

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

MASTER HENRY SCADDING,

ON THE 9th APRIL, 1829.

At the Royal Grammar School, YORK, UPPER CANADA.

————— Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus;
Obscura promens: hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet.

HORACE.

As when the vessel laden with her store,
Quits distant climes, and seeks the long left shore;
Now cuts the foaming wave of boist'rous seas,
And crowds her swelling canvas for the breeze:

But while for home each sailor's bosom burns,
And hope and fear, perplexing reign by turns;
The kindly blowing gales at once subside,
And leave the ship on sullen deeps to ride.

Behold the burden on the ocean stands,
Longing in vain to reach far distant lands:
A deadly quiet overspreads the main,
Nor vivid lightnings flash, nor falls the rain:

Yet courage animates the sailor's heart,
And undismay'd, he nobly plays his part;
For tho' a transient calm his voyage stay,
Still to his native land his wishes stray.

Again the wind their spreading canvas swells,
And the swift vessel on its course impels;
Till, ev'ry danger, ev'ry terror past,
The wish'd for haven they regain at last.

So man, as thro' life's short'ning track he goes,
Feels ev'ry varying gale that round him blows;
One while, his sails propitious zephyrs fill,
Another, on the deep his bark stands still:

So, we too, once a well match'd crew came here,
And, in ourselves a host, had nought to fear;
We cut the ocean with undaunted force,
And brisker gales propell'd us on our course.

But tho' our canvas feel a gentler breeze,
We still with patience plough pacific seas;
And tho' with lessen'd force we now turn out,
Again anticipate the enliv'ning shout:

For say, why should we from these Boards with-
draw,
And cease our humble efforts here to shew?
Why give up tamely in the fight for fame,
Nor make one effort to support our name?

No! let us rather all our efforts raise,
And put forth all our pow'rs to gain your praise,
Cling to the vessel while a plank remains,
Nor quit our anchor, Hope! for all our pains.

This happy day, our hearts with pleasure hail,
This day, thro' ev'ry bosom joys prevail;
Each toil, each labour, in this day is crown'd,
Our pride content, our highest wishes bound.

Our dearest friends around us here to meet,
Our long known, long tri'd friends again to greet,
For this, O welcome, all the School boy's care!
O welcome, e'en, for this, the School boy's fear!

For competition is a noble thing,
It gives our flagging genius a wing;
Puts ev'ry latent pow'r of mind to test,
And makes us labour to perform the best.

They listen with good-will; our cause befriend;
Withhold your judgment till you see the end;
Take all in all, our greatest faults pass by,
And view each error with benignant eye.

Well pleas'd, if from this Royal School you go,
What happiness within our breasts will glow!
For be assured, we all have this at heart;
"To strive with zeal, who best can act his part."