

fact I wished to remind you of—an event which will ever be remembered by the members of my profession as one of the most gratifying compliments they have ever received, and which must, I think, surely exalt that profession in the estimation of the public. (Cheers.)

I have done, gentlemen, and I hope I have not trespassed too long upon your patience. I will now give you the toast of the evening: The hundredth anniversary of the day which gave birth to one of the greatest men that ever adorned society—who, next to Shakespeare, has entwined himself around the hearts of his fellow men—whose pen was never polluted by an unworthy or a coarse expression—whose works were invariably distinguished by the clearest spirit of honour, the most unaffected homage to religion—the most refined taste, the most chivalrous generosity of sentiments, and were throughout marked by good feeling and good sense. All honour to the day which gave birth to a great author and a great man. (Cheers.)

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A number of volunteer toasts followed, which were severally responded to, and with speech, song and sentiment, a most pleasant evening was passed.