

owing to the lateness of the arrival on that day of the steamer on which Chief Justice ROBINSON, the Chancellor elect, was a passenger, the proceedings were postponed to the following day

At 10 o'clock the LORD BISHOP, the CHIEF JUSTICE, the Provost and heads of the University, with the students, &c., assembled in the College Chapel, where the Liturgy was said. After the service was ended, the Bishop, Clergy and students adjourned to the Hall, where a very large company were assembled, his Lordship taking the chair; shortly after which the Chancellor entered, attired in his robe of office, whereupon the Bishop vacated the chair, and the Chancellor being led thereto, took his seat, the Lord Bishop with the Venerable the Archdeacon of Kingston sitting on his right, and the Vice-Chancellor with the Venerable the Archdeacon of York on his left. After prayers by the Rev. Provost Whitaker, the Chancellor's diploma was presented to him, and the customary oaths of allegiance, &c., administered. The Rev. Professor Parry, the Public Orator, then delivered the following address in Latin:—

Gratulatione ad Hon. Johannem B. Robinson Caputalem Justitiarum Canadæ Superioris Cancellarium Academicæ Collegii, S. S. Trinitatis. iii. Non. Jun. 1853 inauguratum.

Honoratissime Domine, Domine Cancellarie, Quum mei sit mueris hanc concionem coram Te habere, qua et Tibi et toti Academiam hanc tuam dignitatem gratuler, &c.

Imprimis igitur, quemadmodum omnes solemus natales nostros dies præ ceteris colere, et laude omni et celebratione sacrare, ita et nos debemus hodiernum diem omni religione et memoria dignissimum habere. Hoc enim die nos academici nascimur: hoc die academia hæc nostra plena forma, plenis lineamentis, ceruitur: jam primum absoluto jure utimur, omni nostro honore et dignitate fruimur.

Hoc tanto rerum nostrarum successu merito ac jure gaudemus: multo autem magis gaudeamus necesse est quum recordamur nobiscum et cogitamus ejus rei causa hoc Collegium imprimis est constitutum.

buisse; nisi vero his omnibus rerum sacrarum cultus accesserit, ægre, ut opinor quidem, vacillat tota ista educatio atque claudicat. Itaque quum, recenti omnium memoria, atque in illo quod tum erat Collegio Regali, divulsa erant illa duo, quæ conjungi debere putamus, sacram et humanarum rerum scientiæ, necesse erat qualibet ratione damnum illud reficere, et curare ut alterum Collegium meliore omine et statu collocaretur, qua primus semper teneret Religio educatio, quam vocant secundas. Quod quidem consilium quibus artibus, quo Dei favore, feliciter effectum fuerit, in hoc loco et apud vos auditores nullus moror. Hoc tantum dictum velim. Habemus renovatam harum rerum societatem et conjunctionem que ne leviter unquam solvatur vi et armis entendum erit. Jam enim uno aliquo eodemque die omnibus his studiis curam pariter impendimus.

Jam vero (ut sub finem orationis iterum eodem revertar unde exorsus fui) omnes Tibi identidem gratulamur hujus diei felicitatem et dignitatem Tuam. Et quamquam, si quis id forte objecerit, humili Te cuidam imponimus solio, tamen id etiam meliorem in partem accipias precor. Melius enim esset vel ut ait, πάλιν modo sanam, regere quam ditiosem et eandem φλεγμαινουσαν accepisse. Nullus enim vereor ut hoc, quo nunc fueris, munus aliquid de tua dignitate detrahat; potius, confido, cumulus videbitur prioris tæ famæ accessisse. Tu profecto, qua es et legum et reipublicæ peritia, qua vitæ innocentia, qua dignitate et virtute, magis nos ipse ornabis quam ornabaris a nobis. At hæc sola sit inter nos lis semper atque æmulo, ut nostrum amore et beneficiis alterum vincat: et absit omnino ille dies quum hujus te horæ pœniteat; longe autem id tempus distet quum mutua hæc amoris societas casu ullo aut necessitate dissolvatur.

The reading of this address was interrupted by frequent applause from the assembly, after which Mr. LEACH, to whom the Divinity prize had been adjudged, was brought forward and introduced to the Chancellor

Mr. CHARLES E. THOMSON then ascended the rostrum, and read the English poem, on the Duke of Wellington, WELLINGTON.

The sounds of mirth are mute in Apsley's hall. The banner droops on Walmer's ancient wall; No more the tones of merriment are heard— The joyous look, the laugh, the gladsome word Are fled away; for who in this sad hour Feels not Death's chilling and mysterious power; From mouth to mouth the fearful news has sped, That with his father sleeps the mighty dead—

Mourn, Albion! mourn thine iron-handed chief— Weep o'er his corse with more than widowed grief: On that loved tomb thy floods of sorrow rain Such tears as thou may'st never shed again!

And how did Wellesley win his country's love? Why does his late such shadowing sorrow move? Fought he so bravely for extending sway? Sought he to rule an empire of a day?

Not sought its death till every torn and dire Had yielded, and the triumphant cross of fire Had waved in triumph over India's plain— Had chased the invading Persian from the plain?

With which to bind the world he strove in vain, He ne'er could rivet, while on British ground The name of "Freeman" was no empty sound.

Britain! of earth's proud circle gem most bright! Sovereign of nations! champion of the right! Thine has it ever been to stem the tide Of mad ambition's cruel, ruthless pride; Thine is the arm that keeps the strong in check, And saves the weak from tyranny's fell wreck!

Not here we seek his trophies. Seek afar, Where 'neath an Indian clime arose his star; Seek them where wisdom joined with valor gained Realms mightier far than empire e'er attained; Seek them where steadfast courage proudly bore The cross triumphant over rich Mysore; Seek them where Scindiah's princely treasures lay Prostrate before the hero of Assaye; And know that Britain owes to Wellesley's sword Such boundless wealth as India's realms afford.

Are these but feeble triumphs? Turn again, And learn how Wellesley rescued trampled Spain; See him on Lusitania's rock bound coast, With but a handful check that mighty host; Go to the Douro's banks, and know that there He nobly did what few but he would dare; 'Gainst twofold odds was Talavera won; And at Busaco set Massena's sun.

Nor yet could he whose only hope in life Was in the tented-field the murderous strife, In peace and quiet rule his little realm. While worthier monarchs governed Europe's helm. Swift from his islet kingdom on he came, Strong in the warlike glory of his name. Hosts gathered round him as by magic spell. Those who had served him best and loved him well.

Veterans and guards, yea all the flower of France, Flate with new born hope in crowds advance. No peace but in submission! Life or death, The chain of slavery, or the victor's wreath, Hangs on the issue of one short campaign.— Awaits all Europe on the Belgic plain. England's is all the danger of the fray, England's will be the glory of the day, And every future age will bless the hour Where Gallia's tyrant in his pride— I power, Burning for conquest goaded by defeat— Panting for vengeance headlong rushed to meet The Sepoy chief, whom, though he once could jeer, All Emperor as he was, he learned to fear.

Titles and crosses, coronets and lands, Valour's best meeds are showed from bounteous hands; The summit of his glory he has gained, His name by folly or by crime unstained; A conqueror,—yet without the love of strife,— A warrior,—yet regarding human life.— Stern in command, unyielding in the right,— Yet generous in the exercise of might. E'en France herself unwilling must confess Wellesley could not,—Napoleon could oppress.

Nelson and Wellington! there side by side Repose they, 'neath the mighty minster's pride, Brothers in arms, companions in the grave; One thought, one spirit, made them truly brave: The sailor fell in conquest's very aim, The soldier, safely passed through war's alarms, In civil conflict, as on martial field, England's best guardian, and Britannia's shield, Serving his sovereign, as in youth's best day, So, when old age had turned his locks to grey, He sought not quiet in luxurious ease. But careless prince or populace to please, True to one stern, unbending sense of right, He won esteem in council as in fight, And died, as full of honours as of days, The glorious subject of a world wide praise.

Dust has returned to dust, the closing tomb Hides from our gaze his ashes in its womb; Day has set his seal upon that form. And yields his body to the gnawing worm; Yet—glorious thought—the soul, unstained by earth. Fled to the heavenly mansion of its birth, Awaits the day when triumphing o'er death, The mortal shall inhale immortal breath; Rising, to lay his earthly glories down— In best exchange for a celestial crown. C.E.T.

The reading of this poem elicited many loud and well deserved bursts of applause, which having subsided, Mr. THOMPSON was led up to the Chancellor, who congratulated him, trusting that his future essays in this high and difficult path of literature might be as successful as this his first essay.

The Chancellor then proceeded to confer degrees when Messrs. Badgley,

Bethune, Hallowell, Hodder, and Deazeley, Medical Professors of the University were severally introduced by Dr. Bovell, and having taken the oaths and declarations, severally received their degrees of M. D., in this University, ad eundem, and also Dr. Bovell, who was presented by Dr. Badgley.

Professor Hind then received the degree of M. A. and Mr J. M. Strathy that of Musical Bachelor.

The following gentlemen also received the degree of B. A., Rev. Messrs. Merritt, ngles, Geddes, McKenzie, and Messrs. Helliwell, C. Robinson and Preston the following being of sufficient standing in the College also received the degree of M. A., Rev. Messrs. Helliwell and C. Robinson.

The Latin congratulatory ode by one of the students, Mr PHILLIPPS, was then read by that gentleman as follows:—

CARMEN. TERTIO NON JUN. MDCCCLIII. IN CURIA PUBLICE RECITATUM QUO DIE CANCELLORUS ACADEMICÆ COLLEGIÏ S. S. TRINITATIS, INAUGURATUS EST.

Quo huic diei Carminis et Sacrae Laudis paratur? Vos precor omnia Adeste jucundo cœnæ Vos solitum renovate cantum.

Olim quietas inter amabilis Doctrina sedes floruit, inclytum Fecitque nomen qua per agros Unda Cami Thamesisque currit.

Inde hic remotas, littoribus novis, Dignatur arces visere, queis opes, Non elaborata coacta Arte, suas dedit alma tellus.

Tuque, innocentis præsidium rei, Celso precamur Justitæ loco Descende paulisper, forsique Linque super vacuos labores.

Corde disertas sit tibi paululum Fovere musas, sit juvenilibus Curâ fatigatus severâ His studiis recreare vires.

Adsis patronus, sive quid imminet Cœci furoris, sive que ardui. Veroque inassuetas periclo Sollicitat mala cura mentes.

Jam Musa tali præsidio ferax, Nec ingruentum murmura civium, Nec tulmen horrescit tyranni, Nec nimum popularis auge

Capit favorem. Ter patriæ formam Bellum interebat perniciem tuæ; Ter arma, cessantes, ad arma? Audieras, strepitum que pugne

Constans. At absint talia; vix tyranni Decet jocosam sanguis et horrida Clades, nec inausas canamus Insidias, meliora passi.

Ne quis tutum nunc timor irruat Rebus secundis: præside nobili Superbiamus nec priorem D. decore mala lama iustum.

Longa O, (quod omnes dicimus) efferat Etas honores laude superstitie; Et nostra te votis secundet Progenies, et honore digno.

Clara hæc nec ullo tempore copula Solvatur; omnes et memores Tui Degamus, alterni que amoris Lenibus officiis fruamur.

The reading ended, Mr. Phillips, was lead up to the Chancellor, who presented him with a prize volume as a reward for his successful pursuit of a University education.

Mr C. E. THOMPSON then again ascended the rostrum and read the following Congratulatory poem:—

The watcher oft, in day's declining hour, When angry tempests all around him lower, Gazing adown the sun's red western path, Reads in the heav'ns the cloudy signs of wrath; Lists to the distant thunder's sullen rum— Hears the wild billows dash upon the shore; Yet learns, through all the gloom that veils heav'ns face,

The promise of a brighter morn to trace. Such was the night that closed upon our land, When vent'rous power put forth a spoiling hand; And learning, stript of all her sacred guise, In sad bereavement hid her weeping eyes: Then might our Zion with a bitter cry, Mourn her fair flower that blossomed but to die Mid her despair so hopeless, so forlorn, There dawned no prospect of a fairer morn. Hope slept, and still amid the gathering gloom, We paid sad homage to her early tomb; Hope slept, but Faith awoke in deathless night, Her cheering presence beamed upon the night, And as the clouds of sorrow rolled away, Broke forth the happy, unexpected day. With growing zeal, as still the morning rose, The Church advanced to grapple with her foes: More and more frequent round her standard closed Those who too long had 'neath its folds reposed, And true religion, in her hour of need, Found sons to aid her both in word and deed.