te diva potens Cypri*"—(Sip rye).

From this we see that the Romans must have been acquainted not only with tea, but also the modern firewater. Butman, however, thinks that such is not the original signification of the word in the Sanscrit to which it may be traced. (See Butman's *Lexilogus*). We agree with him.

This is the Hindoo time-table, taken from one of their great books, the *Puran*: "Fifteen twinklings of the eye make one *kashtha*, thirty *kashthas* a *kala*, thirty *kalas* a *muhumutta* (forty-eight minutes) and thirty *muhumuttas* a day and a night.

A phrenologist remarking that some persons had the organ of murder and of benevolence strongly and equally developed, his friend replied, "that doubtless those were the persons who would kill one with kindness."

A drafted American called upon one of the States' lawyers, and desired to have papers prepared, claiming exemption from military service for the several reasons, which he named: 1. That he was the only son of a widow depending upon him for support. 2. That his father was in such infirm health, as to be unable to get his own living; and 3. That he had two brothers already in the service. All of which facts Patrick desired then and there to verify by affidavit. The lawyer reminded his client of the story of a man in Vermont, who was sued for returning a borrowed kettle in a damaged condition, and who pleaded in defence—first, that the kettle was sound when he returned; secondly, that it was cracked when he borrowed it; and thirdly, that he never had the kettle. Patrick grinned a ghastly smile and withdrew.

Theodore Hook, once walking with a friend, passed a pastry-cook's shop, in the window of which was the usual inscription: "Water ices and ice cream." "Dear me," said Theodore "what an admirable description of the effects of hydrophobia." "How can that be?" said his friend, "what have water ices and ice creams to do with hydrophobia?" "Oh," replied Hook, "You do not read it right. I read it thus: Water I sees, and I screams."

An impudent thief, kneeling in a confessional, stole the watch of the priest who was confessing him. "Holy father," he said, "I thieve!" "What do you mean, my son?" "I have just committed a robbery," (the watch was already in his pocket.) "Then you must restore what you have stolen to the owner." "Well, father, I will give it into your hands." "No! you must not give it to me, but to him from whom you have stolen it." "But he from whom I have stolen it will not have it." "Well, in that case, keep it."

A tailor calling on Jones one day with his bill, found him in bed. "Oh! it is you," said Jones, "you have come with your bill!" "Yes, sir, and I should like a little money." "Open my cabinet—do you see that drawer?" The tailor drew it out. "No, not that one; the other." "No! no! the one underneath—there, that is right. Do you see what is in that drawer?" "I see a quantity of papers," said the tailor. "Yes, they are all bills! Place yours with them." And so saying, Jones turned on his pillow.

A learned Arab writer gives the following advice on the subject of women: "If a man enter upon any important undertaking, let him consult ten friends; or if he hath not ten, let him consult five; or if he hath only one friend, let him take his advice at ten different times; but if," continues the learned Iman, "he hath not one to consult, let him return to his wife and consult her, and whatever she adviseth him to do, let him do the contrary."

A soldier in an Ohio regiment engaged in the civil war, passing to the lower part of his encampment, saw two others of his company making a rude coffin. He enquired who it was for. "John Bruce," said the others. "Why," replied he, "John is not dead yet." "It's too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know, if he is going to die or not." "Don't trouble yourself," replied the others; "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

During the late civil war in America, the paper currency issued included fractional notes, having upon the face a faint oval ring of bronze, encircling the vignette. Upon being asked its use, Mr. Lincoln said "It was a faint attempt on the part of Mr. Chase (the Finance Minister) to give the currency a metallic ring."

Bonhours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutiae of letters. It is said that when he was dying he called out to his friends [a correct grammarian to the last], "Je vas, ou je suis mourir: l'un ou l'autre se dit."

The "King's arm," as the old regulation musket was called in America, had (says a Yankee writer) a barrel as long as a rail, requiring some little time or a ball to get out of it. A sportsman, speaking of its peculiarities, said: "I once aimed at a robin, snapped the lock four times, then looking into the muzzle, saw the charge coming out, raised the gun again, took aim, and killed the bird."

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