

name is a deep disgrace, graven in loathsome characters, on the page of English history. Whilst, my friends, we contemplate with pride and admiration the genius, the eloquence, the wit of Sheridan, let us endeavour to avoid his errors—let us put not our trust in princes, or in any child of man—let us not confide in the aid of high birth or of wealthy relatives; in influential friends, or in the fickle people, for all these will caress us in the day of our prosperity, and as they have ever done, will desert us in the night of our adversity—let us rather learn to depend only on ourselves and on our own labour. Let us beware lest by intemperance we cloud the intellect that God has given us, and thus cast down reason from her throne, and erase from our fronts the very stamp of immortality. Surely a great moral lesson is to be learned by such meditation as that in which we have been engaged, for in the words of the sweet Poet of the New World:

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime:
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints which, perhaps another,
Wandering o'er life's solemn main—
Some forelorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing;
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing;
Learn to labour and to wait.”

I beg, gentlemen, again to thank you most sincerely for the kind indulgence which you have accorded to my dullness, and for the kind attention with which you have listened to my poor attempt to inaugurate, by this address, the Sheridan Club and Literary Society.