

remarks I may lend some new aspect to a trite thought or stereotyped opinion, or if, among a multitude of shells dashed up to your grasp, you may espy some bright pearl which may radiate some gleams of pleasure or instruction.

It is on occasions like the present, when we, the members of a College, welcome to our hall of debate the world of non-collegians, that it is fitting to invite their interest in our sayings and doings, and to erect a bridge of communication over the great gulf fixed between Studentdom and those whose lot is not cast within the charmed circle of the muses, but who stand in the outer courts. And though, in the course of the following remarks, the uncharitable may say, I jest with things venerable, and lash with the scourge of an Orbilian critic, yet, be it remembered, I have engraven on my shield the motto "*ridentem dicere vera quid vetat?*" We quiz only our sensitive selves; and if this address survive the wreck of matter, and fall into the hands of some enterprising New Zealander, who may have a mania for musty manuscripts, it may form a convenient hand-book of College life "at one of those ancient Universities which taught Greek and the long-exploded Newtonian philosophy, at a time when railways, nine o'clock lectures, policemen, and other relics of a dark and barbarous age were still extant," and, as such, will form a valuable addition to the Museum of the Antiquarian Society.

Years ago, men of letters were looked upon by the unlettered with mixed feelings of superstitious awe and grave suspicion, as though leagued with some evil agency; and, in a degree, this is true yet, for the young man, who "goes through College," goes through a dread process of expurgation from the fraction of original virtue inherent in him, and emerges from the dark groves of Academia into the busy world as a wily giant, polished in all methods of dissimulation, skilled in the art of concealing thoughts by uttering words, against whom, especially if he be a disciple of Blackstone, it is wise for every honest man to beware. If any student doubt the fact that popular tradition has assigned to him a character by no means the most illustrious, let him, wrapt in his mantling gown and with rectangular cap, stride through those quarters of our metropolis where the myriad unhallowed and unlaved dwell; the infants who congregate in the gutters and spread their festive board with mud confectionery, on the sight of his sombre-hued gown waving like a gloomy shade on Acherontian shores, straightway start from their banquet and toddle with alarmed features within doors, where safe under parental roof-tree, peering through the broken window-pane, they murmur with white lips the dread word, "Kidnappers!" May not such a reputation be an inheritance from some old monkish superstition? Dame Rumor too hath it, that students, and more especially Arts-men, by way of