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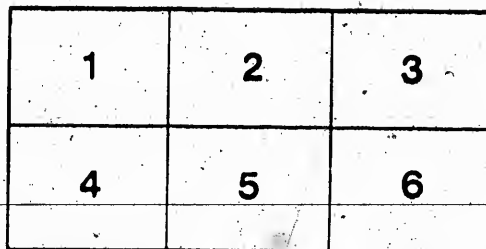
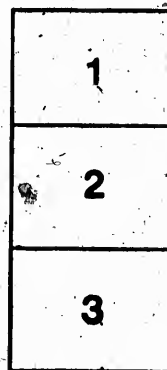
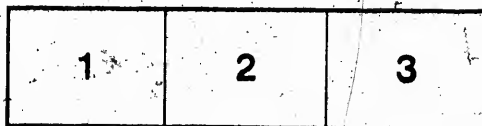
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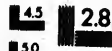
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INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

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DELIVERED BEFORE

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Literary and Scientific Society,

BY

THE PRESIDENT, JOHN KING, M.A.,

OCTOBER 26, 1866;

PROFESSOR WILSON, LL.D.,

IN THE CHAIR.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

PRINTED FOR THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND
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THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY,
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INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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

GENTLEMEN :

An English writer well known to fame has informed us, how, in turning over the pages of a quaint fable of the olden time, he came upon a curious apologue, in which human life is compared to a broad plane pierced with countless openings of every size and shape—square, circular, obtuse-angled and acute-angled. Every inhabitant of earth has there an opening befitting his degree, if he has only the good fortune to discover it. But a malign influence has, in some way or other, seized upon the occupants, and to such an extent that the story-teller remarks very feelingly—"How often do we find the round man in the three-cornered aperture?"

The occupancy of the Chair at this time by your President for the incoming year, may perchance recall this strange little fable to the minds of not a few present. That circumstance has certainly brought it very vividly to my mind; yet I am not altogether bereft of the gratifying reflection that, like hundreds of others in a similar position, I can only be held responsible in a very secondary degree for the misplacement. At the same time be assured that I feel deeply sensible, not less of the high honour which you have done me, than of the precious trust which you have been pleased to commit to my hands. The distinguished series of *abunni* who have graced this position, alike by that sound learning which shows the accomplished scholar, as

by those rare virtues of head and heart, and that stainless personal reputation which mark so much the real gentleman, has rendered the Presidency of this Society an enviable office indeed. Nor should we doubt that when, in the course of years, this land which we love so well shall have written her name indelibly on the roll-call of nations—when, by the help of such elements of mental and moral vigour as are here sought to be developed, she shall have achieved that true national greatness which she is now ardently striving for—and when this young Institution, within the walls of which we have our home, shall have advanced with her to her full maturity of nationhood—the honours of this Chair, humble now though they seem, will be amongst the most coveted distinctions which University College can bestow.

Once again, then, are we drawn together in this old assembly room, so replete with the associations and memories of other scenes and other days, to inaugurate a new year in our existence as a Society—to give the rallying cry for fresh contests in the broad field of literary and scientific excellence, which it is our chief aim to promote. The occasion is an eminently suggestive one. For to-night we withdraw, as it were, from the stern, unsympathizing realities of the bustling world outside and round about us, into a miniature world of our own; we forget for the time being the universal babblement of scandal and personal talk going on hard by, and bring ourselves face to face with College tradition. The interest of the hour is happily blended with the shadowy indistinctness—the mellowing influences of other hours like this, that it is sweet to recall. Sitting there, too, on those forms, where many of you have so often sat before—some now for the first time, and looking forward to pleasant years of undergraduateship—a few almost for the last, and anticipating with a sad satisfaction the brief months which will bring your college days to a close—there must here and there be mingled with the agreeable remembrances of former gatherings like these.

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some reflections over unimproved opportunities which are now fast passing beyond your reach. Yes, to-night is of all others that upon which each may profitably take his bearings—may ponder thoughtfully over the old chart that he has been wont to follow, and trace thereon the new course that he means to pursue. There is everything to gain from such an enquiry, and every one may go about it with a cheerful confidence. For whether from our present vantage ground we look back to the past, tinted with its varied hues of doubt, disappointment, awakened hope and lofty ambition, or peer with a wishful, longing eye into the dim, unseen future which lies beyond, there is much to excite wholesome thought, kindle healthful memory, and rouse to high and honourable endeavour.

England's Poet-Laureate has boldly said—

"We are the ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times;"

and Charles Kingsley has beautifully told us that "it is a pleasant thought to feel surer, day by day, that one is not needed—that science moves forward swift and sure, under a higher guidance than our own—that the sacred torch-race never can stand still, that He has taken the lamp out of old and failing hands only to put it into young and brave ones, who will never falter till they reach the goal."

Truer words never were spoken, and to none are they more applicable than to ourselves. A little over twelve years ago, this Society had neither name nor fame in University annals. To-day it is an institution of itself, strong in numbers and in talent, a credit to its founders, a staunch stay and support to the *Alma Mater* who nourished it into a hardy existence. True, there may be much to which time alone can bring maturity wanting around us—much that might be serviceable, but which we do not feel the need of, because it has never been enjoyed; but ought we not to find in its place the buoyancy, the spirit and the aspirations of

youth? When measured by the achievements of other societies of a similar kind, the results here shown may appear diminutive enough; let these not fail, however, to receive, at least at our own hands, something of that grateful acknowledgement which of old made heroes of those who had barely passed the outposts, and could never hope to storm the great citadel of literature and science. As is to be expected, there will of necessity come seasons of vexation and discouragement to our Association; crises will arise which will lay a strain upon the fidelity of its members. But whatever may be the trial of your loyalty, it can only last for a time; whatever shape the overshadowing cloud may assume, it will never be without the silver lining which betokens the cheering sun-light and clear blue serenity beyond. The objects of our establishment may be rudely treated—may even be deeply injured—but they can never be destroyed. Science and Letters must always remain the same. Their votaries have a never-changing purpose. For, be it remembered, that that “sacred torch-race,” of which Kingsley has spoken, is open not merely to “young and brave ones” alone, but to all who have a wise ambition to reach the goal and win the reward. Late in life did the great Duke of Wellington—of whom it has been so truly said that he left no duty incomplete as he left no honour unacquired—remember that he had still to testify his respect for those other fields of human rivalry and labour in which the elder Herschel, Sir Humphrey Davy and others—while he was waging the battles of liberty—were winning equally imperishable fame, and adding other conquests to the dominion, not of their country, but of their race. In his *seventy-eighth* year he became a member of the Royal Society!

It is, too, a happy omen for the success of this and kindred associations that their objects are appreciable, not merely by their members, but are in a peculiar degree in harmony with the popular sympathies of this land we live in. And surely it would be no common reflection on this Province, endowed by nature with so

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many rich gifts, and withal blessed with free institutions which are the pride of her people and the envy of less-favoured lands, if, amid the universal strivings after material wealth, it could not point to a chosen band, covetous alone of those riches of mind which are to be found in the great Commonwealth of Letters.

Notwithstanding that our country is new, and its resources to a great extent undeveloped, and that our countrymen are engaged, as almost all must be engaged, in an incessant struggle to secure a comfortable livelihood, the claims of literature and science have been heard and liberally upheld. A taste to appreciate, an ability to recognize, and a disposition to encourage pursuits of this kind, very much foreign to their own, have for many years distinguished the enlightened mass of Canadians. This has been shown in many ways, but not less so in the high estimate which has been placed—and justly placed—by the Legislature of the Province upon the labours of that Scientific Institute, of which at least one valued member* is present with us here to-night, than in the cordiality with which as a Society the hand of good-fellowship has ever been extended to us by the citizens of this "Queen City" of Western Canada; for we cannot and must not forget that it is to their past and continued favour, their kindly sympathy and consideration, and their friendly encouragement, that we owe much of what we are, or of what we may ever hope to be. Of course nothing is more liable to abuse than popular power, and where, as in a country like this, the people have been accustomed for over a score of years to self-government, it would indeed be strange if its exercise had left an unsullied record behind. Yet withal I have no doubt that when the history of British American Literature and Science comes to be written, it will be found that the past results of popular government in this Province have, in an eminent degree, fostered those pursuits upon which so much of the strength, prosperity

* Professor Wilson.

and glory of any people depend. Therein, too, will not fail to be related how the gratifying "results" referred to have also been due to the strong Colonial tie which knits this distant outpost of the Empire to the mother land—a tie that will be all the closer on account of that ocean-buried cable which now moors the old world so close alongside the new—a tie that is preserved by mutual attachment and mutual respect—and which, in a peculiar degree, has been instrumental in giving to societies such as ours a cosmopolitan character which they could ill afford to lose. For it is still our singular happiness that, while living under the genial sway of a daughter of the Brunswick line, the sweet arts of peace are achieving triumphs which will render the Victorian era illustrious in all time to come, we share in all the prestige of that island empire—the august mother of future nations; so, too, as members of an Association specially devoted to the discussion of literary and scientific topics, we claim to have an interest in all those successes which mark the progress of literature and science, wheresoever gained. We wish to be considered as humble followers of these—joined in an earnest endeavour to discover their great truths, whenssoever and wheresoever met with in the wide circle of human knowledge. We claim also the dignity of workers; and cheerfully and heartily invite our fellow-students to fall into our ranks and unite with us in forwarding the same noble cause. These are some of our general aims, but by no means all. The objects of our weekly meetings would be very inadequately fulfilled if they simply afforded to our members an agreeable and intellectual means of passing an evening. We further seek, by the essays which are there read, and by the debates which are there engaged in, to create a new spirit of enquiry, to excite and encourage in another shape the desire for the acquisition of that knowledge which is otherwise obtained by close attention in the College lecture-room and arduous effort in the calm quiet of the study; and, by the influence of mind upon mind, to awaken those tastes and aspirations which may lead

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us in some degree to aim at being co-workers with those great men, who, while they are advancing the triumphs of literary research and scientific discovery, and enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, are conducing at the same time to the peace, the welfare and the happiness of their fellow-men the wide world over.

Thus it will be seen that the aims of this Society have a wide sweep. The field that includes them is a field well nigh boundless, although accessible by a single portal, and along a path that a limited number only may traverse. Established in connection with University College, he who would share in the benefits of our Association must first share in the benefits of University College itself. Though this exclusiveness may appear selfish enough, it is yet the result of the firm conviction amongst us that a collegiate training is the best disciplinarian for the mind and the surest foundation for future greatness. A University course does not profess to give that superficial knowledge of the current literature or questions of the day, which is too often considered to be the only essential quality of a well-ordered mind; it does not deal with bare isolated facts or particular results of science as so many curiosities to be treasured in the memory; but it trains the understanding to habits of deep thought, mature reflection and close observation, in examining every link in the chain of cause and effect, and in applying those processes of analysis and synthesis so often used in the subject-matter of a student's reading. It introduces him to the master minds of the past, to the grandeur of ancient thought and the majesty of ancient language—sole relics of a vanished civilization. It leads him to the page of history wherein he is enabled to study the lives of men and nations, and so to study them as to scorn violence, dishonesty, immorality—as to admire everything that furthers the ends of justice and adds to the virtue and dignity of man. It opens before him the book of science, wherein he is taught the unalterable laws that nature has imposed on all her subjects, from the sun in his meridian splendour to the faintest

star that twinkles in the night. It places within his grasp a key to unlock the rich full store of literature of every people and of every tongue, and thus makes him familiar with those elevated sentiments and high examples that nourish public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great. To its province belongs all that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections. It presents human nature before him in all its phases, and, as upon the minds of individuals so upon individuals themselves, it brings into the broad light of noonday various springs of action and buds of promise which might have glimmered unknown in the twilight or blushed unseen in the shade. In a different sense, it is a camp of military instruction, wherein the raw recruits are marshalled into battalions and companies, drilled to habits of regularity and precision in the use of such weapons as are furnished them from Nature's own armoury, and taught those habits of obedience and self-control, and that respectful deference for superiors, which are the essential marks of every true soldier. It is this mental drilling, so to speak, which toughens the sinews of the mind, and prepares it for the strength and endurance requisite in the forced march through life. Such are a few of the advantages to be derived from a University education in training the mind for literary and scientific pursuits.

The undeniable benefits of a collegiate course, however, are best estimated by their results; and one of the most satisfactory results to your minds should be the strong vitality which is ever manifested by your own Association. Indeed it is not the least significant proof of the success of the various efforts for public education through the wide avenues which colleges and universities have opened up, that they have created and fostered an earnest longing for more extended knowledge—a desire which exhibits itself, amongst other ways, in the attempts to establish so-

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eties or institutes such as this, to assist in intellectual development. Such was the famous Oxford Debating Society, where the elder Pitt first plumed his wings for those higher flights which electrified the British House of Commons in its palmyest days, and cast a halo of undying honour round his name; where afterwards his extraordinary son first had scope given to the power of that fiery, over-mastering genius which was to hold so absolute a sway over the turbulent Commons, and which ere long drew so dazzling a group of debaters around him as to make his the classic age of parliamentary oratory; and where, in later years, a Derby and a Gladstone first achieved those youthful successes which, in after times, were to place them so near the throne, amongst their Sovereign's most trusted counsellors. Such, at Trinity College, Cambridge, were "The Apostles" (an undergraduates' club, so called from the fact of their usually having thirteen members in residence), who numbered in their ranks most of the honour men and scholars of the different years, from Freshmen young and verdant, to old and knowing Sophomores. So also, in the same place, was the "Sterling Club," named after its eponymous hero, a well-known contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and which comprised among its members many who became distinguished men: theologians like Maurice, of King's College, London, and Dean Stanley, a favourite pupil and the clever biographer of the lamented Dr. Arnold; poets like Tennyson, England's sweet singer, and Milnes, now Lord Houghton, a peer of the United Kingdom; novelists like Thackeray, whom we remember for his magnanimous life and his lonely death, one happy Christmas eve, in the world of his own mighty London, which he loved so well—at whose tomb a rival (Dickens) wept, and the great and good ones of his countrymen stooped over sorrowing; representatives of the true bone and sinew in literature, like Thomas Carlyle, a gifted author, and the present Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. These, and not a few universal geniuses, claimed connection with that

small but brilliant association founded by old John Sterling, and never blushed to acknowledge the incalculable benefits which they derived from it. Such, too, was the "Union" at Cambridge, with its princely income of two thousand five hundred pounds per annum (would that our own exchequer held but a tithe of the sum!), and its magnificent hall of assembly, where, it is said, that, on public nights like this, the factotums of wealthy M. P.'s in the Commons, and of gouty nobles (the proprietors of pocket boroughs) in the Lords, were wont to repair and single out for the future use of their patrons "the stars" of the debate—those men of long wind, strong muscle and orthodox politics, who would prove likely candidates, under their covering wings, at the next general election. Such, at the old Scotch University of Glasgow, was the celebrated "Dilettanti Club," where "Christopher North" first whetted his pen for those brilliant articles which bore the fame of *Blackwood* to its zenith, and left a memory fresh and green for all time of "the old man eloquent" who wrote them. Such, in that other University city, the unrivalled literary metropolis of Scotland, was the Society in which Brougham, at the dawn of his glorious career, gathered his college friends around him to train for that future arena where he was to be a very gladiator in the debate. Such was the kind of Society to which Burke belonged when a student at Trinity College, Dublin,—an orator *facile princeps* in a land which was the cradle land of a Sheridan, a Curran and a Grattan, and of him who but one short year ago passed away "in deep-dinted harness," full of vigour and full of honours, for whom—

"It us beftittd

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,"

and who now sleeps near the mouldered form of a Chatham, in his tomb beneath Westminster Abbey. And such, let us hope, will, in some slight degree, be the Society to which we belong. True, we may not be able to

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enjoy the kindly shelter and protection of an *Alma Mater* who can trace her foundation to the time of an Alfred—who can point to a long illustrious line of college *dùces* and college dons—who can number on her roll of *alumni* peers of the realm as well as peerless lords of intellect—who can wreath herself with a rich cluster of historical traditions and associations, and who can command a representation in the Legislature of her country; but we can claim the support of one still in the full promise and pride of youth, strong in public confidence and deep-seated in public affection, throwing wide open her doors to every creed and class, and proffering her highest honours alike to the gentlest-bred, as to the lowest peasant-born—one that can boast of liberal teachers who have reflected lustre on their parent universities, and whose reputations will never be demeaned by their generous encouragement of associations such as ours—that can point to graduates who are ornaments to their respective professions, and who might adorn any station in life, and to gownsmen fast following in their footsteps, who would do honour to any institution in the mother country, and at whose head stands the heir-apparent of Britain's broad domain! It is not, then, to be expected that our young Association, so comparatively small in numbers and confined in its aims, can hope for a very long time to compass the results of the societies I have mentioned. The field for its exercise is too limited and too productive of what is practical and utilitarian—the game of money-seeking is too keenly played, to warrant the hope of any such achievements as these. But when, in the lapse of years, a steady stream of immigration shall have set in upon us; when the close barriers with which we are now girdled shall have been broken down and cleared away; when the ~~men~~ shall have set upon the present clump of weak, isolated Provinces, to rise upon a new and undivided empire in British North America,—who shall aver that literary associations such as this may not then look forward hopefully and confidently to that bright day when they shall exert a powerful

influence on the literary train of thought, and on the opinions of the people of this country?

The solid advantages of a close connection with a Society like this would seem hardly necessary to be dwelt upon in a place where they have been oftentimes more ably and eloquently discussed. A reminder, however, can do no harm, especially if it tend in any way to re-awaken us all to a sense of our true position amongst our fellows, and to the importance which such societies possess in qualifying us for the duties of after life. For, as on the one hand it should never be forgotten that we are young men, and young men yet at college, so, on the other hand, we should remember that we form a complete social body—a community in which we must not merely learn, but act and live, and act and live not only as young men, but as young men who will have to bear the burthens, buffet the billows, and share in the sharp contests of older and sterner manhood. Keeping this in mind, is it a matter of little moment how we are prepared or preparing for the task which lies before us? Commonplace as the thought may appear, it withal contains a truth worth pondering deeply, that the seals of the future are committed to our charge. Of the weal or woe of nations we must one day become the arbiters. The destiny of the world must be entrusted to us. Within late years, how many great lights have gone out; how many within the past twelvemonth; and how many are even now fast waning away? Orators and poets of whom the world is proud have passed from the scene of their triumphs to man's common resting place. Titled great ones, whom it delighted men to honour, have found earthly homage no bar to their going the way of all earthly things. Statesmen have been snatched from the councils of royalty—some ripe for the mower, and some before the full harvest of their fame had been gathered in. Philosophers, warriors, men of letters, mechanics, lawyers, inventors, have all been summoned away, leaving blanks in the roll-call of humanity; it is we who must fill their places. How many holding posts of

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trust and emolument, here and elsewhere, have passed the meridian of their lifetime, and must ere long retire before the young and vigorous who are springing up around them? Who must rear our edifices, penetrate our forests and hew them down, construct our railroads, canals and enginery, level our highways and byways, till our fields, extend our trade, and dot the seas with the sails of our commerce? When sweeping changes are struggling into birth, and agitating storms are rolling waves over the souls of men, who must interpret "the signs of the times?"—

"— see what's past, and learn what is to come?"

To whom do the people look to become their wise rulers and judges, their shrewd journalists, their ingenious mechanics, their favourite authors, their bewitching painters, their honoured clergymen and their soldiers of high renown? Who must watch the ebb and flow of circumstances, warn against impending disaster, be prepared for sudden peril, and tide the nations in safety over the upsurgings of human pride, passion and selfishness? Who must cross the vast ocean highways as bearers of the arts of peace and civilization to other lands—and who follow "the star of empire" as westward it takes its way? Who go in and out amongst their fellows on errands of benevolence and good-will, promoting the peace, the welfare and the brotherhood of man—and who seek for lonely, oppressed or forlorn ones, and lead them to virtue and refinement by words to solace their cheerless misery, and acts of sweet charity? Who "interrogate nature" and nature's laws, or write their names and leave a record of their noble deeds on history's emblazoned page? To whom do our people look for the clear, far-seeing eye and sagacious mind, the steady hand and dauntless heart which must belong to those who shall guide this young country, and the new empire wherein it will soon be merged, in its upward and onward career? Who, too, shall burst through and dissipate the gloom of ignorance and vice, and raise undis-

mayed the beacon lights of honour, and truth/
 Who are to lead the van in fearless assaults on despotism
 and wrong-doing, whenever and wherever encountered,
 and be the champions of civil and religious liberty in
 the trying times that are looming up ahead of us? In a
 word, whose mission is it to "redeem, regenerate and
 disenthral" the world? None other than ours—we who
 are commencing our life's work—who have the dew of
 freshly-attained manhood on our brows, and, let it be
 hoped, the fire of endeavour in our hearts.

With these plain facts before us, is it a matter of
 slight importance whether we are prudent or careless,
 wise or unwise, right or wrong, in our aims? Is it an
 insignificant thing whether we are borne along supinely
 with the current far out into the open sea—the sport of
 every passing gale—or buffet lustily with the waves, and
 swim in triumph on their ridgy tops? Queries like
 these suggest but one answer. It is clearly the impera-
 tive duty of every one to qualify himself for those posi-
 tions in life that are alike open to all, by a vigorous ex-
 ertion and manly activity. In which a training in socie-
 ties like this is so peculiarly adapted. Here, there may
 be much in the limited field which our own little Pro-
 vince presents, to daunt youthful effort and damp youth-
 ful enthusiasm; but this cannot always be; and as the
 arena for action is extended, so the avenues to public
 preferment will be more numerous and less crowded.
 This country has her destiny to work out like every
 other; history must repeat itself here as elsewhere; and
 though it is said—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will!"

is there any the less incitement, on that account, to lofty
 purposes, ambitious aims; or noble resolves? The great
 drama of futurity no mortal eye may ken, and who then
 can predict the part which any one of you may be called
 upon to play therein? Did Shakespeare, the obscure
 actor, did Dante, the homeless, wandering exile, or
 Burns, the unknown menial in Tarbolton, foresee the

halo which would one day surround their names? Could Samuel Lee, the charity-school boy, have reasonably imagined Samuel Lee, the Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Cambridge? Did a poor, self-abused culprit in an English prison ever dream that the book which he there wrote would be read wherever and so long as the English tongue is spoken? Did Watt in his humble cottage, Thomas Hood in his counting room, Sir Robert Peel in his workshop, or Kirke White in a quiet attorney's office in Nottingham, ever discern the niche in "Fame's proud temple" which he was destined to fill? Who can believe that Nelson Brontë, returning from India on sick leave, broken in health, depressed in spirits, and with only the rank of midshipman, heard ringing in his ears the "noble watchword of Trafalgar," which was to make the name of Nelson commensurate with the name of England herself? Think of Charles Dickens earning his first half-guinea as a reporter for a London newspaper, and see him now on his "cloudy summit" as the foremost novelist of his time. Think, too, of Douglas Jerrold—that hard-used child of genius—struggling in youth with the poverty of his lonely lot, and then of his after-contributions to our later English literature of freedom; and of Thackeray, who began life with few friends and no patrons, but who died the master of the purest English prose of his day. Yet all these once had aspirations like ourselves; many of them were members of literary societies like our own; every one of them *aimed* at greatness, and every one of them *attained* it.

But, let it be observed, that whatever we may achieve can only be achieved by our own exertions. Self-education is that upon which we must all rely for future success, and to this end the Society to which we belong will be found in an eminent degree conducive. Genius, it is said, commences where rules end; so here are often developed those qualities of self-reliance and originality of thought that, through the agency of similar societies, first introduced Pitt and Burke to the world. In the

study of eloquence, which it makes its principal object, it places within the reach of every member one of the most practical accomplishments of this highly accomplished and practical age. A true poet has said that—

“Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine—
Brightens for ornament and whets for use;”

and what more is eloquence than speech in its most elevated form, under the sure guidance of Reason? Indeed, in the highest species of eloquence, which is ever the most intellectual, Reason is supreme; and though it stirs the feelings to their depths by thrilling pathos or the tumults of passion, she never once relaxes hold of her sovereign sceptre. What Emerson has said of Plato may be applied to the true orator: “Nothing can be colder than his head when the lightnings of his imagination are playing in the sky.” Genuine eloquence—who can compass the range and depth of its influence? It cultures and invigorates the imagination, without which the utterances of the speaker, although possessing all the solidity of body, would yet lack the subtle and sympathetic essence of soul. It infuses into the mind a spirit of energy and dignity, and adds true nobility to the character. But, besides this, it can stimulate to well-nigh overpowering exertion, or restrain with a hallowing spell the strongest impulses of our nature. It can nerve the timid mind with a lion-like courage, or prostrate it with an almost supernatural terror. It can steel the feelings of the most affectionate against every prompting of pity, or melt the callous heart into uncontrollable anguish. It can move to joy or to sorrow; it can start the gentle tear of compassion whence it never flowed before, or rouse into instant action the vilest passions of our race.—It can gild the poison chalice of hatred with the tinsel of crafty sophistry, or inspire with a semi-adoration the fealty of unselfish friendship. And as upon the individuals who compose society, so upon society as a whole—its power is irresistible. It can correct the most flagrant evils, or expose and eradicate the

grossest wrongs. It can add new strength to the forces of social amelioration everywhere, and shed lustre upon an advocacy of the claims and a pleading of the cause of erring, oppressed or fallen humanity. No greater testimony could be given to its power and value than the following words, addressed to the students of Glasgow University, by one whose own brilliant achievements as an orator have been both the admiration and model of two generations* :—"To diffuse useful information—to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement—to hasten the coming of the bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid—this indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part."

Under the controul of a master mind, who is able to resist this armament of logical subtlety and rhetorical skill? The old Attic orator, by his powerful invective, stirred the hearts and nerved the arms of the people of that "fierce democracy" to withstand the Macedonian invader. The thrilling appeals of Cicero roused as well the grave senate as the street mob of the "Imperial City" to action. Christian Europe was fired by the enthusiasm of old Peter the Hermit, buckled on its armour as one man, and marched away to beard the lordly Saracen in the very citadel of his strength. The laconic but emphatic and impassioned harangues of the first Napoleon blinded his devoted followers to the fear of danger. The lofty, genius-inspired oratory of the elder Pitt, the vehemence yet graceful tact of the great Liberal leader, Fox, the bold earnestness of the noble Wilberforce, the brilliant periods of Burke, which filled the House of Commons like the full, round notes of a pealing organ, the courageous and glowing extempore efforts of Curran—the Erskine of the Irish bar,—the dazzling accomplishments of Erskine himself, the model in thought, word,

* Lord Henry Brougham.

look and action of all that was admirable in an orator; the amiable persuasiveness of Whitfield, the patriotic ardour of Daniel O'Connell, the finished composition of Canning, the sublime diction of Chalmers, the manly dignity of Sir Robert Peel; and, in our own day, the rare readiness and skill of Palmerston, the classical elegance and stately impressiveness of Deane and Gladstone, and the polished sarcasm of Benjamin Disraeli, exemplify the unmatched power of eloquence to stimulate and sway the human mind, and quicken "the frenzy and fire" of the human heart.

The ancients had fostered an opinion that this talent of public speaking was in a more than usual degree the creature of discipline; and it is one of the maxims handed down to us as the result of their experience, that men must be born to poetry and bred to eloquence; that the bard is always the child of nature, and the orator always the issue of instruction.

The foundation for the oratorical talent must unquestionably be laid in the bounties of nature. The impartial muse, we are told, struck the bard of the Iliad with blindness when she gave him the powers of song; so her sister not unfrequently bestows the blessing of wisdom, while she refuses the readiness of utterance. But oratory is not wholly dependent upon natural gifts. It is an art as well, although, as Swift has somewhat quaintly put it, in this as in many other things, "the greatest art is to hide art." The faculty which is exerted in the *mechanical* part of the professed artist's task has been called "the language of painters;" but that is indeed but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can *talk*. Words, therefore, should be employed as the means, not as the end: language is the instrument, conviction is the work. Art is at least necessary to the speaker in order to his being graceful; but to him who would follow its rules there is the warning of many who, by endeavouring to show the utmost degree of grace, do too often exceed its limits, and involuntarily glide into the most odious of all odious practices—*affectation*. It is

the characteristic of some speakers to be afraid of coldness and insipidity, which they think they can never too much avoid. Even masters of grace and elegance in oratory have come to believe this. They blindly drive on to the very verge of ridicule; the spectator may admire their reckless intrepidity, but is alarmed and annoyed at a blemish upon what otherwise would be a faultless effort. Although the beginner may thus find comfort in the thought that the very first have not been always upon their guard, and that perhaps there is not a single rhetorical fault but what may take shelter under the most venerable authorities, yet to the speaker that style is only perfect in which the noblest principles are uniformly pursued; and they alone are entitled to the first rank in his estimation who have enlarged the boundaries of his art, and raised it to its true dignity by exhibiting the most faithful ideas of nature.

But the question is often put, especially by those who are but starting in the race for our Society's honours:— "How am I to proceed in order to attain respectability as a speaker? What method should I pursue that my desire to excel may be gratified?"

Some of you may perhaps recollect the pithy reply of the Scotch lawyer when a similar query was addressed to him. For, many years ago, as the story recites, the father of a clever young Cambridge man who had earned no little distinction at his University, and given other indications of extraordinary talent, having destined his son for public life, applied to a friend, an eminent advocate and politician beyond the Tweed, for advice as to the proper training to be undergone by the youth, with a view to his becoming a successful orator. The answer was anxiously awaited, and at length it came:— "He must seek the conversation of older men, and talk at them without being afraid of them; he must talk a great deal, merely for the sake of talking; he must talk too much in company." Paradoxical as the opinion of our "learned friend" may appear, there was a real depth of meaning in it. For it may be safely presumed

that the young collegian, for whose benefit the advice was intended, had all the gifts of sound and varied scholarship wherewith to enrich the rhetorical acquirements at which he aimed. If, then, he became possessed of a habit of talking too much in company, it was not unlikely that he would say a great deal worth listening to; if his conversational sparrings with his seniors encroached in any case upon the domain of good taste or good manners, or even of common modesty, they would at least have the countenance of learning, and be unmarred by egregious blunders. His verbal dexterity would not need to be employed for the defence of glaring errors, into which his wisdom could never betray him. Should you feel curious as to the result of this advice, it may be added that the subject of it attained a position above mediocrity although not one of eminence as a public speaker, while in some other respects he ranked amongst the most distinguished men of his age.

Without, however, enlarging upon this somewhat singular although not unshrewd suggestion, it may be said that very rarely does it happen that by one bold, extraordinary effort the inexperienced beginner establishes his reputation as a debater. He may make the attempt, but the chances are ten to one that he achieves a successful failure, which very often means a total abandonment of the task. This should not be, and will not if he but remember that his imprudence may have led him to undertake something above his strength—that his ambition may have warped his better judgment: in which event the trial should at least have this advantage—that it discovers to himself his own deficiencies; and this discovery alone is a very great acquisition. Ridicule may attend reckless and imprudent although arduous efforts; frequent failure may discourage; let him not forget, however, that a taste for his subject, an eager desire to excel, and a habit of patient, plodding industry will often more than supply the place of many deficiencies, and must in time ensure success. But he should guard against having ever so little dependence on what

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he may earnestly believe to be his own genius, remembering the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the students of a sister art, that—"if one has great abilities, industry will improve them, if he has but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labour: nothing is to be gained without it." Obstacles he must expect, and some which appear insurmountable; may now and again present themselves; but let not his heart lose courage, but be of good cheer. As passing clouds drift across the brightest horizon, so the horizon which bounds his prospect may not always be clear and serene. Harsh, unjust or intemperate criticism there must needs be; but let him give no rein to despondency on that account, remembering the words of the Cumæan priestess to Æneas—

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

The poets Byron and Keats, who were cotemporaries, were each in turn a target for spiteful reviewers in the early days of their authorship, but the effects upon each were vastly different. Although Byron's "first dash into poetry" produced his "Hours of Idleness," some fragments of which were written at the boyish age of fourteen, yet the unfeeling Edinburgh critics gave both them and their author a merciless castigation. John Keats, too, who possessed two of the highest qualities of a poet, sensibility and imagination, came under the rough hand of Gifford and the *Quarterly Review*, had his beautiful "Endymion" set down as "cockney poetry," and himself denounced as hopelessly insane. While Byron's purpose never wavered from these "quibbles quick and paper bullets of the brain," Keats' ambition received a death blow. The former turned the keen weapons of his satiric song upon his assailants, and in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" ground them up "as fine as their own oatmeal;" poor Keats, on the other hand, lost health as well as heart, repined bitterly for a few years over his literary misfortunes, and finally closed the chapter of his life in a premature grave in a foreign land.

It is related of the younger Disraeli—a shining example, by the way, of the common remark that an orator is made not born—that his maiden speech on the floor of the House of Commons was an utter failure. Returning home from the debate keenly mortified, he could not conceal his feelings from a brother member, but yet resolutely remarked—“The time will soon come when they *shall* hear me.” You well know the glorious fulfilment which his prophecy received. The very same arena which had witnessed his youthful discomfiture ere long became the scene of his crowning triumphs, and he, the despised descendant of an alien race, won his way to the front rank—the acknowledged leader of a proud and powerful party in the first deliberative assembly in the world. Sheridan, too, is well known in his first extempore effort to have come far short of the expectations formed of him. A friend of his, Woodfall, remarked this to him and said—“I don't think this is in your line: you had better have stuck to your former pursuits.” The reply of the young Irish orator is noteworthy,—“It is *in* me,” said he, “and it shall come *out* of me.” And “come out of” him it did. His celebrated speech on the fourth or “Begun charge” against Warren Hastings forms a part and parcel of British parliamentary history. For four days he held an auditory that is now rarely seen, completely entranced with his consummate argument, brilliant wit and matchless declamation. The House adjourned that it might recover its self-possession, while Mr. Burke declared, “that no species of oratory—no kind of eloquence which had been heard in ancient or modern times—nothing which the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, or the morality of the pulpit could furnish, was equal to what they had that day heard in Westminster Hall.”

This, then, is the true spirit which should animate every youthful aspirant after literary or oratorical excellence. Again and again should he be told that labour is the only price of solid fame, and that whatever his

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force of genius may be there is no easy method—no short or royal road to becoming either a vigorous and powerful writer, or a ready, skilful and successful debater. Constant employment, however, does not always imply constant advancement; so that he who would succeed must apply his strength where the real obstacles lie, lose no time by mistaken industry, but bend his entire energies to the attainment of those portions of his subject which are really valuable, and the mastery of which is beset with the greatest difficulty. If he be a timid, backward beginner, or indeed whether he be this or not, he should among the first qualities cultivate a just and manly confidence in himself, or rather in the effects of that persevering industry which he is resolved to possess. If nature has given him a taste for his subject and ability to improve it, he should not, as before enjoined, refuse the kindly assistance of that true art which after all consists in being *artless*. To those who have little taste, and no talent or ambition to excel, it is perhaps useless to lay down this or any other method; while those who have either, or both together, will find a method for themselves—a method dictated to them by their own particular dispositions, and by the experience of their own particular necessities.

The absolute importance of careful preparation—of coming into the arena of debate *full of the subject*—cannot be too strongly urged. The habit of “speaking on the spur of the moment,” as it is termed, has a certain amount of recommendation, and the example of the present English Prime Minister has sometimes been cited as giving a high sanction to the practice. Lord Derby’s position and experience, however, placed his oratory far beyond the pale of fair criteria. The noble Lord may, and no doubt often does, make some of his best efforts after little or no premeditation, but this would rather seem to be the result of his early training, for it is well known that before he attained his earldom, and was yet the daring Stanley of the Commons, no orator of his time was more studied or painstaking in his treatment of all the leading topics of the day.

But while advising diligence in preparation for debate, I may refer as one example of its advantage to the Right Hon. Robert Lowe—the talented leader of a new school of politicians, whose inspiration, it is said, proceeds from the mythico-political “Cave of Adullam.” Mr. Lowe is essentially a *full* debater, one who comes charged with abundant information on every question—a man full of vital energy as well as of great thoughts and various reading. A few years ago he was a very indifferent speaker, but he quickly discerned the touchstone of success, and has now a commanding position as one of the most celebrated *mirmillones* of the British Parliament.

“Speaking on the spur of the moment,” therefore, is scarcely to be commended, for it is very apt to degenerate into carelessness and a contempt of that previous study which is so desirable and indeed so essential. Not to go further than the sister art of Poetry, it is a remarked fact that what has there been soon done, has been as soon forgotten. The Italian *Metastasio*, who in his earlier days was a celebrated *Improvvisatore*, or extempore poet, was once asked by a friend if he did not think that the custom of inventing and reciting extempore, which he practised when a boy, might not be considered as a happy beginning of his education. He replied that he was convinced it was a decided disadvantage and injury to him. He had acquired by that habit a carelessness and incorrectness which it cost him much trouble to overcome, and to substitute in the place of it a totally different habit, that of thinking with selection, and of expressing himself with correctness and precision.

But in whatever character he may appear, whether it be as an essayist, a reader, or to bear a part in the more exciting scenes of the debate, there is never wanting to every member the opportunity, however different may be the methods, of making the very best figure possible. That principle designated as “ideal beauty” may be always a guiding star to each and all who would aim at eminence. There is not a profession or employment to

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which it may not be referred—it is a principle of universal application. The painter and the sculptor have been deeply impressed with its power, and have, in imitating the productions of nature, improved upon them by those ideal images, and created those wonders of art which still excite the world's admiration. It was the conception and the pursuit of this ideal beauty which produced all the wonders of Grecian artistic cunning—the marvellous paintings of Apelles as well as the all but breathing marble wrought by the chisel of Phidias. Cicero applied it to eloquence. It appears to have been the study of his whole life to form an ideal of a perfect orator; and in a single treatise he has concentrated the result of all his observation, experience and reflection. It is the idolized image in his mind of a speaker; what a speaker should be; what no speaker ever will be; but what every speaker should devote the labours of his life to approximate to. Beautifully has it been remarked that—“this inflexible, unremitting pursuit of ideal and unattainable excellence is the source of all the real excellence which the world has ever seen. It is the foundation of everything great and good of which man can boast. It is the basis on which our highest and most enduring hopes rest; it is the source of all those gentler influences which controul and subdue our race; it is the root of all that is honest and sterling and true in morals and in taste.”

So much has been said of this one object of our Association, that little can be added as to the remaining two. In regard to English reading, I would here simply urge upon every member the pressing necessity for a closer attention to and increased practice in what has hitherto been a much neglected study amongst us, and one that must be ranked amongst the most becoming accomplishments of every scholar. As to the culture of English composition, it can only be safely based upon a study and imitation of the olden models which none can affect to despise. For with all their accurate philosophy, moderns will ever have to yield a respectful homage to the ancients for elegant composition.

All these pursuits, moreover, which I have been referring to, are presented here in their most attractive forms. The return of each Friday evening does not awaken sensations of

"Examination bells, joyful bells,
The horror, the dread that in them dwells."

The modest little dais in the west end Reading Room is scarcely a reminder of that more pretentious dais in the east end, whither the "Little-Gio" at Michaelmas and Easter draws so many weary, wondering eyes; neither is the old Reading Room itself associated with those visions which haunted the Oxford Bachelor as he rhymed of—

"Paper, paper everywhere,
And all our hearts did shrink;
Paper, paper everywhere,
Paper, and pens, and ink."

In no respect either are these studies compulsory, like the subjects of examination. On the contrary, they are purely and entirely voluntary, while it can with truth be declared that, in no other association of a similar character, has the voluntary principle been carried out with so much satisfaction and success. Our members are the ruling body, and though they give all due deference to constituted authority, they are free to act and think as they will in their exertions towards self-improvement. Politically speaking, therefore, the Society is republican *de jure*, but monarchical *de facto*. The guidance of the President and Professors of the College restrains our liberty within proper bounds; their attendance at our public meetings gives a stimulus to our efforts, while it no less evinces a strong desire for our success. Like our own native land, we are surrounded by all the charms of self-government and independence, whilst we enjoy that benign protection and encouragement which authority and patronage alone can bestow. Thus have we these elements in our midst that can create a stronger attachment to our national University—long may it be the pride and honour of this young country!—and kindle

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a more ardent enthusiasm for the cultivation of a National Literature than can be acquired by any other means. In future years—in those “summers that are yet to be,” when life’s starting point, like a remote star, will be seen glimmering far back in the distance—the recollection of the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY will recall strenuous yet self-imposed exertions, high hopes and an honourable ambition for literary and scientific excellence. It will revive sunny memories of our merry student days and of those who then

“Mended our old college gowns”

whose presence lent a special charm to our meetings, and whose cherished companionship filled up the magic circle of associations that surrounds a college life. It will bring back the hours when

“Old faces looked upon us,
Old forms came trooping past,”

and will suggest many kindly thoughts of the new friendships we have made and the old friendships we have confirmed at our proposed Annual Dinner at the close of Convocation Day. It will perhaps also remind us of the early disheartening struggles for existence of the academic newspaper* about to be published under our Society’s auspices, but which, let us hope, will then be imparting new life to its foster-mother, and be a permanent evidence of the widening basis and expansive growth of those principles which it is the aim of this Association to combine and strengthen. In those days, then, that are so fast drawing on, when our hearts will be with our memories in the by-gone years of life’s history—when new faces will look down on this Chair filled by another—when “old familiar faces” will be missing or have begun to fade with time—when the sounds of strange footfalls will echo along our halls and corridors through which the University history of nigh

* The design of publishing a newspaper under the Society’s auspices has since been abandoned, although, I trust, only temporarily.

half a century has streamed—the scenes of the old Society will be brought forcibly to mind, and as each of us again reads over his experience by the morning light of youth, he will say of his Association of to-day as did the Ayrshire bard of the old Scotch earl :—

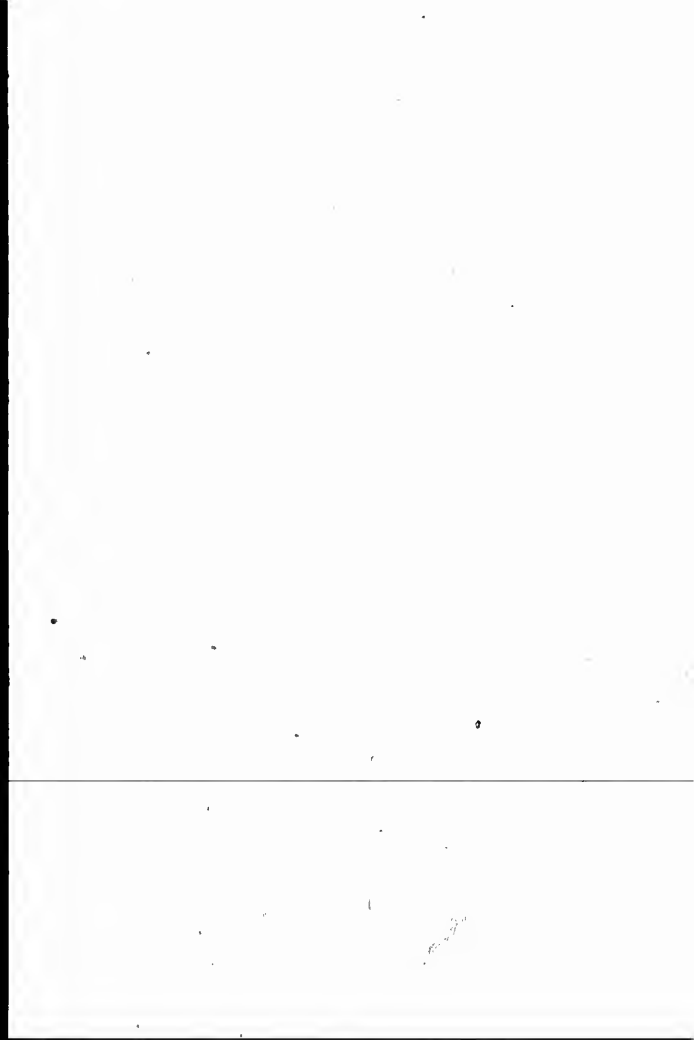
“The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen,
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been,
The mother may forget the child
That smiles so sweetly on her knee,
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me.”

But I would speak to you of other than peaceful arts, and of the loving associations which pertain to peaceful times.

In Europe we have seen Germany convulsed, and the throne of the haughty Hapsburg line-tottering well nigh to a fall. Short, sharp and decisive was the struggle on those ancient battle grounds—amply sufficient to sweep away many old landmarks and erect many new ones on the ever-changing map of Europe—to advance what is dear to the heart of every true German, the unity of the great Fatherland—and to prove what is of special interest to us here to-night, that that nation which makes the most rapid progress in the arts of peace is at the same time most fully developing its warlike power. Although by no means to be placed in the category of the fine arts, war has to a great extent become a series of scientific and mechanical operations. Purely military preparations are of course none the less requisite; but it may with truth be said that the mere drilling of soldiers, and even the bravery and endurance of a people, are no longer the preponderating considerations in national strength. The latter of these must be inherent in a people; the former can be attained by a few months’ effort; but as wealth, science and art must inevitably be the growth of years and generations, so military renown, bravery, *esprit du corps* and *elan* must avail little in presence of a higher intelligence and a gun shooting six times to one.

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To speak of war in connection with our own fair young country, so long the abode of blithe industry and contentment, and scarcely initiated into the full blessings of a long era of peace, sounds jarringly on our ears,—but I cannot and shall not dignify with the high-sounding title of “war,” what a leading British statesman has fittingly termed “a foul, wanton and murderous deed.” It is enough for us, in whose minds are ever present the events of the memorable Second of June last, to feel that they probe a common sorrow and call forth a common sympathy too deep by far for utterance—that they strike a chord in the heart of every one of us only to evoke a strain in which a harrowing sadness and noble pride are strangely blended into music so sweet and yet so melancholy. “There are,” said the present Chancellor of the English Exchequer, on one occasion, “rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual and to be the happy privilege of private life, and this is one.” The words of the wise statesman point their own moral. There may be little of the pomp of history investing these recent occurrences. They may not touch the heart of nations, nor appeal to the domestic sentiment of mankind; yet for the people of our own Canada—never so near and dear as in that time of her sore distress—it should suffice to know that the actions and results of those brief two summer days have added a bright, though not undimmed, page to her annals. They have taught us our weakness, but right well have they shown our strength; they have provoked invidious criticism and heart-burnings amongst ourselves, but they have put to the open shame those political bigots and narrow-minded sticklers for imperial economy who held that the colonists could not or would not face a foe in defence of their hearths and homes; they have entailed mutual sacrifices, but they have knit the old Motherland and her young offspring with bonds of reciprocal attachment and lasting unity; they have caused bitter tear drops to fall



around more than one fire-side, and have enshrouded in a funereal pall happy homes whence went out brave spirits never more to return; but they have proved to the world the magic, universal brotherhood of the British name—in that a blow which is dealt at any portion of the farthest member is as keenly felt at the heart of the mighty empire—that a stroke which falls upon the meanest British dependency sends a responsive shock to the foot of the British throne itself!

But these annals, yet unwritten, will make mention of something more than this. They will record the story of that gallant little band—but twenty-three all told—who, leaving their College honours far behind them, went forth from these peaceful halls of learning to meet the risks and dare the dangers of the bloody battle field—who, ere returning, saw professor and student, graduate and undergraduate, standing shoulder to shoulder in their depleted ranks, and who only *did* return to twine a laurel and cypress wreath for the new-made graves of that trio who had so nobly perished in the front of the fight. To others who bore a share in the ill-timed action at Limestone Ridge, more pleasing recollections mayhap are awakened, but to us here there is and ever must be a direful fatality annexed to the Second of June, '66; for on that day, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the bright dawn of what betokened a useful manhood, Mewburn, McKenzie and Tempest fell. Theirs indeed was not the fate of the strong man stricken down in his prime, neither his whose moral and intellectual nature the schooling of a varied experience has matured, nor yet of him whose character has emerged purer and better from the wild, "fitful fever" of erring youth; but rather the fate of ones who have been cut off in the flower of physical vigour, whose bloom has been mantled like that which the early frost sheds over the hanging plum of the garden, and whose singular simplicity of mind and heart would appear rather to have invited the cruel shaft which so relentlessly laid them low.

Truly their memories need no panegyric; their lives and actions need no eulogium, for they are an eulogium in themselves; their deaths would almost seem to place the seal of sacred silence on our lips, and are their most enduring epitaphs. By us all were they esteemed, even loved; never perhaps would we have known and felt their real worth had not their "pained footsteps" so crossed "the burning marble" into the great hereafter which awaits us all. Let us devoutly trust and believe that, although in an hour of outward strife when kindled resentment burned high, yet theirs was a life's end of inward peace; and that as the night of chilling death closed in upon them, the dawn, which was even then near its breaking, but preceded "a cloudless eve in a sinless world" beyond.

To perpetuate their names in our midst it will not be necessary to turn to the records of our Society—once theirs also—to that trifling tribute to their worth in their connection with this Association, wherein they played well their parts as earnest, active, faithful members; neither shall we require to point to that Memorial Window, ere long to be placed in the great Hall,* where they won those honours and achieved those triumphs as sons of *Alma Mater* which she will there seek to commemorate; nor yet to that marble monument soon to be reared on yonder hill, amid once familiar scenes, and within the very shadow of their parent University, and whereon will be inscribed the words of a grateful nation's praise;—none need do this, for the very winds which whisper over their last, low resting places, will carry far and wide the tale of their high-born courage, their dauntless devotion, and their heroic death.

But let us hope that war for one year at least has seen its worst, and that Peace, smiling, sunny and sweet, will soon bid the joyous Christmas bells to "ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of

* The Memorial Window has since been completed, and was unveiled at the University and College Convocation, held 16th November, 1866.

peace," for the fulfilment of old Merlin's prophecy, and the advent of King Arthur, who, dying, said—

"I come again
With all good things, and war shall be no more."

Then and not till then can we look forward for the realization of that happy time—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are
furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

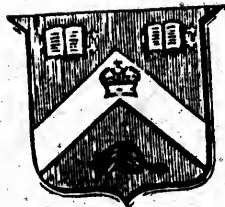
But I would not, Gentlemen, trespass upon the privileges of this Chair. Our Society has a dignified, an honourable and a patriotic object before it; the field is wide, and ready for the harvest; the labourers are by no means few; and although much of that knowledge, contingent upon a hundred advantages, never as yet brought within our reach, and which alone can truly appreciate or encourage our exertions, has yet to be acquired, let us not doubt that it will gain ground with rapidity, and receive new impulses and rewards from every endeavour we make to advance the objects of our establishment. The talent and the energy which can overcome disadvantages and make increased progress, can unquestionably be looked for as confidently in our own body as in any other of a similar character. With harmony and mutual respect among ourselves; with a liberal disposition to encourage in our midst whatever may be properly countenanced, and as individuals to listen to whatever has a just claim upon our attention, we shall see the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY more respected because more useful every year; and have the satisfaction of witnessing our Association grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of a country, the progress of which in every element of material prosperity will bear comparison favourably with that of any other in the world; a country that will, ere many months have passed away, have been merged into a great nationality, which, governed in the well-trie

ways of the British Constitution, shall yet be the pride and glory of this new world. In the prospect of this bright future—in the confident hope of this glorious consummation of statesmanly wisdom and skill—how timely are the stirring lines of “rare Tom Hood”:

“With the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And behold, on both sides 'tis the same!

“Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, not for those, but for all—
To the last drop of blood, the last penny,
Together let's stand, or let's fall!

“Tear down the vile signs of a faction,
Be the national banner unfurled,—
And if we must have any faction,—
Be it ‘Britain against all the world.’”



Omnium regina rerum oratio.

