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 Prehistoric 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 bye and bye 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 nationalism, the growth of new literary states must be to the increase of the universal literary republic. But when nationalism stunts the growth, and embitters the generous spirit which alone can produce generous and enduring fruits of literature, then it becomes a curse rather than a gain to the people, among whom it may find favor, and to every other people who may have relations with such a bigotted one-sided nationality.

It is quite clear to me, that if we are to succeed with our new Dominion, it can never be by accepting a ready-made easy literature, which assumes Bostonian culture to be the worship of the future, and the American democratic system to be the manifestly destined form of government for all the civilized world, new as well as old. While one can see well enough that mental culture must become more and more to many classes, what religion alone once was to all our ancestors in individual and family government, while the onward march of political democracy is a fact equally apparent—it is by no means clear to myself, for one, that religion will yield diminished power in the presence of a genuine, modest, deep-seated culture; or, that the aristocratic inequalities inherent in men from their mothers' womb will not assert themselves successfully in any really free state. In other words, I rely upon nature and revelation against the levelling and system-mongering of the American, or any other kind. In nature and in revelation we should lay the basis of our political, moral and mental philosophy as a people; and once so laid, those foundations will stand as firmly set and rooted, as any rocks in the Huronian or Laurentian range.

It is usual to say of ourselves, gentlemen, that we are entering on a new era. It may be so, or it may be only the mirage of an era painted on an exhalation of self-opinion. Such eras, however, have come for other civilized states, why not for us also? There came for Germany the Swabian era, the era of Luther, and the era of Goethe; for modern Italy the age of Leo X.; for France the age of Louis XIV. In our own history there have been an Elizabethan and a Georgian era; and, perhaps, there is at hand an American era, in ideas, in manners, and in politics. How far, we, who are to represent British ethics and British culture in America—we, whose new constitution solemnly proclaims "the well understood principles of the British constitution;" how far we are to make this probable next era our own—either by adhesion or resistance—is what, gentlemen, we must all determine for ourselves, and so far forth, for the Dominion.

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE DOMINION.

I shall venture in concluding this merely tentative and preliminary paper, to address myself directly to the educated young men of Canada, as it now exists. I invite them, as a true friend, not to shrink from confronting the great problems presented by America to the world, whether in morals or in government. I propose to them that they should hold their own, on their own soil, sacrificing nothing of their originality; but rejecting nothing, nor yet accepting anything, merely because it comes out of an older, or richer, or greater country. That it should always remain a greater country is partly for us also to determine; for, at least to our notions, ancient Greece was a greater country than the Persian empire, as at this day England proper may be considered a greater country than Russia. But North America is emerging; and why not our one-third of the North rise to an equal, even if an opposing attitude, with the land conterminous? Why not? I see no reason, why not? What we need are the three levers—moral power, mental power, and physical power. We know tolerably well what our physical resources are, and by that knowledge we are cheered on; questions of purely moral strength or weakness we may leave to their appointed professors, the reverend clergy; of our existing mental ways and means, I have given a rapid resume.

To supply our list of deficiencies, I have not undertaken yet, as the object of all intellectual pursuits, worthy of the name, is the attainment of *Truth*: as this is the sacred temple to be built or rebuilt: as this is the Ithaca of every Ulysses really wise, I venture humbly to suggest that we need more active conscientiousness in our choice of books and periodicals, for ourselves, and for our young people; that the reading acquirement which moves, and embraces and modifies every faculty of our immortal souls, is too fearful an agent to be employed capriciously, or wantonly, much less wickedly, to the peril of interest which will not now be covered up forever, by the sexton's last shovel of churchyard clay. I venture to suggest that we should look abroad, and see with the aid of this all-powerful agent or acquaintment what other nations are doing as intellectual forces in the world; not limiting our vision to America, or England, or France, but extending eager, honest inquiries, beyond the Rhine, and beyond the Alps. From Germany the export of ideas, systems, and standards of philosophy, criticism, and belief, has not yet ceased; and from reconstructed Italy—so ripe in all intelligence—a new mental kingdom must come forth; if the new political kingdom is to stand. I venture to invite the