

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Literary and Scientific Society,

BY

THE PRESIDENT, JOHN CAMPBELL, B.A.,

NOVEMBER 3, 1865,

THE REV. PROF. BEAVEN, D. D.

IN THE CHAIR.



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INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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

GENTLEMEN :

Upon this, the first public occasion on which I have appeared as your President, it becomes me to tender you my sincere thanks for the honour which you have conferred, in electing me to so dignified and responsible an office. It is with no small gratification that I assumed a position which has long been regarded as the eleventh Professorship in University College,—a Professorship, temporary indeed, yet never vacant ; unsalaried, yet rich in honour and experience; reflecting little glory, perhaps, upon the Institution, but much, in every way, upon him whom you distinguish with your confidence. And now, when it becomes my duty to inaugurate a new reign, to sound the first note in the contest for literary and scientific excellence which lies before us, I feel, indeed, that my position is no sinecure, that the responsibilities which I anticipated were not magnified by me, and that, to discharge the duties of my office aright, will require an exhibition of the diligence, care and earnestness which it is your prerogative to demand. When I look back upon the illustrious roll of your Presidents, and see there

the names of a Crooks and a Wedd, a Boyd, a Gibson and a Loudon, among others equally entitled to honourable mention—men who, since the foundation of our young society, have gained for themselves no unworthy position in their several professions,—I cannot but be conscious, proudly conscious, of the appointment which ranks your President of to-night with those of former years.

It has, as you are aware, been the custom at the first public meeting of our Academic year, for him who presides over your private assemblies to present you with an Inaugural Address. So much has been said, and that so learnedly, so eloquently upon such occasions, that I can hope to bring before you little that is novel in matter or in style ; but, if my remarks serve to press home more surely an oft repeated truth, to recall a pleasant memory, or to set a well-worn fact in a new and interesting light, I shall be well satisfied to forego all claims to depth or originality,

As members of University College, we present the peculiar phenomenon of a world within a world ; a microcosm of caps and gowns, as compared with the macrocosm of silk hats and straw bonnets, scarlet coats and blue jackets, homespun garments and juvenile apparel outside. As such a world, we possess a government and laws, manners and customs, social distinctions and an ethical system peculiar to ourselves. A man may travel through the length and breadth of the land, wearing his hat obstinately and defiantly pressed down over the back of his head, but when he assumes what a facetious nautical friend has designated “ the square-rigged topsail,” or

what juveniles of the lower orders know as a "mortar-board," it is with the understanding that the said article of dress be respectfully doffed to the academic powers that be, as often as occasion may require. It is the privilege of society in general to wear whatever garb it pleases, and to alter this from year to year, and from season to season ; but it is the right of the Collegian alone to be invested in summer and winter, from matriculation to bachelorhood, from century to century, with that time-honoured badge of learning, the University gown. True, there are men, even within the walls of University College, who, like the generality of mankind in other matters, fail to appreciate this high privilege ; who, taking advantage of the humanity of the College Council and University Senate in dispensing with those terrors to academic evil-doers called "bulldogs," exhibit themselves in the walks of city life as unlettered civilians ; and who, in defiance of all law and decency, publish to the world an unnatural divorce between cap and gown : but these we may consider as some of the accidents that will happen even in the best regulated families—instances of extreme humility on the part of some who would not deprive their rightful owners of the terms "petticoats" and "kidnappers," misapplied by the *miserabile vulgus*. I have already alluded to the walks of city life : we, also, have our walks of College life, and these well worthy of attention. Need I mention the outer hall, where robed academicians, with expectant, careworn faces, pace to and fro, anxiously looking for the class-list that is to gratify their highest hopes or realize their worst fears ; the great hall itself, that scene

of wild commotion when the messenger arrives with the morning mail and distributes the contents of that well-known letter bag, expostulations of hungry creditors, paternal remittances, maternal advice and enquiries, and other missives directed in a delicate hand, the purport of which we may guess, but may not tell ; or the weary way that leads to a hall which has plainly written over its portal, to the eye of the unprepared student, Dante's gloomy line—

“Leave all hope, ye who enter here”—?

It must be admitted with the poet that—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,”

“Nor iron bars a cage;”

for we can well imagine the amazing amount of intellectual activity, displayed by the denizens of this building, working vigorously, in spite of all such impediments to physical exercise ; yet, while allowing the truth of this fact, we cannot but be grateful to our rulers for those freer natural surroundings of our Alma Mater, to which, in common with the public, we enjoy unlimited access. We also, have our *groves of Academus*, in which the close student may combine physical with intellectual exercise, and in which his more mirthful, but, perhaps, equally successful fellow may revel in the exciting pleasures of cricket and football. Minds of every calibre, and devoted to every branch of study, may there find suitable opportunities for the exhibition of their powers and acquirements. Frequently have I observed an enthusiastic entomologist, on his way to lecture or examination, rush frantically over the ground in pursuit of a moth or

other lepidopterous insect, or tear the bark from a decayed trunk in search of some new Coleopter. The scattered boulders in the park have afforded, to the veteran geologist of every succeeding year, ample materials for a short lecture upon glacial action to the irreverent freshman whom he may have honoured with his company, and who, standing upon one of them in a tragic attitude, and alluding to an expected meal, misquotes the line of Keats ;

“A hungry generation treads thee down.”

I must, myself, confess to having missed an occasional lecture, for the purpose of exploring the sheltered nooks of the ravine in search of early Hepaticas and Trilliums ; and it is reported, I know not, indeed, with what truth, that a gentleman of poetic temperament and elocutionary fame has been found overlooking that beautiful sheet of water, known as Dr. McCaul's Lake, and apostrophizing this building as—

“Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade”

But we have our legends and traditions also. Who has ever solved the mystery of that brick-walled, iron-gated vault at the head of the descent into the ravine, that vault which juvenile wanderers run past with terror, as the place in which the kidnappers above-mentioned starve to death the victims of medical science, or at which they listen with solemn faces in order to hear the groans of refractory students ? It was currently reported last year, that a nameless undergraduate had explored the whole of the University building, from highest pinnacle to remotest cell, so that, if pursued, he could conceal,

not only himself, but half of his fellow residents beyond the reach of detection ; who the mysterious pursuer thus presupposed was, I cannot tell. Another legend is, that a certain gentleman, after being admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, was invested with the hood of a master in a neighbouring University, thus originating the knotty question as to whether the degree conferred is valid, and, if so, whether the recipient of it is a Bachelor of the University, or a homeless Master of Arts.—All of these, gentlemen, are subjects worthy your future consideration.

To return, however, to my opening words, I again remark, that we are a little world of our own. We have our own hopes and fears, our own joys and sorrows ; our battle to fight, and prizes to gain ; our lessons of wisdom to learn, and our follies to unlearn ; our peculiar objects to interest us, and our particular business to attend to. It has been objected to students in general, and to those of University College in particular, for the very reason that they are the hardest working men, that they are not *au fait* upon all the current topics of the day ; as if, forsooth, the memory, which stores away the great sayings and doings of ancient and modern times, could be burdened with the trifles of newspaper gossip ; as if the mind, which investigates the highest and the deepest problems of literature and science, could condescend to the petty questions of an hour ; or, as if these very points and questions could be of the least value to an intellect unschooled in the weightier matters of which they are but the effervescence ! With certain qualifications, hereafter to be mentioned, it may be said that there is time

enough for the acquirement of such knowledge as this, when the student ceases to be an undergraduate, and goes forth upon the world to apply the lessons he has learned. Another objection often made, and one which is aggravated by the former is, "that from all conceited men collegians bear away the palm." Now, this is a very serious charge, and, if it could be substantiated, ought to be a principal means of diminishing such conceit. But what is the real state of the case? If this conceit be manifested in inflated language, assumption of superior wisdom, and universal knowledge, it will be found among rare exceptions, a notable instance of the proverb relative to "empty barrels," another application of Bacon's remark on large headed men—"omne majus continet in se minus." But, if it be found in an aversion to childish twaddle and undignified objects of interest; if it arise from that sense of independence and elevation which the acquisition of knowledge bestows; if it originate in a feeling of just pride for the institution with which the student is connected,—then it ceases to be conceit, the vice becomes a virtue, and self-respect is not only lawful but honourable. Nor would I confine the defence to such arguments as these, but, adding to my own experience that of observers less interested and more capable of judging, would boldly assert that our College has turned out men, not only well qualified to discuss any topic of the past or present, but gifted with modesty unequalled save by their attainments.

This microcosm of ours is called a College, and its life, a college life. Now, there are various kinds of colleges: veterinary, commercial and electoral; colleges of physi-

cians, heralds and cardinals, not to mention those which are presided over by professors of hair-cutting, and phrenology. We cannot, nor do we much care, to claim for this institution the peculiar characteristics of these seats of high learning and low art, jarring politics and praiseworthy industry. Our College is to us the—

“*Armoury of the invincible knights of old*”—,

the seat of that power which lies in knowledge, a secular realization of Hawes’ “*Tower of Doctrine*” and Bunyan’s “*Beautiful Palace*.” It is here that the future combatants receive their arms, the weapons that a Homer and a Virgil, a Euclid and a Newton, an Aristotle and a Locke, have wielded long ago, the glittering panoply of Tasso and Shakspeare, the piercing shafts of Boileau and Pope, and the less polished, but no less effective instruments of offence and defence furnished by a Cuvier and a Linnæus, a Lyell and a Faraday. True, the young knight-errant is provided with no masked batteries or infernal machines, seven-league boots or triple-turreted monitors: but he is well taught to wield sword and spear, to ward off blows with shield and cuirass, and to make the best of all modern improvements in gunpowder warfare. Taken from the dust of common life, he is set astride a worthy Bucephalus, and it is his own fault if, having once passed the *pons*, the animal should turn out a hobby-horse or a Rozinante. There are difficulties in the way, no doubt, very large and hungry lions to pass, and the slothful man will, of course, find them, as he did in the days of King Solomon, to be, even now, excellent excuses for turning back. The young gentleman who has long held no second-rate position in his country town or village,

who has eclipsed the schoolmaster, and been looked up to as Sir Oracle, will be rather disagreeably surprised to find that, within these halls, the opening of his lips is not an immediate signal for silence, that a second year's man dares to couple his patronymic with the figurative adjective "fresh," and that the names of individuals utterly unknown to fame stand above his upon the class-list. If he be a wise man, he will take kindly to the level that is found for him, and, making sure his ground, plant there his own particular ladder of literary or social excellence. He will return home, after the first term, a less satisfied, but better scholar, and will enjoy with double zest the flattering compliments of the rural Press upon his having passed the College examination in a manner reflecting credit upon himself and his paternal acres, the Grammar School, and the section of country to which it belongs. But, should he prove fractious, and make an exhibition of those peculiar airs and freaks denominated "tantrums," he will find himself the object of a persevering and ingenious system of "student-taming," to which all the experience of Rarey can offer no parallel. Let us suppose, however, that the matriculant, like a sensible fellow, falls in with the genius of the place; he will yet suffer several severe shocks before his eyes are accustomed to the light, and he can catch anything like a distinct view of a bachelor's hood at the end of a four year's vista. The dignity of the lecture room, as compared with the free, conversational method of conveying instruction pursued by his late preceptor, will infuse into him a feeling of uncomfortable awe, and a nervous habit of expressing his

thoughts. He may not, indeed, have stumbled at "arms and the man with the dog," but it is doubtful if he will escape describing the subterranean descent of the ancient bard "*fidibus que canoris*—with his melodious fiddle." No less amazed will he be at the charming coolness with which his professors will recommend him to read up a weekly list of large volumes in various dead and living languages, in addition to the work specified in the curriculum. He, who required three months to perfect himself in a small history of Greece, will find little consolation in being told that a difficult work of 700 pages is a mere trifle to run over any evening after tea, and will set himself down as a plucked man at the forthcoming examination. He may also discover that his peculiarities constitute him an object of amusing interest to his fellow-students, and the butt of the College wit of the day. It is reported of one such individual, that feeling himself aggrieved by the disparaging remarks of a noted humorist and punster, who has not yet deserted the halls of his Alma Mater, he sought out his traducer, and inquired what grounds he had for thus misrepresenting his character. The reply of the joker was—"that there being many kinds of grounds, among which he might specify *coffee grounds* and *University grounds*, and, he being conscientiously unable to say which of these he had at the time, or whether, indeed, he had any at all, must decline to answer the question. The College, however, is not only the abode of wit and solid learning; it is also, from time to time, favoured by a visit from the muses. As soon as the subjects for prize composition appear in the hall, disconsolate youths who have long shunned

boisterous society, drunk green tea, suffered their hair to grow, and worn their gowns in an effeminate manner, depending from the elbows instead of the shoulders, emerge from obscurity, tap their foreheads, mutter to themselves, and throw out dark hints as to the relative merits of Elegiacs and the Spenserian stanza. Such gentlemen sometimes appear at convocation, and, sometimes, they do not. One who did not is, evidently, the author of the following lines upon the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, picked up, I will not say where, lest the author's name should be made public against his will :—

"The rosy-fingered morn appears,
 "And with crest-tossing head,
 "Disperses myriad pearly tears
 "O'er Sea's much-roaring bed ;
 "And Hesperus exalts his eyes
 "To cloud-compelling Jove,
 "Like hecatombal sacrifice
 "From Hypoplacian grove ;
 "And azure-eyed Minerva mourns
 "The Oresbian belt to gird
 "Atlanta's shores, yet nothing scorns
 "To speak the winged word :
 "O Jove, thou ægis-bearer, why
 "Hast thou not saved the cable ?"
 "Saturnian Jove did make reply—
 "Because I was unable."

The above composition did not gain the prize, nor did the following, which it would be an injustice to the author, a well-known honour man in the department of Natural Sciences, to omit :—

"Cetacean tribes that revel in H. O.,
 Where Sodium's chloride in solution lies,
 Chondropterygian genera also,
 In aqueous strata far from human eyes ;

Abstain from all abrasion of the ties,
Which, in Gymnotus' elongatedness,
Link floral regions that isothermize;
A pleasing combination, more or less,
As every man of science must, with pride, confess."

Ascending from so profound a theme, I might occupy your attention with the College lyrics, from the original song of "Alma Mater," set by its distinguished composers to the melody which apostrophizes the well-known Mr. Tucker of Ethiopian celebrity, down to that latest effort of poetical genius, "The Discharge of the Metaphysicians." I feel, however, that these would be hardly suitable to the occasion. But, before deserting the poetical field, I must, at least, touch upon one class of compositions well worthy the attention of all students, and, more particularly, of those who, from the nature of their studies, are brought into disagreeable contact with chronology and mythology, scientific classification, and that driest of all dry books, "Tenneman's Manual of the History of Philosophy." Such compositions are not all of a poetical character; some are verbal conceits, others fabulous narratives, a few unmeaning combinations of letters, and many, gems of poetic art. Why need I dilate upon the authorized Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio of Logic, or the Hebrew Hiphil and Niphal, Piel and Hithpael? Who has not heard of that famous combination of initial letters or their equivalents, which fixes in the untrustworthy memory the date of St. Bartholomew and the taking of Brille, the accession of Gregory XIII., and the production of the Lusiad by the insignificant word "oust;" or the interesting fact relating to the class Gas-

teropoda, "He-licks lime-acid by the ounce-a-day;" or the sublimely descriptive lines—

"Heraclitus, the obscure man, and sarcastic in his ire,
"As all-pervading element, went extra-strong for fire?"

But it is time that we should turn our attention to the more serious scenes of College life, to those duties from which some of us are relieved, but in which the majority of you are at present engaged. It seems to me that there are in College life, as well as in that which is incessantly roaring and surging outside of these peaceful walls, three distinct, yet intimately connected spheres, corresponding to the three divisions of man's compound nature. They are, if I may be allowed to use a mathematical illustration, the three sides of the triangle of human perfection, every one of which is connected with the other two, and all of which are necessary to make a perfect figure, irrespective of size or beauty of outline. The spheres are those of thought, feeling and action; or, in other words, the trinity of head, heart and hand. These three,—I regret that I cannot follow the pentamorous divisions of natural science, having before my eyes the example of the scholastic "trivium" and the three *rs* of modern education,—these three spheres will, I think, be found to have fitting representatives in the life of this institution. And first, let us direct our attention to the sphere of the head, that member with which the business of the College is chiefly concerned. The external conformation of that very necessary part of man, of which he can only be destitute figuratively, the question as to whether its owner be *orthognatho-dolichocephalic* or *prognatho-brachycephalic*, *bumptious* or *bumpless*, we

will leave to the Ethnologist among scientific men, and to the physiognomist and phrenologist among empirics. Our business is with the interior of that member, with the principle which reveals itself in action. Psychologists informs us that there are in the mind which, without conceding anything to the materialist, we may suppose for the present to have its seat in the brain, various faculties, and that these faculties differ in degree and in quality in different men. An experience of four years study and observation in University College will convince even the most sceptical of the truth of this fact. As far as mere time expended over his books is concerned, the most successful student is not always the hardest working man, although he exhibits the greatest amount of that stern application and intellectual activity which are far more exhaustive of, and injurious to the system, considered physically. The close student has no sympathy with out-door life or in-door amusements; he takes no interest in this society, and rejects all miscellaneous reading as interfering with his course of study. He has been recommended in youth to exercise his mental powers and faculties by some such elegant hortative strain as—

Think, boy, think;
Why don't you think?
Thinking will make a man of you,
If ever a man that you should grow;
So think, boy, think!

But as to what that thinking consists of, he has not the remotest idea. When he has swallowed a hasty tea, he shuts himself up in the solitude of his chamber, and, sitting before an uncomfortably hot fire, for such men shun the bracing cold, fixes his lack-lustre eyes upon a page of

some prescribed volume lying open on the table before him. At this page he will solemnly gaze for hours, evidently expecting to be made aware of its contents by literal intuition, and, long after all good people have retired to rest, his somnolent head will be found reposing upon the unturned leaf. This man may be called destitute of simple apprehension, and will, in all probability, fail to perceive his name upon the class list. There are other men, however, who can read their fifty pages a day with infinite ease, and yet, when called upon to express an opinion on what they have read, find themselves at sea between the preface and the conclusion, the title page and the word "finis." These are deficient in judgment. There is yet another class of men, and, generally, a very successful one, as far, at least, as college honours are concerned, who pay unlimited homage at the shrine of memory. Not only classifications and other legitimate objects of that faculty, but whole mathematical treatises even, are committed without the omission of a single figure or symbol, by men who would find it difficult to solve the simplest of Todhunter's equations. If the monarchs of to-day required "remembrancers," such as those we read of in ancient times, I have not the slightest doubt that the College could furnish men competent to fill such an office with the greatest satisfaction. And then, there are the true scholars, the genuine students, the exhibitors of "*perfervidum ingenium*," whether it be "*Scotorum*," or any other "*-orum*," the men who acquire knowledge, and with it wisdom, by steady application, and patient perseverance, who bring to bear upon their books every faculty of the mind, and who pursue learning, not for the sake of prizes, honors

and scholarships alone, but for the pure love of that which is *κτῆμα εἰς αἰῶν*. Why need I recall to your memory the long days and sleepless nights, with such concomitants as coffee, smoke and wet towels, the patient grind and the final cram, racking headaches, visions of brain fever, and sometimes, alas, more than mere visions—the hard weary sleep that there is to climb before the first halting place is reached, beyond which “Fame’s proud temple shines afar.” The man who, with such a picture before him, could glory in the successful deception of an examiner by means of notes carefully written in a small hand on paper wristbands, finger-nails and watchdials, not to mention less clandestine assistance, is unworthy the respect of all who honour the combination of industry with strict integrity. He is more truly a dishonest man than the dealer who palms off upon an unsuspecting customer a spurious article for the genuine one which he does not possess, and which his competitors are able to supply.

It is a well-known fact, that exclusive attention to the interests of learning and science, excessive devotion to particular studies, and the cultivation of the mental powers alone, are apt to prove prejudicial to the emotional and practical parts of our nature. The student may become a man of universal information and the possessor of great intellectual powers, treating as mere playthings the problems which others regard as difficult in the extreme and to be approached with fear and trembling, but he may lose thereby the greater sources of enjoyment and solid satisfaction which lie in fellowship with his kind, and the power of influencing the world in which he lives; nay, more, he will be deprived

of half the pleasure springing from his pursuits, if he fail to carry into them the warm heart and the practically appreciative mind. He may be a philosopher, but it will be of the sect called *Stoics*, another exemplification of Bulwer's hero of intellect, his man without a heart.—Such a state of things, I am happy to say, is rarely the case in University College; many counteracting influences are at work. Why need I allude to that peculiar feature of this institution, the kindly interest manifested by the Professors in the welfare of the undergraduates, an interest sincere and unpatronizing, yet lacking nothing of dignity, winning rather for those who exhibit it a larger share of reverence and respectful confidence?—Need I mention the fact that from our own number men have risen to positions of trust and authority in University and College, links to bind the demos and the don in grateful relationship; or the influence of that important military element, the University Rifle Corps, in which former years have seen the messenger elbowing the graduate, and the professor reproving the freshman for treading too heavily on his heels? But, of all the many means for promoting sociability among us, there is none worthy to compare with the *University College Literary and Scientific Society*.

The students of University College are not mere machines for the absorption of knowledge in three faculties and corresponding departments, the noisy applauders at Convocation, and the players of practical jokes: there exists among them as deep and as true a heart-life as will be found in the best circles of this utilitarian country. Social position, defects of nature or education, never make men objects of contempt or ridicule here; and, if

such conduct were to be attempted by any *snob* or *bocr* among us, he would quickly find the tables turned upon himself. Manners, not men, faults, not failings, are the only legitimate objects of satire and merriment within these halls. Friendships, close and lasting as those of Damon and Pythias, have had their origin here. Noble and delicate instances of generosity have been exhibited towards men who had the battle of insufficient means or imperfect education to fight, by their more favoured fellows. Men, far advanced and with little time to spare, have given up days, weeks even, to aid the young and the dull in the pursuit of honours, or to save them from the ignominy of *pluck*. And when the victim of hard work has been laid low with sickness, when hopes and fears, memory and consciousness have all been lost in the delirium of raging fever, the hand that has smoothed the sufferer's pillow, the feet never weary in doing the errands of his sick chamber, the form that has rarely left the lonely bedside, and the heart that has felt for the stranger, as a mother or a sister far away might alone have felt, have been those of one upon whose goodness he had no further claim than that of being a fellow-student in University College. And when we consider that he who has thus sacrificed himself is not a man with time hanging heavily upon his hands, but one whom the loss of a few days or hours might deprive of honours which he has striven hard to win, we may, indeed, say that the outside world affords few instances of such generous self-denial. These are not pleasing pictures, gentlemen; they are faithful records of what has taken place in former years, and which may still find their counterpart here—life lessons that cry out to all of us “Go thou

and do likewise." I may also add that, among all such instances that have come under my knowledge, there has not been a single case in which the doer of the good action has ever lost by his labour of love. Even in the matter of prizes, the heart has its share. Among the learned volumes in handsome calf bindings, which are to fill an honoured niche in the library of the future professional man, may be espied on Convocation day such diluted works of the milk and water order as Mrs. Heman's Poems, Lyric Gems and the Floral Offering, making it abundantly evident that weaker minds are to share in the glory of the winner, that the College coat of arms is to figure in a boudoir or on the centre-table of somebody's drawing room as well. Such then, are a few of the elements which, combining with the acquisition of knowledge, make of this building a something more than a College, a temple of real affection, an Alma Mater worthy of the name.

The two spheres above mentioned do not, however, constitute a perfect life ; the sphere of the hand, that of action, physical and socially intellectual, has yet to be treated of. The former I need not dwell upon. We have a rifle corps and a cricket ground, we may swing dumb-bell's in our own apartments, or create a disturbance in the building in order to save our *physique* from becoming *blue-mouldy*, but * gymnasium, alas, we have none. With regard to intellectual exercise, it is hardly necessary for me to say that, without an opportunity of putting our knowledge into practice, we shall find it of little benefit to ourselves and of still less to the world.

* Since this address was delivered, I have been informed that the College Council has taken steps to remove the cause of complaint.

We shall be apt to follow the example of the founder of the highest of all human sciences, the philosopher Thales, who, gazing up to the stars, fell into the water, while, had he looked into the water, he would have seen the stars. We must not live too much in the past, and neglect those matters which more closely concern us.

“Act, act in the living present,”

is the wholesome advice of Longfellow in his “Psalm of Life”—an advice which we do not neglect by *learning from the past*. I should be sorry to say that no application is made of the knowledge conveyed within these lecture-rooms. The Georgics have found their application in a system of extensive, some say unnecessary, weeding, carried on among the turnips in the Dean’s farm. The Bucolic muse has been propitiated by dignified, I might almost say *exalted*, attentions shown to a favourite animal belonging to the same authority. Accelerated motion, in the case of descending coal-scuttles, velocity of light, in that of sudden gas-extinguishing, and a calculus, by no means deferential to those against whose window it was made to strike by aid of a descending coil, have made mathematical studies popular, although neither dignified nor beneficial. With regard to Modern Languages, I may refer to those gentlemen who spent so agreeable a fortnight in a Lower Canadian camp, as to the great assistance afforded by them in interpreting between their fellow soldiers of different nationalities, who had not enjoyed the benefits of a University education. Many other and more important instances of the application of knowledge, the reduction of theory to practice, I might mention, such as have formed pleasing episodes in the long summer vacation—

instances which show a devotion deeper than that which finds its objects only at a University or College convocation. That pleasant time, however, is now over, and, with minds and bodies reinvigorated by its health-giving influences, we return to the arena of literary contest. We do not, however, throw overboard the practical ; within this society that element reigns supreme. It is here that all our acquisitions in the several departments of literature and science are brought upon the field of action. Here, character is studied, the sayings and doings of men and nations impartially weighed, problems of literature and science carefully investigated, and topics of general interest freely discussed. Here the future author gets his first introduction to the Republic of Letters, the mouth-piece of other men's writings learns fluent expression and graceful delivery, and the young orator seeks to exemplify the truth, "*omnium regina rerum oratio.*" Not only are these necessary acquirements and elegant accomplishments of the literary man to be gained here, but, also, the fixing of knowledge previously acquired, a habit of correct thinking, and the power of imparting information to others. How great an advantage is afforded by the latter of these must be manifest to all, and the wise regulation of the late Grammar School Act, requiring the masters of such preparatory institutions to be graduates of a University, is the best evidence of its high importance. It is much to be regretted that so few representatives of the other Faculties are to be found in this Society. There was, indeed, a time when Medicine and Arts were at deadly enmity. Many years ago a battle took place, well worthy the descriptive pen of a Homer or a Chateaubriand. The Arts men had been

interrupted in a football game by a combination of Normal School students and other civilians. Around the football the battle raged. The Telamonian Ajax of the enemy fell before the victorious hand of a Hector in Arts, one whom we all honour and esteem for many very different reasons; and the rival band retired slowly from the field. A vengeful Collegian, smarting under wounds received during the conflict, pursued the enemy, relying upon the aid of a tall Medical a short distance before him. But, like Paddy of old, he caught a Tartar; the enemy turned upon him, and soon he fell, ignobly measuring his length upon the grass. His expected helper, coolly surveying his sad plight, remarked—"It's really a shame the way in which these Arts men have deserted you; if you had been a Medical, now, it would not have happened." The discomfited hero went his way, but, while returning half an hour later, discovered his Medical adviser among a crowd of the enemy's juvenile camp-followers, who, mistaking his neutral position, were pelting him with stones and mud. "Really," said the man of Arts, "it's a shame, the way in which these Medicals have deserted you; if you had only been an Arts man now——." But these were the days of old. Times have changed. One of our staunchest members is in Law, Medicine is not unrepresented, and, until the time when University College shall speak with pride of her restored Faculties of Law and Medicine, we hope to see in this Society a bond of union between all University undergraduates. But I must hasten to a conclusion, or your patience will be exhausted. In this Society are represented the three departments of Writing, Reading and Speaking. The writing of essays, I need hardly say,

is among the most useful of literary occupations, one of the most efficient of educators. It should be our aim to write, not for self-gratification, but for our audience, to avoid the halting style and the dry detail, the enumeration of well-known facts, and the repetition of other men's thoughts ; in fine, to produce master-pieces that will improve ourselves, elevate others, and reflect credit upon the name of our Society. Of Readers there are many different types ; the shy, uneasy one, that seems to deprecate criticism, and who loses the place by looking at his audience to see how they are taking his performance ; the sing-song gentleman, who reads because he has been appointed to do so, whose tone seems to mock the author of his piece, and who resembles a big man singing a nurse's song with a bleating chorus ; and the triumphant declaimer, who looks daggers at the book, and rolls out the meekest effusion with a voice of thunder. Men seem to consider the betrayal of emotion as effeminate, and modulation of voice as unworthy the *toga*, forgetting the line which says—

“The bravest are the tenderest,”

in an exclusive attention to the proverb—

“Still water runs deep.”

Of all kinds of speaking, the free and easy is the most objectionable. The gentleman who affects this style appears often without a gown, and, not unfrequently, with his hands in his pockets ; he nods familiarly to the chairman, turns his back upon him, and commences a colloquial address to the meeting, without the least attempt at eloquence, dignified language, and, in many cases even, at common sense. The humorist is an improvement,

certainly ; but when a speaker is habitually humorous, he is apt to become habitually annoying to those who can see truth, beauty, and matter for earnest thought in the subject which he burlesques. The fierce style is objectionable on the ground that it leads to personality, and, with others than men of sheer impulse, carries no weight.—The florid speech is generally committed to memory, and endangers the reputation of the gentleman who makes use of it on the slightest provocation. The truly classical and elegant speech is unfortunately as rare as it is unappreciated. Many members will recall with pleasure the quiet, unobtrusive style of one who never used a vulgar, commonplace, or superfluous word—a graduate and mathematical medallist of last year. This Society has long been regarded as one of the hardest schools of oratory, and he who has once passed the ordeal of its public and private debates, need not, it is considered, fear to hold forth before any other audience. It is a notable fact that those who are loudest in their denunciations of any slip, or in their derision of any misfortune of a speaker, are silent members, cowardly fellows that dare not face the music themselves, and who, until they have made the attempt and failed, look upon Oratory with war and politics, as arts, of which everybody is naturally capable. For the encouragement of timid speakers, I beg to quote the following from a French author :

“ Cardinal Richelieu having been present at a festival
“ when a Franciscan Monk preached, was astonished
“ that the preacher had not been disconcerted by his
“ presence. He asked him how he had been able to
“ speak with so much boldness. “ I learned my sermon,”

"replied the Franciscan, " while standing before a bed
" of cabbages, in the middle of which there was a large
" head of red cabbage, and it is that which has accus-
" tomed me to speak before your eminence."

Let not the embryo orator, however, build too much upon this, for Disraeli tells a story by Bonaventure de Periers, of a student at law, who had prepared a lecture in a similar manner, but who, on confronting his audience, could only stammer out, "*Domini ego bene rideo quod non estis caules.*" The best encouragement to a young speaker is an attentive audience. But while upon the subject of speaking, I am reminded that in the British parliament an orator's place is vacant; that a manly voice is hushed, a voice which has long been heard with reverence in the councils of a great nation; that a weary head grown gray in its country's service has been laid to rest; that a warm and genial heart has forever ceased to beat. While the autumn glory of our forest trees has been fading into the sere and yellow leaf, the veteran Statesman, full of years and honours, has passed away from the field of his labours, and others are left to reap the fruits of his long life work. The wise Solon once compared the people to the quiet sea, and orators to the winds that stir its liquid depths, that make it heave and surge in wild commotion. Often, indeed, has he, who for sixty years sat among the elders of the nation, thus saved the sea of public opinion from corrupt stagnation, yet, more frequently, has his voice been oil upon the troubled waters, his measures the forerunners of repose and prosperity. He, too, was a University man, and a member of that Edinburgh Literary Society which has sent forth so many famous men into every

walk of life ; yet of them all, few have made themselves a greater name, none have been more missed than the late Viscount Palmerston.

And now, gentlemen, I must bring my lengthy, and I fear rather wearisome remarks to a conclusion. In doing so, I would, from the position in which you have placed me, entreat your indulgence for a closing word. Let the motto of this Society be that of the age in which we live " Progress." We have, in some respects, advanced upon the position of former years ; in others, we have lagged behind. Let us then press forward to greater achievements, to be performed, not in the future, but in the present. Let us remember our standing as students of University College ; let us never forget that we are to take our place in the foremost ranks of life, among the teachers of the world. We shall require all our activity, all our perseverance. The Commercial and Mechanical, the so-called Utilitarian, the Positivism of the day is working hard to keep us out of the field. If Agassiz complained that, among our mercantile neighbours, the man of letters and science is no more esteemed than the successful showman, we certainly have to fear lest a similar standard should prevail among us. Even in the ranks of learning, dissensions have arisen, and will continue to arise. The treasures we cherish are in danger ; the records of literature, the conclusions of science, the very truths of Revelation are the prey of designing and ignorant men, who would palm upon the world the basest of metal for the genuine coin that has stood the test of years. Our efforts will not be in vain ; the standard of excellence which we set up will not perish with us, but will exert an influence upon unnumbered generations

of undergraduates yet to come. Let us strive, therefore, from this night to add something to the glory of our already distinguished Alma Mater, and to build up for her and for this Province a stronghold of united head and heart and hand in our UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.





Omnium regina rerum oratio.