

respect, though society allows a looser latitude to men, it is doubtful if reason does; it is very doubtful that any mind, male or female, ever wholly recovers from the influence on character of even one bad book, fascinatingly written.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES IN THE DOMINION.

Mention must be made, gentlemen, of those institutions of learning and those learned professional classes which ought, and doubtless do, leaven the whole lump of our material progress. We have already twelve Universities in the Dominion—perhaps more than enough, though dispersed at long distances—as from Windsor and Fredericton to Cobourg and Toronto. The charters of these institutions, up to the close of the last decade, were Royal charters granted directly by the Crown, with the concurrence, of course, of the Colonial authorities for the time being. In the order of time they range thus:—King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1802; McGill College, Montreal, chartered in 1821, actually commenced only in 1829; King's College, Fredericton, 1823; Laval, 1852; Leunoxville, 1853; St. Mary's, Montreal, 1859; Queen's College, Kingston, 1841; Victoria College, Cobourg, 1841; Trinity College, (formerly King's), Toronto, 1842; Toronto University, 1860; Ottawa, 1866; Regiopolis, 1866. All these institutions possess and exercise university powers in granting degrees both to graduates and "*honoris causa*;" though some of them have never had organized classes in more than two faculties—divinity and arts. Nova Scotia has, I believe, no native medical school; New Brunswick, I believe, is in a similar position; and some of our Ontario and Quebec Universities have been always deficient in one or other of the four faculties. In the ancient sense, therefore, of a University being the seat of universal knowledge, we have no such institutions; but it cannot be supposed for a moment that the existence, at twelve different points of our territory, of classes even in the single faculty of Arts, is not, in itself, a cause of thankfulness. We might have had a higher standard, with fewer institutions, could we have agreed upon the same curriculum of studies for all our youth; but, taking them as they are, those institutions which have had a reasonable time to do it, have work to show for their time. We have not had, except in the case of McGill alone, large bequests from private persons, as they have had in the United States and England, and as it is to be hoped we may have, as we increase in wealth and public spirit. Most of our Industrial and Classical Colleges (of which we have some ten or twelve in this Province) owe their origin to some such private acts of beneficence; but the number of scholarships founded by wealthy individuals, who have made large fortunes in this country, might, I fear, be reckoned on the finger of one hand. It were perhaps to be wished that this whole subject of superior education had remained in some sort to Federal care and superintendence, under a Federal Minister of Education, capable and devoted to the task. But the honorable rivalries of local administrations may be trusted as preventives against stagnation and exclusiveness. If many Swiss Cantons and third-rate German States are able to sustain famous Universities, unbacked by high political patronage, we may hope that, in this matter, Ontario and Quebec, and Acadia, may be found capable of doing likewise.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

Of the learned professions which represent in the world to a large extent these native colleges and universities, there are probably in the Dominion above 3,000 clergymen, 2,500 medical men, and perhaps (this is a guess) from 500 and 600 lawyers; say, apart from collegiate professors, 6,000 essentially "educated men." The special acquirements of this large body of men, in languages, laws, history, dialectics, chemistry, and *belles lettres*, ought surely not to be confined solely within the rigid limits of professional occupation; but ought, at least occasionally, flow out in secular channels for the benefit of lay societies, and the general elevation of the public taste.

Of the medical literature of the Dominion, I am wholly incapable of forming an opinion; and with the literature of law, if we have of late years produced any, I am unacquainted. But even to one standing apart from both these highly privileged professions, in other countries so distinguished for their general as well as special attainments, it must be apparent that there is a much more vivid intellectual life among the faculty, than among members of the bar.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Of public libraries, I grieve to say, that we have not, so far as I know, a single one in the whole Dominion. There is a society library, containing some good books, at Quebec; there are, of course, college libraries more or less incomplete; there are law libraries at Osgoode Hall, and elsewhere; there is our own excellent parliamentary library (some 60,000 chosen volumes); but no public library in any of our chief towns. To Montreal I certainly must

always consider this a shameful reproach; but I have spoken so often of it elsewhere, that I shall not dwell upon it again.

COLONIAL WRITERS AND THINKERS.

From all these sources—our numerous reading class—our colleges—our learned professions—we ought to be able to give a good account of the mental outfit of the new Dominion. Well then, for one of those expected to say what he thinks in these matters, I must give it as my opinion that we have as yet but few possessions in this sort that we can call our own. We have not produced in our colonial era any thinker of the reputation of Jonathan Edwards or Benjamin Franklin; nor any native poet in the rank of Garcilaso de la Vega—the Spanish American. The only sustained poems we have of which the scenes are laid within the Dominion are both by Americans, Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," and Mr. Street's "*Frontenac*"—the latter much less read than it deserves. One original humorist we have had, hardly of the highest order, however, in the late Judge Haliburton; one historian of an undoubtedly high order, in the late Mr. Garneau; one geologist, Sir William Logan; but, as yet, no poet, no orator, no critic, of either American or European reputation. About a century ago an eminent French writer raised a doubt as to whether any German could be a literary man. Not, indeed, to answer that, but many others, arose as a golden cloud, that gifted succession of poets, critics and scholars, whose works have placed the German language in the vanguard of every department of human thought. Thirty years ago a British Quarterly Review asked, "*Who reads an American Book?*" Irving had answered that long ago; but Longfellow, Cooper, Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorne, Holmes, and many another, have answered the taunt triumphantly since. Those Americans might, in turn, taunt us to-day with "*Who reads a Canadian book?*" I should answer frankly, very few, for Canadian books are exceedingly scarce. Still we are not entirely destitute of resident writers. Dr. Dawson has given the world a work on his favorite science, which has established his name as an authority; Dr. Daniel Wilson's speculations on Pre-historic Man have received the approval of high names. Mr. Alpheus Todd has given us a masterly and original treatise on Parliamentary Government, which will be read and quoted wherever there is constitutional government in the world; Heavysege, Sangster, and McLaughlin are not without honor. An amiable friend of mine, Mr. J. Lemoine, of Quebec, has given to the world many *Maple Leaves* worthy of all praise—the only thorough Canadian book in point of subject, which has appeared of late days, and for which, I am ashamed to say, the author has not received that encouragement his labors deserve. If he were not an enthusiast he might well have become a misanthrope, as to native literature, at least. Another most deserving man—in a different walk—a younger man, but a man of unwearied industry and a very laudable ambition—Mr. H. J. Morgan, now of Ottawa, announces a new book of reference, the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, which I trust will repay him for the enormous labor of such a compilation. These are, it is true, but streaks on the horizon, yet even as we watch others may arise; but be they more or less, I trust every such book will be received by our public less censoriously than is sometimes the case; that if a native book should lack the finish of a foreign one, as a novice may well be less expert than an old hand, yet if the book be honestly designed, and conscientiously worked up, the author shall be encouraged not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the better things which we look forward to with hopefulness. I make this plea on behalf of those who venture upon authorship among us, because I believe the existence of a recognized literary class will by and by be felt as a state and social necessity. The books that are made elsewhere, even in England, are not always the best fitted for us.

And if English made books do not mortice closely with our colonial deficiencies, still less do American national books. I speak not here of such literary universalists as Irving, Emerson and Longfellow; but of such American nationalists as Hawthorne, Bancroft, Brownson, Draper, and their prose writers generally. Within the last few years, especially since the era of the civil war, there has been a craving desire to assert the mental independence of America as against England; to infuse an American philosophy of life, and philosophy of government, into every American writing and work of Art. Mr. Bancroft's oration on the death of Mr. Lincoln was an example of this new spirit; and Mr. Draper's "*Civil Policy of America*" affords another illustration. It is a natural ambition for them to endeavor to Americanise their literature more and more; all nations have felt the same ambition, earlier or later; so Rome wearied of borrowing from the Greeks, and so Germany revolted a century ago, against French philosophy, French romances and a Frenchified drama; so the sceptre of mind passed for a time from Berlin to Weimar, and of late only by annexation has it gone back to Berlin. No one complains of this revolution. As long as justice, and courtesy, and magnanimity are not sacrificed to an intolerant