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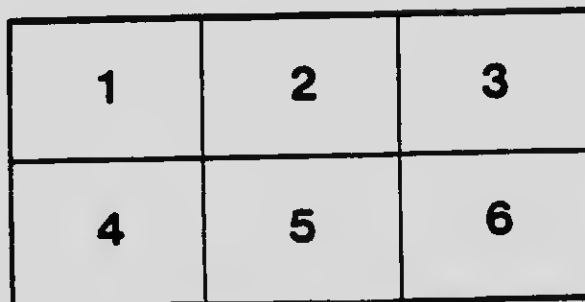
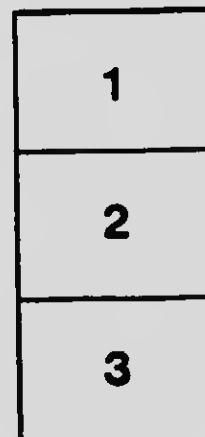
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**The Utility of Classical
Studies for the Lawyer.**



THE HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE RIDDELL.
Toronto.





The Utility of Classical Studies for the Lawyer.

(One of the Papers in a Symposium on the Benefits of the Humanities as Training for the Professions, read before the Classical Association at The University of Toronto.)

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE RIDDELL, TORONTO

When I was asked by you to take part in a Symposium, I thought it but right that I should read again the classical accounts of the Symposium to qualify myself for the part. I read then the "Symposium" of Plato and the "Symposium" of Xenophon, and found that in Athens the Symposium took place in the evening in a private house, after a good dinner where the participants were expected to do their share in disposing of wine of varying strength, that the laughter-maker might be expected to drop in at any moment, that the meeting might be broken in upon by a komos led by an Alcibiades, that the participants were all men and that their intellectual contributions were understood to be extempore.

I knew that this Symposium was to meet in the afternoon, in this public building, no dinner having been provided, that there was no hope of wine even of the weakest mixture, that the jester would be *de trop*, that, alas, no Alcibiades could be expected to break in with his handsome, graceful, græeless presence and that ladies would be with us; I recognized that in true classical style the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo*" had been followed in dubbing this gath-

ering a Symposium; and, therefore, I determined to reduce to writing all that I might wish to say.

There was, indeed, another reason why I pursued this course. While, by some, the life of a Justice of the High Court is looked upon as a life of leisure, and an appointment to the Bench is considered a hint to take life easier, still we have enough to do, and it is not every judge who is so fortunate as he of whom it is said that when he received his patent he sold his library and bought a new gun. Now, I do not think I should be showing you proper respect were I to ask you to listen to wholly extempore remarks; and my leisure is not so great that, having thought out what I should say, I could reduce it to memory.

And let me premise by saying that I entirely repudiate all claim to speak of classical studies as an expert—my own favorite courses in the University were mathematics and the natural sciences—I can speak only as one who, without any special training in that regard, has for years dipped from time to time into the inexhaustible well of Roman, and especially of Greek, literature.

Nor do I aim at originality—I adopt without any qualm the thought and the language of others where it meets my purpose and where this enables me to say more clearly what I have to say.

I have some difficulty in discussing the subject assigned to me—arising to a certain extent from the ambiguities, latent and patent, in the language used to express the subject itself.

One of the most useful of the maxims which have been laid down for the guidance of those who are about to engage in any argument or discussion is “define your terms.” What is meant by the Humanities? Of course, upon the revival of learning, those who looked upon the cultivation of classical literature as the most valuable instrument of education in opposition to those who cling to the ancient methods

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of the scholastics were styled Humanists, and their study, Humanity. But the word has been narrowed and widened in its application. In a Scottish University a Professor of Humanity is a Professor of Latin, the Professor of the sister language is a Professor of Greek; and that though it was the study of Greek which originated the school of the Humanists.

Bacon suggests a division of human knowledge into (1) Divine Philosophy (Theology), (2) Natural Philosophy (Natural Science), and (3) Humane Philosophy or Humanity. And this is not unlike the nomenclature of the 18th century in which the Humanist was one who showed a blind zeal for the classics as the sole educational subject as opposed to the Philanthropist who asserted the value of mathematics, natural science, modern languages and history. Many modern writers again use the expression *studia humaniora* as synonymous with elegant literature or *belles lettres*. Which of these am I to select as showing the meaning to be attached to the word Humanities? Not the narrowest—Latin alone; nor that almost equally narrow, elegant literature.

“Humanities” includes the classics, but is not synonymous with the classics, and *a fortiori* not with one branch only. No definition can be given to the word which will exclude Greek, even if we do not go so far as to say with Gladstone, that Greek learning is the main as well as the most arduous part of that study which received the well deserved name of Humanity. Nor, indeed, can we properly adopt the broader but still narrow definition with which the word began its progress, at least in non-classical times (I do not discuss the meaning and application of the Latin “humanitas”), and restrict the meaning to the Latin and Greek classics. I do not know that Bacon was so far astray when he indicated that, leaving aside the study of things divine, and the study of the physical side of nature, including therein that which lies at the root

of all accurate and scientific study of such physical side—I mean mathematics—all that is left is Humanity. This would give us all polite literature, grammar, rhetoric and poetry, including the ancient classics, but would exclude philosophy, mental and moral, mathematics and the natural sciences. As generally understood, logic and history will be included, and the modern languages excluded.

This appears to me to be the sense in which the expression is generally used, though, indeed, it is doubtful if a person using it has, in one case in ten, any clear idea of the meaning to be attached to it. It is a convenient and vague and a conveniently vague word. If we adopt the broad and comprehensive definition, it seems to me almost too much to expect one to discuss the value of such a study as a preparation for professional life—that is, so to discuss it from the many points of view which present themselves.

I, therefore, confine my attention—as, indeed, the subject invites—to the classics. To show why and how “the classics” came to be so named would lead to an interesting historical pedagogical and philological enquiry; but we all know “the classics” without a defining adjective, means Latin and Greek. These have been the object of study in the motherland since ever there were universities and schools; and until very recently they were practically the only studies in which one desiring to enter public life or a professional career, trained himself. They, in the olden days, held their own with what was formerly called science, that is, metaphysics; and not till science in the modern acceptance of the word—that is, natural science—had made the enormous strides that we have seen almost in our own day, did they lose their comparative importance. The classics are now, in the minds of some, a Cinderella, who must, indeed, have a seat at the fire, but who must not

receive any of the endowment of her more dashing and up-to-date sisters. Her consolation is that she does not need the costly attire—I had almost said "*persicos apparatus*"—of some of the rest of the family; a book supplies her humble wants, though, indeed, like all Cinderellas, she must, to reach the summit of her desires, have a man. A book and a man will make a whole department of classics, without further equipment.

But was it all a mistake to suppose that one who intended to practice law, for example, was well equipped for beginning the study of his profession when he was thoroughly grounded in Latin and Greek? The answer to this question depends upon what the object of preparatory studies is. If I were asked what department of University study imparts the greatest amount of information, knowledge of fact, useful to a practitioner of the law, I should say without doubt or hesitation, Natural Science. Modern life has become so complex, mainly due to the advance of the natural sciences, that we are met at every point by circumstances, facts, accidents, which can be comprehended only by our having a knowledge, incomplete it may, indeed must be, of the modern sciences dealing with nature. A mind well stored with the elements of natural science has an immense advantage, so far as knowledge of fact—information—is concerned.

Mathematics, again, cannot be despised. Speaking for myself, I pity anyone who has no knowledge of or training in mathematics. To my mind, one who is ignorant of the infinitesimal calculus, for example, fails of one of the keenest delights the human mind can feel. The accuracy of thought and of terminology (and these are akin and may not be separated) induced by a course in mathematics is of great value. But law is neither a knowledge of facts, nor is it necessarily logical argument.

In law we deal with facts very largely indeed, but there is much more in a good lawyer's equipment than a fund of information—a mind stored with a mass of knowledge. This has its value, and a great value; but there is something higher and more valuable than even encyclopedic erudition. And logical analysis and argument, valuable as they are, are not all. Law is not an exact science. Recently it has been laid down in the Courts, both by those of the motherland and those of our own, that if there be two propositions, A and B, so connected logically that if A be true, B will also be true, it by no means follows that if A be true in law, B will also in law necessarily be true. A proposition is not necessarily conclusive authority for another that seems to flow logically from it. As human nature transcends logic, so law.

I claim for my mistress the law, all knowledge for her province; there is nothing one can learn that may not some day be of advantage in the practice of the law. I claim for her, too, the exercise of the highest powers of reasoning and argument—there never have been greater masters of acute ratiocination than the English common-law lawyers. But law goes away far beyond these. Law is the product of the efforts of man toward an ideal state of justice. Like all things human, it is defective, and at all points shows the defective sources from which it is derived: the failings of human nature appear here as elsewhere; the bonds of a past are as strong here as in all else.

Law cannot get away from its ancestry: as we have in our bodies and minds some of the traits descended to us from the ancient Briton, Roman, Saxon, Celt, so in law are relics here and there of what was thought and what was doomed by our ancestors.

The study of the law is the study of human nature on almost every side and in almost every aspect: the growth of the law has been the growth of humanity, and that mind comes to the study and practice of the

law best equipped, which comes with a knowledge of and sympathy with human nature, from whatever source derived.

Man is the same in all ages, allowance being made for environment. And it is my firm conviction that there is no other object of study which so broadens the mind, and so causes it to appreciate, to know, to sympathize with human nature as the ancient classics.

Incidentally, too, the study of Greek and Latin carries with it many of the advantages which other studies are supposed to give. Not without its uses is the thorough drill in the grammar of these languages, and in prose composition. (I am not qualified to speak as to verse, but I am able to say that one of the best lawyers of my acquaintance, the chief justice of my own division, had in his time at the University, and has now, great skill and facility in the composition of Horatian metres of unexceptionable quantity and rhythm.)

These give an accuracy of expression; they train the memory as well, and are thus an excellent discipline, of advantage as a preparation for any walk in life, and not less so in law than in any other. And I know nothing to prevent the study of the classics in that sense, being a first-class training in reasoning. I think most will agree with me, that seldom, if ever, have there been given instances of more acute reasoning than Pearson's Letters to Travis on the Three Heavenly Witnesses, or Bentley's Epistles of Phalaris, not to mention Dawes' Miscellanea, or the Commentaries of Monk and Elmsley.

But it is in the study of the classics, not as a grammatical or philological exercise, but as literature displaying *man*, that their great value lies. The recesses of the human heart, the frailties of the mind of man, the humanity of man, are to be found there displayed, in my humble judgment, as nowhere else, Shakespeare, perhaps, alone excepted.

Whether Homer be a specific or a generic name, whether the same hand wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey, or whether the same hand wrote the Hymns—all these are questions of little moment. Homer, the first great epic is the greatest, and the knowledge of human nature displayed in the Homeric writings may well justify a man of affairs, such as Gladstone, in reading these through and through again. His biographer tells us that that great statesman on the occasion of a defeat went to the temple of peace at Hawarden for the rest of the year to read the Iliad for the twenty-fifth or thirtieth time, and “every time richer and more glorious than before.”

And Hesiod, with his quaint wisdom and old-world saws, is still a man like men of the modern time.

And the Attic Tragedians! I care not whether, with Aristophanes, we look upon Euripides as an atheistical innovator, a subverter of all that was sound or good in Athens, religious or moral; or with Schlegel, as wanting in constructive art—*Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter Adsuitur pannus*; or with Swinburne as a botcher; or with Jowett, as no true Greek; or with Verral, as the most perfect playwright the world has produced—with Browning he is to us

“Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres.”

And while his “creed is the nascent philosophy and science and rationalism,” his eye pierces deep into the human heart, and there sees man as he is, and as he was, as he must continue to be while he continues to be man.

Aeschylus, the grand, the noble, the more than Miltonic Milton of the ancient world, given perhaps to the “*sesquipedalia verba*” desiderated by the

Roman satirist, but with the eye, the voice of a prophet—a herald conveying to man a message from the eternal, an Athenian who proved himself a patriot and a hero in fight for his native land; his words were, and are, for universal hearing.

The sweet singer of Greece, Sophocles, with carefully measured and trimmed verse, brought to the world an Oedipus Rex, whose majesty and terror and power have never been excelled—an Antigone, whose beauty and tenderness are the more appreciated, the more minute and careful the study given.

Aristophanes, the Swift of Athens, without the bitterness of the Dean of St. Patrick's, who could paint in words what now requires the pencil of a Tenniel, or a Du Maurier, the uncompromising patriot who yet dared the fierce democracy when in "The Frogs" he pleaded for those who had, for past political errors, been deprived of political rights, who dared a Cleon when Cleon was at the height of his power, who, writing a "Lysistrata" could also write "The Birds," *me judice*, the most exquisite production of the genius of man. Of the sweet singers, the Lyric poets of Pindar and Theocritus, I do not stop to speak, but hasten on to the orators and historians.

The balance of period in the orations of Demosthenes cannot be even imitated successfully in English, so careful is he of every syllable, every particle; but his matter is on a par with his manner. His appeal to reason, to prejudice, to patriotism, to the passions, has never been excelled. Much that he said, indeed, is much to be deplored; he used his great talents sometimes to the wrong end; but that his words and his arguments are most admirably adapted to the procurement of his ends, none may deny. The affected simplicity of Lysias, which had about it nothing of the simple, but much of the adroit, the warmth and sarcasm of Aeschines, are but examples of the Athenian's persuasive eloquence.

And the historians! Herodotus, the Homer of history, deeply impressed with the moral government of all things human, and groping to find the workings of an over-ruling Providence, but joyous with the joyousness of the youth of the world, he wrote of a Hippocleides, a Periander, a Cypselus. A patriot, he told of Marathon, of Plataea, of Mycale, of Thermopylae, of the splendor of Pisistratus, the woes of the Ionic cities. An antiquarian and a scientist, his account of ancient Media and Persia and Egypt and Lydia is as entertaining as a novel, and instructive withal. With him history was a delight and not a labor; and all the destructive criticism of a Macan can no more decrease, than the devotion of a Rawlinson or a Blakesley can increase, the charm of what he wrote. Of the later historians, of Polybins, of Plutarch, I do not speak—time forbids.

We read Mitford and Thirlwall and Grote, not, perhaps, so much to find out what were the facts in the history of Greece, as to see how the same facts strike the different minds of these men of modern times. With one, the democracy could do no wrong; with another, democracy was the curse of the olden time. But when we are desirous of finding fact detailed without partiality, we turn at once to the model of all scientific historians—Thucydides. Thucydides could write such descriptions as are contained in his Seventh book, that awful and terribly dramatic book, which I have read again and yet again, but never without a thrill of horror. The complacent dilatoriness of Nicias, the hard pushed Syracusans about to give up in despair, the arrival of the ship which had ventured in advance, the heartening of the despairing citizens, the arrogant demand that the conquering Athenians shall leave within five days, the alternating success, the gradual failure of the besieger, and strengthening of the besieged, Nicias' insistent

ery for help to nonchalant Athens, the last great fight in the great harbor, the determination to retreat, the eclipse, the fatal superstition which delays the retreat till too late, the fatal disorganization of the greatest army the greatest city of Greece had so far sent out to war, the retreat, the horrible fight, or rather slaughter, in the river bed, the death of Nicias—too holy for this workaday world—the slavery and lingering torments of the survivors. All this great drama he could write, and yet restrain himself to a cold calm; he details facts of the most tremendous import and circumstances of revolting barbarity, in most cases without so much as a word of comment. Indeed, the only instance I recall of anything approaching reprobation is in the description of the capture of Mycalessus. Even such dastardly acts as the night invasion of Plataea by the Thebans, the butchery by the Plataeans and the execution of the captured Plataeans by the Spartans are related in the second and third books as coolly as though they were the most ordinary and natural things in the world. The personal equation is wanting, if not entirely, at least practically, in Thucydides.

And the philosopher, the divine Plato, a man of extraordinary genius. His intuition gave him what the most extensive research in anthropology and sociology is but now making a matter of inductive knowledge. He was the creator of Socrates, rather than his interpreter. While he made Socrates and the opinions of Socrates common property, he brought more than Socrates before his readers; making him, as he thought, easily understood, he remains more of an enigma than ever. To me Plato's Dialogues resemble the "Shorter Catechism" of my youth. Purporting to be suited to "those of meaner capacity," the catechism is full of dogmatic theology, which the most mature can hardly grasp. Men who have devoted their whole life to the study of Plato

cannot be certain that they have comprehended him. For myself, I disclaim any pretension to understand fully any one of the dialogues. But what we can understand, how beautiful! the Silenus-like old man, how noble, how pathetically yearning over his Athens! One there was who said, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." With reverence, he it said, as He spake, so Socrates felt; as Jerusalem, so Athens.

Xenophon comes rightly here, though he is, perhaps, best known by his warlike writings. For some reason which I have never been able to understand, lads at school have been given the "Anabasis" to read, and that part of it which is the most dreary, where *έντεῦθεν ἐξελάνει* succeeds *έντεῦθεν ἐξελάνει*, with damnable iteration. If, indeed, the books dealing with the retreat (particularly the last with an account of the adventures in Thrace) were set, boys would, I think, enjoy them: and the "Memorabilia" contain just as good Greek and as easy, exhibit a humanity found nowhere else in Xenophon and set out the grand personality of Socrates. But when all is said, everything Xenophon wrote is worth reading.

Aristotle, the marvel of the ages, the scientist, the politician, the political economist, the political historian, the logician and scholar, I can only name in passing, for I have been too long at but one small department of the Humanities, and but one part even of the classics.

But I must not pass wholly by the modern Lucian. He was not always sure of his *οὐ* and *μή*, his optative was too often forgotten and the subjunctive would intrude. But, after all, he was but following the law of language. As we grow politer, we become unable to deny categorically; we deny only deprecate-

ingly—we *μή* and do not *ού*. This is the advance of the *usus ethicus*, which prefers a mild form of indirect negation to the bolder *ου*. And if, with the Hellenist the optative dwindled and finally disappeared, atrophied from want of use, the same law appears in the English subjunctive and the French past subjunctive. Lucian, at all events, certainly wrote Greek, and better Greek than that of the Septuagint; and his humor, his gentle pricking of the bubble of pretension, his carefully calculated exaggeration, show him the true forerunner of the paragraphist of to-day. "Barou Munchausen" stole bodily from the *Vera Historia*; and many of the most recent jokes are adumbrated in Lucian's sketches. No less did Lucian laugh away the hierarchy of Olympus than Cervantes the chivalry of Spain.

Of the Latin writers, I must speak very briefly.

Virgil is a more modern Homer; the godhead of Jupiter is not so assured as that of Zeus; Juno is less than Hera, and Diana than Artemis. The *spretæ injuria formæ* is that of a less goddess than the goddess who took up arms against the Trojans. Jupiter is not so secure in his seat that he may play like Zeus, and be wheedled by a suppliant, or be coaxed into "inextinguishable laughter." He is a Roman, and not a Greek; and man has, in this instance, made a God in his own image.

I do not know how others may feel, but to me the beauties of Virgil are not so much to be found in his *Aeneid* as in his lesser poems.

Gladstone, I know, contended that the second book of the *Aeneid* was the highest effort of Roman poetical genius. No doubt the Epic with its array of gods and goddesses and demi-gods, its capture of Troy and visit to Carthage, the visit to Hades and the later struggle in Italy, is a wonderful work of art; but the

Bucolics and Georgics are to me a real nestling in the heart of nature.

Lucretius, the forerunner of the Atomic philosopher, I cannot recommend to any one's reading, even with the help of Munro, except to one who desires to understand the evolution of scientific ideas. (*Pace* John Morley—though indeed I sympathize with him when he suggests that it is only fear of violating a sentiment of *τὸ σεμνόν* about a man of such genius which prevents him from using an indecorous term for Macaulay's description of Lucretius' great poem as containing the "sillest and meanest system of natural and moral philosophy.") But Cicero, vain, strenuous, a true patriot—even though he did, perhaps, protest too much—a lawyer to his finger tips, an advocate to the core, philosopher of the divine and the human, was an Admirable Crichton of the City of the Seven Hills, meeting, alas, an Admirable Crichton's fate. In eloquence next only after Demosthenes, with, to my mind, a greater sense of what was just and right than the Athenian, his invective, his splendid rhetoric excel the efforts of all that followed him. We must come down to the time of Burke before we find a statesman and an orator with the same sense of public duty and the same devotion to the cause he had at heart; one who could crush opposition, if not by conviction, at least by the sheer weight of his wondrous eloquence. Nothing he wrote can safely be left aside, marred as it is, in the view of some, by personal vanity ever apparent.

The glory of Roman literature, is, of course, Horace, the best beloved of all the ancients—one whom we all should like to meet at the club or at the dinner-table. He is for all time; there was nothing to which he could not adapt himself, though he did make rather a mess of it as a military man. (Probably our modern volunteer colonels might not do better.)

He speaks as one of ourselves—and one infinitely more clever than any one of us. Marvellous the satanic ingenuity with which he moulds the ponderous tongue of ancient Rome into lines of exquisite beauty—with which he brings the warlike Hercules of robust Latin to do the work of an Omphale of Alcæus. And he who wrote the Odes wrote also the Satires and the Epistles (amongst them the *Ars Poetica*)—triumphs all of infinite skill, patient industry, keen vision and broad human sympathy. There are blots upon the sun; and it can scarcely be said that the eighth Epode is to be recommended for promiscuous reading; but these blots are rare, and, for his age, he is wonderfully clean.

Ovid, too, is many-sided, but to be read with greater caution. Catullus offers not much to be admired; and the minor poets are generally Ovid and water.

But what of Martial? Of whose epigrams few are wanting in wit, though generally the trail of the serpent can be seen upon them. The mighty Juvenal lashed the vices of his age with the whip of scorpions. I know of nothing in the whole range of literature which, for power, can compare with his immortal sixteen satires; and we may not omit one of them, not even the sixth, if we would know what the world was and how much it has progressed.

Then Caesar, the warrior and statesman, perhaps the greatest man the world has ever produced, has left behind him his Commentaries; and Sallust, his *Catiline* and *Jugurtha*.

Why the wars in Gaul are loaded, or unloaded, upon the youth of our country as the earliest Latin to be read, is another mystery to me. However, for those who can appreciate them, these are a lesson in determination, energy and valor.

But I must not continue on these lines further—and no doubt I seem to some to have forgotten my theme and to have wandered from the subject. If

so, it has been wilful. My object has been to show how in the works included in the curriculum of the Universities, is to be found the product of the most profound thinking, the most profound investigation into human nature by the poet and the philosopher in the abstract, by the historian and the orator in the concrete. Any one who has read thoughtfully such works as these, remembering that our nature remains the same, will be possessed of a knowledge that will stand him in good stead when he comes, as a lawyer must, to deal with men in the individual. The information, the knowledge as to facts gained, will be practically useless. No assistance can be derived by a Canadian lawyer from the most minute acquaintance with the law and practice of Athens, the forum of Demosthenes; none from an accurate acquaintance with the practice of the courts in which Cicero was an advocate; and but little direct advantage, in this age at all events, from a knowledge of substantive Roman law.

I myself approached the study of English law by the pathway of Roman law, and may, therefore, be considered not in any way prejudiced against the Civil Law; but I must say that I cannot find that any practical advantage has accrued in my practice of law from the somewhat extended course of Roman law I read before beginning the study of our own. It may be a matter of regret that the people of the world cannot get together and formulate a universal law. If that ever happen, it will be found that the Roman law must form the basis of such a world code from its magnificently symmetrical completeness. It is worthy, too, of the study of those who desire, as all lawyers should, to advance our own legal system.

And man does not live by bread alone: a lawyer does not lose himself in the daily round of duties. He is a member of a liberal and learned profession. He is no *βάνανσος*, no *χειροτέχνης*. Money,

of course, he desires to make, and should make. I, for one, am tired of the nauseous twaddle that is so common concerning my profession, branding lawyers as mere money-makers, as men working for money. Of course, they work for money; all who do work, work for money—the professor, the clergyman, the teacher, the doctor, even the missionary, will soon quit work if pay be not forthcoming. “The laborer is worthy of his hire.”

No fault can be found with the lawyer more than with another for making money, and making as much money as he honestly can. But after twenty-four years of practice, with an intimate acquaintance with members of my profession and abundant means of judging, I assert that the members of the legal profession are as high-minded, as honorable and as disinterested as are those of any other profession in the world, not excepting the professor or the clerk in holy orders.

But the point I desire to make is this: the lawyer, like another, does not live by bread alone. The professional life, calling as it does, for the highest intellectual effort, keeps the mind bright: no moth nor rust can corrupt: that mind must be ever busy for good or for ill. The man who is saturated with the classics turns to them ever and again for satisfaction for his mind; and blessed is he who in the leisure hour, as an intermission from toil, may find comfort and rest in the pages of an author of olden time. I have seen men in high standing at the bar, after the court had adjourned, and after they had fully prepared for the coming day, cast for fellowship upon the tavern loafer and forced, for want of something better, to listen to the vapid chatter of the barroom habitué. Who would not prefer Plato, even half understood, to the village Solon—or Euripides, to the town gossip? It may be said that such would not be bettered by a classical education, and that their failure to apply

themselves to, say, modern English writings, shows that they would not, if they could, seek the companionship of the older authors. In some cases that may be so. But I venture to assert that few there are, who have received a thorough classical education, who will not, whenever and wherever duty will permit, return to the perusal of the favorites of former days. And with this I conclude. It may not enable a man to make more money, but a thorough acquaintance with the classics will give intellectual delight, and will increase that which alone makes life worth living.

