

## KUKLOS CLUB.

## ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

At the last monthly meeting of the Kuklos Club, Mr. W. Leslie Thom gave us a very interesting paper, entitled, "Why we are Met," in which he sketched the formation of the Club and projected the position its founders wish it to occupy in the future. That paper, having been printed, and we hope extensively read, will have informed the public that as the Railway and Telegraph are breaking up the hostile demarcations which once divided and inflamed mankind, so the Kuklos Club is breaking up the boundary lines, or rather walls, which hitherto have too much divided the social and fraternal existence of the Pressmen of Montreal, and is teaching them to rise above partizan contests, professional opposition and personal warfare, to the consideration of great principles, healthful and ennobling in their discussion to the minds of men. Whether the Club will succeed in giving shape and consistency to the vision of a "fraternal era" among Pressmen of every school of political thought, and among our local Pamphleteers and Reviewers, the future will determine. The pursuit of such a purpose is worthy of the Club. I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of the members of the Club the necessity for the avoidance of the turbid maelstrom of party and religious strife into which men of facile morality and feeble purposes are ever ready to plunge, but from which virtue and conscience never come forth without a stain.

I ask them to reflect upon the material growth and business activity of the city of Montreal, and consider that there ought to be a commensurate growth of mental culture, refinement, broad views and cosmopolitan spirit among those who wield the pen, and fashion the organs of public sentiment and opinion. It would be gratifying to know that the Press of Montreal includes men of wide experience, of varied accomplishments, of profound erudition and stern integrity, men who can challenge respect by the culture which marks the gentleman, and by that hearty sympathy with the feelings and even the prejudices of all sections, political or religious, into which the Province of Quebec is divided. It would be still more gratifying to know that the men whose duties and privileges are to mould the thought and enlighten the mind of the Public, are determined to unite themselves round a common centre, by the enduring ties of friendship, that true and perfect friendship which has been tersely but beautifully described by one of our good old English authors, as requiring these three things, especially—*virtute, a being honest and commendable*;—"that is Virtue in the Latin sense, the regulating our thoughts and pursuits by right principles." *Societas*, which is pleasant and delectable;—"that is society which may be thus interpreted, a scene of perfect easy sociability." *And Profit*, which is useful and necessary;—"that is, anything profitable to teach, to improve, to instruct, to learn in rightwisdom." Such a circle of men we ought to wish our Kuklos to be.

I cannot forbear concluding my allusions to Mr. Thom's "Why we are Met" with an apt quotation from the Spectator, No. IX: "When men are thus knit together," as I hope we are, "by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the week, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in their little institutions and establishments."

I will now glance at the difficulty experienced in getting a befitting name for our Club. You all remember that it took Don Quixote four days to deliberate upon what name he should give his steed; "for," as he said to himself, "it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name;" so we sought for an appropriate name for our Club, knowing that its object is to aid in the fostering good fellowship and kindly feelings among the Pressmen of Canada, the cultivating a taste for letters among its members, the gathering together lovers of art, music, and literature, the extending to Authors, Literary men, and Journalists who may, from time to time, visit Montreal, that wonted courtesy and hospitality due from kindred spirits to their like. Never did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience half the difficulty which the progenitors, or rather, projectors of this confraternity of Pressmen found in settling its patronymic. We, children of the brain, had not a godfather ready at hand. Our desire was that the name of the Club should be modest, that it should be expressive, that it should be new, that it should be striking, that it should have something in it equally intelligible to a man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination. How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nonentity we leave others to judge. There was one thing which the hunt after a name realized; a—good deal of despairing mirth. We had all done something towards the constitution and formation of the Club; in these matters we were in "sweet accord," but in the matter of its name we were as divided as sectaries are in their schisms. Some of the names suggested were as follows: Number one—"The Spectator," which was abandoned because attention was called to No. X. of the Spectator, March 12, 1719-11, in

which allusion is made to "the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the influence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them." Number two—"The Touchstone"—rejected because our wit and conversation may not be as bright and brilliant as the *Lydius Lapis* of the Latins, a shining stone upon which gold is tried; or again, because your President would probably object to wield an official sceptre, or bangle ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head; or your Vice-President would not consider it befitting his dignity "to wear in his forehead a cockcomb for his foolishness, and on his back, a *for tangle* for his badge," or your Treasurer would not be ambitious to carry at his girdle a large purse or wallet like Tarleton, who personated the clowns in Shakspeare's time, or a tortoise shell budget like that given by Panurge to Triboulet, as described by Rabelais, (book iii., ch. 15), though he may not object to the "osier-wattled wicker bottle full of Breton Wine, and five and twenty apples of the orchard of Blandinac" for the entertainment of our fair visitors. Number three—"The Commentator"—repelled on account of Pope's couplet:—

"Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd  
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last."

Number four—"The Mercury"—good name thought some, for there had been in the reign of King James I., an "Apollo" Club, at which it is said Ben Jonson wrote "*The Devil is an Ass*." Why should we not be associated with the Gods? Mercury was a decent sort of a fellow, a friend to the ladies! Did he not conduct Venus, Juno and Minerva to Mount Ida to get the judgment of Paris! Was he not the inventor of the lyre? Aye, rejoined a classical scholar (one of our Council), but he was, nevertheless, a great scamp according to Homer, who, in the hymn to the honour of Mercury, has given us a delightful account of his pre-maturity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars' sword and Jupiter's sceptre. He filched the girdle of Venus in return for her embrace, and robbed Apollo of his quiver. Besides, his thieving propensities descended to his son Autolycus (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) who was a thief suitable to the great airiness of his origin. He is said to have conveyed away a young and handsome bride, charming enough to turn the resolutions of a Cynic, and sent back in exchange a woman as ill favoured as Touchstone's Audrey, yet the bridegroom did not find out the trick till Autolycus had got off. All agreed that Mercury should be discarded, for fear the small wits may sneeringly or jestingly say that we belonged to the Bohemian *Klop* toocracy. Number five—"The Augustan"—good—it signifies increasing, waxing in honour. Our Club ought to have a goodly number enrolled under its banner, and our literary efforts ought to bring honour to its members. Aye, but, says one, are we modest in assuming such a title? There is associated with the name everything majestic, magnificent, illustrious, splendid and noble, to wit:—Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, the *maius principum*, according to Horace, who doubted whether the Senate of Rome and Rome's people could find "a largess of honours sufficiently ample to eternize the virtues" of this Great Caesar. The name Augustan is too ambitious, too soaring, says another. Look at the Augustan Age of English Literature in the beginning of the eighteenth century, graced by such eminent writers, teachers and benefactors, as Addison, Burnet, Butler, Congreve, Gay, Pope, Prior, Savage, Steele and Swift, (*Plato* *aves in Terris*), who, for their brilliant genius, masterly reason, fascinating wit and vivid imagination were as illustrious in their time as Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Ovid, Tibullus and Catullus were conspicuous in the latter part of the century before Christ. Number six—"The Horatian"—the title had a great charm for some of our members. Horace—Horatio. Horace, as a poet, immortal! Horace, like Shakspeare, *arctas auras*,—the two poets who most furnish the public speaker with quotations sure of striking effect in any public assembly to which the Latin and English languages are familiar. Horace, who employed his pen in forwarding those reforms which it was the first object of Augustus to effect when the civil wars were brought to a close and the temple of Janus was shut. Horace, who, according to Lord Lytton, vindicates in his poems his enthusiastic admiration of a Prince whom he identifies with the establishment of safety to property and life, with the restoration of arts and letters, with the reform of manners, and the amelioration of the laws. "Reformers" and "Conservatives" both agreed in this matter! Ministerialists and Opposition both in accord! Bravo! says our classical friend with his usual acuteness, Horatio or Horatikus, from the Greek, "as of good eyesight." Some etymologists have translated it, "worth looking at." "Worthy to be beheld." What a riddle! What a millenary name! What a happy deliverance from party strife, could we become Augustan and Horatian in our ideas! Reformation and Preservation! What a coalition! Such a political consummation would be worth looking at! would be good for sore eyesight! would joy the heart of a Doctor of an Ophthalmic Hospital. The title Horatian, provoked more enthusiasm than any other. Horatius, the champion of Alba in the combat with the Curiatii. Horatio, the friend of Hamlet in his school days, his fellow-student at the University of Wittenburg. Horatio, according

to Gervinus, "the man of perfect calmness of mind, schooled to bear suffering and to take with equal thanks fortune's buffets and rewards;" Horatio, the hero of endurance, one of those blessed ones on whom Hamlet might look with envy.

"Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
That they are not a gripe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please."

nor are they the resistless slaves of passion. Horatio, the true type of the man of the world, but his worldliness is so noble and unseeking that it contrasts, without conflicting, with Hamlet's ideal character. Horatio has many qualities suited to Pressmen, in fact, the chiefest—endurance and calmness of mind. Again, Horatio Nelson, he whom "to his country, Honour hath left and Freedom," whose name will never perish from amongst the nobles of England, whose zeal for the honour of his Sovereign and for the interests of his country are ever to be held up as a shining example to all, but more particularly to a British seaman. Horace, Horatio—the very names to be associated with the Press, which holds such a prominent place in the field of civilization,—the guardian of the public liberty, devoted to the public interests, the protector of the rights of the governing classes and the liberties of the governed classes, and, lastly, the improver of the character, habits, manners and customs of the people, by teaching the knowledge of truth. The title, "Horatian," however much becoming to the objects and duties the Club had prescribed for itself, yet our modesty would not allow it to be adopted. Upon the propriety of rejecting the names "Augustan" and "Horatian" our minds were, as they usually are upon matters of moment, much divided. By way of soothing the *jealous irritabile*, Augustan and Horatian were both rejected; the latter, partly on account of the bachelors, who form the majority of the Club, finding that the name was given in gratitude to the *Hours*, or Seasons, who were always supposed to be bringing us something new, and one of whose pleasantest gifts were children, with whom the bachelors had no sympathy. However, after many grave and intellectual attempts to furnish a name suited to the majority, one of our Council luckily and happily hit upon the word *Kuklos*, which certainly had the merit of being new and striking, and which our worthy Vice-President subsequently said, "expressed exactly the scope of the association—the promotion of the whole circle of literary and æsthetic pursuits and the union of all men addicted to these pursuits." The Club was and is intended to be cyclopaedic, and while the aim is doubtless high, as it should be, it is only justice to say that it is not beyond the reach of the literary men of the City of Montreal. So much for the name of the Club, Kuklos, upon which let not little critics exalt themselves, and shower down their ill-nature. So much for the aim and objects of the Club, and it is to be hoped that the Goddess Criticism, about whom, according to Swift, sits Ignorance, Pride and Opinion, and, I may add, Caprice and Malevolence, will not deter the Club from pursuing the career it has opened for itself.

"*Tandem fit sacculus arbor.*" Let us all most fervently hope that the young twig we have just planted may take deep root in Montreal, and shoot up to such a height, and spread its branches so wide, that we, the planters, may live long enough to find comfort under its shadow. The pleasure that I felt in the presentation of this inaugural address has insensibly led me far beyond the limits originally prescribed for my task, so much so, that I shall have but little time to speak about "Where We Meet," which I had intended to be the sole subject of discourse this evening.

Of the architecture of our Club Rooms little need be said. About their adornment, according to the rules of either of the orders of Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, no remarks are necessary. Their magnitude and solidity as qualities which affect the eye, their order and harmony as qualities which affect the understanding, and their richness and simplicity as qualities which excite the affections may be passed over in silence. No professional taste, nor skill has been displayed in their erection; there are no richly panelled and ornamented door-ways, no large handsome fire places, no combined effects of the grotesque and eccentric in the cornices, no display of geometrical study in the moulded ceilings, no arabesques of endless beauty, variety and originality, no oriel nor bay windows, neither has there been any regard paid to the olfactory nerves, the respiratory organs, the auditory nerves, and the membranes of the tympanum, as far as the ventilating and acoustic properties of the Rooms are manifested. In short, although our Club Rooms exhibit in their design and structure, no more professional genius than that displayed in the majority of the rooms in the best private houses in Montreal, nevertheless they are cozy, a word more easily comprehended than defined. Let it be understood I do not wish to "censure or annoy those that are absent." The architects, whom we should be glad to see representing the Fine Arts within our circle, would, doubtless, have done much better if the opportunity had been given them to put forth their powers.

Liberal encouragement upon the part of the wealthy is absolutely necessary for good architecture, whether the Classical or Gothic principles of construction and styles of decoration be adopted. The painter, the poet, the journalist, the mechanic, and every artist should be above want. *Magne mentis opus*, &c.

"It is a great mind's work, no work of him  
Who knows not where to get a blanket  
To see the chariots of the Gods, their horses  
And heavy wrought arms, and how the fell Erinny  
Seares the Rutulian. How could Virgil write  
Without his slave and tolerable lodging?  
Alecto straight would moult her snaky hair,  
And the mute trumpet give no martial sound."

Now for our Club Rooms, or the place "where we meet," for which the architect has done nothing worthy of notice, because he, perhaps, had no opportunity of making a good and proper use of his talents in their construction and decoration, but something has been done for them, and in them, to make them worthy of those who congregate within their walls. In the *recedos* and *apsis* of our temple, or sanctum, is the basis of a good miscellaneous library; the niches in the walls are filled with upwards of a thousand volumes, where the mind of the student may be enlightened by the writings of our standard English authors, and guided onward by the lessons of the divine and encouraged by the bright examples of the historian. Here he may range over the domains consecrated to Art and the Muses, and hold communion with the mortal bards of Rome. Here he may enjoy the humour of Rabelais, the wit of Molière, the eloquence of Fenelon and Bossuet, and the wondrous and beautiful creations of Schiller and Goethe. Here he may enlarge the conceptions of nature and art by a view of the several branches of natural and experimental philosophy in the works of Bacon, Boyle, Locke and Newton; Brande, Faraday, Tyndall, Ampère and Orsted. In the class of Poetry and the Drama he may revel in fifteen *octavium* editions of Shakspeare, "the thousand-souled," and in the works of a host of his illustrators and commentators who have traced and elucidated the hidden, labyrinthine workings of his all-vivifying, all-unifying genius. He may be joyful in Milton, the singer of princely innocence and the glories of Paradise; the native manners painting verse of Chaucer; the gentle Spenser "fancy's pleasing son," the fire and vigour of Dryden, and the harmonious numbers of Pope; Dante and Petrarch, the morning stars of modern literature; Ariosto

"—the minstrel who called forth  
A new creation with his magic line."

and Tasso, whose delightful strains, so familiar to his countrymen, were once chanted by the Gondoliers on the blue waters of Venice; the soul-stirring verse of Shelley, Keats and Byron, and the song of many poets, which the latter made famous in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In the Drama he may consult the writings of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley and Otway; also those of Goldsmith, Kneller, Sheridan, Talford and Bulwer. In other branches of *Belles Lettres* he will find the works of Defoe, Swift, Addison, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Lyttelton, Johnson, Chesterfield, &c.; also a variety of Lexicons, Dictionaries and Cyclopaedias, by the aid of which the boundless fields of literature are opened to his view, and he is enabled to hold converse with the mightiest intellects of all lands. In illustration of the Fine Arts he will find books adorned with choice prints, of Monuments of past and mightier ages; *Archæological* works illustrative of Etruscan, Greek, Roman and Egyptian Antiquities, Coins, Sculptures and Medals; Layard's *Nineveh* with large 640 coloured illustrations; Cook's *Voyages*, with numerous large plates, including portraits, birds, fruit, &c.; Denon's *Egypt*, with many 640 plates from the burial of Denon himself, which exhibit much of the force and freedom and style of Rembrandt. He who relishes the beauties of Virgil or Horace, Dante or Petrarch, Schiller and Goethe, and cannot visit the spots either marked by their footsteps, or immortalized by their verse; who cannot feast his eyes upon the scenes ever endeared to learning and taste, may revel in prints of the gorgeous palaces, classic groves, solemn temples of Italy and Germany, after drawings by Prout, Turner, Stanfield, and Roberts. Upon the tables of our Club will be found many of the magnificently illustrated works published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, such as the "Picturesque America," the "Picturesque Europe," and the "Art Journal,"—these a perpetual feast for all lovers of the beautiful in Art and Nature. In folios will be found the works of the Arundel Society, a society for promoting the knowledge of art by copying and republishing important works of ancient masters, among them beautiful chromo-lithographs, *facsimiles* of the works of such eminent men as Fra Bartolomeo, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Giotto, Van Eyck, Hans Memling, Albert Durer, and others.

Upon the walls are to be found choice water colours and oil paintings, also prints from the burins of those eminent English engravers William Sharp, William Woollett and Robert Strange, men of such extraordinary ability that they have been justly considered the marvel and example for those of the present time; the celebrated etching by Schiavonetti after Stothard's "*Canterbury Pilgrims*," a picture which reflects honour not merely on the artist himself but on the School of British Art; a fine print by Watts after Stothard's well known picture, *The Conversion of the Fifth of Bacon Dammor*; a few large prints after Raffaele, first—*Philosophy* or the School of Athens—the scene represents a portion of superb architecture, containing four gradations; in the upper part Plato and Aristotle surrounded by their disciples, expounding their systems; in another group, Socrates, reasoning with Alcibiades; below Pythagoras with his scholars; in another part Archimedes instructing his pupils in geography; Zoroaster, with a globe in his hand; and Diogenes, apart from the rest,