

378.4135 b5

THE

University College

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY'S

ANNUAL.

1869.

"Omnium regina rerum oratio."
—PACUVIUS.



TORONTO:
HENRY ROWSELL.

1869.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Introduction.	2
JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.	2
I. Inaugural Address.	3
JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.	3
II. Poetry. (Prize Essay).	25
GEORGE H. ROBINSON	25
III. The University Rules.	40
J. TAYLOR, B.A.	40
IV. Ambition. (Prize Essay).	41
J. SCRINGER	41
V. Sketches of our Society.	56
JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.	56
VI. Intellectual Influences of the Arabians on Medieval Europe. (Prize Essay).	71
W. MACDONALD, B.A.	71
VII. Athletic Sports.	79
JOHN KILLMASTER.	79
VIII. University and Society Items.	99

** The above-named Gentlemen composed an Editorial Committee
elected by the Society.

4
The University College

LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY'S

ANNUAL.

1869.

"Omnium regina rerum oratio."

—PACUVIUS.



TORONTO:
HENRY ROWSELL

1869.

1

1026



th
of
dr
ma
ad
oc
w
of
Sp
sc
th
fo
of
re
k
fi
pl
th
el
w
e
w
in
m
e
c
y
e
r
a
d
f
b
v
t
s

Introduction.

THE University College Literary and Scientific Society, in presenting this their first "Annual" to the Undergraduates, Graduates, and friends of the Institution, within whose halls the Society finds a home, begs to draw attention to some particulars connected with the Society which may prove interesting to those to whom the following pages are addressed, and also to clearly define the position it desires to occupy in thus coming before the public. The Association from which this publication issues, now well on to the second decade of its existence, has for its immediate object the cultivation of Public Speaking, English Reading, and Essay Writing on literary and scientific subjects among the students of Toronto University. For this purpose weekly meetings are held on Friday evenings, every fourth meeting being announced as a public one, to which the Professors of the College, as patrons of the Society, are invited, together with the residents in the city, to whom opportunity is offered of evincing the kindly interest they may feel for the sayings and doings of youths thus fitting themselves for future life. In addition, the College Council offer prizes to be competed for in the various literary departments of which the Society, as another Professorship, takes charge; while the scientific element receives special encouragement from a Silver Medal presented with praiseworthy generosity by W. B. McMurrich, Esq., M.A., to the essayist who displays the greatest talent and research on some subject within the domain of the Natural Sciences. The public meetings have invariably received the heartiest support, and have attracted no small measure of attention from the citizens; by means of these, and more especially by the Annual Conversazione, on which occasion the sombre cloisters of the University building are filled to overflowing by "the young, the beautiful, the good," the upholders of the Society have been encouraged in their labors, and finding their efforts at self-improvement receive a notice somewhat commensurate with the importance of those accomplishments the exercise of which so materially aids any one desirous of achieving distinction in the professional or political world, feel their hands strengthened, and, anxious to rise to yet higher and better things, sincerely hope that their endeavors to promote the mighty work of mental and moral improvement will deserve favor not only from those more intimately connected with the Institution, but also from the students of sister Colleges, and from the busy world, who, though dwell-

ing beyond the pale of *Alma Mater*, are yet ever prepared to take approving cognizance of efforts at advancement when made in a spirit of modest dignity. The growing importance of the Society as a means of self-education, and the increasing attention to its best interests, have of late years justified the annual publication of their President's Inaugural Address. And now the time appears to have come for another step forward, and, in addition to the President's Address, the Literary Prize Essays of last session are published, together with articles on "Sketches of the Society," "The Rifle Corps," and "Athletic Sports," which latter two, though not on subjects purely literary, yet must win attention, as embodying the military and athletic elements of the College,—elements which have attained so high a degree of importance at the Universities of Britain and the States. The idea of publishing a Magazine emanating from the students is indeed no new one; there have been two different periods of the Society's life at which the scheme of publishing a Monthly was made the subject of earnest and eager discussion. The wary foresight of former years, however, saw lions in the way, and though the idea was implanted with the hope of engendering fruit in after time, the scheme, approved of on all hands, was ultimately abandoned, as having practical difficulties which might imperil the purse and reputation of the Society. The project, however, has been sedulously cherished until this time, and modified by the experience of the past, has at length taken shape in this "Annual," the publication of which has been prompted by no sordid design of pecuniary gain, nor by any vain desire of its attracting attention as an educator or leader of literary opinion on the subjects herein discussed; but the Members of the Society, animated almost solely by the natural desire of self-cultivation, hope that by this means a greater degree of originality of thought and facility of writing may be encouraged among themselves, so that in after years they may be the better prepared to fill with becoming credit the little *niche* destined for each one of them. This first occasion of making use of the press for self-improvement, is undertaken under a proper sense of the difficulty and responsibility involved; for, in addition to the fact that by far the greater portion of the following was written without the remotest intention of publishing, be it remembered, that there are here presented not the single results of the real business of the student,—for such real business, the acquisition of principles and facts by exhausting study, is only measured by means purely academic,—but here are offered the results of mere fragments of time, culled here and there from the many hours devoted to more arduous duties, which are so occupied from a thorough conviction that literary composition is as true an educator as the subjects of curriculum,

and cannot be wisely left unpractised until an undergraduate course is spent, though indeed the mental activity of the student is more than sufficiently exercised on what is more purely the work of the University. Coupled with such feelings, arises incidentally a hope that something in the following pages may arrest the attention and prove instructive, and that the intelligence which is furnished as to the success with which the great aims of this non-Sectarian and Provincial Institution are being carried out may be welcomed by those who regard its prosperity with approbation. To the Alumni especially is it addressed, as thus bearing a visible testimony to the progress the Society has already made, holding out a something wherewith they may bind their sympathies more closely with those of the University which fostered them, and awakening, perhaps, within them, a thrill of pleasing recollections, as they turn aside for a moment from the throb of busy life, and hail right heartily this new-comer into the arena of Canadian literature. The Society then, animated by such purposes, sends forth this its first-born; still, however, with true parental solicitude, that the new being may inhale strength from the atmosphere of a healthful popularity, and having attained a sturdy manhood may at length pass away, having served its proposed object, to give place to a Monthly Magazine, which, a seedling of University literature, may expand and in time take a respectable position among the periodicals of the Dominion, be an able exponent of the grand principles which have for their object the advancement of the intellectual and the moral, and become a vehicle of the manly thought, liberal opinions, and ambitious yearnings of the gownsmen of future years.

JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.

Inaugural Address

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY,

BY THE PRESIDENT, JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.,

OCTOBER 30th, 1868,

REV. JOHN MCCAUL, LL.D., IN THE CHAIR.

To the Members of the University College Literary and Scientific Society.

GENTLEMEN :

It now becomes me to return my very sincere and respectful thanks for the kindness which has placed me in a chair, rendered dignified and an object of honorable ambition by the many men who have filled it in former times, the very mention of whose names might well make any comparison alarming to a far more worthy successor. It was not for my predecessor last year, nor is it for me this year, to question the correctness of a decision respecting an issue, on which the constitution empowers you to be judges from whom there is no appeal; I feel assured, however, that my fellow-candidate for your suffrages, whom I am happy to be able to call my friend, would have most gracefully worn the mantle of office with which you have seen fit to endow me. In the former years of our Society's existence, the elections for office were conducted with a spirit of peacefulness and unanimity, which, however gratifying to the honored recipient, was by no means indicative of a plurality of official talent, nor of that healthful play of vitality which, if properly restrained within the limits of honorable emulation, conduces so powerfully to our development. Two successive elections we have seen conducted in a spirit not purely pacific, but still not violently warlike; we have seen the strife of parties, and the resistless force of the *vox populi* tending to prevent a listless apathy which might engender the poisonous mists of stagnation. Our little student world is periodically agitated by throes of internal convulsions, occurring with unwavering regularity, which soon evince themselves in so-called caucus meetings, fiery harangues from beardless demagogues, mysterious private conversations, all premonitory symptoms of a grand electoral contest soon to be waged in that ever memorable West-end Reading-room. On one side stand the brazen-tuniced Myrmidons, and on the other glitter the long-shadowed spears of the heroes of Troy; terrible are the heart-cutting words of the Greek warriors, and no less fearful are the verbal javelins of the undaunted Trojan soldiers; round about flash the satire-pointed brands, from side to side fly the winged words,—alas! however, for Homeric simile, the man slaying Hector has forgotten his character, for, leaving his spearmen to

wage the bloodless fray, he does not aim lusty blows at the helm of the god-like Achilles, but Patroclus-like sits with him as trusty companion. Assuredly it would need the pen of a Homer or an Ossian to fitly describe how the battle clangs, and sing the glories of the dawn of peace. Year by year our Society increases in importance, enjoying no ordinary participation in the onward march of all the great influences for moral and intellectual advancement; of necessity then, the chief office in its gift, the Presidency, becomes more and more an object of honorable aspiration to the young undergraduate, when, doffing his chrysalis state, he no longer creeps, but winged with a Bachelor's Hood, he emerges to the light of day, exulting in his strength, and rejoicing in all the beautified glories of a mind seeking to nestle in "an eyrie on the heaven-kissed heights of wisdom." The years are not far distant, when the Presidency will mark certain great epochs in our College annals, when the term "Præsides," coupled with the name of some distinguished graduate, will signalize events in our history, and have the same significance in our ear, and recall to all memories as dear as the term "Consulibus" did to the ancient in the palmy days of the republic, when the seven-hilled city stood, or the "Archon Eponymus" to the old Athenian, dwelling among his temples and his statues; and circumstances of interest will be recalled, not as belonging to the year 18— or 19—, but as having happened in the distinguished Presidency of such-a-one.

It becomes me then, as President, to deliver to you the annual Inaugural Address. Of what this so-called Inaugural Address must necessarily consist, as yet remains an inscrutable mystery: the most sagacious men, after mature deliberation, stating that it is a species of composition whose subject must come within the range of the Encyclopedia, but not having any essential characteristic, it is in consequence an aberrant type of essay beyond the limits of logical definition, Protean in form, and receiving its subject-matter from the particular requirements of time and place. And when one considers the many excellent addresses you have heard from this chair, and which, moreover, you hold in your hands as publications, the writing of one which will reflect glory on you as a Society, and fitly represent your renown, is surely a task which demands the highest powers of original genius. With a full appreciation, then, of the difficulty and responsibility entailed, I address myself to the work in question, animated by a determination to offer nothing for your acceptance "*nisi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum industria*," feeling deeply, too, the pleasure it affords me in giving the first impetus to the work of the session before us, and in bidding another page be opened in the Life-book of our Society to be illuminated, let me hope, by new triumphs. I shall indeed feel well recompensed for my labor, if, in the course of these

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

making the study of *Evidences* popular have discovered an unaccountable predilection for *signs*, other than those of algebra or of the zodiac, and that a museum has been established within our sacred precincts, wherein is collected a well-selected assortment of statuary for *connoisseurs* in the Fine Arts, and divers articles appertaining to the parcel-tying portion of the community, all to be seen by the lurid glare from a gigantic lamp, and that although they cannot exhibit a full length specimen of the Canadian beaver, "from the tip of the nose to the insertion of the tail," yet some varieties of the animal's hide, tortured into a cylindrical form, might be seen, the result of a *capital* joke perpetrated on brethren of a sister college. With regard to the *signs*, it is reported on undoubted authority, that a mathematical gentleman, who has not yet deserted his Alma Mater, remarked that there had been manifestly a great subtraction of *signs*, for the owners were quite *non-plussed* at accounting for their disappearance, and that the cruel depredators had certainly *eliminated quantities*, for they had been removed from their native *threshold*, and their *roots* having been extracted had been transplanted to bloom anew in the groves of the Academy.

When we consider such libels, and more than all the lamentable whine about our godless character that finds circulation among interested parties, it is no wonder that Mrs. Grundy sapiently shakes her head, and wiping her spectacles, as she pauses in reading the "denominational College question" gives vent to a heartfelt prayer, that her boy, the darling of her heart and the apple of his father's eye, may not be led away to plunge into the reckless whirl of urbane dissipation, but that, an ark of moral strength, he may ride the hungry waves of godlessness rushing to strand him, until a haven is reached safe from the perilous shoals of non-sectarianism. But yet when we consider the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who having visited us to-night in our *lair*, and who finding themselves surrounded by the much dreaded, begowned, square-capped men, and seeing that we are neither Anthropophagi, nor "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," nor indeed demons of wickedness, may possibly depart with the belief that at least we are respectable and sane members of society, let us feel assured that, however calumniated by rustic swains, ragged urchins, pusillanimous opponents of museums, and contemporary collegians who, among other privileges, enjoy the fostering guardianship of moral governors, yet we have with us in all our joys and fears the hearty sympathy of all the right-minded and sober thinking. Indeed, we all know, that the funds so lavishly spent on our University and kindred-Colleges might purchase an amazing quantity of turnips, carcasses of excellent beef *ad infinitum*, and broad acres of fustian to feed and clothe the hungered clamorous ones throughout our Province; yet

who that possesses exact facts and clear ideas will gainsay, that University College and minor kindred Colleges, notwithstanding alleged extravagance and implied impiety, are accomplishing great and important ends, and annually sending forth noble phalanxes of youths fitted to do battle for the cause of truth, both intellectual and moral? To what theme of interest, then, will we turn for the wholesome instruction of the guests whose ears have rejected the leperous distilment of prejudice, and whom no fear of encouraging monopoly and impious corruption has prevented from visiting our College to-night?

It is characteristic for men to seek objects of interest in some far removed region, to which distance lends romance and fascination. On this principle we hear of men of the "Excelsior" stamp scaling sky-piercing cliffs or scouring the western prairies, ballooning the upper æther or descending into coal pits, freezing beneath a polar sun or burning beneath a tropical sky; and we read "Voyages to the Canary Islands," "Supping with the Khan of Tartary," "Shooting Seals with his Majesty of Greenland," "A History of the Dynasties of Timbuctoo," and other works of a lively and popular character; yet, if instruction be our object, such pilgrimages are unnecessary, for assuredly the compass of these very walls, which surround us, teems with subjects of curiosity and objects of interest. Notwithstanding this, you may ransack our spacious library, and laboriously search through tomes of all languages written by the "numberless vagabonds who go to and fro over the face of our globe," and only find reason to mourn like Charon, and lament, that of us Graduates, Sophomores, and Freshmen, "there is no mention." Be it, then, my task, to call up before you the academic lions, and discourse concerning the indwellers of this vast temple of science—"things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

"Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ere, alio."

Following the example of epic poets, I plunge *in medias res* and call up first the Ultra-reading man, one who appears under phases and hues as many and various as those of an expiring dolphin, and whose characteristics demand more than a passing attention. As he courts seclusion, I must beg forgiveness for the sad impiety of rending the veil of his *sanc-tum*, where he is generally to be seen basking in the genial rays of brain-fostering warmth streaming from some ponderous lexicon or knotty examination problem. He may be revelling in the intricate mazes of a Greek chorus, refreshing himself after one, a.m., with Homer; or, with dishevelled locks and eyes rolling in a fine poetic phrenzy, after the most approved manner of an inspired bard, seeking for a word with two shorts and a long to remedy his lipping line. Or he may be fighting manfully

over horizontal rows of mathematical hieroglyphics, more tortuous than those of the Rosetta stone, covering good paper with appalling monstrosities, that might fitly represent Hydras dire or the dusky folds of a Gorgon's head embellishing a circle in Dante's Inferno, all tending to the solution of a problem to which that of the Sphinx might be an easy corollary, and riding at last to a glorious victory in a triumphal car drawn by a procession of x 's and y 's. In ambrosial night, when sweet sleep comes upon him, he dreams of Marathon, is personally insulted by a Greek particle, and becomes mollified by a conversation with Cicero on the enormous quantity of fourth-year work ; or else he is engaged in a conflict with a trapezium, and is haunted by the spectres of parabolas and hyperboloids, while the Examiners for his medal with cap and gown smoke his pipe, if he has one, and arrange his Newton and Sandemann in the form of a rhomboid. Whether such visions issue from the ivory or horn Dream-gate, he settles by an appeal to the metaphysical dogmas of Homer.

The conversation of these gentlemen is in the most part about scholarships and medals : they wrangle as to who is the man of the year, and tell funny stories to each other about wrong answers at examinations, and instances of false quantities made by scholars of repute. Sometimes, too, the Ultra-reader may be seen exercising his limbs in the Gymnasium, which he does not think below a classical mind, partly because he reads the ancient Athenian did likewise, and that Horace celebrates the "grace-bestowing palæstra," and partly, because the word "Gymnasium" is associated in his mind with a book written by a certain Mr. Crombie ; or he may be viewed chasing the flying football over the rectangular green, forcibly exemplifying the doctrine of impulsive forces, and kicking with an activity suggestive of demoniac possession. This exercise has been known to stimulate the muse, as there is an authentic instance of one of this genus, when perspired into a state of excessive inspiration, penning the following fragment :—

"The Arts men's wrath to Meds, the direful spring
Of shins unnumbered bruised sing, goddess, sing.
Those limping wretches raise such horrid cries,
That Jove disturbed looks down with angry eyes,
The gods all laugh, for now the men of bones
Have tripped the struggling mass of caps and gowns,
All which lie prone, a grand chaotic strife,
With here and there a *leg alleging* life
And vigor ; Antæus-like they rise, and smite
Th' impetuous men of drugs with fearful might,
Blood bursts and smokes, until a shout proclaims—

the distressing fact,

"That Arts have won,
For flies the ball
Right through
The goal next to
The portal of the U-
Niversity."

[*Exeunt* the Medicals. Enter the chorus, playing harps, and chanting a triumphal psalm."]

The chief beauty of the above will be observed to consist in a violation of all ordinary metrical rules and canons.

Natural scenery, lakes, mountains, valleys, with the

— "domus Alburneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis,"

he views with an interest in proportion to their capacity of furnishing a sum either in Trigonometry or Hydrostatics: and if Milton's Paradise Lost be spoken of, he draws out: "Well, it may be a very fine thing; but, after all, what does it prove?" Of course I must be here understood to speak of him who too devoutly worships at the shrine of the "cross-grained muses of the cube and square."

The Ultra-reader sometimes comes into the Society, but finding that the Homeric controversy is never referred to, and that the General Committee collectively cannot write faultless elegiacs, nor give the dialectic varieties of the Greek verb, he votes the whole thing stale and unprofitable, abandoning it forever. There is a legend, however, of one man of this type, Whiffle by name, who was induced to take part in a debate for which due preparation was allowed. Whiffle was not seen for several days, in fact, in academic language, "he cut lectures," and it seemed the general impression that mounted on the eagle wings of eloquence he would strike the stars with his sublime head. Alas, however, it seemed otherwise to the gods! The eventful period arrived, and Whiffle was seen by his admiring friends arranging his gown in graceful festoons like that in a statue of the late Cicero, at the same time nervously twitching like Demosthenes with the swords above him. His leader began and was acquitting himself very creditably, when our hero waxed sudden pale, with quivering knees he gasped out to a friend, that it was all over, and fled the scene melting into thin air, like Macbeth's dagger. It appeared afterward, that Mr. Whiffle, not being of a particularly original turn of mind, had committed a speech compiled from a work in the library; by accident his leader had committed the same piracy, and the poor man in consequence felt unwell. I could, if time were to permit, describe other types of this genus, but enough has been said respecting this strange monstrosity, which we are happy to say is seldom to be met with in our College, though indeed some milder varieties are seen now and then to flit over the academic horizon,—but to such men I emphatically say "*procul este.*"

There is however another genus of undergraduate whose importance justifies a little attention. What name to give him I know not, though I may characterize him as belonging to the Peripatetic school of philosophy, as the reading-man may be said to belong to the Academic. In fine weather he may be seen oscillating to and fro on the principal streets, attracting some notice from the idle by the perfect fitness of his coat, his necktie which is a work of genius, and the skilful manner with which he vibrates a cane of the rarest beauty. Sometimes however, he strays from the tenets of his school, and because Epicurean, in which character he frequents pastry cooks, at whose secret shrines he celebrates the mysteries of the sect by holding joyous Saturnalia, or at other temples with unsparing hand pours forth brimming goblets of old Falernian, offering libations to the rosy god of wine; at one time chanting with his boon companions a plaintive ditty, the refrain of which is that they esteem themselves jolly fellows, which interesting fact they allege "nobody can deny;" while at another time they assert in touching stanzas that it is contrary to their philosophy to hie their way home until the "rosy-fingered morn unbar the gates of light." At another time he justifies the appellation Stoic, by standing in the porch on a sunny day, conversing with his fellows respecting the false views of the Academics, who think the sovereign good to be in digesting as large a portion of the curriculum as possible. Such a childish vanity he views with ineffable contempt, and confidingly whispers that he has long been thinking of giving the rein to his soaring talent, and taking double honors: we may add that round the porch, to the best of our knowledge, no new idea was ever picked up. He seldom appears in the reading-room of the Library, but in the news-room of the Society he may be seen taking a part from the solid day, lolling over Punch, the Journal of Education, or some other amusing periodical, and when asked at lecture to demonstrate his proposition or construe his Tacitus he puts in a "*non paravi*." This aberrant type, however, has his time of reading; for dimly apparent in a haze of nicotian and tormenting smoke, he may be seen working up his Philippics, with an open pony beside him, by which I do not mean a butchered quadruped, for no student of *Humanity* would commit murder, but one of those

"Ponies that perhaps another
Toiling up the College hill,
A forlorn and younger brother,
Riding, may rise higher still,"

that is to say, a Pegasus of Anglo Saxon blood, fed in the classical stalls of Bohn or Harper, astride of which the rider seeks to spurn the rough roads of learning, and to reach the same goal as he who creeps along with a staff marked "Liddell and Scott." If, however, the quagmire

of a hard passage, or a difficult chorus is to be crossed, Pegasus frequently proves restive, stung perhaps, by a Jove-sent hornet, and the proud rider being hurled down among a mass of irregular perfects, and dialectic varieties, gropes blindly among the thickening gloom, and, becoming demoralized at length by the unequal struggle, in a fit of fell despair reclines his head on the Greek text, and soon are heard from him nasal sounds, "fearfully and wonderfully made," doubtless the gurglings of a solemn invocation to the Olympic Jupiter for aid in his dire distress. When the Peripatetic, Epicurean, or Stoic enters the examination hall, where inquisitive gentlemen who propound unwarrantably curious questions preside, seated on a perfectly insulated chair, he hoists colors of distress to some neighbouring Academic, or finds relief in a minute inspection of finger-nails or wristbands, which at certain seasons exhibit the curious phenomenon of delicately traced marks bearing a close resemblance to historical dates and other gems of useful knowledge which being exhausted, he may perhaps adopt the harmless device of "demons," by which is meant expected propositions written with great finish and artistic skill on small slips of paper of kindred color to that used in the hall,—these facts may be interesting to the examiners in Ethics. In event of these and numberless other *ruses de guerre* failing—for lecturers and examiners he regards as his natural foes—he has recourse to his own native intelligence, which has been known to produce answers of the most astonishing originality and the most exact definiteness even to such a perplexing question as "Who dragged whom round the walls of what, and why?" It is recorded of one such undergraduate that, on a certain occasion, when undergoing an examination in Ancient Geography, he was asked to draw a map of Judea, marking the principal places of interest:—the answer appeared on his paper in the form of an irregular curve with serrated boundary, in the centre of it a large star marked Jerusalem, and, a little way off, another smaller star, with the figure of a hand pointing to a foot note, which obligingly informed the astonished examiner that this is the place where the man fell among thieves. On the other side of Jerusalem appeared a spidery sort of blot, marked Gamaliel, and an accompanying explanation set forth that this was a high mountain, at the foot of which Paul sat, and was taught in the laws of his fathers. It is perhaps needless to remark that the names of such young gentlemen sometimes appear in the class-list among the Apostles, that is to say, among the last twelve of the Polls or third class; while sometimes they appear with an "a" attached, in which case the fear is at least warrantable that the examiners have not proved impartial or have, with reprehensible carelessness, mislaid their papers. I might treat further

of other genera of undergraduates, did space permit ; for have we not the Military Undergraduate ; the Punning Undergraduate ; the Dancing Undergraduate, who invariably has a small head, with no *comprehension*, and seeks to counteract an abnormal *extension* of limb by a series of Grecian bends executed with great flexibility ; the Fast Undergraduate, who knowingly intimates to young Fresh that he is "up to a thing or two" ; the Sporting Undergraduate, who asserts that Apollo drove his chariot *tandem*, quoting in authority Horace, "*tandem venias*" ; the Cricketing Undergraduate, who knows the weight and specialty of each individual in the All England Eleven, and firmly believes that Snuffle, who bowls round-arm so terrifically, is the most remarkable man in the Dominion ; the Musical Undergraduate who, with frantic gesture and melodramatic magnificence, bleats out "*Fra Diavolo*," or "*Voici le sabre de mon père*" ; the Theatrical Undergraduate, who now assumes postures à la Hamlet before the ghost, and anon roars like Othello in his rage ; and lastly, the Model Undergraduate, whose name I mention with profound respect, as a gentleman with whom I have not an acquaintance sufficient to warrant the liberty of introducing him to your notice ? Some one of you, however, may here say as the North Briton did on reading "Gulliver's Travels,"—"It's a' a lee, frae eend tae eend." Well, no, not quite. I have said enough to hold the mirror up to nature, and to satisfy you that there has been "a chiel amang ye takin' notes."

But a truce to such sketches imperfect as they are, and come, let us find a graver theme which may chasten our reflections into a soberer cast. On an occasion like this, it becomes us students of a great National University, standing as the most of us do on the threshold of manhood, and preparing to trudge life's dusty path, to pause for a while in our laborious outfitting, and reflect on the many means of improvement we enjoy in making these studious cloisters the centre of our interests, not for the four years only of our summer's prime, but may I not say for time yet to come ? and furthermore to consider, whether we make full use of all opportunities afforded for preparation for that higher sphere before each one of us, gilded as it is by the buoyant hopes and lively anticipations of every youth of spirited ambition.

A stranger who passes through our corridors, and glances into our lecture-rooms, sees nothing to attract his thoughts, save a dull tier of empty benches, facing a polished black-board, mayhap embellished with the illustration of some past lecture ; he may look curiously at the rostrum and admire its carvings, recking naught for the past occupants of these cheerless benches, nor for that chair oft filled by him at whose feet others have loved to sit and listen. Can this however be truly said of any one of us ? Will we not often think of those others, who with us, side by

side, once quaffed the same nectared sweets of knowledge? "But alas!" as Menken beautifully says, "the soft, silver hand of death has unbound the galling bands that clasped the fretting soul in her narrow prison-house," having grasped at the laurel they clutched the cypress, untrammelled now by a tenement of clay, having shaken off the shackles of mortality, they roam through empyrean fields of endless day, knowing far more philosophy than we have ever dreamed of, smiling perchance at those far-reaching speculations of great thinkers, which we in the body still strive to make our own, and, may it not be, still learning, still discovering, still piercing into the yet unseen and incomprehensible, but with powers far more acute than heretofore, and refined from the dross of frail humanity. Will not our spirits quicken, when our memories revert to that lecture-room, where, guided by one who possessed learning of rare exactitude, we heard the ringing tones of the patriot Demosthenes pealing down through the cloud of centuries, and the surging roar of the applauding Athenians, echoing through sloping hills, seemed to strike on the ear, where before us the Homeric squadrons armed themselves for the heady fight, and we saw the chorus welling forth their tears, while the lost Alcestis lay a-dying? The rapturous hours, too, will linger long in our memories which we spent in that other lecture-room, where the doctrines of that most exact of all science were eloquently expounded; where the awe-stricken student felt ennobled on contemplating the great Sir Isaac, on witnessing the ecstasies of god-like intellect, and felt that surely a spark of the Creator's intelligence had electrified the mind of the creature, tutored it seemed by the whisperings of inspiration; where the scroll of the sky was unrolled, and we felt as we gazed with the eye of intelligence on the starry glories of the night, that in consonance with the two great white arms of the heavens raised, as if in mute adoration, to the Creator, we might, too, acknowledge a divinity of power and of goodness. Deep enshrined, too, in our recollections will rise the hallowed time when the principles of History, as a "Philosophy teaching by example," were marshalled before us with rare ability, and when we listened to the varied melody of those tones that taught us the renown of our ancestors in word and deed, when our heart-strings were swept with lofty emotions, and echoed to the tuneful harmony of Milton, Shakspeare, and the other great masters of our mother tongue. We shall not forget, either, those skilful and dignified teachings of philosophy, leading us to hold converse with the mighty minds of men of olden time, who taught us to regard mind as something palpable, and "the soul's immortality as something visible;" where Kant and Locke, of Titan intellect, led us to look within ourselves, and to discern the nature of that great mystery, the invisible occupant of our frail tabernacle. Fondly, too, will dwell in our thoughts those

other lecture rooms, where the wonders of Natural Science glittered before our admiring gaze in grand exuberance, where the glories of the green fields were descanted on, where the secrets of matter were unravelled, and we traced down through the crust of our planet the mysterious workings of Him "who sitteth on the circle of the heavens." What shall be said of another room yet, where weekly we sat together and, with no master mind to guide us, cheered each other on to thoughts of majesty and deeds of valour; where, all academic grades on equal footing, we felt like brethren, and, shoulder to shoulder, we pressed forward to the coming life-battle, equipped with ambitious thoughts and holy purposes?

Of this Society, then, which has its home within these walls, let it be our hint to speak. Our Association, I may state, for the information of the ignorant, was formed for the purpose of self-improvement in English Reading, Essay Writing, and Public Speaking. It comprehends nearly all students in the Faculty of Arts, with here and there some in the sister Faculties of Medicine and Law, which are the "*rari nantes*," however great they may be in individual might. It is governed by a General Committee, who yearly give an account of their stewardship, headed by a President who is "*primus inter pares*;"—our form of government, in fact, may be called *republican*. We possess a liberal constitution,—membership being open to any student, regardless of nationality, creed, or color; and under the genial encouragement given by our professors and our city friends, we yearly expand in importance and renown, if not in affluence.

The paramount advantages of such a Society cannot be doubted by any one who has given the subject the most casual attention. First to acquire, next to apply,—may be a trite maxim, but still it is one of the most important value to every youth setting out to face the world; he who acquires only, and neglects to apply, is at the best a learned pedant, whose after success in life, if achieved at all, is so done after surmounting obstacles which have no existence to him who has not only acquired, but who has also learned to utilize the result of his barren labors. A knowledge of every department of science and literature may here be gained by an unremitting attention to lectures delivered by the several professors, and a corresponding degree of labor at the text-books laid down in the curriculum; but unless we seek to bring into practice the results of exhausting study, we fail to attain that high perfection of mental training to which it is our several designs to aspire. The object, then, of a Society constituted as ours, is to furnish opportunity where the facts gleaned in the studious cell, and the ideas nursed in cold and cheerless abstraction, may be utilized; where every spark of latent

genius may be sedulously cherished, and, being fanned by the honorable desire of pre-eminence among our fellows, may burst into brilliancy; where, as the gladiators of old, we may fight a sham-battle, with blunt weapons as a prelude to the time when, in after years, armed with the breast-plate of knowledge and the lance of reason, we may ride many a victorious tilt over the hydra-headed giants of Error and Falsity. The training to which the undergraduate is subjected in the Society is the most effectual remedy for that most despicable of all things, which indeed sometimes finds a quiet corner to flaunt itself,—I mean the slimy growth of egotism, arrogance, and satisfied knowledge. Before the chilling ordeal of public opinion, for our Society represents the *vox populi* of studentdom, such things ripen not, but, untimely nipped, wither to ashes, and by doing so nourish the roots of dignified humility and modest worth,—those virtues that find a dwelling in all the truly good and great. A man versed in the wisdom of the curriculum, and wrapped in the mantle of his own individuality, will learn a useful lesson when he has opportunities of seeing that there are other men as clever and wise as himself, not at all disposed to defer to his opinion as oracular, and who possess a far shrewder and more practical knowledge of men and manners; he may be astonished to find that a large stock of irregular perfects and aorists or a surprising facility for solving problems of extreme subtlety will not of itself raise him to a position in the Society, and he may possibly be indignant when he sees men immeasurably his inferiors in academic standing, and who know naught of Barbara, Celarent, &c., arguing most acutely on debate, when he sees men who are indifferent to the charms of the Ichthyosaurus, declaiming most powerfully on some subject which has engaged the attention of the master minds of the world, but—let him learn.

Much has been said in England by the extreme utilitarian school of educationists, of the Robert Lowe stamp respecting the want of adaptation which the system of modern education has to the active duties of life, and so long as the nurslings of our Alma Mater will not aim at the practical, so long as they pay little or no attention to the utilizing training to be received in such Institutions as Debating Societies, just so long will University education and the wants of the times be out of joint, and just so long will men of this school jeeringly ask us to shew to them among our Alumni statesmen, orators, judges, and authors. I could point to men before me to-night, who, though gifted with the most excellent abilities, and possessed of not only a cultivated understanding, but of that spirit of indomitable perseverance, without which nothing great can be attained, who show at best a meagre appreciation of the mental attrition received, and the intellectual gymnastics undergone in

the West End Reading Room ; and I tell them that if they continue to show such apathy to an institution which their talents would adorn, and still plunge unremittingly into Lexicons and Examination Papers, that shrewd practical men of the world will continue to have reason for the bitter taunt : " Shew us your men—where are they ?"

True it is that a bare knowledge of the date of the battle of Marathon, or an acquaintance with the analysis of the Haloid Salts, will not of themselves raise us to renown, but true it is also that a knowledge, and the more intimate the better, of the several departments of our curriculum betokens the existence and cultivation of certain faculties, by the exercise of which in the duties of active life success, must inevitably be achieved ; and the more towering too that success if such faculties have been whetted by intercourse with the little circle of men and manners by which we are surrounded, an epitome of that greater world to which we all aspire. And I call on each and all of you to bear me witness, that, during your four-year's course, you store by not a single fact nor obtain knowledge of a single principle, but that some faculty of the mind, being thereby strengthened and developed, opens up the pathway to fame amid the bustle and roar of future life. A soldier might be decked in glittering habiliments, with a sword of faultless steel and acutest edge on his thigh, a rifle of the most unerring accuracy and of the most cunning workmanship in his hands, ball cartridge innumerable by his side, yet he would be of no avail in the battle-field did he not understand his drill, unless he had a knowledge of fencing, his shining blade would be a weapon dangerous to himself and his friends ; had he not a knowledge of rifle practice, the method of loading, aiming, and firing, his deadly arm would be a burden to him ; and such a soldier, however suitable an adornment for the streets, would surely never be a lion in the fight. In just the same way, a man may be taught in all the wisdom of the ancients, his mind may be polished by studious contemplation of all the great models in ancient and modern times, his memory may be stored with the aphorisms of Socrates and Bacon, and he may be conversant with the technicalities of science and philosophy ; but unless he adapt his acquirements to suit his surroundings different from those of scholastic seclusion, unless he can utilize the results of his laborious study, and answer the "*cui bono* ?" of the ignorant worldling by pointing him to his own successful career, he will go to and fro virtuous and happy, but neither glorifying his Creator with his wonderful abilities, nor shedding light in his day and generation, living an intellectual Hippogriff, a natural monstrosity, as he is, and at length sinking into a grave—"unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

If you ask me to furnish you examples of the advantages of such a

training as I wish to inculcate, I give you the experience of the greatest men who have adorned the scroll of fame. We find the boy Canning, at fifteen, establishing a society in Eton, in concert with the young Earl Grey, and the future Marquis Wellesley; afterwards, at Oxford, we find him and Mr. Jenkinson, who, as Earl of Liverpool, was head of affairs for fifteen years, the ruling spirit in a Debating Club. Sir James McIntosh, Sir Samuel Romilly attended them for years; and Lord Mansfield has recorded that many of the arguments used by him while a young debater, were afterwards highly useful to him as Judge. Jeffrey, as critic in a Debating Society, first exhibited those remarkable powers in after years so terrible to many a hapless adventurer in the fields of literature. Dr. Arnold, the prince of schoolmasters, bore witness to the training of his early youth in the Attic Society, the germ of the Cambridge Union; the renowned Chalmers in the cloisters of St. Andrew's, first tuned his words to eloquence, and, in youthful polemics, first unsheathed that fiery sword of his, which with giant might he afterwards wielded for the smiting of flinty consciences, and the kindling up of a holy glow in the bosoms of hearers listening with stolidity to the grand doctrines of revelation, and a once-suffering, but now glorified Redeemer. Young Pitt, too, early tried his pinions, and gaining strength, soared into the imperial-minded Chatham, who "with eagle face and outstretched arm so often bade England be of good cheer, and hurl defiance at her foes."

The question, however, naturally arises from the young aspirant for the laurels of eloquence: "How am I to reach mediocrity, if not pre-eminence as a speaker?" To this it may be replied, that though true, that "*Orator nascitur non fit*," yet no man however highly gifted ever became master of the art without arduous study, and the diligent exercise of certain principles which we now attempt to unfold. The first essential we think in an effective speaker is the having the mind stored with general learning, and the faculties of judgment, perception, and reasoning, thoroughly trained, either by the exact and rigid demonstrations of mathematics, or by the skilled argumentation of mental philosophy or general science, which latter though indeed not so certain in conclusion yet presents courses of reasoning more in accordance with what is met in questions of daily life; where we neither apply axioms nor attain results by syllogisms. The wider a man's general knowledge, the more able is he to grapple with the subject which may incidentally occur, the more exact are his facts, and the more varied and telling his illustrations. Does he wish to use ornate language, and embellish his speech with the most fairly culled flowers of rhetoric? then let him read the standard prose writers, and revel among the gems of poetry with which English

literature is studded. Is his knowledge of men and manners to be increased, and do his views, hampered perhaps by too monastic a course of reading, need expanding? let him apply himself to the novel and the drama, where is portrayed virtue in its surpassing loveliness, as well as vice in all its hideous deformity. Does he desire to make his diction remarkable at once for eloquence and classical taste? then let him ransack the works of the great orators present and past, and study their acute vigorous thoughts, their bold appeals, and with these their bewitching graces, and the polished brilliancy of their periods: if his knowledge of moral truth need refining, or if he wish to cultivate purity and vigour of language, as well as sublimity of style, then let him "search the scriptures," marking the figurative imagery of the prophets, let him turn over the pages of divine revelation and seek for a wisdom higher than human. So that if any one of us pant for the crown of a Cicero or a Burke, our task is endless: we may give the rein to our exertion, and plunge with unremitting toil amid the hoarded treasures of two hundred generations. The greatest orators have been renowned for their scholarship. Barrow and Chalmers were great in the mathematics; Fox and Burke diligently through their lives read the classics, Erskine and Sheridan were earnest students, and Curran quoted Virgil by the hour; Brougham, whose light has burned dim, had "encyclopædic powers," not only taught in general literature, but was even thoroughly read in the higher mathematics, on which he has left publications, and Derby finds time, through all the fever and fret of political life, to write metrical translations of Homer. To have bereft these men of such propensities would not have rendered them more useful, but would only have robbed them as has been said, "of the silver baskets in which they displayed their apples of gold."

There is no better method of acquiring eloquence and fluency of address, than to cultivate the habit of rapid and easy composition, a practice recommended both by Cicero de Oratore and Lord Brougham—no mean authorities. The man who writes laboriously will never speak fluently, and until he acquire a facility with the pen he will not speak extempore without great hesitancy. It may here be incidentally remarked, that a difficulty of composition should be no discouragement to the young beginner, as it rather shows a state of diffident dissatisfaction with one's efforts, which is a better indication than that easy state of self-satisfaction so characteristic of vanity, and which exercises so blighting an effect on all growth in the proper direction. The manuscripts of Burke himself, a perfect master of English prose, were so underlined by corrections that his printer could with difficulty read them. It may be fairly questioned, whether a halting of speech and hesitancy of expression is at first a dubious sign of oratorical success; it is usually

attributed to a too tardy occurrence of idea, or to poverty of language, but may it not be from a superabundance of both word and thought? The rush of idea is so impetuous, and the array of words so perplexing, that the mind naturally hesitates as to which thought to marshal first, and in what words, from the vast vocabulary which presents itself, to clothe it, so that the difficulty is not one of occurrence but one of selection. This may be thought paradoxical, but still it is worth enquiry. The easy, fluent speaker is not the one who always attains towering success as an orator: he is in danger of becoming so satisfied with himself that he suspends all labor, without which nothing great can be achieved, and, resting sated with the popular applause which his early efforts excite, he toils no longer, but becomes an intellectual Sybarite.

Another most important aid to good speaking is an intimate knowledge of the subject, and furthermore to have a luminous arrangement of the material, to have as it were before the mind a chart of the journey, with the broad highway of illustration, allegory, and quotation, as well as the tortuous labyrinth of analysis and argument, clearly mapped out. With such a preparation the debater will be at the same time more ready and feel less constrained, than if he had prepared either too little or too much.

The idea has become a common one, that the value of a speech is in an inverse proportion to the labor expended in its preparation, and it has become positively injurious to a speaker's reputation if it be known that his speeches cost him days and nights of careful thought and continued elaboration; hence we hear men, who ought to know better, chatter sagely about the "inspiration of the hour," "speaking on the spur of the moment," "despising the chains and tyranny of preparation," with many other such wise utterances. Now, we think we are safe in asserting that no orator ever based his claims for fame and immortality on extemporaneous harangues. Horace records the boast of Lucilius, a contemporary poet, that he could write two hundred verses while standing on one leg, while he himself took weeks. But what was the difference? The fame of the contemptible poet was ephemeral, while that of Horace was imperishable. Let us then be Horatii and not Lucili. Bearing somewhat on this head an anecdote of the celebrated Tom Moore occurs: It seems Moore mentioned in the hearing of a scribbler of his day, that his Melodies, even after being written, were subjected for six months to the most careful polishing and repolishing. At this the man of mercurial pen laughed, and said he could in that time easily write whole volumes. "Ah!" said the great Irish Poet, "that may be, but such *easy* writing is excessively *hard* reading." The orators of antiquity gloried in the labors of the closet. We have all heard of Demosthenes being hooted off the *Bema* by the jeers of the turbulent *demos*, and in consequence his gigantic

labors to overcome mental and physical defects, that have secured for him the unbounded admiration of all ages. Cicero, too, it has been said, rehearsed his most celebrated speeches, and so minutely studied the effect of their delivery, that on one occasion he was incapacitated from appearing against the wily Hortensius from the fatigue of his exhausting preparation. In modern times we read that the brilliant Sheridan wrote out passages, and committed them to memory, ready to be spoken in their proper places, while Burke transcribed, and carefully studied many of his most celebrated speeches, and so did Curran. Lord Brougham, in his address to the Glasgow students, very pointedly says, "We may rest assured that the highest reaches of the art, and without any necessary sacrifice of natural effect, can only be attained by him who well considers, maturely prepares, and oftentimes sedulously corrects and refines his orations." In further support of this, an extract from Mr. Ware, an American writer may be presented. "The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator who has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus, multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as enquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would serve an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public life before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce anything to learn but the mechanical execution of what lie in sensible forms before the eye. But the extempore speaker who has to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind, as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, and the most expressive of all instruments, which the Infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual

soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he who comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive powers! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind for ever, that attempt is vain."

Yet in spite of all this, and a formidable array of other testimony which could be brought forward, we have articulate-speaking men, who having discovered a short and easy bye-road to Olympus, which all previous deluded orators, toiling in the seclusion of their study, have overlooked, arise even amongst us, and with most unpardonable assurance, despising all previous preparation, utter a few vapid nothings, and then sit down again under the impression that every one else is lost in astonishment at the fluency and logical acuteness of an address which they have taken care to announce is entirely extemporaneous. When a young friend of mine, and one in many respects a very clever fellow, on a certain occasion, after exercising everybody's politeness and patience to the fullest extent by twenty minutes of his loquacious babblings, lisped out to me afterwards, that "he had really achieved a most difficult undertaking, for his speech, upon his word and honor, was quite extemporaneous." I mentally wished, like the surly Dr. Johnson, that the undertaking was not only difficult but impossible. But the tyro may say "suppose I do all this, disciplining my mind by extensive reading, composing frequently, and carefully preparing for each effort, and then if I——fail?"

"Fail?" cried Armand de Richelieu,
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word
As——fail!"

What is the first element of success in oratory? we answer "labour," and what the second element? we say "labour," and what the third? we still reply "labour." Let him, whose soul yearns for the laurel crown, wrestle stoutly with the stern goddess of Fame, even to the daybreak of another life, as the old patriarch with the angel, clutch her robe with nervous grasp, and let her not go until she bestow a blessing. He shall not be like the Titan who wooed a goddess "and clasped a cloud," but let him bear himself bravely, and wait: soon black-winged obscurity with chilling gloom will disenfold him, and cradled in the white arms of Fame, with the motto "*aut viam inveniam aut faciam*" emblazoned on his brow, he will straightway hear the hum of many voices, the loud roar of a myriad proclaiming, "Οὗτος Ἐκεῖνος!"—"That is the man!"

Poetry.

PRIZE ESSAY.—GEORGE H. ROBINSON.

To delight the world for ages; to bid the great heart of humanity throb, and the cheek change tempestuously; to wave the magician's wand and summon forth the shadowy forms of other days; to enchant by conceptions where love and her sisters exercise their sway omnipotent and divine; to bring wild joy to millions; to dispel the gloom that will at times settle down over eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep; to cheer the lone hours of the prison cell; to commend a chalice which glads, but not intoxicates; to brighten, but not enthral; to exhibit splendour which dazzles not:—this is the difficult, and rare, and glorious power, vouchsafed by God to some of the children of men. These gifted sons of genius have not been confined to one age, to one clime, to one people. They found an appropriate place in that fabled happy era which men call golden; their utterances were heard ere the Sun-god was hymned in devout adoration; or the shores of the Mediterranean reëchoed to the laments for Adonis "when Greece was young;" and so they have rung on, at one time in Scio's rocky isle, fanned by the breezes of the *Ægean*; at another, in happy and opulent Athens; or in famed Parthenope, in ungrateful Florence, upon the banks of Avon; among the imaginative Ionians, the learned Athenians, the lordly Romans, the polished Italians, the gay Frenchmen, the profound Germans, the myriad-minded British—everywhere, this all-compelling power has been; every land has heard the strain, every age has bequeathed its own peculiar heritage to posterity. Who are these that stand so preëminently above their fellows,—often alone and aloof upon some cloud-capped pinnacle,—yet to whose mysterious influence all willingly bow? What that strange agency which exerts such tremendous power over the destinies of nations and individuals? What its origin; the laws by which it is governed; the accessories by which it is adorned; the limits by which it is circumscribed? They are the poets alone, and their divine creation, Poetry, we have now to contemplate; and we approach the subject with the lowly reverence and faltering hope which becomes a fellow-suppliant at the Muses' shrine.

The term Poetry has been frequently defined, and the number of definitions shows the difficulty of the attempt. It may not be improper here to give some of those that have been popular in their day, and that

yet merit the attention of critics ; premising with the observation that the word poetry is from the Greek *ποιέω* which signifies "to make," "to create:" used, of course, in reference to the ideal world. The ancients defined poetry to be an imitative art, which definition, however true, does not meet the requirements of logic. It applies equally well to the sister arts of Painting and Sculpture ; and thus, for the purpose of distinction, is absolutely useless. It has this further objection, that it is too limited, for it excludes many departments of poetry such as the Lyrical, which is not imitative, but expressive. Again, poetry has been defined to be, the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction. This attempt is not much happier than that already quoted ; for while it would include the Novel and the Romance, it is scarcely applicable to poetry at all, except in the sense that in all high poetry the alchemy of the imagination transmutes all it touches into gold. Lord Jeffrey's definition contains much truth "The end of poetry," he says, "is to please ; and the name, we think, is strictly applicable to every metrical composition from which we derive pleasure without any laborious exercise of the understanding." But, as is known by the veriest tyro, in *Belles Lettres* metre is not the limit by which poetry is bounded : it is one of the adjuncts,—perhaps the most important adjunct ; but yet not the living principle. "Poetry," says Coleridge, "is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science ; poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the requirement or the communication of truth—the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure." Accepting this as true, which it unquestionably is, Lord Jeffrey's definition would include burlesque composition as seen in Homer's *Batrachyomachia*, or Aristophanes' treatment of Euripides, in the poems of Hood, Saxe, and numberless other instances. Is this strictly poetry ? Modern critics have settled the question by declaring that the excitement of the ridiculous is altogether of a different nature from that produced by poetry in the truest and highest sense of the term. Milton's testimony on this point is clear and indisputable. He affirms that poetry must be *simple*, *sensuous*, and *passionate*. Many more definitions are at hand, but they include either too much or too little, and in the effort to be made concise they become obscure. Moreover, it does not appear necessary, after so much has been said by way of illustration, that a perfectly correct definition need be given on this occasion. Philosophers describe the nature of, and the laws that govern, a ray of light : but what light is, who can tell ? May we not also, without defining it, speak of that celestial light vouchsafed by Apollo, the Sun-god which reveals the golden and inexhaustible mines of invention ?

Poetry exists in some shape wherever man exists, and seems to be coëval with his creation. The lively imagination of the Greek, as has already been alluded to, declared its antiquity by symbolising it as the gift of Apollo, the God of the sun—doubtless meaning that it was, though “ever new and ever young” from the beginning, and like that sun would continue to shine on, dispensing its genial influence and enlightening power to the most distant lands, and to the most remote ages. It is also the first literature of all countries. Homer sang four hundred years before Cadmus of Miletus wrote the antiquities of his native city. The song of the *Fratres Arvales* was chaunted amid the light of antiquity: the *Origines* of Cato were written when Rome was made venerable by the flight of six hundred years: centuries intervened between the composition of the *Nibelungen Lied*, and the translation of the Bible by Luther: and *Cædmon* was wrapt in vision more than six hundred years before Sir John Mandeville told of Gog and Magog. The reason of this apparent anomaly has been fully explained. The early literature of all countries is connected with its religion. The human mind in all ages has gone out for something beyond itself. Feeling no scepticism, tainted by no infidelity, assured of divinity; men have deified all things in the vain hope that they might discover the Great First Cause. And when they would pour out their heartfelt gratitude in return for increasing herds, and a teeming vintage; or pined away in their hearts at some grim pestilence or personal calamity, how could their language fail to be moulded by their excited feelings and their soul-felt, passionate expressions, to borrow rhythm and cadence and metrical arrangement from the dances which generally accompanied their oblations to deity! Such, indeed, was its high origin, and this at once accounts for its universality. In the course of time, poetry becomes divested of its religious aspect, wholly or in part, and finally becomes a means of intellectual pleasure without a laborious exercise of the understanding. The nature of this pleasure is varied and complex. Poetry dazzles and astonishes us in the sublime workings of the imagination; charms and delights us in the light play of the fancy; conciliates and gratifies us in the sobriety and the solidity of the judgment; pleases and instructs us by its truthfulness and morality; lulls us to security and repose by the exhibition of painstaking and care; and binds us by the fascination and spell of the diction into which it is blended and interwoven. These faculties are all poetical, though widely different; some of them more, and some of them less, essential to poetical pleasure: some less, and some more conspicuous in different poets,—all united in how few!

IMAGINATION holds the first rank in the essential qualifications of the true poet. In no case does the old adage *Poeta nascitur non fit*,

"The poet is born, not made," appears so apposite as in this. By dint of application a man may become learned; by strict attention to the maxims of the schools he may write according to the principles of good taste and criticism; nay, indeed, he may make short flights on "fancy's airy wing," but lacking imagination all his attempts at poetry, notwithstanding their regularity and symmetry, will be uninviting, tame, and lifeless. Imagination, then, is the soul of all true poetry. It is the ladder by which "the highest heaven of invention" is scaled. It indeed moulds the plastic wax, and bids the marble breathe; but more than this, it peoples all time and all space with new and varied forms of being. Most strangely varied and complex are the operations of the imagination. It blazes forth in the high-wrought simile, and sheds a most brilliant light upon the context; sparkles out in the bold and pleasing metaphor, and lights the way to the workshop of the poet's thoughts. It hurries us along on the wings of the tempest, crowding image upon image, linked by chains of thought, often to be found only in the mind of the poet himself; arrayed in language vehement, daring, elliptical; language almost failing in its weakness to express the thick-coming fancies, as seen in the bards of the Bible, the Greek dramatists, and not unfrequently in Shakspeare. Then again, it loses its frenzy, and passion, and power; becoming less awful, more subdued, and more tender; calling around us like a kind genius, scenes of fairy gladness shining in mild splendour, wearing the aspect of intoxicating beauty, ravishing pleasure, and often tinged with the softest and faintest hues of melancholy.

As has already been hinted at, Greece has been of all lands the most fertile in poetry; poetry that, while the fires upon her Hestia's altars have gone out, never more to be re-kindled: while her friezes and columns are crumbling to dust, while her olive trees no more yield the crown, the meed of mighty conquerors, poetry that is still omnipotent to charms, still triumphant "over Goth and Turk and Time." This is mainly due to the preserving fire of Hellenic imagination. The Greek could not but sing and sweep from the chords lofty and impassioned numbers. For him, as writers tell us, the bluest of skies smiled over a land whose very atmosphere was inspiration itself. An unclouded sun bathed with the softest and mellowest light a thousand mountain peaks, and tinged with delicate dyes the islands and the shores of the Ægean, bright with the "many-twinkling smile of ocean." Did he rest his gaze upon the many-peaked Olympus? it was the abode of the Son of Saturn, the cloud-compelling Jove. Did he dream of poetry? was not Parnassus the very home of the Muses towering before him? Did he go down to the sea in ships? was it not the watery domain of the earth-shaking Neptune, and the tinsel-slippered Thetis? Did he roam the woods and glens? Might

he not catch a glimpse of Diana and her vestal train? Would he quaff from the fountain of Pieria, Hippocrene, or Dirce? might he not, perchance, espy in its crystal depths the guardian deity of the stream? The sun that warmed him by day, the moon that shed its lustre upon him by night, he believed to be deities. The native land of the gods was his native land: consecrated by divinity where its streams, its forests, its groves, its hills; and these were all his own.

“ Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
 The human being's pride that peoples space
 With life and mystical predominance;
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
 This visible nature, and this common world,
 Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
 For fable is the poet's world, his house, his birth-place;
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountains
 Or forest, or by slow stream, or pebbly spring
 Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished,
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!
 But still the heart doth need a language: still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend; and to the poet
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

Very intimately connected with imagination is FANCY; and perhaps, few things have given metaphysicians so much trouble as to show clearly the distinction between the two faculties. “Fancy,” it is said, “is given to beguile and quicken the temporal part of our nature; imagination to incite and support the eternal.” “The distinction between fancy and imagination” says another, “is simply that the former altogether changes and remodels the original idea impregnating it with something extraneous; the latter leaves it undisturbed but associates it with things to which in some view or other it bears a resemblance.” We shall not vouch for the metaphysical accuracy of these distinctions; but at any rate, they serve to explain. It may be added that very frequently these faculties appear

to glide into each other by insensible gradations and the distinction consequently to be lost. Fancy is colder, and weaker, and milder, than imagination, "It plays around the head but does not touch the heart." To borrow the simile of Longinus, applied however to a different purpose, imagination is the sun in his mid-day splendor and power, fancy is that same sun at his setting still bright and beautiful but shorn of his beams. English Literature presents several excellent examples of the fanciful in poetry. Every one will call to mind the mock heroic-poem of Pope, the "Rape of the Lock," in which he develops the Rosicrucian theory that the elements are inhabited by spirits called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. Who, also, that has read the "Tempest" can forget that unique creation of Shakspeare's genius which was ready

"To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,
Ariel and all his quality."

He that remembers The Tempest will not fail in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Ten thousand thanks to Shakspeare for his Puck, for his Titania, for his Oberon! Much as a description of these beautiful children of the fancy would aid this part of our essay and throw light upon this faculty, we dare not attempt it. Puck himself shall speak, not in the words of Shakspeare, but as is thought, in the words of a poet that loved Shakspeare. Three stanzas will do :—

I.	II.
<p>From Oberon, in fairy land, The king of ghosts and shadows there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am sent to view the night-sports here, What revel rout Is kept about In every corner where I go, I will o'ersee And merry be And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!</p>	<p>By wells and rills, in meadows green We nightly dance our heyday guise, And to our fairy king and queen, We chant our moonlight minstrelsy, When larks 'gin sing Away we fling; And babes new-born, steal as we go; An elf in bed We leave instead, And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!</p>

III.

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I,
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks, men call me by,
The name of Robin Goodfellow.
Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
Who haunts the nights,
The bogs and goblins do me know;
And beldames old,
My feats have told,
So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

Such are the creation of fancy; such is fanciful poetry!

Pass we now to what deservedly holds what we may call the third place among the poetical faculties, JUDGMENT. This faculty selects, arranges, and combines what is created by the imagination, and hence it plays a most essential part. All the great poets have been distinguished by the strength and solidity of their judgment. Critics have noticed the perfect adaptation of parts in the Iliad and the Odyssey, the consistency of character, their individuality, the tact and skill that everywhere reign in these wonderful compositions. The same may be said of Dante, Milton, and Shakspeare, who were all sages as well as poets. Without the exercise of consummate judgment Homer could not have sketched the swift-footed Achilles, the man-slaying Hector, the all-beautiful Helen, or any of the other characters that shine so conspicuously in his works. Without judgment Dante had not passed into the City of Wo, into eternal pain, and read the dread inscription over the portals lofty arch—

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

All hope abandon ye who enter here.

Without judgment Milton had not led the embattled Seraphim to war, and sustained "his high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." Hear his invocation to the muse :—

"The mind through all her powers

Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence

Purge and disperse that I may see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight."

Blind old Bard, all hail ! 'Twere weak, methinks, to pity thee rolling in vain thy quenched eye-balls to find a piercing ray, to find a dawn, for He that veiled them in dim suffusion infused fresh life and vigour into thy understanding, and nightly led thee to Sion and the flowery brooks beneath that wash her feet and warbling flow. All hail, ye too,

"Blind Thamyris and blind Meonides,

And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old !"

In darkness ye sang, but so much grander and melodious was the strain which stirred with paroxysms of delight the hearts of men and women three thousand years ago, and which, to souls rightly attuned, brings joy no less wild to-day. Ever be it ours to listen to those lips that breathe the fragrance of wisdom and morality, and which teach the divine lessons of truth, and hope, and love, upon well-tuned lyres.

The precepts of Horace upon this head of our subject, are, by the universal consent of mankind, most excellent ; and were we writing to be read and not to be listened to, many portions of his Satires and Epistles would be laid under contribution ; but where so many of you have

already drunk deeply at this fountain of criticism, and so many more of you are soon to share the same pleasure, it seems superfluous to do more than acknowledge with all the world our gratitude for his uncomplaining demands for judgment in poetry, his frequent and prolonged tributes to close thought and common sense, his irritating satire upon those that have dubbed themselves poets without a shadow of claim to their impudent pretensions; and to crown all, his generous guidance so freely and so kindly offered to those that feel within them the stirrings of immortal genius.

Another necessity to produce this mental pleasure is STUDY. Minerva, indeed, is fabled to have sprung, full-armed, from the head of Jove; but none upon whom she has deigned to smile can boast an advent so auspicious. The laurel generally descends upon brows furrowed by lines of anxious thought, and the never-fading palm is held by hands that are often weary with the turning of the *stylus*. No voice comes from history to tell how many long years and sleepless nights and hungry days were spent in composing the Iliad and the Odyssey; but we *do* know that the crown well-nigh has been snatched from Homer, because it was deemed that these poems were too mighty a task for one lifetime. Virgil employed ten years in writing six books of the *Æneid*; Milton spent seven years upon *Paradise Lost*; Pope twelve in his translation of Homer, and Spenser three years upon the first three books of his *Faëry Queen*. All that is durable in poetry, as in nature, is of slow growth. We all remember the beautiful allegory in one of our English Classics. A certain curious observer is watching the progress of the limner's art. Among the many painters that beautify and adorn their tasks, is one very noiseless, but most assiduous workman called Time. Though he makes many a stroke, yet the effect is never seen until the strokes are infinitely repeated; and then the light becomes more mellow, the shading more perfect, and the whole effect more beautiful. So is it with the poet-artist. He must have his work ever before him. He must constantly amend, retouch, and, if necessary, destroy. No one that has ever read even one book of the *Georgics*, in the original, will fail to see that a careful artist has been there. He will mark the profound acquaintance with all that is lovely and beautiful in nature, will observe the multifarious learning, the perfect appropriateness of style to subject; will often and again bend the listening ear to catch the melody of the numbers, and may, perhaps, conclude with Harvey, the Anatomist, that Virgil was possessed!

The poet that would succeed must give his days and nights to the study and contemplation of nature. She is his true Goddess. He must look abroad upon the visible and external *cosmos*, and behold in it

evidence of the highest art and the most consummate skill, the wildest and most impassioned expression of melody, and the deepest and most lasting truth. His feet must be upon the mountains, his garments must be redolent of the dew and of the rose ; his eyes must gaze unceasingly upon the loveliness of earth and sky, and he must feel around him the blessed sunlight. Above all he must descend deep into his own soul, and the soul of all humanity, must make our thoughts his thoughts, must find a vent for the world's bursting heart, and strive to embody in words the inborn music of every breast. These realities, however, he must himself experience. They are not transferable. Unless he have the music in himself he will resemble a musical instrument with all the works complete save the chords. He would be no better than his pastoral brother Des Guetaux, who haunted the fields for a whole season with a crook, a pipe, a sword, and the Court jacket invented as a badge of distinction by his master, Louis XIV., to qualify himself for writing naturally about sheep and shepherds ! Alas, for the world, if this were all that was necessary to make a poet !

The next necessary for the production of this poetical pleasure is **DICTION**. Poetry in all languages has appropriated to herself a peculiar style and language. It is not the language of ordinary conversation, or of science, or of philosophy. It must be the language of excited feeling—glowing and passionate. It must rise to the dignity of the subject. In epic it must be stately and dignified, in dramatic it must be ready to assume all manners—solemn and impressive in tragedy, gay and sparkling in comedy, if comedy really be poetry ; also, in elegy sweet and plaintive ; in the lyric,

" Rippling its liquid ebb and flow,
Like the fall of fairy feet."

It must be remembered that diction is not absolutely essential to true poetry ; and yet it is almost essential to genuine poetical pleasure. The highest, that is, the most imaginative and ideal poetry, without it, would scarcely ever be read. Much as we are charmed by beautiful thoughts, we are sometimes equally charmed by the felicitous style in which they are conveyed.

" True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

A beautiful thought is a beautiful thought anywhere ; but, like the gem, its beauty is enhanced by the setting. There is a wonderful charm in appropriateness, and he is the most skilful poet that succeeds best in expressing his thoughts with the greatest beauty and felicity. Few poets are as popular as the author of the *Æneid* ; and yet critics tell us few

authors have been so unhappy in their choice of a subject as he. We shall not stop to inquire into this failure, but, taking it for granted, we seek for the real excellence of the poem. It is unquestionably in the faultless beauty of the style, the grand but simple majesty that everywhere pervades the poem, that gentle expression of melancholy, caught, as it were, from the cast of the hero's thoughts, and that exquisite finish, which fails not to captivate the attention of the school-boy, usually insensible to such charms, and to fascinate, also, the scholar of riper years. Hear Dante address him in the shades :—

“ And art thou, then, that Virgil, that well-spring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued ?
Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er ? My master thou, and guide ?
Thou he from whom I have derived
That style which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me.”

There is no allusion here to invention or to fancy. His tribute is merely in reference to the style and eloquence of the Mantuan bard ; and it is upon these that his title to the homage of posterity principally rests. Can, then, any aspirant to the Muses' honors afford to neglect the charms which appropriateness, sweetness, dignity, finish, and elegance bestow ?

There are many other qualities in addition to those already mentioned which, if they are not essential to the highest poetry, at least contribute very largely to secure some poets a place in public favor. Here it should be remarked, that mere popularity alone is not a reliable test for the excellence of poetry. It is a notorious fact that many bards, who never rise above mediocrity, have in their lifetime very comfortable quarters on Parnassus, while, in more than one instance, the real poet, the real genius, has been compelled to struggle for his daily bread in the plain below. John Milton sold the first edition of his “Paradise Lost” for five pounds, and five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies should be sold. In our own day, a certain Robert Montgomery has rejoiced in six or seven editions of his “Book of Poems,” and has reaped golden — dollars for his pains. It is interesting to know that Macaulay gibbeted him, not many years ago, in the *Edinburgh Review*, and for that one act Macaulay deserves the gratitude of all lovers of real poetry. Oh, that he had been spared to gibbet many more ! It is no part of our task to inquire into the cause of this popular caprice. It is enough to know that Fame is very difficult to woo, and still more difficult to keep when won.

“Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
 Nor blame the partial fates if they refuse
 The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
 Will thou debase the heart which God refined?
 No! let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
 Ambition's grovelling crew forever left behind.

“Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shere,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 And all the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
 Oh, how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

One other of what may be called the subjective faculties of the poet will here be mentioned. A passing glance is all that can at present be bestowed upon it, and it is then left to your scholarship and your sympathy, and your *fair* criticism. This faculty is the expression of passion, sentiment, and pathos, qualities by far the most common in poetry, qualities that appeal to the great majority of mankind, qualities that all possess and all understand. All may not be gifted with lofty imaginations and brilliant fancies, or faculties for the perception and the cultivation of the beautiful in nature and art, but all alike are subject to the same passions, the same hopes, the same fears. Here the poet to be successful must have not only a soul taking heed of all humanity, but also the art of expressing his congenial thoughts. The passion of love is the staple of innumerable bards. From the days of Sappho “violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho;” from Anacreon, whose lyre, whatever was the poet's theme, or however he swept its chords sounded out love only from its strings; from the days of chivalry, when the “Gay Science” was the honied lore of the pilgrim Troubadour, down to our own time when Moore and Burns sang the same great song—

“The harp at nature's advent strung
 Has never ceased to play.”

Need we linger here? Do not the innumerable editions of Anacreon, Petrarch, Waller, Moore, and Burns, softly impeach the heart of humanity? Who has not filched from such poets?

Another source of poetry is the belligerent passion, sad to say, so congenial to the human heart. The *Iliad* derives much of its tremendous power from the exhibition of this passion. Sir Walter Scott is a very popular poet, but does not his popularity spring from the same source?

The lay of the Nibelungen is one long tale of blood and strife. The genius of Milton rises to its loftiest flights in the first two books of *Paradise Lost*, when he tells of

Impious war in Heaven and battle proud.

The image of war in Byron is thought to be one of the noblest creations of poetry. The clash of arms, the nodding plumes of chivalry, the blood stain, has always kindled enthusiasm. The Lacedæmonians felt the full force of this power in poetry, when the Athenians sent them the bard Tyrtæus instead of an auxiliary army. He roused their martial fury by his anapestic marches. He inspired them with enthusiastic and patriotic feelings, and animated them to fresh efforts against the foe. To their fainting hearts and sinking courage he brought victory!

The national songs of all countries breathe the same passion for arms. Listen to our own British Pæon:—

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of our name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

To conclude this part of the subject we mention the passions of SELF-LOVE. This element when limited to lofty genius becomes a strangely fascinating power. Witness its display in Byron and Shelley, and in a milder form in Kirke White. They gratified the world with a description of their own hearts—especially Byron. He bared his bosom and exhibited his sufferings, his attachments, his misanthropy, his scepticism to all the world. The putrid carcase of his follies, and sins, and ruined hope; he dragged into the sunlight and held the face of mankind steadily toward it. What other men took the greatest pains to conceal, it was his greatest pleasure to expose. Was the world disgusted at the sight? Far otherwise. "He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced. He went to bed one night unknown, in the morning he "woke up and found himself famous." So popular was he that Murray could pay him £2,100 for a single canto of "Childe Harold," and gain largely by the transaction. There is nothing like it in the whole range of literature; and yet, in spite of their grandeur, power, and loveliness, there is a dark, gloomy, and wicked spirit lurking in many of his compositions, and that spirit is Byron himself. Most sad, most lamentable, most deplorable, but most true. And yet his genius is, and ever will be, one of the chief

glories of the nineteenth century. But this display of self-love requires consummate genius to make it successful. Scarcely had Byron passed away when a race of imitators sprang up who complained of imaginary woes, who wandered alone, and ever and anon spoke of suicide; they scorned their fellowman as ordinary clay, and exposed their bleeding hearts, which, however, did not bleed, but they only made themselves ridiculous and contemptible. The bow of Ulysses is not for childish hands. 'Twere better to take Horace's advice to play at even and odd, to ride on a long pole, to join mice to a waggon, than to write such poetry.

ÆDIFICARE CASAS, postello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa.

The objective faculties such as the dramatic, the descriptive, the didactic, each play an important part in poetry; but rather than speak of them in a hurried and contracted manner, they are dismissed for the present. The mechanical parts, such as metre, rhythm, and rhyme, hold but a secondary rank in the essentials of genuine poetry. Were it not that metre and rhyme are constantly mistaken for poetry, there would be no necessity for this observation. Rhyme is of historical importance as showing one grand distinction between the external characteristics of ancient and modern poetry. Metre is at all times an important thing in assisting the diction, and in describing particular kinds of poetry, but they do not in any way constitute genuine poetry. They appear to be but a by-product of the poet's alchemy. His thoughts fall unnoticed by him into melody. Rhyme and metre come to him with voluntary aid. What appears to us to be the highest art, is to him but his own habits of thought and feeling put into definite shape. *He* does not spend his time in tagging rhymes and badgering with longs and shorts. The man that invented and published the first rhyming dictionary has much to answer for. He is the cause of much blotted paper and wasted ink. He has in no way assisted poetry. The great poet scorns, and does not need his proffered assistance. The little, mean, beggarly poet-aster filches from him without a word of recognition or a smile of favour. He is a man whose acquaintance everybody hastens to deny. His book is one of the books to be locked away in the strong box. That man who has one in his possession is a dangerous character, and has designs upon the peace and comfort of society. Shun him.

The mechanical parts of poetry have thus been spoken of, because without genius they are but mere motion and empty sound. When added to genius they aid and adorn poetry, and in this capacity deserve to be patiently and critically studied.

Hitherto our remarks have been solely in reference to poetry as found on the printed page, or heard from lips that "voluntarily move harmonious

numbers." But there is a poetry which, though not written in the letters that Cadmus gave, are written in letters visible to the tutored eye: a poetry that, though silent, addresses us in the most persuasive accents: a poetry that, though it appeals not to the common brotherhood that unites all men, points us to a higher and far more enduring sympathy,—the Poem of the great Ποιητής—The Creator. The sun and all the solar system circling in their grand and awful beauty and harmony amid the illimitable fields of space; the far reaching extent of ocean with its innumerable forms of life and activity; the varied aspect of forest, field, and shore; the towering mountain and the boundless desert; the light, the air, nay,—the smallest leaf, the tiniest flower and the most insignificant animal, if properly contemplated, will give rise to emotions and aspirations infinitely more poetical than ever Homer awakened or Milton could bequeath! In this sense we all are poets, and we draw our inspiration from a nobler source than the fabled divinites of the Pierian spring. It was in this sense that a poet said:

" Many are the poets who have never penn'd
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best.
 They felt, and lov'd, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner things; they compress'd
 The god within them, and rejoined the stars
 Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars."

There are great eras in the history of poetry, as well as great eras in the history of nations. The age of Pericles in Athens, the reign of Augustus in Rome, of the Medici in Italy, of Queen Elizabeth, of Queen Anne, and of the later Georges in England, are all golden epochs in the mild and benignant sway of the rods of Helicon and Parnassus. Poetry ever keeps pace with national freedom and prosperity. She stands by the cradle of the nation and with prophetic eye beholds its future greatness, attends with a lofty pæan as that greatness is consummated, and when in the inevitable round of time the empire sinks to decay, poetry is there to breathe a low, soft, requiem over departed power and worth. Seldom does the lyre sound where war's clarion is heard. Poetry thrives best amid scenes of contentment, in quiet and flourishing times, when commerce and the arts bring wealth, and when wealth engenders comfort and repose. The poet must be calm and contented, not harrassed by care, nor distracted by turmoil; not overcast with the clouds of melancholy, nor shaken by the storms

of adversity. Like the halcyon bird of fable, the sea must be calm and the air tranquil before the nest be built.

"Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus silvarum aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumve potest contingere moesta
Paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
Corpus eget."

Beautiful and ennobling as poesy really is, it must by no means usurp the place of the solid and the real. It is but a resting-place on the rugged highway of life, where we may take pleasure, but where more important considerations do not allow us to tarry long. The mind that feeds wholly upon poetry, and leaves aside the strong meats of philosophy and history, will inevitably become feeble and diseased, without strength, without symmetry, without activity. Poetry must come when the mind is jaded by the real work of life,—when science lays by her investigations, when business seeks a moment of relaxation; when the heart needs a language, then poetry must come and assume her rightful power. Most beautifully, most appropriately, most eloquently, does Cicero, throughout the whole course of his oration for the poet Archias, speak for poetry. He calls it no less than divine. Rocks and deserts respond to the voice of the bard; wild beasts are swayed by, and often stand motionless beneath the power of his song. "Shall not we," he exclaims, "who have enjoyed the best education, be moved by the minstrel's lay?" And again: *Nam ceterae, neque temporum sunt, neque aetatum omnium, neque locorum; haec studia adolescentiam alunt senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.* "For other mental employments do not suit all occasions nor all periods of life, nor all places; these pursuits foster our youth, they cheer our old age, they adorn prosperity, they afford a refuge and solace to adversity, they impart gratification at home, they embarrass not abroad, they are with us during the vigils of the night, they roam with us in foreign lands, they are our companions amid the retirement of rural scenes."

There is one thought more which has been our constant companion since the first page of this essay was written, and we shall not rudely dismiss it now. It is our own Canadian Poetry, and especially of our own University. The wanderer in distant lands, the pleasure-seeker, the man of science, the poet too, still climb the hill of Pausilippo to behold the spot where the ashes of Virgil repose: the dust of Petrarch,

nay, the very chair in which he died are kept with the greatest veneration at Arqua. Ravenna is glorious because her immortal foster-son Dante sleeps his last sleep within her walls: to Stratford-upon-Avon thousands yearly throng to linger fondly round Shakspeare's tomb; and the whole civilized world stands in mute sorrow at the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. Oxford claims Chaucer, and points to her glorious roll of bards, among whom shine Drayton, Lyly, Peele, Sir Philip Sidney, Otway, Addison, Young, Collins, Southey, Shelley, and many more. Cambridge also claims Chaucer, and glories in the fame of Spenser, Fletcher, Greene and Marlow, "rare Ben Johnson," Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Gay, Kirke White, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Tennyson; and are they not a noble band?—who shall refuse to bow before the majesty of their genius? We, too, who speak the same language as that in which they wrote, and as forming part of that empire upon whose history they have shed so much lustre, are proud of their lofty position in the great commonwealth of letters; but turning to what concerns us now, to our own native land, we see here no pilgrims from far-off countries, nor storied urn, nor animated bust, no nations swelling heart paying homage at the minstrel's tomb. Nor could it be otherwise. No long line of learning-loving potentates, no munificent patrons, no triumphs of a thousand years have combined to woo the muses from their Eastern clime to dwell among us in the West. A few faint notes, struck as it were "twixt hope and fear," have reached our ears, then trembled into silence as before, all the more sweet because in some cases, at least, we recognized the hand that swept the chords. But the full burst of harmony, the grand author of poetry is yet to come. A new era has just dawned upon our country. The Dominion of Canada, rich in agricultural, in commercial, in mineral wealth, rich in liberty, rich in learning, rich in its inspiration, has lately stepped on the stage of history, and all things promise a long, a happy, and a brilliant scene. As Milton said of England "methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance: while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means." When this bright vision shall be realised, when the young Dominion of to-day shall become strong and vigorous through years, when peace and prosperity, fostered by the hand of freedom, shall exalt this nation, when this temple of learning can point to a long line of illustrious worshippers, then poetry in native loveliness shall shed her mild and be-

nignant influence over our children's children, while perchance for every age some member of University College Literary and Scientific Society shall stand the chosen high-priest at the Muses' shrine.

" Poets shall follow in the path I show
And make it broader: the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song will bid them glow
And raise the voice as natural and high,
Tuneful shall be their numbers, they shall sing,
Many of Love, and some of Liberty."

The University Rifles.

J. TAYLOR, B.A.

Prominent among the institutions connected with the University is the Rifle Company, which, like the other Volunteer corps of the Province, owes its origin to the celebrated "Trent" affair. When the seizure of the Southern Commissioners, by the United States authorities, on a British mail steamer, and the subsequent demand for their surrender, and an apology for the insult to the flag of England, gave indications of a disruption of the friendly feeling which had up to that time existed between the two countries, it was evident that, in the event of hostilities, Canada would be the battle ground. It was not to be expected that the people of this country would remain inactive spectators of the struggle which then appeared imminent, and our Government accordingly resolved to raise a force, which, while proving the willingness of Canadians to defend their homes, would display at the same time the fact that, as part of the British Empire, they personally felt the indignity offered to the nation. As has always been the case in similar circumstances, it needed but an appeal to the people to insure voluntary enlistment in all parts of the Province. Companies were raised and equipped in the principal cities and towns throughout the country, and, as her contribution to the common cause, our University offered the "Rifle Corps."

Happily the good sense of the representatives of the two countries succeeded in averting the calamities of war. The surrender of Mason and Slidell, and an apology, completely satisfied the honor of Britain, while doubtless the better class of the people of the Northern States did not consider this reparation as lowering to their national dignity, regarding the conduct of Captain Wilkes as the result of a mistaken idea as to his powers and duty.

It did not follow, however, that our Volunteer system should collapse when the apprehended danger was removed which gave it birth. The Government, alive to the chance of a future necessity, did not see fit to disband such a well-armed, creditably disciplined, and eminently loyal body of citizen soldiery, and has consequently continued to encourage the system to such an extent that every year is adding to the efficiency of the Volunteer force.

We must not forget that to the pioneers in this movement, volunteering presented a much greater reality than to those of more recent date. The ranks were not filled up by men joining for the mere novelty of "playing at soldier." It was fully expected that the position which they assumed as defenders of the country would not be a nominal one. Each man knew that when enrolled he was liable at any time to be called on to prove the depth of his loyalty on the field, and that his service as an active militia-man, in all probability, would not be confined to the exhibition of a glittering sword-belt, or well-fitting uniform to the admiring gaze of his fellow citizens. There was a difference also in regard to their equipment, each recruit being obliged to furnish his own outfit, besides contributing liberally to the support of his company, receiving nothing but his rifle and ammunition at the hands of the Government. Our business, however, is more particularly with the "University Rifles" and events in its history.

The spirit which pervaded all classes of the community at the time to which we have referred, extended of course to the University. A very enthusiastic meeting was held at the close of the Michaelmas Terminal Examinations of 1861, at which all Academic distinction was for the time laid aside, and Professors, Dons, and Undergraduates, animated with the same patriotic feelings, met to consider the best means of representing the College in the general movement. It was decided to raise a Company among the members of the University, and a call was made for volunteers, which met a hearty and unanimous response. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Professor Croft as Captain, Professor Cherriman as Lieutenant, and Adam Crooks, Esq., Q.C., an old graduate, as Ensign, and drill was immediately commenced, many of the Professors taking their places in the ranks with all the dignity of full privates, evincing a most laudable desire to reconcile their characteristic propriety with the mistakes inevitable to recruits, and practically illustrating the fact that a man may be deeply read in classics, infallible in mathematics, profound in history, or eminently skilled in metaphysics, and yet acquire at his first few drills but a faint idea of the precision necessary to a proper execution of the preliminary part of the performance, vulgarly known as the "goose-step," while he remains in blissful ignorance of the vast mass of military knowledge yet to be acquired in the shape of "fours" and "squares," "marching" and "counter-marching," "open columns" and "columns *en masse*."

The Company was attached as No. 9 to the "Queen's Own," one of the regiments raised by the citizens of Toronto, and, availing themselves of the kindness of the Brigade-Major, Colonel Denison, who allowed them the use of the "Denison Range," began their rifle practice, in

course of time engaging in several friendly contests with "teams" from other Companies. The first of these was in June, 1864, when victories were secured over No. 2, "The Merchants," and No. 10, "The Highlanders," a return match with the former also resulting in favour of No. 9. In the latter part of the same year, a battalion being ordered to the front, the "University Rifles" contributed six men.

The retirement of Mr. Crooks, in 1865, necessitating the election of an Ensign, Sergeant W. C. Campbell was chosen to the vacancy, and shortly afterwards two rifle contests with the Civil Service Company of Quebec were both decided in favour of the "team" from No. 9, though it only succeeded in carrying off the second prize at Hamilton in the following July.

In the latter part of the same year, another Fenian raid being anticipated, the Government again ordered out a battalion for frontier service, two Companies being allotted to be furnished by the "Queen's Own," to which No. 9 contributed ten men, including Ensign Campbell. They were stationed, during the following winter, at Sarnia, where they had an opportunity of thoroughly becoming acquainted with the duties of a soldier, experiencing the hardships and privations as well as the bright side of camp life, while the reminiscences of the barrack-room furnished material for many an anecdote when their "soldiering was o'er," and they had again become "mere civilians." They returned to Toronto after a four months' absence, leaving Ensign Campbell, who exchanged into a Company remaining on the front.

It was in the middle of the examinations at the close of the academic year 1865-6, that the invasion of Canada by the Fenians necessitated a general call on the volunteers of the country. Not only were the then existing battalions placed on a war footing, but new ones sprang up within a few days in every part of the Province, to such an extent that the Government was, in many instances, obliged to refuse their services. Term being almost over, the greater number of the men of the "University Rifles" had left Toronto, yet, as a few remained, it was thought proper to fill up the Company as far as possible, and offer its services to the Government. This was accordingly done, and No. 9, consisting of twenty-eight rank and file and three sergeants, resumed its old place in the "Queen's Own," and participated in the action at Ridgeway, occupying, during the engagement, an advanced position on the right of the line of skirmishers. The Company had to deplore the loss of three of its number killed, Privates Mewburn, McKenzie, and Tempest; four wounded, Privates Vandermissen, Kingsford, Paul, and Patterson, and two prisoners, Corporal Ellis and Private Junor; a total of nine, being nearly one-third of its number, and about one-half of the whole loss of

the regiment. The next day the force proceeded to Fort Erie and thence to Stratford, where it lay for two weeks, and was then ordered to Toronto, and relieved from active service.

Ensign Campbell having withdrawn from the Company, Corporal Ellis was unanimously elected to succeed him, and in the year following Captain Croft, their energetic and popular Commander retired with the rank of Major, having completed his full term of five years' service. He had always been most untiring in his efforts to maintain a high degree of efficiency in the drill of the Company, and his great popularity enabled him to preserve the *esprit de Corps* which, among volunteers, is absolutely indispensable. Though his more intimate connection with the Company has thus been severed, he still continues his exertions in its behalf, in every way which his long experience as a volunteer Officer can suggest. On taking leave of the men he had so well commanded, he was a second time made the recipient at their hands of a handsome testimonial accompanied by a most flattering address. The "University Rifles" can however congratulate themselves on having as his successor such an efficient and respected officer as their present Captain, Professor Cherriman, and under his direction the Company promises to lose nothing of its former *prestige*. On the retirement of Major Croft, Corporal Delamere was appointed Ensign, having been attached for some time previously.

We have thus briefly touched on a few of the events in the history of the "University Rifles." Much more might be written on the subject, for it is one in which University men feel a peculiar interest. There are many things connected with our College life on which we can reflect with pleasure; and, if there be a reverse side to the picture, it is, at the worst, not very dark. When our undergraduate course is over, and we have gone out into the world, we love to talk of the days spent under the fostering care of our "gentle mother." It is pleasant to refresh our memories on incidents connected with Examinations, and Convocations, Literary Society meetings, and Conversaziones; not forgetting Association dinners, and Degree suppers; and we generally conclude with the reflection that, take them for all and all, those were our best and happiest days; but perhaps the most agreeable of these reminiscences are connected with the Rifle Company. With what interest have we looked forward to the day when our "Team" was to measure its strength with the representatives of other companies, and how we have canvassed the probable chances of success or defeat. How we relished a good long route march, to the inspiring music of the regimental band, while our own fifes and drums filled up the interludes with a harmony peculiar to themselves; the performance being none the less appreciated because the fifes were generally extemporized and the drums not exactly of the regulation

pattern. And in the few instances when active service gave more of stern reality to our position, have we not felt a pardonable pride in the thought that to us, and to our brethren in arms, the country looked for protection, reposing, in our hands, the guardianship of her honour, and her liberties?

We may be pardoned if we say a parting word to present undergraduates. Do not think it a trifling with time, or a subject too insignificant for your attention, to spend an hour each week in acquiring a knowledge of the use of arms. It will not only afford you a pleasant and healthful recreation when wearied with the almost incessant brain work required of a University man, but, placing it on higher grounds, it will all the better fit you in time of necessity to throw in your mite in defence of a country, of which our "Alma Mater" is the national institution.

Ambition.

PRIZE ESSAY.—JOHN SCRIMGER.

ONE of the most interesting subjects to which a philosopher can turn his attention is the study of man—a study, it is true, of considerable difficulty, yet one to which every person may devote himself if he chooses, carrying as he does a specimen about with him everywhere.

The noblest work of the Creator on earth, man surely ought not to be beneath the attention of a reason that spends its powers on the meanest insects peopling the most retired spots in this our planet. Nor do we find that he has been altogether neglected. Indeed, almost every philosopher ever since Thales, who took for his motto the celebrated *γνώθι σεαυτόν*, has had something to say about man in general, or about himself in particular. A whole family of sciences have the human animal for their subject. Anatomy, Physiology, and others, are concerned about his body. Psychology investigates the character of his mind, while History, Moral Science, and Ethnology, the child of the nineteenth century, treat of him and of his actions.

To have a friend is to know a man, and to know a man is to have studied his character. It is not in the quiet and calmness of the study chamber, or when sitting by the fireside, silent or alone, that the true features of character betray themselves; but it is in the hurry, the bustle, the turmoil of a busy, active existence, that we see the man. Then we can discern whether his be an upright, virtuous, and noble character that may command our admiration and respect, or whether his be such a nature as repels us, and fills us with contempt and aversion. But while we seem to form our estimates of men from their actions, it is not these alone that we must consider. We must go deeper into the hidden recesses of the heart, and find out, or at least conjecture, the motives that led to them,—the secret spring that sets the whole in motion. These motives are not one, or two, but many—now one, now another; some or all of them influencing and actuating every individual of the human race.

It would be a task too comprehensive, and one to which I feel myself very unequal, to trace out and examine the different and various motives that incite men to action, that spur them on to make efforts that would astonish a Hercules and make a Milo stand in awe. However, there is

one which seems to be more powerful, more universal, and more complicated than the others, viz., that eager desire of distinction and what confers it, which we denominate *Ambition*.

Perhaps few words in our language are used to express so many shades of meaning as this. It includes the desire for almost everything that can excite the human mind to leave the beaten track of a monotonous, uneventful existence, to seek pre-eminence; every gradation of intensity from the faint wish but half formed to the towering passion that bends the course of great men of gigantic intellects;—very different degrees of the same affection of the human mind from its laudable original principle to its immoral or criminal excess, whether after objects that are praiseworthy and good or that are base and contemptible. But in every part of this vast labyrinth, there is one idea which pervades all, and connects them, and that is, the *desire of distinction*. We desire wealth, power, knowledge, science, fame, honor; but we do so partially, if not wholly, because they gain for us distinction and a name.

It seems to be somewhat difficult to give any clear and satisfactory account of the origin of this desire, which is so general that I think it may safely be said that there is no one but has an ambition for something. It is a usual thing with philosophers who treat of matters of this kind, whenever they find anything belonging to man universally, and wherever found, to consider it as natural, or innate. There seems to be no valid reason for disputing such a conclusion in the present instance, since the universality of it cannot be denied. For where is the man whose mind is not moved by some faint desire of power, honor, or distinction of some sort; whose conduct betrays no trace of something that seems to urge him on to the attainment of some grand object of life; from whose soul breathes no aspiration for something higher and nobler, who drags out an aimless existence that points to nothing? Every one may not desire these so intensely as to sacrifice happiness to attain them; but the desire exists in every breast. If but few rise above mediocrity, it is not generally for want of ambition, but rather of some material to render it effective; for ambition, though a powerful stimulus to action, though it may teach us to overlook mountains of difficulties, and to scorn what others consider serious, yet, however strong and grasping it may be, can never make a man truly great unless there is in connection with it a liberal share of ability. Imagine, if possible, a being entirely destitute of this desire, and the universality of it becomes immediately apparent. Suppose he is unmoved by any craving for wealth and knowledge, blind to the charms of honor and fame, destitute of any respect for the opinions of others, and what have we? Is not this being also destitute of the human nature, and something different from man?

We sometimes, indeed, find men who profess the greatest contempt for distinction, who pay little regard to the opinions of others, and, with firm confidence in themselves, take a course, perhaps intentionally, contrary to that prescribed by the universal feeling of their fellows. But such characters are rare, and probably in this we have the true secret of the affair—this is only their way of distinguishing themselves.

On looking about among those around us, we cannot fail to perceive the different effects of this motive in different individuals. One man we find pursuing his grand object, whatever it may be, with unflagging earnestness and untiring energy; another is seen sitting in listless indolence, devoutly wishing that some chance would bring within his reach that which he most desires. The one ceases not until his end is gained; the other stops in words, resolves much, attempts little, and accomplishes less. This points us to a difference in the strength of the desire, as well as a difference in strength of mind and purpose, which difference is partly natural and partly acquired; for ambition, like any other passion, increases by gratification, as may be seen by watching it in some of the forms in which it exhibits itself. The sweets of power intoxicate the possessor, and spur him on to increase it, else Alexander or Cæsar would never have conquered the world, nor Napoleon contended for universal dominion. Avarice, which is only one of its many forms, gradually enthalls the mind, until the miser's gold is his heaven. An author writes first to earn a livelihood, and then for fame. The sculptor, as he progresses, wishes more and more to leave the marks of his chisel on masterpieces that will command the admiration of future ages.

This motive to action manifests itself in a great many curious and important ways, some of which may perhaps not seem traceable to it at first sight. Here, again, I would repeat that ambition means not merely a love of power, but a *love of distinction of any sort*. It is true that the idea of power enters into many of the ways in which we court distinction, but not into all. Anything that raises us above our fellows, anything that gives us pre-eminence, is or may be an object of ambition. Nor is it in vain that such a feeling has been given us. Its effects are beyond all computation. We see around us, in all the walks of life, men who are impelled by it to make superhuman efforts to gain the darling objects of their lives, giving energy to all their actions, and life to all their undertakings. The love of power affects even the boy in his pastimes; for when he throws a stone or flies a kite, he is pleased at being able to govern the stone and the kite, and at producing effects with the smallest possible exertion. But while this gives him pleasure, what a mortification is it to him to fail, since then his ambition is thwarted.

Men in every condition would wish that others were under their power, and take means to make their wish a reality. The statesman strives to be a ruler, and leaves no legitimate means untried to raise himself to those high and responsible offices in the state that enable him to lord it over nations. It seems to be a desirable thing, nay, even a necessary thing, that it should be the ambition of some to fill the legislative halls, the cabinets, and the bench, to consult for the weal of the people, and to protect them in their rights : in a word, to make laws and to administer them. And so it is and has been in every nation, and under every form of government. It is not because it is so easy to be a statesman that we have so many candidates for political honors, but because the prize of power excites the ambition of many great and comprehensive intellects as well as of many narrow-minded one-sided political amateurs, whose heads are turned by the reward, but whose abilities are only high enough to lose it.

But the same wise Providence that makes us ambitious, has made other objects than the statesman's power desirable to the human mind. We, as members of this Society, turn our attention, partially at least, to the acquirement of that gigantic power of the finished orator that moves the masses, that applies the torch of eloquence to the dormant passions of the soul, and makes him, without the aid of force or the splendour of rank, the arbiter of the fate of nations. This surely is a power worthy to be the achievement of the ambition and labor of a lifetime. Every one naturally desires to be able to express his thoughts, at the same time, clearly and with feeling ; but it is a point of perfection to which but few attain, and hence the love of fame is an additional inducement to stimulate us in our endeavours to acquire a power which is as rare as it is potent.

Knowledge of itself has a strong charm for the mind, and seems to have a natural fitness for it ; and for that very reason we should most likely seek it. But it is the remark of a great Englishman that " Knowledge is power ; " and hence we have the love of power as an auxiliary to our desire of knowledge in encouraging us to acquire it. Every general conclusion places at our command a large stock of knowledge, and a great array of particular facts and truths ; and, accordingly, every generalization gratifies our desire of power. The natural philosopher pries into nature and discovers her secrets only to turn them to his own ends, and make her his slave. We cannot point to any time, least of all to our own, in which every nation is willing to undergo enormous expense to secure good educational advantages, nor to any country in which the desire of knowledge is not something that belongs to every individual in it. There is something in knowledge that attracts and pleases the

human mind of itself, but, in addition to that, it confers distinction on the possessor, when it exceeds that of the commonalty, and secures to him the respect of his inferiors. Hence it seems to be the case that the higher branches of science are studied often because proficiency in them gives superiority, and entitles the scholar to the regard of others. How often do we find it happen among ourselves that persons are determined to the special study of some science because there seems a reasonable chance for immediate success and triumph over competition.

In all barbarous countries, and even among the civilized Greeks and Romans, old age was ever held in honor, because grey hairs were considered to be the sign of experience and wisdom; and should it be honored any the less because the mind has been carefully trained and matured by deep and severe study, as well as by experience?

But the followers of power are few when compared with the votaries of fame. It is true that Fame's proud temple stands afar, and is but faintly seen amid the intervening objects, yet full are the ranks that set out on the long pilgrimage to pay their devotions at her shrine, and lay their offerings on her altar. Thinned by a thousand accidents, only a few out of the many ever find a permanent resting-place under her protection, and these few are cheered on and led by Ambition's magic wand through high-ways or by-ways to that common meeting-place of the truly great.

There is hardly anything more difficult to endure than contempt. To be despised is to be miserable, in the case of most men, while, on the contrary, to be respected, to be honored, to be famed, is a lasting and exquisite source of enjoyment and pleasure to any one who is privileged to attain it. Hence we see that in life every effort is made to shun the one and to gain the other; for we all desire to be esteemed, we all wish to be well thought of by our fellow-men, we long for honor, and we itch for fame. How many a sin is avoided because by it we would bring upon us the contempt and scorn of our friends! How many a praiseworthy act is performed because by it we will gain the applause of others and the praise of men!

I do not wish to be understood here as saying that this should be considered the highest motive to virtuous action, or even one to be specially commended; but the subject in hand is the motive to action, and not the principle of virtue. As regards that, we very frequently find men who lead apparently moral lives, but who do so chiefly because they respect the opinions of their fellow-men. Yet no one will imagine that this proves anything against the power and legitimacy of the love of esteem as a motive to action. If we search to the bottom of the question, we shall find that ambition, though not constituting an act virtuous of itself, at least does not make it wrong.

The fame that is sought for so ardently and so laboriously, does not always gratify the expectation of its many aspirants, since it is very natural that each one should value his own productions far more than they deserve. On the other hand, it may alleviate the disappointment of the unfortunate to reflect that true genius is not always immediately recognized, and that if his own age does not appreciate the result of his labor, perhaps another will. For it is by no means certain that because one generation or nation is slow to perceive the marks of master minds, and reward them with their approbation and encouragement, that therefore they are not worthy of it. It is a fact too well established by history and experience that many of the best men, many of the greatest minds, are only known when we lose them, and find how difficult it is to fill the void they left by their departure.

Fame is not always sought after in the same way. One makes some personal quality, which he possesses in a greater degree than others, the way to distinction. Perhaps in one it is strength, in another endurance, in a third size, whether great or small, and so on. But such a person generally lives after his name has been once well known and then again sunk into obscurity. A far more enduring monument, one that may last for ages, if once placed on a firm foundation, is the result of the exertions of mind, when made to assume a tangible form, whether in written compositions or in the productions of the artist, in the disposition of armies, or in the management of nations. Out of the many whose names have been preserved from the times of old, an infinitely small proportion only have gained their fame by qualities of person, and they only because they happen to be mentioned by writers more famous than themselves. Near three thousand years have rolled by since Homer composed his magnificent epics, yet his fame is a thousand times greater to-day than it was then. Now he is known over the whole earth; then he sung them to as many as his voice could reach. Now he is admired for his poetry; then he was dear to the great-minded Greeks because of his story.

It is a fact worthy of notice that many have become famous who had little ambition for it, nay, some of the most famous have been men of that class,—men who were giants in their days, who needed not the stimulus of praise to become great; and yet for them were reserved the proudest distinctions that public opinion could bestow. To follow in the footsteps of these, and to attain like honor, soon then becomes the impelling, animating force of many a genius of less magnitude, which requires, however, only some external encouragement to achieve greatness as well. After Homer, sprung up the Homerides, who imitated him. Around every great philosopher, both in ancient and modern times, has gathered a school who believe and defend his

opinions. Every master-mind in thought, poetry, and art, has made himself a nucleus around which others circle and which they emulate.

It would be curious to trace out the effects of a love of fame on those who have striven for it in different times of the world. The author or the artist designs a work which he expects will make for him a reputation, that will gain him friends and soften the sorrows of declining years. The thought fires his zeal to expend his utmost energies on what may perhaps make his name a synonyme for greatness. The surest test for a reputation is the permanency of it for any length of time. It is quite possible with all the improvements of a venal press to secure an ephemeral attention from the public, and perhaps to rob them of their dollar a-piece by giving in return a worthless compound of paper and printer's ink ; but it is quite another matter to gain such a superiority and secure such a pre-eminence as will confer a lasting, a permanent fame, that, instead of waning, increases as time rolls on, that long after the author has mouldered to dust will associate his name with an act, an idea, or a discovery that has revolutionized the world or science, and made an age better for having possessed him. Fame in one's own lifetime is perhaps accompanied with ease, and some reward more tangible than any that is associated with posthumous fame, yet the latter is not a mere fact that is mentioned by historians or biographers. It is also a pleasing expectation that exerts no small influence on the energy and efforts of men.

Of all that others can give us, perhaps there is nothing that would cause us greater pleasure than to know simply that we have carved our names indelibly on the page of history. No wonder, then, that it should be so much desired by us, and furnish us with a motive to action in many an instance when we would in every other respect consult our own ease, or follow our natural inclinations by inaction. Men have often voluntarily thrown away life to acquire after death a glory and renown which they could no longer enjoy. They anticipated that fame which was thereafter to be bestowed upon them ; those applauses which they were never to hear rang in their ears ; the thoughts of that admiration, the effects of which they were never to feel, played about their hearts, banished from their breasts the strongest of all natural fears, and transported them to perform actions which seem almost beyond the reach of human nature.

It is the fashion of some to frown down upon any ambition for fame and glory, to consider it as a mere passing dream in the fitful fever of life, and something that deserves not a serious thought from a sane man. In a mood like this, Pope was betrayed into writing the following account of it :—

“What's Fame? A fancied life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us even before our death!
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes and friends:
 To all beside, as much an empty shade,
 An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead.”

But before we decide, it would be well to enquire whether a feeling or desire that produces so much that is good can be altogether useless and unreasonable. We often hear it asked what use glory is to a man after he is dead. But we have to deal not with the dead, but with the living. In action, the question of benefit is laid aside and left unnoticed. Nature asserts her authority over a stoical reason that calculates accurately the advantage, and leaves out of account the surplus of real pleasure which we derive from the thought that others will couple the letters of our name with something that is real, noble, or sublime; that what we have said, done, or thought, has been approved of, and that the earth is proud to claim us as one of her noblest works.

But to the account of ambition in general, another charge has been preferred, more serious than that of mere inanity. It is asserted that ambition has led the conqueror to devastate the earth, and make her streams run red with blood, in order to gratify his own desire for dominion and power; that for similar reasons the statesman has been led to employ unjust and underhand means to aggrandize himself at the expense of others; that it has led to dark and horrid crimes that make the mind recoil, and cause us to feel that the motive to such acts must be peculiarly unholy; that the love of fame and reputation has made men hypocrites and dissemblers. The question therefore naturally arises whether ambition be a desire legitimate and laudable—one that may be cherished by a man of virtuous and upright character?

It is true that men impelled by it have waded to thrones through the blood alike of friends and foes, have sullied their virtue in order to obtain power, that the story of ambition has often been but a tale of crime; but it is also true that many great vices are only virtues carried to excess. Justice often becomes cruelty, firmness degenerates into obstinacy. So ambition, which ought to be limited and confined by boundaries of right, when it oversteps that boundary, becomes dangerous and wrong. We have seen what would be the condition of a being wholly without ambition, and how much worse would be the condition of a whole nation of such beings! Suppose that the wicked alone were ambitious, that they alone sought for the sovereign power in the state, and that all good and just men despised or were disgusted with politics and what concerned the welfare of their country. It would not be difficult to conclude from this that such a country must be in a

state rapidly tending to anarchy, which evidently was not the condition intended for us by the Author of our existence. The love of reputation and glory, instead of being adverse to virtue, tends to produce the same outward conduct exactly as a virtuous principle, at least in the majority of cases; for the general opinion of a people to which we wish to conform never deviates very much from the standard of morality.

Ambition, then, seems legitimate and commendable when it is turned to the attainment of a lawful object, sought by just means. But it should ever be accompanied by talent and discretion, otherwise it becomes ineffectual for good. Macbeth is made, by Shakspeare in a well-known passage, to complain that he had only "vaulting ambition that overleaps itself," and defeats its own ends. Such an ambition it was that raised to the surface of the seething sea of human passion in the French Revolution men like Robespierre and Murat, until the tide of public opinion turned suddenly, and overwhelmed them in the devouring waves of popular fury. This quality then should ever go hand in hand with prudence, and should never be in antagonism to virtue, but virtue should rather be its loftiest and purest object. Restrained within these limits it serves useful and noble ends in our constitution. "It is pleasant," says Tillotson, "to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others. It is pleasant to command our passions and keep them within the bounds of reason, because this is empire; to modify and subdue our appetites, because that is victory."

The great difficulty in regard to this desire is to find the proper sphere for it. It is impossible to eradicate it altogether from the heart; it is dangerous to let it become too powerful. On the one hand it comes in as a powerful and useful stimulus to action; on the other, it has led to deeds that dread the light. The evil results that have followed from its vicious excess have led to its condemnation altogether by some. We have seen that this condemnation is unfounded; nevertheless, it contains a warning. Its danger is seen in cases where it is the only motive. It is then generally productive only of evil, and, unless guided by virtue, in the end defeats itself. By an unscrupulous use of means it renders itself distrusted; and a deed, praiseworthy in itself, when done merely for ambitious ends, loses all its loveliness in the eyes of others. It then leaves to a person merely the miserable reward of gaining an object only to find that its principal charm has fled.

At best, ambition is but part of a man, and whenever it becomes anything more, the man is a distorted being. Misguided ambition, like a ship without a rudder, ends only in ruin and a wreck. Properly restrained in its own sphere, it elevates and ennobles a man,—teaches him to rise above others as well as himself, and leads him to imitate the Divinity in whose image he was created.

Sketches of our Society.

"annalibus eruta priacis."

JOHN A. PATERSON, M. A.

I purpose to write the History of University College Literary and Scientific Society, from the accession of the President of 1854 down to a time within the memory of Freshmen still living. I shall trace each advancing step which brought the Association of a weak and wavering on to the Association of a strong and determined many, nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters, mingled with triumphs, which have well nigh imperilled its very existence. It will be seen that in consequence partly of unwise interference from the ruling powers, and partly of the undue development of freedom of the press, immense good was produced, together with some evils from which weak and rude Societies are free. I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of dissensions and wrangles of the body politic, of the rise and fall of General Committees, of intrigues in the Council Chamber, and of debates conducted sometimes with closed doors, at other times in open session before a criticizing public. It will be my endeavour to trace the increase of influence as well as the increase of numbers, to describe the rise of political sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive four-year generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in repasts, furniture and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the undergraduate of '69 a true picture of the sayings and doings of his academic ancestors. In the following pages I may very seldom think it necessary to cite authorities, but the intentions I have announced are for the most part such that a person tolerably well read in "Macaulay's History," if not already struck by their originality, will at least know where to look for those that may be precisely parallel.

Animated by such purposes, I apply myself to the task and strive to present under the form of a continuous history, "events quarried from ancient annals," desiring to bequeath the manuscript to posterity as one not destitute of antiquarian research and embodying facts snatched as a prize from the hungry maw of Time. Alas! however, I find my phil-

anthropic intention, which, indeed, for two livelong days has put forth "the budding leaves of hope," nipped by an icy blast of disappointment, for among the archives of the University there exist no records anterior to A. D. 1860, the previous years of our Society's life being entombed in Egyptian darkness, the trine fate of Carelessness, Laxity and Apathy, having obliterated all traces of Fasti long since immured in the dungeons of oblivion, and impervious now to a single ray of scrutinizing light from the present inquisitive decade. To account for their disappearance, two theories are advanced which have, since this discovery, engrossed no small share of public attention, and to each of which is attached a crowd of eager disputants. One sect of noted historical research aver with no small probability, that the records were feloniously abstracted by a Rev. honorary member of the Society, whose name for obvious reasons is suppressed, who soon after emigrated to Australia, and probably now exhibits them to the amazed Bushmen as charms and cabalistic designs of demoniac import, the invention of a nation of northern barbarians. Another party, among whom are men of calm and sober intellect, basing their theory more on the doctrine of probabilities than on plausible tradition, conjecture that the Fasti were carried off by the enemy as booty during the Endowment agitation, who leaving the lamp of *Alma Mater* to burn more brilliantly than ever, did, it is supposed, capture such memorials of the particular methods of burnishing and trimming the fountain of enlightenment, to exhibit them as curious records of the manner in which the victims of the Leviathan Monopoly amused themselves in order to escape the scaly folds of metropolitan dissipation. To the latter theory I myself incline, as being undoubtedly the common sense view of the question. With no official history then before me, praying that the genius of our Society, who, like the Hamadryad of the forest-tree, has lived with it for now well nigh four academic generations, may guide my judgment in the separation of the true and the false, beaded on the slender thread of tradition, and that she may spread her mantle over unintentional inaccuracies and shield me from the criticism of historians who may succeed me,—"*incipiam*," "I will begin."

On the 22nd of February, 1854, almost a year after the separation of University College and the University, and just when Europe was arming itself for the Crimean campaign, in a small chamber of the present Parliament building, then occupied by our Professor of English and History, but now deserted by the muses, and presided over by some functionary of the Crown Lands Department, were assembled a scant few of the then undergraduates. This small meeting of youths, almost raw from the schools, brought together by the love of knowledge, was in many respects more interesting than the largest assemblage of *savans*,

associated for the elaboration of some new principle, or for the discovery of some long-sought-for secret of science; for here was the nucleus of a Society intended to cultivate such departments of a polite education as are not more immediately embraced by the University curriculum, and in this way to model for usefulness the diverse material thrown together at a Provincial University. Many of the graduates, who are now achieving professional renown, may remember with pleasure that memorable evening when was implanted the germ of our Literary and Scientific Society, and may recall with fondness the kindly tones of the amiable Professor of History, who, ever ready to further whatever has improvement for its design, stimulated the wavering and doubtful to determined and united effort; nor will they easily forget the pithy advice of our Professor of Mathematics—"Gentlemen, when you have nothing to say, say nothing," thus with caustic humour mildly reproving any possible display of an empty verbiage, which is worse than silence itself among men assembled together for present mutual advantage, and the future benefit of their fellows. The scheme owed its origination entirely to undergraduates, and was vigorously supported by Messrs. A. Crooks, (the first President), W. W. Baldwin, C. E. English, T. Hodgins, E. Crombie, and A. Macnabb, gentlemen since well known in the professional world. A constitution was soon framed, and laid by the earliest and warmest friend of the Society, Dr. Wilson, before the College Council, who sanctioned it, and the good ship was fairly launched, freighted with the buoyant hopes and affectionate God-speeds of both student and Professor; and well has it fulfilled the most ambitious expectations of its founders. Its home at that time, and a year later, when it assembled in the present Medical School, was no scene either of substantial comfort or of fairy magnificence; but since the time when the columns of our goodly building were fashioned in enduring strength and varied symmetry, its dwelling has been in all respects a fair part of that beautiful atom on the broad bosom of mother Earth, and which, by its position between the halls of the Academy on the one hand, and the Residence, the scenes of both cloistered study and joyful merriment, on the other, seems to indicate that the Society is a link between scholastic control and manly sociality, and that here the busy untrained intercourse of men is to be chastened into a just harmony with the quiet dignity and learned seriousness of the lecture-room. The pioneers in those early times had much to contend with, and the success which now crowns our efforts is in a very great measure due to those few who worked laboriously during the early dawn, and who toiled on to meridian glory through difficulties that would have appalled the undergraduates of a more recent epoch. For want of a suitable place of

meeting they were for a time necessitated to meet in the Normal School buildings, a room in which was kindly placed at their disposal by the Chief Superintendent of Education ; afterwards their meetings were held in Professor Croft's lecture-room, then in the present Medical School. The chief discouragement, however, was due to the lack of interest manifested by a type of student, which, however, is fast becoming extinct, the type which thinks time is wasted and energy dissipated by the Friday evening meetings, so much so that frequently only two or three attended the debates, and these members of General Committee ; and this, too, in the face of a clause in their constitution, which empowered the imposing of a fine of 3d. on an ordinary member, and 6d. on an officer, who neglected attendance at an ordinary meeting, which was rendered more imperative by another clause providing that defaulters neglecting to pay in one week, after notification from the Treasurer, should be ostracized ! A detail of the labors of the Treasurers, from 1854-'59, would be interesting. In June, '54, the College Society had the reputation of reviving the custom of the Annual University Dinner, which for five years had fallen into desuetude, having become mythical along with the complex machinery of residences, commons, chapels, etc. From the mire of legendary oblivion, the institution of the University Dinner was happily rescued, and placed on a basis which has endured to the present day, and has tended so powerfully to promote that cordiality of sentiment and unity of purpose which should prevail among the sons of one *Alma Mater*. And, indeed, it is worthy of remark, that all the recognized interests of the College and University have sprung from this Society, which still continues to be the organ of the undergraduates ; being an embodiment of their purposes and opinions, inspiring them with a sort of *esprit de corps*, and thus giving them an influence, which, in a fragmentary state, they could not command.

During the session 1854-55, the Reading Room was established by T. Hodgins, Esq., B.A. ; at that time the Secretary, and afterwards the President, whose "hands dispatched much the greater part of the harrassing Society business," in which were collected, session 1856-57, forty-three newspapers, Canadian and American, with *Blackwood* and the four *Reviews*, contributed by the College Council. This is one of our most important institutions, and has steadily gained in character every year, now comprehending fifty Canadian newspapers, with seventeen English and American periodicals, receiving increased attention from members, who may frequently be seen taking advantage of it as a release from more determined intellectual effort. In earlier days the attention of students to the illustrated papers was complimentary rather to their æsthetic faculty and appreciation of wit, than to their honesty ; and on

more than one occasion General Committees are found complaining bitterly of this ungovernable propensity, and on one occasion recommending *Punch* to the special care of the Curator; but in these latter days, since the newspapers and magazines were removed from the present mathematical apparatus room to more commodious quarters, this insatiable thirst for reading has been alleviated—firstly, because “Wayland” is more extensively read, and his moral precepts more thoroughly comprehended; and secondly, because the property is protected by a complication of files and locks, which have bidden defiance to the ingenuity of those of weak moral sense, and have offered resistance superior to the physical force of the students of Fine Arts.

But to return to times primitive. The foundation of the University Association might be traced to agitations of prominent members of the College Society; for the views of both undergraduates and graduates in reference to disruption of endowment, and other questions of the day, found expression in the summoning a meeting of the hooded and unhooded, on the 23rd September, 1856, which passed a series of resolutions declaring their determination to guard the interests of the University, and condemning any attempt to seek from England a Principal for the U. C. College, as “a reflection upon Canadian talent and capacity.” This inaugural meeting, and a subsequent one, resulted in the appointment of a Canadian, Rev. W. Stennett, M.A., to the vacant office; the admission of our own graduates to the University Senate, and the recognition, by the University of London, of our Alumni, as of the same academical status as those of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Sydney Universities. This association gave rise to other University associations, as those of McGill College, Trinity College, Queen’s College, and Victoria College, all of which are based on the same model.

The Society struggled manfully onwards, notwithstanding many disadvantages it had to contend with, of which we now have no conception, enjoying as it does the benefit of spacious apartments for its different institutions, the convenience of a Residence in close proximity, and arising each year, like another phoenix, with rejuvenated vigor as largely increasing swarms pour in to replace the loss of such material as has been withdrawn, polished for the strife of life by the attrition which has smoothed the angularities of crude genius, and ground off the superficial dross that of self-satisfaction and untrained opinionativeness which so often dim the lustre of true excellence. During these earlier years, many men who are now adorning the pulpit, the bar, the teacher’s rostrum, and the legislative halls of our country, distinguished themselves in the business of the Society, and there possibly not only first taught eloquence to their tones, and educated their pen to write “thoughts that

breathe and words that burn," but also learned those elements of mind and character that distinguish the true gentleman.

It has always been a complaint that a number of undergraduates, failing to see the self-cultivating power of the Society, are not sufficiently in earnest about its work, being in fact disposed to treat its meetings and appointments as indeed perfectly harmless in themselves, but yet not meriting any special disapproval; and as an instance of this I may mention that as late as 1861, the General Committee reported that during the session ending at that time, only thirty-nine members had taken part in the seventeen debates, and that on two occasions none of those appointed appeared, on three occasions one only appeared, while at only three meetings the full complement of six responded to the heart-harrowing appeals of the Secretary. Furthermore, I read in extant records that instances of want of decorum too often marred the dignity of the meetings; eloquent speeches being often cut short by the sudden extinguishing of gas; elegantly composed essays being interrupted by the unseasonable ringing of bells; meek-eyed readers of the first year being suddenly brought to a period by the rattle of descending coal-scuttles, doing utter violence to all the recognized canons of punctuation; together with many other proofs of an ingenious facetiousness. It is gratifying to observe, however, that in these latter years a spirit of upright earnestness is on the increase, members turning out to the call of duty with a sacred honesty, and the dignity appertaining to the proceedings being seldom or never imperilled by any ill-timed witticisms.

It may be noticed here that in different periods of the Society's history, three different methods have prevailed as to the manner of deciding questions of debate; in 1856, and later, both chairman and meeting decided; at a more modern period, the chairman was relieved and the decision rested entirely with the meeting; while, in 1863, a change in the constitution enacted that the chair should sum up the arguments on either side and on such deliver judgment; these changes are interesting as perhaps shewing the instability of prerogative, and a varying confidence in the discriminating capacity of the President and Vice-Presidents, which received a severe shock in the middle era, but was re-asserted most triumphantly in a more recent and more enlightened epoch. With reference to the numbers attending the meetings, the fact is very significant, that up to 1861 it was the invariable practice of the Secretary to record the names of those present, but since that time both the numbers and amount of business have increased so rapidly, that the Secretary has satisfied himself with merely calling the roll and recording the aggregate number of those present.

At a period in the history which I sketch did the public debates

receive little or no encouragement from the resident friends in the city ; whether they were held in the unpretentious room in the old University Buildings up to 1859, or the commodious Lecture Room in the new University Buildings, the debaters always met the cheering faces of the youth and beauty which monthly assembled to hail the advent, on the arena of debate, of some friend or brother, or of "a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet, than all other." On the 31st March, 1864, the public meetings took a new character by the inauguration of the Annual *Conversazione*, which has now suffered four repetitions, each one of them meeting with greater success than its predecessor, and its glory in turn paling before that of a still more glorious successor. On such occasions our Academic Halls doff their sombre grandeur and chilling solemnity, for stately Convocation Hall and the cynically-wrinkled Lecture-Room echo to the noise of merriment and the swelling crash of music, while the genius of the place seems to relax her frown at the seeming desecration into an approving smile, and the grim carvings themselves appear to unbend the severity of their stony stare at the beauteous bewitchery, trooping with goddess step and queenly mien, through the unwonted "*atria longa*," which start at seeing their inmost *penetralia* become the glittering haunt of pomp and fashion. The arrangements for the first *Conversazione* were the occasion of the *populus* rebelling against constituted authorities, and triumphantly vindicating the freedom of the press in a manner which is worthy of record, as evincing the outcropping of revolutionary tendencies in the Society, against giving occasion for which it would be well for future General Committees to guard. The ruling body was thought to have overstepped its prerogative in bringing down to the House measures, which were thought by a party in the State to be arbitrary, because attempted to be carried by stifling the celestial breathings of the *vox populi*, and disarming the potency of the unhallowed Commons by a display of the sacredness attached to the official purple. These unconstitutional measures, although adopted, were viewed by the minority as savouring somewhat of the divine-right-of-kings principle, so in the silence of midnight, "when churchyards yawn," the news-room was entered by unknown conspirators, and next morning the august General Committee and their *protegés* beheld themselves lampooned in the most complete piece of satire that ever clung to academic wall : who the Great Unknown was, remains to this day a hidden enigma, although it is whispered in certain circles, that the villany was due to the *royal* daring of two men, who are no longer of their (*de la*) *Alma Mater*, leaving the Society, it is said, with some renown as clever satirists, but owing to circumstances, which reflect on them no discredit, not yet having on bended knee received the right hand of the Chancellor in

convocation,—*verbum sapientibus sat*. It is worthy of remark, that the General Committee, by a clause in the constitution, ever afterwards acknowledged the fountain of their power, by calling in assistants from the *plebs* to take council together in regard to the arrangements for *Conversazione*.

But to resume the dignity of history :—to 1864 belong other events worthy of notice, such as the sale of the collected periodicals, the accumulation of some years, which had been stored away from the insane idea of forming the nucleus of a Library to the Society, but which, being disposed of at auction by the eloquent Curator, enriched the exchequer to the amount of \$25, and gladdened the heart of the Treasurer. In the same year, the news room was furnished with desks and files for magazines and papers, which, as above stated, protected the property of the Society from injury, and added materially to the comfort of the readers ; at present there is a scheme approaching realization to still further increase the respectability of appearance of this most important branch of our interests, by clothing its floor by a suitable covering, so that its staring nudity may no longer shock the sensitiveness of members and visitors. Two years ago the slovenliness of the meeting-room had become so apparent, that the then General Committee, seeking to eclipse their predecessors in enterprize, and to justify their claims to be considered men of cultured taste, superintended the erection of the dais and reading desk which now grace our chamber, and furthermore, desiring to establish unimpeachable evidence that they were men of *far reaching views*, exhumed from some cloistered nook the chair, which now having been modernized is filled by the presiding officer as well as his capacity will allow. The time, I hope, is not far distant, when our assembly room may be adorned by statues, and its walls decked with paintings, as indeed the great amphitheatre of Edinburgh University is, where five different Debating Societies meet every week, and where the classic monuments of intellectual greatness, by which the members are encircled, cannot fail to stimulate them to an emulation with that mightiness of which those emblems are the inanimate personification, and to eagle-plume their thoughts with the inspiring dreams of a towering eminence yet to be.

It may perhaps seem to some, that the dignity of history is somewhat imperilled by the recital of such particulars ; I feel, however, that it is the conscientious duty of a faithful historian to faithfully record all subjects of interest, not only the greater, but the smaller, for the apparently more trivial are often significant of a growth and improvement which the more revolutionary changes do not indicate, and my readers will remember that I set out, not with the single intention of treating dry

details, or of discussing constitutional points, but by giving information as to the change of even "furniture, repasts, and public amusements," to shew the greater cultivation of æsthetic taste, following in this the footsteps of my great original Macaulay.

Session 1865-66 was, in some respects, an important era in our history, for to it belongs four distinct items of advancement, which I would treat under four distinct heads. Firstly, then, in this year the Society first launched out into the dangerous sea of publishing, by inaugurating the printing of the President's Inaugural Address, from which project, originating in the comprehensive brain of the then General Committee, this more ambitious publication is a legitimate descendant. This Inaugural, written by Rev. John Campbell, B.A., was read with an interest commensurate with the ability of the writer, who in a mingled strain of humor and seriousness, furnished in the unpretentious little book, not only occasion for many a smile, but also material for much deep consideration.

Secondly, the scheme of publishing a University Newspaper obtained in this session a definite shape, after having been ardently discussed at various intervals, from even the very earliest* times when the swift-fated "*Maple Leaf*," of 1846, was issued under the auspices of certain Graduates and Professors of King's College. A circular letter was dispatched to the old Alumni, embodying the views and wishes of the Society in the matter, and inviting their co-operation in the supply of material for a periodical, not only to keep the flame of its existence burning, but to maintain a brilliancy somewhat commensurate with the institution where it was kindled. The publication was intended to take the shape of a monthly newspaper, in which were to be comprehended University prize poems, home and foreign intelligence, choice selected matter, advocacy of University and Society interests, wit and humor, &c.; each undergraduate saw himself noticed at length in the *Athenæum*, great results were anticipated, and the enthusiastic originators seemed about to spurn the *bruta tellus*, and look for some vacant constellation in which to seat themselves. Alas! however, it seemed otherwise to the old graduates, if not to the aye-existing deities, for the elder brethren sent a few answers to the soul-stirring invitation, highly approving of the plan, and wishing it every success; so that the weaker brethren, who were only being dandled into vigour, wisely feeling that they could not with such

* It may be interesting to know, that there has been exhumed a document, bearing date January, 1855, in which a publishing firm of the city offers to issue for the Society 1000 copies of a Monthly Magazine, of 112 pages, for £48 per number. This record indicates the ambition of the Society, while even in dawning infancy, as the abandonment of the scheme betokened its wisdom.

encouragement attempt the aerial dwellings of literature, prudently got into the traces again, and pulled away more sturdily than ever in the smooth beaten track, without indulging fond hope in any more chimerical vanities.

Thirdly, a change of "Repasts" next claims our attention. To the President of 1867, when yet in private life, belongs the credit of originating a proposal to establish a Society Dinner, which would, it was imagined, promote a sociality and fraternity of feeling among members, thereby increasing their zeal for mutual honor, and resulting in the accomplishment of good yet undreamed of. The proposal looked well, and was adopted with much enthusiasm. There were higher powers, however, yet to be consulted, and the matter was laid before the College Council for their active approval: fortunately or unfortunately, they put on it a veto. What reasons they had are not to this day clearly known to those uninitiated in the occult mysteries of that Council Chamber, but it was currently reported as the opinion of "grave and reverend seniors," that though Saliarian banquets, with the usual accompaniment of Falernian wine and four-year old Massic would befit the University, yet it would not suit the irresponsible undergraduate, for there would be danger that Mrs. Rumor, a dilapidated lady, who lives in some country towns, would whisper to Mrs. Grundy, whom she often visits, with glaring eye-ball and bated breath, that "them University Students held a high feast, and some of them had been prostrated before the roseate-flushed Bacchus, in plain vernacular they were—" nothing more than an expressive wave of the hand, and Mrs. Grundy would nod her head, conveying thereby an intense admiration of the good lady's Aposiopesis, and the idea that to her own lively imagination all was perfectly clear, "in fact, she half-expected that such would be the case," and it would be contrary to the eternal fitness of things if such were not. What "the case" was, as is usual in such affairs, would be left unavowed, not because Mrs. G. rather shrank from the responsibility of making any positive statement, but rather because she did not wish to embitter the feelings of the friends of the young men, by speaking definitely about a dire intelligence, which would surely cause the heart of a fond parent to gush with feelings difficult to be repressed, and grievous to be borne.

Amid the recital of such enterprises successful and unsuccessful, my duty would be inadequately accomplished, did I omit recording under a fourth head, the establishment in the Society of a Scientific Medal, by W. B. McMurrich, M.A., for the special fostering of the study of the Natural Sciences among our members. This medal, which has been honorably won in two successive years, has had the marked effect of

stimulating an attention to scientific research, and tending to unite that department of our Society into a worthy sisterhood with the Literary. It furnishes, too, a delightful evidence that the aims of our association are actively encouraged by the alumni; for here we have a silver cable mooring the men of past academic generations with those of the living moving present, which draws each nearer the other, showing that we are not left floating on the sea of our own hopes and enterprises, but being linked with those who have tried the ocean of life, we may take courage, and, ceasing to cling to ourselves alone, may sweep on to a yet higher and nobler destiny.

Let me, however, hasten on to the recounting of events of state importance, which annually find place in our history, and which for a time engross the undivided attention of all academics, unsophisticated freshmen, knowing fourth-year's men, and even of ermined graduates—I mean the Society Elections. In our microcosm of men and manners, within the larger world of the University, which again is within the still larger one over which public opinion presides, we have certain periods where excitement and curiosity rise somewhat above their normal height, and of these periods, none is more interesting at the time, and none is more anxiously looked forward to for weeks before, than the Society elections. The time has been when elections for office were viewed with indifference, and the results attracted little or no interest, but in these later years constituencies are organized long before the end of term, voter's lists are inspected, the names of men both the most obscure and the most illustrious become subjects of violent discussion, the whole machinery of political agitation is in full blast, and all look forward with anxiety to the period when the grand issues will be decided in that arena of intellectual and machiavellian gladiators, the West-end Reading Room. The wordy war waxes hotter, the caucus-meetings of the enfranchised are more frequent and more numerous attended, the circles of excited agitators each round some chosen demagogue grow larger, men of reticence grow eloquent, he who is buried in the cloisters of study (for examination bells will soon ring out a doleful peal) emerges from seclusion and soon is eager in debate with him who was "ploughed last *College*," sage individuals of Sibylline gift, view with horror the approach of the genius of Desolation, who with humid and dank wings broods over the Society, engendering enmity, hate, malice, and prophesy that soon its dismembered fragments will be scattered for the scorn of the unlettered, that the vandalic hand of internal dissension will pluck away its renown, and that the Society will have cause to mourn the parricide in the angry eloquence of men, who have derived from itself

the grace of heaven-born speech, like as the eagle pierced by a shaft feathered from its own plumes sobs out a last lament. Two elections we have seen thus waged, but so soon as the clouds of battle have rolled off, far from being overthrown by intestinal war the Society has recovered from the effects of the strife, and after the long vacation is over, all rallying round the elected leaders struggle manfully, not for the benefit of faction, but for the weal of the whole, and in place of any ill effects being derived from such agitations, a new interest being excited, the Society, in accordance with a universal principle of history, experiences a more glorious era of intellectual supremacy than ever, consequent on the clash of rival opinion brought to the surface in a revolutionary struggle.

But, let me now deal with sober facts. Among interesting matter connected with our Society, none the least interesting is the success of the second Vice-President of 1868-69, Rufus G. Wiggins, Esq., in carrying off the Gilchrist Scholarship from the numerous competitors sent by many Universities and Colleges of the Dominion. It may be stated in addition, that Mr. Wiggins received his preparatory education under the direction of Mr. Delamater, an old Society man, and that two other members of our University, Messrs. F. A. Clarkson and J. Fletcher of the First Year, who had also been trained by graduates of the University and former officers of the Society, were among the few classed in honors at that examination; these facts are very important, as showing the unparagoned advantages derived from a sojourn in our midst, both in the capacity of students and as brethren of our association. Mr. Wiggins leaves us to take his position among the students of London University, with the heartiest congratulations on his success, and the assured hope that he will, both by his conduct as a man and ability as a student, add new lustre to his *Alma Mater*, and spread the name and cause of the Society over which he presided among the metropolitans of England, showing that Anglo-Saxon talent has not in the slightest deteriorated by being carried across the old ocean to the new world, and that young Canadians will ever be found able to take an honorable position among the gownsmen of British Universities.

In conclusion, I submit a few statistics extending from session 1859-68, showing how the Society is yearly gaining increased strength, and bidding fair to become one of the institutions of the Dominion. During these nine years, the Society has annually held from twenty to twenty-four meetings, which, with the exception of one or two business meetings, have been occupied by the usual exercises of Essay, Reading, and Debate.

SKETCHES OF OUR SOCIETY.

	1859-60.	1860-61.	1861-62.	1862-63.	1863-64.	1864-65.	1865-66.	1866-67.	1867-68.
Number of active Members.....	65	71	82	78	93	...	74	102	114
New Members elected.....	...	27	53	26	46	39	37	44	50
Maximum attendance at Meetings...	43	43	63	60	70	69	82	94	90
Average attendance.....	23	26	36	33	31	35	36	50	50
Fees collected	\$39 00	\$55 00	\$75 00	\$70 00	\$87 00	...	\$67 00	\$96 00	\$106 00
Amount expended on Reading-room	\$10 00	\$24 00	\$38 00	\$50 00	\$48 00	...	\$28 00	\$31 00	\$35 00

It may be mentioned further, that, during this session, 1868-69, there stand recorded in the Society's books, 331 names of honorary, life, and ordinary members.

* * * * *

And now having accomplished my task as a chronicler, before laying down my pen, and leaving the stage for the "well-graced actor" who follows, let me more immediately address myself to those associated together in the institution, the history of which I have been attempting to sketch. And the thoughts, which crowd upon me for utterance, are such that readily suggest themselves from the retrospect that has just been taken. Standing, as we do, on the verge of known history, with fourteen years of our Society's young life behind us, and the dark mysterious future before us, having brought along a casket of the experience and wisdom of the past, and having flung away the vile dross of the idle follies of days gone by, it is befitting to pause for a while and consider the position we occupy in our young country, hurrying on, as it is, on the ceaseless tide of events, either to a brilliant future or a mouldering obscurity. Since the first meeting of our Society, in that secluded little chamber, great changes have been wrought in the constitution of things. Europe has been convulsed over and over again with the throes of sanguinary struggle; Russian snows have been empurpled by the blood of Saxon, and Norman, and Ottoman fighting side by side; swarthy India has paled at scenes of bloody massacre, and the vengeance of a conqueror's rage; the mailed hand of tyranny has again smitten down the Polish chevaliers; Austria and Prussia have been locked in deadly combat; diplomacy and victory have revolutionized the map of Europe; a great Republic, in another continent, has received a shock which has left it gasping with the loss of its best life's blood, but yet, like an Antæus, rising again replete with energy and new life; the Papal States have passed through changes which would have startled the earlier half

* The apparent decrease arises from the interesting fact that various Graduates and Members have generously gifted the Reading Room with many periodicals and magazines.

of the century; empires wane, and kings wax stronger. No less have been the revolutions in public opinion, or the triumphant march of art and literature, or the bloodless campaigns of intellectual effort.

Science has accomplished seeming impossibilities, the wild lightning has again been yoked, and obedient to human behests, has become still more eloquent with the tidings of affection and of brotherly interest, the old world has been moored alongside of the new by a wondrous tie of winged words; space has been laughed at, and time almost annihilated. Men have given up their ancestral opinions, and even now the establishments of centuries are tottering, the clash of intellect with intellect has been severe in parliament and press, and things, that to-day are, to-morrow have been.

Through all these years, this little corner of the British Empire has not been at rest, it has been no stagnant pool walled in from the tide of Time, here even has been that ceaseless activity of body and mind so characteristic of the Saxon; our once little Province has advanced to what promises to be a great nationality, no longer an insignificant dependency, it takes a place of its own on the roll-call of kingdoms, trade the "calm health of nations," flows through its veins, Science and Literature being fostered assert a just pre-eminence, and though the stifled cry "To arms!" was for a moment heard in its midst, yet soon again white-winged peace smiled, while now plenty and prosperity causes it with quickened pulse and animated strength, to hold an onward course amid the throng of struggling nations. Looking at this, thoughts truly national arise.

What is to be our future? will the next fourteen years be as eventful as the last? and what share will we have in the "rough-hewing of the ends" of our country, swaying its destiny, either in the plodding retirement of private individuality, or in the bustle of active life, or in the contention of the Council Chamber, when the voices of the present leaders of the people are hushed, and their hands no longer do their bidding? To whom does the country look to recruit the ranks of her gray-headed wisdom, decimated by the enemy of all life, but to her young men, and more especially to her educated young men? To us, along with others, fitting ourselves for life's tourney, by choosing weapons from the arsenal, where we are equipped, does the country look for her men of enterprise, of vigorous will, and nervous purpose, for her men of professional renown, her soldiers, her legislators, the upholders of her national reputation in Art, Literature, and Science; to us she entrusts her welfare, and on us depends, to a great measure, her future destiny, whether she is to climb high the ladder of national importance, or to struggle on in sickly mediocrity.

Canada is not yet fully formed, she is only now laying broad and deep

the foundations of an enduring fame, and on us, and such as we, devoting ourselves to the attainment of knowledge and sound principles, depend much of her claims for a true greatness; for let us remember, that brute-like muscle is after all but the slave of the god-like mind, the wisdom of the people and the prudence of the rulers are the true sinews of the state, and it will be found that true greatness of kingdoms consists in the sincere efforts of an educated and intelligent commons to achieve and maintain an honest independence. If, then, Canada fails in the race of nations, if she lags wearily in the course, and at length sinks nerveless on the highway to be trampled under foot of a fleet runner,—then, let us see to that.

Feeling, then, fully this measure of obligation, let us proceed on our way as students of one College, and brethren of one association, determined severally and unitedly to leave our impress on the features of the times, not hiding our heads, but boldly showing front against whatever may threaten the honor of our country in word or thought, keeping the purity of its escutcheon unblemished; and to do this, let us not go through the routine work of our College, as if forsooth in the meanwhile compelled by unflinching necessity, and let us not associate together for the mere purpose of spending an idle hour as an agreeable cessation from more exhausting effort, but rather let us be animated by the feeling that in the successful prosecution of all our aims, we are discharging a solemn duty to ourselves, our *Alma Mater*, and our country.

The Intellectual Influence of the Arabians

ON MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

PRIZE ESSAY.—W. MACDONALD, B.A.

Between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, Syria and the Euphrates, extending over a distance of fifteen hundred miles from its northern extremity to the Straits of Babelmandel, and about half that distance from east to west, lies the peninsula of Arabia: since a remote antiquity, the home of a race characterized by some of the most peculiar features, that have ever been exhibited by any people. The physical conformation of Arabia is at once peculiar, and eminently calculated to develope, some of those elements at least, to which the Arabians owed their subsequent greatness. Amid the sands of his native deserts, the wandering Bedouin was free as the air which he breathed. The sons of Ishmael had never borne the fetters of domestic tyranny, nor the yoke of the conquering stranger. This freedom was their boast; and at the same time, the silent nurse, which during the long centuries, that preceded their wonderful outburst of physical and intellectual vigor, was preparing them for the prominent rôle, which they afterwards played upon the historical stage of Asia, Africa, and Mediæval Europe. Liberty is the nurse of power: of physical and intellectual greatness—and this Arabia possessed: for her armies, though swift and terrible as the rushing storm, were even less formidable than the oceans of sand by which her fertile oases were surrounded. The invader often found no opponent, but the wide and awful desolation of the desert, and was yet obliged to retrace his steps. The nomadic life of the primitive Arabs was not only well calculated to strengthen their individual love of freedom, but in addition was one of the best training schools, to prepare them for what they afterwards became—the fiercest and the bravest warriors, that ever wielded the sword of conquest, or of vengeance. Spending a venturesome life, roaming the desert in search of pasture for his flocks, constantly in the saddle, and engaged in those martial exercises for which they are so renowned, the Arabian not only transferred from generation to generation, the traditions of a liberty coeval with his existence, but also perpetuated and developed that hardy endurance, muscular vigor, and elasticity of frame, which needed but the impulse, subsequently derived from their religion to constitute the Arabian soldier, the invin-

cible conqueror of the fairest provinces of three mighty continents. But Arabia was not all a desert, nor did all its inhabitants lead this primitive nomadic life. Many were engaged in trade and agriculture, and were collected together in large commercial centres. Of the forty-two cities of Ancient Arabia, the greatest number, the richest, and most populous, were situated on the high and fertile lands bordering on the Persian Gulf: under the bright sky of *Arabia Felix*,—the happy Yemen, whose natives were said to furnish an illustration of the enjoyment of the most voluptuous luxury, in connection with the primitive innocence of Arcadian simplicity. The City of Mecca (afterwards so celebrated in connection with the personal history of Mahomet), situated about the centre of the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, and known in ancient times, to the Greeks, by the name of Macoraba, was a place of great commercial importance. In its marts were exchanged the treasures of India, the frankincense and coffee of Arabia Felix, for the products of Syria and the other countries around the Mediterranean coast, the one brought from the shores of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, the other procured in the markets of Bostra and Damascus. And thus, into the very heart of this desolate peninsula was borne, by Arabian and foreign merchants, the first seeds of knowledge and intellectual culture. A fair, lasting over thirty days, was annually held at Mecca, to which the most distant tribes repaired, not alone to exchange their merchandise, their corn and their wine, but also to engage in intellectual tournaments of oratory and of song. These were cultivated among the Arabians since the earliest times, and distinctly characterize them as a race far removed above the rude Scythian tribes, with which they were in immediate contact. Poetry was cultivated to an unusual extent. As among the Goths, and the Celts, the Greeks and the Persians, so also among the Arabians; all their learning and instruction were conveyed in verse. There are still preserved the seven original poems, which were inscribed in letters of gold upon Egyptian silk, and preserved in the sacred Caaba, under the guardianship of the Medici of Mecca,—the family of Hashem, of the tribe of Koreish, from whom the prophet of later years was descended. The Arabians then enjoyed the most unlimited personal freedom: they lived a life inuring them to hardship, and developing their physical energy; while commerce, agriculture and a certain species of intellectual culture, were prosecuted at an early date. The people, moreover, were left for centuries in the quiet possession of their uninviting country; and thus these elements were left to work out their legitimate effects, unheeded, and uncared for, simply, because distant from the recognized centres of European power, and civilization, the second Rome upon the banks of the Thracian Bosphorus, and her more renowned predecessor, the Eternal City of the

Seven Hills. And thus the Arabians might have continued for many centuries longer to develop their military prowess, and cultivate their intellectual pursuits, within the limits of their own home, had not the religion of Mahomet, like the spark that ignites the loaded cannon, produced a sudden and expansive force as resistless as the mightiest convulsions of physical nature; and in the subsequent history of the Arabians, or Saracens, as they were soon denominated, is fully illustrated the resistless power that is evoked, when all the national faculties, without exception, converge to one point: when the restlessness of physical vigor and courage is directly stimulated by the precepts of a treasured religion, or by the hopes of an eternal reward.

Though at first sight the sudden rise and progress of Islamism, and the almost magic creation of the Saracenic empire may appear wonderful and even unaccountable, yet a little consideration will quickly discover the several elements which led to the establishment of both.

Arabia, during many centuries, had been in a peculiar position in reference to surrounding nations. While she herself possessed complete civil and religious toleration, the neighboring countries had long suffered the horrors of political tyranny and religious persecution. Jews had fled before the horrors of Roman invasion, from the devastation of Titus and Hadrian, and had carried their peculiar tenets into Arabia, the land of their refuge. Magians, and disciples of Zoroaster had sought in Arabia the free exercise of their respective religions; while persecuted sects of Christians had alternately taken refuge in this land of freedom. All these fugitives mingled freely with the natives, and extensively modified the ancient faith of the country, which was a worship of the sun, moon, and stars. Every Arabian adopted what he chose from all these various sects by which he was surrounded; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the Arabians so unanimously and so earnestly professed the creed of Mahomet, when suddenly this new prophet arose, manifesting all the eloquent fanaticism requisite to attract the attention, and fix the faith of those who, like the Arabians, had previously possessed no national, clearly defined religion. This new creed, moreover, was the direct means by which the dormant energies of the Arabian people were awakened and stimulated into an active, vigorous life. The reasons of this are at once manifest. The religion of the Koran contained much that was pure and elevated, amid the dross that was introduced, undoubtedly for the purpose of making it acceptable, and smoothing the way for those who were willing to profess its creed:—"There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." The conception of the Supreme Being, as set forth in the Koran, was such as required the exercise of a purely spiritual vision; for the Almighty was never represented in such

a bodily form as could be conceived by the eye of flesh, but as an "Eternal and Infinite Being, without form or place, without issue or similitude, present to our most secret thoughts, existing by the necessity of his own nature, and deriving from himself all moral and intellectual perfection." The first Moslems were, moreover, deeply imbued with an earnest persuasion of the truth of the new creed, and fulfilled to the letter the strict requirements of its moral precepts. Every professor of Islam too, was a believer in the decrees of an all-powerful fate; and he went to battle with the simple, but earnest faith, that if he died he would be at once translated into the midst of an eternal Paradise, figured forth in all the carnal luxuries of oriental magnificence, where more than three-score black-eyed Houris should wait upon the "imparadised soul" of the meanest believer. Such a faith could not fail to stir to its utmost depths the soul of the Arabian people: for great religious, or even intense intellectual excitement is almost invariably accompanied by a corresponding development of physical energy. These considerations being borne in mind, and at the same time, the fact that Mohammedanism had to grasp in its infant hands the sword of self-preservation, and the reasons for the peculiar development which this religion eventually assumed, are at once apparent. The Prophet, ever ready as expediency suggested, to adapt the precepts of his religion to outward circumstances, soon not only permitted, but even enjoined the use of the cimeter in conversion. "In the shade of the crossing of cimeters," the Prophet declared, "Paradise is prefigured."

Such then was the faith that stimulated the Arabian people, a race possessing, as we have already seen, since a remote antiquity, all the elements of physical and intellectual greatness; and it is worthy of remark in this connection, that a religion need not possess absolute truth in order strongly, and even beneficially to affect the political and moral life of those who profess its doctrines. A faith radically wrong in its conception of the Divine Being, of his office and attributes, so long as it enjoins nothing utterly repugnant, or degrading to humanity, will often, through an earnest enthusiastic conviction of its truth, produce results, which may never be effected by a religion containing a much greater amount of absolute truth, but whose teachings are received with a formal, and half-sceptical recognition of their reality. An earnest, vivid, absorbing faith, even though unfounded, will sometimes produce effects which may well be regarded as astonishing, when opposed to those of a cold, unheeded, and undefined, though it may be an essentially truer and nobler faith. This needs no illustration further than that furnished by the instance in question; for in the material and intellectual, as well as in the religious progress of the professors of Islam, may be traced at this period the results of *earnestness*, as opposed to *coldness*. The light of Arabian

power,—of her intellectual greatness would seem to have been enkindled at this time, in order that the sacred fire which was now dying upon the altars of European power, should not forever be extinguished in the darkness of universal ignorance. At the very height of Arabian greatness, Western Europe was still enshrouded in the thick mists of the dark ages. The first of the Omniade Caliphs had fixed the capital of his empire in the ancient and beautiful city of Damascus, nearly a century and a half before Charlemagne had assumed the purple, and placed upon his brow the iron chaplet of the ancient kings of Lombardy. The Eastern Empire had now out-lived its ancient glory, and was engaged in a languid struggle with Persia, which was only prolonged through the incapacity of either to bring it to a close. And when at last Heraclius, with something of the spirit of the ancient Cæsars, had devastated Persia from Tauris, to the Caspian and Ispahan, and had plundered the riches of the degenerate Chosroes, he was awakened from his fond triumph by the approaching dangers of Saracenic invasion, to learn that Bostra and Damascus, two of the fairest cities of his Syrian Provinces, had already fallen a prey to the conqueror. The spirit of Christianity, moreover, had departed in the midst of the scrupulous observance of its forms; while Western Europe was yet to receive the first seeds of intellectual culture, from the Arabians of later generations. The clear light of learning which had shone with such a vivid and enchanting splendour in ancient Greece, and had been thence transferred across the Adriatic, had been long extinguished by the wild-rushing torrents of Teutonic invasion, and could never have been rekindled, but by some external vivifying power. Thus, it will be seen, that not only did their own peculiar physical and intellectual activity, but also the political, religious and intellectual deadness of Western Europe favour this sudden development of Arabian genius and power, which afterwards exercised such a beneficent influence upon Mediæval Europe, and the world at large.

In the year A.D. 622, upon a hill in the vicinity of Mecca, amid the stillness and darkness of night, were planted the first seeds of the future Saracenic empire. Seventy-five of the citizens of Medina met with the Prophet upon this occasion, and with no witnesses but the bright stars of their native sky, swore that oath of allegiance and fidelity which was never broken. Mahomet lived but ten years thereafter, but yet he lived to see a united Arabia, subject to his religion and his arms; and a century after his death the political organization which he inaugurated had extended from the Pyrenees to the Indus and the Oxus. Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain, were successively deluged by the tide of Saracenic conquest, which was only exhausted upon the field of Tours, where Charles Martel proved the strength and constancy of Christian

valor, and saved Europe, in all probability, from the dominion of the crescent.

The primary effect of these conquests was necessarily disastrous. The wild fanaticism of the early Saracen conquerors was powerful only to destroy; and by them was effaced whatever of enlightenment still existed in the countries which they overran. But the very violence of their fanaticism tended to exhaust it; while the pride of victory, and voluptuous indulgence in every carnal luxury that imagination could conceive, soon destroyed that ancient spirit which had enabled them to acquire the means of indulging their subsequent luxurious tastes. It was quite impossible that the Arabian conqueror, inhabiting the fairest provinces, breathing the voluptuous air, and brought into intimate contact with the varied luxuries of the vast dominion of which he was sole ruler, could for any length of time maintain that primitive simplicity, and austere fanaticism, to which he owed his brilliant progress. Accordingly, another phase of the ancient Arabian character now began to be developed. Ambition being satisfied, the natural inclination of man to live a life of ease, cultivating the gentler arts, now began to manifest itself. Under the Ommiades, who reigned at Damascus, the Caliphate attained the height of its material greatness. The last Caliph of the House of Moawiyah ruled over an undivided empire, "two hundred days journey from east to west,"—stretching from the Atlantic to the Indus. The absolute power of the sovereign was obeyed with equal alacrity at Ispahan, and Cordova, or Seville; while the Moor of Africa and the Mahometan of India were bound together by the ties of their common religion. The empire, however, was soon rent asunder by the contest which took place between the Ommiades and the Abassides. The house of Abbas maintained its superiority in the East; while the white flag of the Ommiades was erected in the West, where Abdalrhaman founded the Emirate of Cordova, which, under his descendants, proved a worthy rival in science and in song, to the Eastern Caliphate, whose capital,—the imperial Bagdad, around which cluster so many recollections of Eastern romance and splendor, was long the seat of Arabian learning in the East.

The enthusiasm which the Arabians of the this period manifested in the pursuit of literature and science, as well as the prodigious, though ephemeral results which they attained, seems more like one of their own wild Oriental fictions than sober matter of history. Within a century and a-half after the foundation of the monarchy, the Caliphs Al-Mansour, Haroun-al-Rachid, and Al-Mamoun, constituted themselves the munificent patrons of learning, and made their new capital, upon the banks of the Tigris, the home of Science and of Art, as well as of the most gorge-

ous and enervating luxury. Al-Mamoun, animated by the sentiment that "they are the elect of God, his best and most useful servants, whose lives are devoted to the improvement of their rational faculties," not only was himself an ardent student, and encouraged the labours of Arabian scholars, but through his representatives at Constantinople, he obtained the literary treasures of Ancient Greece; and from Armenia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, he exhumed the forgotten wealth of those once flourishing lands. This Caliph, who had principally devoted himself to the study of the sacred Mahometan law, also cultivated and encouraged, by every means in his power, the sciences of Mathematics and Astronomy, offering the greatest inducements to attract to his court scholars in every branch of science. Nor was this zeal confined to the Caliph, or to the capital. The rival schools of Bassora and Cuffa sent forth scholars,—Grammarians, and Rhetoricians, who have defined with the most critical acumen, all the rules of the Arabian language. Schools and Universities were established at Balk, Ispahan, Samarcand, and Bochara, where philosophy, and the natural sciences were studied with emulous ardour. The Fatimites of Egypt, and the Edrisites of Mauritania, devoted themselves with equal zeal to the pursuit of learning. Numerous schools were founded at Cairo and Alexandria; while colleges with munificent endowments were erected at Fez and Morocco, in whose princely libraries volumes of ancient science have been preserved, which otherwise would have been lost to Europe. The library of the Fatimites, at Cairo, is said to have contained one hundred thousand valuable manuscripts, which were available to the most lowly scholar; while the library of the Omniades of Spain contained no less than six hundred thousand volumes. It was in Spain that Arabian learning and culture attained its highest development; and it was through Spain, also, that Arabian genius more particularly influenced the intellectual development of Mediæval Europe. Universities, Colleges and Academies sprung up as if by magic. Libraries, (many of the manuscripts of which are still preserved in the Escorial) were founded in all the principal towns. But, while such was the condition of Spain, the rest of Europe was sunk in the deepest ignorance and barbarism: without any knowledge of ancient literature, or science: without a fixed language, and hence without the slightest germ of that subsequent Romance literature, which has equalled, and even surpassed the literature of Antiquity. Europe, in fact, was only now beginning to recover from the devastation, and utter darkness, that was immediately consequent upon the Teutonic invasions. These had most effectually destroyed all the knowledge and culture of ancient Rome, and had destroyed the synthetic structure of the Latin language, used in the various provinces of the empire; while of the modern

Romance languages, even the Provençal, did not receive a fixed form for more than a century, after Abdalrahman I., founded the kingdom of Cordova; and so, in like manner the Norman sponsors of the future French language were only now, in the reign of the great Carolinian Emperor beginning to descend from their northern fastnesses, upon the coasts of southern Europe. Just as a bright light shining out into the darkness and turbulence of a stormy night, fixes the gaze, and attracts the steps of the weary traveller, so this bright lamp of learning enkindled in Saracen Spain, and whose beams penetrated to the remotest extremities of the continent, attracted scholars from all parts of Europe, who, after studying the literature and sciences of the east, in the Colleges and Universities of Spain, returned home and disseminated still further the knowledge which they had acquired. One of the most celebrated of these scholars was Gerbert, a monk of Aurillac, who, after he had studied Mathematics, and the Aristotelean philosophy of the Arabians, at the Universities of Seville and Cordova, and had obtained an intimate knowledge of Arabian literature, returned to France, and after teaching in the schools and monasteries of Rheims, Aurillac, Tours, and Sens, passed to Italy where his attainments excited such admiration, that he ultimately became Pope, A. D. 999, under the title of Sylvester II. The Arabian sovereigns of Spain favoured this species of intercourse; for at the time when Spain was detached from the Caliphate, the fanaticism and ferocious bigotry of the first Mahometans had been considerably diminished, while literary and scientific pursuits had necessarily produced more cosmopolitan views. But, besides this, the Omniade rulers of Spain, being in antagonism to their brethren in the east, felt that their truest policy was to lay broad and deep, the foundations of their throne upon the affectionate loyalty of a united, a happy, and a prosperous people. Abdalrahman I. accordingly courted the support of his Christian subjects, and issued an edict of "peace and protection"; while both he and his successors protected the rights, and respected the privileges of their Christian subjects, who, under the name of Moçarabians, or mixed Arabians, lived in the midst of their infidel conquerors, enjoying the most ample religious toleration, and at the same time, partaking of all the benefits of Arabian culture and enlightenment. Many of these Moçarabians, abandoning their own language, used that of the Saracens instead. Of such as these, Alvaro of Cordova complains "that they have abandoned the study of their own sacred characters for those of the Caldeans." John of Seville, also for the benefit of those who had forsaken their mother tongue, wrote in Arabic an exposition of the Sacred Scriptures; while, on the other hand, works of Arabian science were translated into the various Christian dialects of Spain. After the Omniade dynasty had

passed away, Spain was divided into a number of petty Moorish sovereignties, which, in proportion as they declined in material power, were animated by the keenest rivalry in literary and æsthetic pursuits: for the various sovereigns of these states attracted to their courts all—whether Arabians or Christians—celebrated in arms, in science, or in song. The Moorish Courts of Spain, during all this period, present a wonderfully brilliant but confused picture, in which physicians and astrologers, historians and poets, daring soldiers and dark-eyed Moorish beauties, resplendent in the riches of oriental costume, are mingled in the mazy intricacies of courtly intrigue and splendour. And after the Christian kings of Castile and Aragon had begun to encroach upon the Moors, they were merely reoccupying ground which had been fertilized since the expulsion of their ancestors centuries before, and which afterwards bore a rich intellectual harvest for the Christians of Spain, and through them for the rest of Europe. Thus, for example, the celebrated crusade, instituted by Alfonso VI. of Castile, in which French Provençal and Gascon knights were engaged along with the immortal Cid Rodriguez, and which terminated in the subjugation of the Moorish kingdom of Toledo, only brought the Christians into more intimate connection with the Arabians than before. These latter obtained complete religious toleration, and such as chose remained in Toledo subject to the Christian kings. This city was the seat of the most celebrated Moorish Schools and Universities, which long afterwards continued to flourish under the Christian rule and spread abroad the knowledge of oriental science and literature. Thus, throughout the whole of the Saracenic occupation of Spain, till the final expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, the Christians and Saracens lived together in the most intimate connection, using one another's language, and deriving in common all the benefits of the immense superiority of the Arabians in arts, science, and literature.

In observing the subsequent intellectual development of Mediæval Europe, the influences of the Arabians upon poetical literature generally are chiefly remarkable; for these originated solely from the Arabians themselves. The whole poetical literature of the south of Europe is, even to-day, distinguished by many of the characteristics of Arabian song since the remotest times; and these were entirely different from the peculiar features of classical poetry, either as regards its informing spirit, or the mere musical principles of its structure. Poetry then, as already remarked, was cultivated at an early date by the Arabians, and of their early poems there are still several in existence. Mahomet, and some of his immediate successors cultivated the Arabian muse, and when at last the intellectual energy of the Saracens culminated under the Abbassides of Bagdad, and the Ommiades of Cordova, poetry was cultivated with the

most passionate assiduity, in every portion of the Saracenic dominions, and in none more so than in Spain. There, flourished numerous poets, whose works, and whose names are alike forgotten, but whose influence is perceptible, not only in the mental character of all the poetry of the south of Europe, but even in the musical principles of its structure. Numbers of these poets, Arabians, Mozarabians, and Christians, were attached to the various Moorish courts of Spain, and frequently passed from these to the now reviving Christian kingdoms, and more especially to Arragon and Catalonia. The marriage of Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, with Douce, one of the daughters of the king of Provence, united the principalities of Catalonia and Provence; and these possessing languages almost identical, the scholars and poets, whose tastes and education had been acquired in the courts, and schools of Grenada, Seville, Toledo, and Saragossa, were introduced into the south of France, where, in a short time,—the chivalrous spirit of the Catalans and Provençals, being influenced by the taste, eloquence, and culture of the Arabians,—was developed that marvellous and prolific, but ephemeral literature of the Troubadours, the teachers of modern Europe in the art of poetry, and the living spirit of whose literature has passed into all the poetry of the south of Europe, and has influenced in no slight degree the development of northern song.

In the characteristics of Provençal Poetry are at once recognized the sources of its inspiration. The taste and elegance of the Arabians, their passionate refinement of love, and their adoration of woman as a superior being—for such she was regarded by the Arabians, though in reality treated as a slave—all reappear in the songs of the Troubadours. Like that of the Arabians, the poetry of the south of France was almost exclusively lyrical, and was characterized by that passionate rapture essentially inherent in all lyric poetry. There is at the same time not the slightest knowledge of antiquity manifested by any of the Troubadours: no allusions whatever to classical mythology or history; while the structure of their verse depended upon principles entirely different from those which obtained in classic poetry, all of which shows how completely isolated were the poets of Southern France from any exterior influences except such as were communicated by the Arabians. This literature of the Troubadours was not confined within the limits of Provence; but throughout the whole of Southern France, and in a great part of Spain the Provençal language was spoken and its literature cultivated. Toulouse, Poitou, Aquitain, Auvergne, and many other lesser principalities and baronies each possessed its train of Moorish satellites. Poets and reciters of Eastern tales, Physicians and Astrologers, all flocked to these courts for preferment and fortune, and took a prominent part in the gay fes-

tivals of those sunny lands. The astute Henry II. of England through his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis le Jeune of France, acquired Guienne Poitou and Santonge, and these were by him transmitted to his descendants. Richard I., his son, was a Troubadour, and was of course the patron of his brother minstrels; while the intimate connection between England and the South of France under the kings of the Plantagenet dynasty undoubtedly had an important influence upon the development of English literature, and most probably furnished Chaucer, "the first warbler of English poësie" with models for imitation; for it is certain that Chaucer derived his inspiration, in so far as it was borrowed, from the Troubadours and Trouveres of France, rather than from the great masters of Italy,—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Truly indeed it may often be said that reality is stranger than fiction. An English king, at whose dreaded name, in the words of an eloquent historian, Arabian mothers still hush their children to rest, while fighting for the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the Infidel Saracen, passed his hours of leisure and recreation in the composition of songs, the spirit and structure of which were derived from the conquering ancestors of those very Saracens against whom he was now fighting. Besides Richard of England, many European sovereigns, as Frederick Barbarossa, Alfonso II. and Peter III. of Aragon, together with many other lesser princes, cultivated the "Gay Science," and diffused the spirit of Provençal poetry over the greater part of Europe.

The distinguishing characteristic of modern poetry, as far as its structure is concerned, is the substitution of accent in the place of quantity, and the use of rhyme, which never occurred in Latin poetry, except in the Leonine verses of the Middle Ages. The poetry of the Arabians possesses the same characteristics as modern verse, which fact, taken in connection with other circumstances, makes it not impossible but that it was through the influence of Arabian poetry that accentuation took the place of quantity; while it seems more than probable that rhyme was adopted purely in imitation of the Arabians: but upon these points various opinions have been held. Sismondi clearly traces the connection between rhyme, as it existed in Provençal, with its use in Arabic poetry. In the latter the most usual form is the rhyming in couplets, and continuing the rhyme of the second line throughout the poem. This, he says, is the most ancient form of Spanish versification, and was also adopted by the Provençals. Another favorite form among the Arabians, is where the second line of each couplet terminates in the same word, all through the stanza or poem; and this form of versification was also adopted by the Provençals. Bearing in mind these, and many other equally pertinent points, together with the intimate connection of the

Troubadours with the Arabians of Spain, and it seems impossible that rhyme can be referred to any more probable explanation. Rhyme was certainly not a characteristic of Northern poetry, as may be partly illustrated by the history of versification in our own language, where, so long as Scandinavian influences predominated in its early poetry, there was no such thing as rhyme, in its modern acceptation, its place being supplied by alliteration; and this latter would seem to be the characteristic peculiarity of Northern poetry; while *assonance* is the peculiar feature of the languages of the South. With regard to the substitution of accent in the place of quantity, this would seem to be due to certain peculiarities common to all the Romance languages, and which need not be discussed here, rather than an absolute imitation from any source whatever. Those who support the theory of both of these characteristics of modern poetry being due to the Arabians, and received through the Provençals, usually go upon a theory advanced by M. Raynouard, in his valuable series of works upon the Provençal language—a theory adopted by Perticari, Sismondi, and others, that there was once an universal Romance language, intermediate between the Latin and the present languages of Spain, Italy, and France, and out of which these latter languages were developed. This theory, however, has been disputed by many eminent scholars, among whom may be mentioned Schlegel, the celebrated German critic, and also by Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, in his “Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages.”

But while such was the influence exercised by the Arabians, through their occupation of the Spanish peninsula, this was not the only channel through which Arabian taste effected the subsequent literary development of Mediæval Europe. In A.D. 827, an Arabian fleet of one hundred sail, transported an army across the Mediterranean, to the coast of Sicily, and this was quickly followed by reinforcements from Africa, and even from Andalusia. The renowned city of Palermo became the centre of the Arabian naval and military power in Sicily; and in a short time Syracuse was captured, and ruthlessly plundered of the remnants of its ancient treasures. From the Arabian harbours of Sicily, numerous squadrons issued forth to attack the coasts of Calabria and Campania; and Rome itself was only saved by the courageous vigor of the Pontiff, Leo IV., and by the internal dissensions of the Mahometans. For two hundred years the Saracens were supreme in Sicily; and it was only by the iron arm of the Normans, that these children of the Southern desert were at length subdued. Roger, the last of the sons of Tancred, crossed over from Apulia, and his first successes having attracted other adventurers, Palermo was soon besieged, and the Arabians were conquered in their last stronghold; and Roger, the “great Count,” now became sole master of

the island. The Normans granted to the Arabians the free exercise of their religion and customs ; and in a short time the Arabians of Sicily possessed more influence and power than they have ever acquired in any Christian sovereignty. It was only in the 12th century, at the court of Roger the I., son of the "great Count," that the Italian language, which had previously existed only as an unlettered rustic dialect, received a fixed form, and was subjected to grammatical rules. Until the conquest of Sicily, by the Emperor Henry VI., in the last decade of the 12th century the Arabians mingled most intimately with the Norman conquerors, and occupied the most prominent positions in the State, as the physicians, the teachers, the poets and the ministers of the Norman Kings ; and thus communicated their arts, science, and literature to that people, among whom, as we have seen, the Italian language first acquired a literary existence, and among whom the first accents of its infant muse were heard. Both the structure and the spirit of the early Sicilian songs were exactly similar to those of Provence ; and this, not because one was imitated from the other, but because similar influences had affected the development of both. In Sicily, as in Spain, the Christians and the Moors mingled freely with one another in all the relations of life. They took part in the same musical festivals, singing together the same songs ; and to do this, it was necessary to adopt common forms of versification and recurrence of rhyme ; and seeing that the Arabians were the masters, in all that pertained to literary taste, or culture, there can be little doubt whence the forms of Sicilian versification were ultimately derived. During a century and a-half, Sicilian poetry was entirely amatory and lyrical, characterized by that fantastic ingenuity, and artificially refined sentiments which is so marked in the *chanzos* of the Troubadours, and the *ghazles* of the Persians and Arabians. The early works of the Sicilian writers are of little importance, except as showing the connection between the Arabians of Africa, and the language of the great masters of Italian prose and verse : the inheritors, in the thirteenth century, of the language and literature, which in the preceding century had been formed by the Arabians and Normans of Sicily. Many instances illustrate the connection between the early Sicilian and Tuscan languages : thus, Giambulari, a Florentine writer, published in 1546, a work upon his native tongue, wherein he asserts that the vowel endings of the Tuscan dialect, are derived from the Sicilians, and were originally added in order to make the language softer and more harmonious ; and says, that Lucius Drusi, a Sicilian poet, accomplished this by uniting the Tuscan and Sicilian modes of speech. Now, though this theory be unsound and objectionable on critical grounds, yet it shows how great must have been the influence of the Sicilian upon the Florentine

language, whom the earliest historians of the latter, in accounting for the forms which existed in their language, pointed to the lost effusions of an unknown and unheeded Sicilian poetaster.

Such, then, are some of the extended and enduring influences of the knowledge of Arabian poetry in Europe. The early poetry of Spain, of Provence, and of Sicily, derived all its inspiration from the Arabians; and through these countries were transmitted into England, Germany, and Italy, characteristics, whose origin may be traced in the songs of the Arabian Pleiades, that were chanted in the fairs of Mecca, centuries before Mahomet or his creed appeared upon the earth, and the analogies to to which may be found in the magnificent hyperboles of David and of Job

But in addition to this widely extended influence, the Arabians also revived and introduced into Mediæval Europe, the knowledge of all the sciences of antiquity—but developed and improved by their own study and research; so that from the tenth century, the Saracens were the sole instructors of Western Europe in the sciences of Mathematics, Philosophy, Astronomy and Medicine. Through their extensive conquests the Arabians of the East were brought into intimate contact with the inhabitants, both of Asia Minor—the once celebrated Ionia—and of those islands of the Grecian Archipelago, “where grew the arts of war and peace,” and where, were still preserved many of the precious volumes in which were enshrined the treasures of the science of ancient Greece. They, moreover, availed themselves of their immense superiority in arms, to procure in Constantinople, itself, the jealously guarded, but unappropriated, Grecian classics. Many of the classical authors were at this time translated into Arabic, and were studied with avidity by every Arabian scholar; and some have been recovered in the Eastern versions which are lost in the original. Aristotle, Plato, Euclid, Apollonius, Ptolemy, Hippocrates, and Galen were all translated into the Arabian language, and in the days of the good Caliph, Haroun-al-Rachid were the ordinary subjects of study to many a toiling Arabian student, as they have been since, to hundreds and thousands of others, in the dim cloisters and Universities of Mediæval and Modern Europe, as well as in the young institutions of a giant continent, which was then unknown. None of the sciences which the Arabians introduced penetrated so rapidly into the school, of the West as their Philosophy, which, however, was that in which they themselves had made the least substantial progress; though they devoted themselves to it with the most passionate assiduity. The name of Averrhoes, of Cordova, who lived in the tenth century, and wrote a commentary on the works of Aristotle, is still celebrated throughout Europe; while both he and Avicenna, a successful physician, as well as a subtle philosopher, were

not considered unworthy of being named among the sages of Antiquity, who appeared to Dante in his sublime vision.* Through the controversies of the Mahometans of Spain, upon the writings of Aristotle, the philosophy of the Stagirite was again revived and introduced into the schools, though accompanied and obscured by the commentaries of the Arabians, who never elucidated, but only mystified the meaning, so that it would hardly have been recognized by the great philosopher himself. The philosophy of Aristotle was ultimately degraded, in the schools, to a mere system of formularies, which were universally prevalent, till superseded by the revival of Platonism; even after which the philosophy of Aristotle retained great influence, through the general use of its system of logic.

The Arabians, however, are justly celebrated for their medical knowledge and skill; for through the school of Gondisapor, in Persia, they became thoroughly acquainted with the principles and practice of Grecian medicine, as taught in the writings of Galen and Hippocrates. The Nestorians of the Greek Empire, obliged to fly from the persecutions to which they were there subjected, took refuge in Persia, and founded, at Gondisapor, a School of Medicine, celebrated so early as the seventh century, and which taught to the nations of the East the principles of the healing art, as practised among the Greeks. George Bactischwah, a descendant of one of these persecuted Christians, and a celebrated physician, was invited to the Arabian court by the Caliph Al-Mansour, and was the first to communicate to the Arabians the medical skill of the ancient Greeks. Soon the new study was pursued with the greatest ardour and success. Eight hundred and sixty physicians were qualified and licensed to practise in the city of Bagdad alone; while the names of Mesua, Geber, Razis, and Avicenna, are still celebrated throughout Europe. This medical knowledge was quickly transferred through all the African, Sicilian, and Spanish dominions of the Saracens. The Christian kings of Europe were obliged to trust to the skill of Moorish physicians; while the first elements of medical knowledge were acquired in the schools of Spain and Salerno; and this latter is especially celebrated: for there Constantine, an African Christian, who had studied medicine at Bagdad, under the great Avicenna himself, as well as many other skilful Arabian doctors, practised, under the protection of the Norman sovereigns, the principles of their blessed art. The practice of medicine was necessarily founded upon an intimate and exten-

* Canto IV. dell' Inferno :—

“Ippocrate, Avicenna, e Gallieno,
Averrois che il gran commento feo.”

sive knowledge of Botany, Chemistry, and Anatomy, all of which the Arabians studied, and in which they made important progress; though in Anatomy their knowledge was somewhat restricted, through their reverence for the dead, which forbade dissection.

Thus might be pointed out the important influence exercised by the Arabians, in introducing into Europe, mainly through Spain, almost every one of the modern sciences, which have since made such marvellous progress, and in which new discourses are daily astonishing the multitude. Geometry, they introduced into Spain; though Gibbon, in speaking of this, says in an undecided sort of a way, "that ancient geometry was resumed in the same state by the Italians of the fifteenth century"; and means us to infer, probably that this was independent of Saracenic influence. The word *Algebra*, at once indicates whence the science has been derived, though indeed the Arabians do not claim to have originated it but ascribe that honour to the Grecian Diophantus. In arithmetic is still seen the influence of the Arabians, from whom is derived our present system of notation. History was cultivated with such assiduity, and the number of historians was so great, that Aboul-Honder, for example, wrote a history of celebrated horses; while Alasueco performed a similar office for those departed camels who had won celebrity. Historical, Geographical, Critical, and Bibliographical Dictionaries were all in common use among the Saracens of Spain; who, at the same time, applied all their scientific knowledge to perfecting the necessary arts of life. Agriculture was made a science in connection with Chemistry. The manufacture of paper was introduced into Europe by the Saracens of Spain, among whom, the town of Sativa (San Filippo) in Valencia, was celebrated for its beautiful paper; while, so early as the end of the thirteenth century, paper-mills were established throughout Christian Spain, whence in the fourteenth century, the knowledge of this art passed to Padua and Trevisa. Numerous other discoveries, known to Europeans only at a comparatively late date *as: eg.*, those of gunpowder, and of the mariner's compass, were known to the Arabians in very ancient times; while many of the commonest luxuries of life have been imperceptibly introduced into Europe, without any thought being taken as to whence they originated.

Such then is a brief sketch of the material power, and intellectual activity of a nation, which has come into existence, attained the height of its glory, and passed away, while as yet the modern nations of Europe were in the "boisterous spring time" of their early years. The rich and sunny lands of which the Arabians were once the lordly masters, have been wrested from their nerveless grasp; while their intellectual supremacy has been transferred to those who were once their humble

scholars
 cases of
 the past
 that once
 Atlantic
 quest, by
 The earl
 of despot
 of their
 survive t
 progress
 real: ar
 and sim
 intellectu
 was gar
 awakene
 despotis
 of Spani
 tual ene
 survived
 of Arabi
 stranger

scholars ; so that the Arabian who now pastures his flocks in the fertile oases of his native desert may well exult in the glorious recollections of the past : for these are all that remain to him of the magnificent empire that once stretched from the borders of China to the shores of the Atlantic. And yet this change has been brought about by no foreign conquest, by no external disaster ; but by the canker of corruption within. The early freedom of the Arabians was soon overshadowed by the power of despotism ; while luxurious tastes were soon acquired, after the means of their indulgence, and though progress and apparent vigor may equally survive the destruction of liberty, or the indulgence in luxury, yet such progress, and vigor are of short-lived duration : are apparent rather than real : are the last, and, it may be, the richest fruits of ancient freedom and simplicity, and not the first fruits of tyranny and luxury. The intellectual harvest of Rome's republican freedom and austerity ripened, and was garnered in the reign of the despot Augustus ; while the impulse awakened by the Mediæval freedom of Castile and Aragon survived the despotism of Charles V. in whose reign began the most glorious period of Spanish literature. So in the case of the Saracens, their intellectual energy, though awakened and developed by political freedom, yet survived its parent after whose death, were attained the greatest triumphs of Arabian intellect, which have therefore become the inheritance of the stranger.

Athletic Sports.

JOHN KILLMASTER.

THE duty devolves on me to chronicle the Athletic element of our College,—not to tell of all the Herculean feats that live in the memory of the alumni; of how a modern Milo, rejoicing in the sobriquet of Brigham Young, single-handed, put to flight a band of twenty roughs in College Avenue; or how brazen locks and oaken doors have yielded immortal fame to those who sought and carried off their guarded treasures; or how, *big* in his might, a slender seeming youth, while Spring still blessed the land, and *Summer's* impassioned fire was looked for, bore from the subterranean vaults a monstrous cask of beer, and placed it where his friends and he might drink, but *Summer's* ardent eyes could never penetrate;—these are not my theme, but simply here to trace the history of our games.

And first, because of its greater antiquity as a College sport, Football commands our attention. When its attractive spirit first found a genial home in the shades of this classic pile is to me unknown. Suffice it to say, that epoch is very remote. So far as my memory extends, its popularity has been unrivalled by any other game, and in this, as in everything else, our career has been onward and upward. This year, more systematically organized than ever before, and under the guidance of a spirited corps of officers,—Mr. T. Langton as President, and Mr. J. B. Smith as Captain,—we have to congratulate ourselves on not losing a single match; although we have contested the palm with the Toronto Medical School, Trinity College, Upper Canada College, and Osgoode Clubs. Were the circumstances equal, there is no doubt that the manly game of Cricket would assert its deserved prominence; but the seasons of the College sessions are unfavourable for it, while they offer a considerable space suitable for football.

Next, not less in importance or in interest, but of later establishment, are our annual athletic games. They were founded in the Michaelmas Term of 1866, by Mr. James Loudon, M.A., Dean of Residence; and especially through his liberal patronage and direction have they obtained their present importance. In 1866 and 1867 the games were confined to the resident students. The sum accumulated by a regulation of the Residence, imposing fines for irregularities, constituted the nucleus of the prize funds. The champion race was endowed by Mr. Loudon, who has each year presented a beautiful silver cup. The contests were in gymnastic feats, running, jumping, &c.

This
College
the res
and the
made l
really
mentio
solatio
College
The ex
to sooth
the vic
gentlem
ladies,—
day was
proceed.

I wo
winning
were so
heroes o
winning
off, besic
addition
race, wh
such gy
wild effe
race, a g
exciting
managen
their ow
indefatig
mortalize

To hov
more dire
but I wil
selection
in the fol
during th

This year, we are happy to state, the games were opened to the whole College,—the prizes arising from the fines, however, being reserved for the residents. The President, Professors, and Tutors of the College, and the Graduates, were elected patrons; and, in gratitude for the honor, made liberal donations: so that the prize list swelled into something really magnificent. I would ill fulfill my task if I failed here to mention our only lady patron, Mrs. Croft, who generously offered consolation to the defeated contestants in a delicious plum cake. The College Council granted the 6th November as a holiday for the games. The excellent band of Her Majesty's 29th Regiment was in attendance, to sooth the disappointment of the vanquished, and heighten the joy of the victors. The *élite* of the city fringed the arena,—substantial old gentlemen, gay young swells, pleasant mammas, and charming young ladies,—the last unconsciously adding nerve and spirit to the strife. The day was favourable, the games were spiritedly contested, and the whole proceedings passed off in the most pleasing and successful manner.

I would like to mention all those who distinguished themselves by winning prizes, but space will not allow. Two gentlemen, however, were so prominently conspicuous, that I cannot fail to name them as the heroes of the day, Mr. A. Wardrop and Mr. G. R. Grasett,—Wardrop winning seven first prizes out of a total of nineteen, and Grasett carrying off, besides two other prizes, the Dean's cup for the champion race. In addition to the games of the former years, there was a mile walking race, which was by no means the least interesting; such Grecian bends, such gyrations and contortions did the ambitious walkists adopt in their wild efforts to accelerate their ambulatory speed. The mile running race, a great test of endurance as well as speed, was most interesting and exciting to the spectators. The games were under the conduct and management of an elected Committee of students, who, in the words of their own report in the city papers, "deserve great credit for their indefatigable exertions." Were I not of that Committee, I would immortalize their memory by herein bequeathing their names to posterity.

To how great an extent we are still influenced by classic Greece, is more directly perceptible in literature and the fine arts than in athletics; but I will venture it as probable that our Dean found his motive for the selection of a finely wrought silver cup as a prize for the champion race, in the following lines of Homer, describing the games held by the Greeks during the Trojan war:—

And now succeed the gifts ordained to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race:
A silver urn, that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excelled;
Sidonian artists taught the form to shine,
Elaborate with artifice divine,

[ILIAD, B. XXIII., *Pope*.

I have one more constituent to mention in the athletic element, and that is gymnastics. We have a gymnasium, erected in 1866; not such a one as we would wish, it is true, but passable; furnished with a moderate amount of appliances and appurtenances,—dumb bells, boxing gloves, parallel and horizontal bars, etc., etc.—which we students use, much as the illustrious Samuel Weller did the initial letter of his patronymic, according to the taste and quality of the gymnast. At present there is a dearth of gymnastic excellence in our college, and therefore, strange to say, there was no prize offered in gymnastics at our late games,—certainly not the most successful means of inducing the proper cultivation of the neglected exercise. There is no other department of our athletic diversions so well calculated to bring out all the muscles of the body, and give healthful action to every function; and none, therefore, which deserves more attention. We hope some one of our liberal patrons will attract attention in this direction by establishing an annual prize for the most clever gymnastic performance.

We do not think the athletic element has yet attained the prominence and importance it deserves. There is ever a tendency in students, in their eagerness for intellectual culture, to neglect the proper development of the muscular system; stupidly ignoring the fact, that the vigor of the mind is dependent on the health of the body, and that the health of the body is dependent on its proper exercise. It is probable that no nation ever gave as much attention and honor to manly strength, as those kings in the domain of the muses, the Greeks: and there is scarcely a doubt that their extraordinary mental energy was in a great measure due to their exalted physical vigor. The fact stands conspicuous in history that the great epochs of intellectual brilliancy have succeeded immediately upon the great epochs of physical action; as if physical activity, vigor, and might, straightway communicated corresponding characters to the mind. But whether these inferences are correct or not, this I think is true, that no nation, that has not shown itself superior in muscular force, has given evidence of mental superiority; and that muscular weakness, indolence, and effeminacy, have been the sure harbingers of national decay. It has been said that England's empire is secure so long as her sons retain their fondness for cricket. There is scarcely a doubt that the hardy character of the English sports has a great influence in forming the characteristic hardihood and energy of the nation. That Briton was not far wrong, who, on being asked which was the best school in England, said "Eton"; and, in response to the demand for his reasons, that, "last year it beat all England at cricket."

The fiat has gone forth: "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and he who neglects the literal meaning, and does not sweat,

does so
occupat
to their
perated
of heal
spring
weak a

Our
of the
pations
desider
the dete

Phys
the cult
which t
be, not
each m
in the h
vigorou
and we
sports b
to our
element
and we
Mater,
promine
distingu

does so to the injury of himself and posterity. Those of sedentary occupations, and the indolent wealthy, bequeath weakness and disease to their children ; and their race soon becomes extinct, if it is not recuperated by labor consequent upon a fall to poverty, or by the infusion of health and vigor from the laboring classes. The hardy energetic offspring of the plebs are continually rising up and shoving to the wall the weak and effeminate scions of the patricians.

Our rigid northern climate forces manual labor on the greater portion of the people : yet a considerable number are devoted to sedentary occupations. For these latter, athletic sports are the guarantee of that great desideratum, a sound mind in a sound body ; and their security against the deterioration of their descendants.

Physical education is scarcely to be ranked second in importance to the cultivation of the intellect : the former is the foundation rock on which the latter may be securely reared. The aim of our schools should be, not only to raise to excellence each faculty of the mind, but also each muscle of the body ; and thus give to the nation manly perfection, in the highly cultivated mind supported and sustained by a strong and vigorous constitution. A national spirit is springing up amongst us, and we hope great things for our country. Proper attention to athletic sports by our educational institutions would not be an inconsiderable aid to our prosperity. As for our College, we predict that the athletic element, even now possessing fair proportions, will go on progressing ; and we shall hope for the day, and esteem it a fortunate era for *Alma Mater*, and for Canada, when physical education shall attain its deserved prominence, and to conquer in athletic contests shall be a high and distinguished honor.

University and Society Items.

NUMBER OF GRADUATES FROM 1844 TO 1868.....	598
“ “ 1864 TO 1868.....	262
“ UNDERGRADUATES	376
“ STUDENTS ATTENDING LECTURES	170
“ COLLEGE RESIDENTS	41

1860.
1861.
1862.
1863.
1864.
—
1865.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Literary and Scientific Society.

Patrons :

REV. J. McCAUL, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,
President of University College.
REV. JAMES BEAVEN, D.D.
H. H. CROFT, Esq., D.C.L., F.C.S.
GEORGE BUCKLAND, Esq.

J. B. CHERRIDAN, Esq., M.A., F.C.P.S.
DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot.
REV. WILLIAM HINCKS, F.L.S.
E. J. CHAPMAN, Esq., Ph. D., LL.D.
G. T. KINGSTON, Esq., M.A.

1860.
1861.
1862.
1863.
1864.
1865.

President:

JOHN A. PATERSON, M.A.

Vice-Presidents:

J. SCRINGER.

R. S. WIGGINS

J. H. HUGHES.

1860. P
1863. C
1864. P
1865. T

Recording Secretary :

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

Corresponding Secretary :

E. E. KINGSFORD.

1867. M

Councillors:

A. BAKER.

J. H. COYNE.

H. G. ROBINSON.

W. DALE.

Chronological List of Presidents :

1854. A. Crooks, M.A.
— A. Crooks, M.A.
1855. William Wedd, M.A.
1856. William Wedd, M.A.
1857. William Wedd, M.A.
1858. T. Hodgins, LL.B.
1859. W. J. Rattray, B.A.
1860. J. A. Boyd, M.A.
1861. B. F. Fitch, M.A.

1862. Rev. J. Munro Gibson, M.A.
1863. W. A. Reeve, M.A.
— J. Loudon, M.A.
1864. J. Loudon, M.A.
1865. Rev. J. Campbell, B.A.
1866. Rev. J. Campbell, B.A.
— J. King, M.A.
1867. J. King, M.A.
1868. John A. Paterson, M.A.

*The
Univers
of the S*

Prizemen in the Society:**ESSAYISTS:**

1860. Gibson, J. Munro.	(1866. Junor, D.
1861. Reeve, W. A.	— Mooney, D.
1862. Campbell, J.	1867. Ellis, W. H.
1863. Tyner, A. C.	— Patterson, E. G.
1864. King, J.	1868. Robinson, G. H.
— Croly, J. E.	— { Macdonald, W.
1865. Bryce, G.	— { Scrimger, J.
— Smythe, E. H.	

PRIZE POEM:

1867. "Our Fallen Comrades." Taylor, J.

SPEAKERS:

1860. Boyd, J. A.	1866. Paterson, J. A.
1861. Gibson, J. Munro.	— Deroche, H. M.
1862. Woods, S.	1867. Black, D.
1863. Fleming, W.	— Macdonald, W.
1864. King, J.	1868. Deroche, H. M.
1865. Campbell, J.	— Mitchell, W.

READERS:

1860. Roger, W. M.	1866. Falconbridge, W. G.
1863. Gibson, J. Morrison.	1867. Stewart, McL.
1864. Fleming, W.	1868. Croly, J. E.
1865. Tyner, A. C.	— Macdonald, W.

McMURRICH MEDALLISTS:

1867. Mitchell, W.	1868. Atkinson, C. T.
--------------------	-----------------------

The Annual Conversazione for Session 1868-69 will be held at University College, February 5th, 1869, which Graduates and friends of the Society are invited to attend.

By

PL

Bein
by

AN

Sele

FOR SALE BY HENRY ROWSELL,
Toronto.

BRITTANNO-ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS,

WITH
CRITICAL NOTES;

By Rev. JOHN McCAUL, LL.D., President, Univ. Coll., Toronto.
8vo. cloth. Price \$4.00.

(IN PRESS).

CHRISTIAN EPITAPHS.

1 Vol. 8vo. cloth. Price \$1.50.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

PRE-HISTORIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in Univ. College, Toronto. 2 Vols. 8vo. cloth. Price \$7.50.

PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

1 Vol. 8vo. cloth. Price \$6.00.

COURSE OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

As adopted at University College, Toronto.

By HENRY CROFT, F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry. Price 75c.

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY, as far as the Solution of Triangles.

By J. B. CHEERMAN, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in University College, Toronto. Price 30c.

STATICS AND DYNAMICS, by the same Author.

Price \$1.00.

MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY OF CANADA.

By E. J. CHAPMAN, Ph. D., Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in Univ. College, Toronto.

THE SCRIPTURES DEFENDED.

Being a reply to Bishop Colenso's Book on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua;
by J. M. HIRSCHFELDER, Lecturer on Oriental Literature, Univ. Coll., Toronto.

8vo. cloth. Price \$1.00.

AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRIT AND CHARACTERISTICS OF HEBREW POETRY.

By the same Author. Price 50c.

COLLECTANEA GRÆCA ET LATINA.

Selections from the Greek and Latin Fathers: with Notes Biographical and Illustrative;
by M. WILKS, D.D., LL.D., Principal, Knox College, Toronto.

8vo. cloth. Price \$1.00.

HENRY ROWSELL,
Bookseller, Stationer & Bookbinder,

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,

74 and 76, King Street East, Toronto,

HAS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

University, College, and School Books,

PLAIN AND FANCY STATIONERY,

*Writing Papers, of every size and quality,
ruled and unruled.*

BOOKS BOUND IN ANY STYLE.

Account Books

Made to Order, and ruled and bound to any pattern.

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.

*Books of all kinds, or any Article connected with the Business,
procured to order from Europe or the United States.*