



# ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

**P**rovincial **I**ndustrial **E**xhibition,

**MONTREAL,**

ON SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1850,

BY THE

**HONORABLE CHARLES D. DAY,**

One of the Justices of the Superior Court of Lower Canada.



*Montreal :*

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*Executive Committee, Provincial Industrial Exhibition,*

Montreal, October 22, 1850.

*Resolved,*—That the thanks of this Committee be presented to his Honor Mr. Justice DAY, for having so kindly acceded to the desire of the Committee to deliver an Address on the occasion of the late Industrial Exhibition; and that the Chairman, Secretary, and G. E. Cartier, Esq. M.P.P., be appointed a Sub-Committee to communicate the above vote, and respectfully to solicit his Honor to favour the Committee with a copy of the very eloquent and beautiful address which he delivered, in order that the same may be published by the Committee.

True Copy from the Journals.

JOHN LEEMING,  
Secretary.



## ADDRESS.

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I APPEAR before you in compliance with the request of the Executive Committee of the Provincial Industrial Exhibition; but I do so with a sincere distrust of my ability to satisfy the expectations which the occasion may be supposed reasonably to excite. The difficulty of executing, in a fitting manner, the task assigned me, does not arise from any want of topics, but, on the contrary, from their very affluence. It is a nice business to select and classify from this abundance, the subjects and course of thought which are best worthy of consideration, and most likely to secure attention, and awaken interest in those whom I address.

The character and object of this assembly, remote from all the passions and jealousies, the political conflicts and local dissensions, with which small communities are peculiarly liable to be infested, and in which, to say the least, we are not behind the rest of the world, would alone afford a theme for copious discourse,—and for mutual congratulation, that here we meet in peace and genial brotherhood, rejoicing in the interchange of sympathies which belong to our common humanity, and safe and sheltered beneath that broad and tranquil spirit, from all the

agitation of the storms without. Then on every hand the productions of Nature and of Art, which we have so lately viewed, invite attention, and suggest inquiries and reflections without limit. Here, are the treasures which have been rifled from the mine, or drawn from their deep recesses in the earth; there, are the varied objects which grew beneath the waters. On this side, the rewards of skilful culture of the soil, the grains, and roots, and fruits and flowers which sustain the life, and delight the senses of man;—on the other, the inventions of art and the wonders of mechanical construction. A thousand things, from all the various workshops of nature in her several kingdoms, and a thousand more from the plastic hand of industry, attract the eye, and offer themselves to curious speculation. But to deal with their physical character, and relations, and uses, if I were able to do it, would require a book for each; and instead of the half-hour for which I bespeak your patience, would be the labor of half a life.

Instead, then, of considering these objects with reference to what they are as material things, I would fain derive from them, and not from them alone, but also from the great mustering of nations to which they point, a teaching of the past and present, and something of that which is to come. As there are tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, which utter to the heart things of high import; so also in these evidences of human intelligence and labor, is there a language not to be mistaken. They are the enduring records of progress from barbarism to civilization; the heralds of future growth and excellence; the

tracks—to adopt the apt word of another—the tracks of thought.

You come but now from the interesting display of these productions of man's ingenuity in another hall; you have surveyed them there: did you see in them nothing but wood and iron, and brass and leather? Look at them again, and they will tell you of hours of deep, laborious, persevering meditation—of weariness of body—of exhaustion of spirits—discouragement, almost despair—of revived hope and energy, and victories—glorious victories of mind, won inch by inch over the strong, although inert, resistance of matter and its laws. And how won? By the patient industry which dares and conquers all. The truth is, that these things are the handwriting of the inventor and the mechanic: they are, to his mind, the expression of its efforts and its power, as fully as the exact language of the philosopher, and the eloquent and glowing sentences of the poet, are the expression of theirs. We are apt to overlook or underrate the intelligence which is not recorded in books, and to forget that the faculties which are every day called into exercise, not only in mechanical inventions, but in many of the arts of life, are closely allied to those, which, under different training and with another direction, give literary and scientific fame. There must be in the head of the inventor, as close a logic, as in that of the mathematician; a creative power similar in kind, if not equal in degree, to that of the poet; and the patent office of most countries, nay, this Exhibition, indicates the extent to which these qualities have been possessed, and the intensity and perseverance



with which they have been exerted. The steadfast, resolute application of the mental energies, in a certain direction, and with a fixed object, makes the difference, perhaps all the difference, between civilized and savage man. It is an essential feature of savage life, that no continuous effort of thought is found in it. Its exertions are prompted by the immediate excitements—of the animal appetites—of the chase, or of war; and when these cease, the activity of uncultured man is done. He fills their intervals with no self-imposed task of body or of mind. If it were possible to induce in him the habit of assuming and sustaining the kind and degree of mental labor, by which the simplest of these machines has been produced, he would cease to be a savage. It is obvious, that the mere possession of the convenient results of mechanical ingenuity, is not alone an evidence of civilization; for it is quite possible, that by the accident of conquest, or as a legacy from a former age, they may exist among a people ignorant of their principles of action, and utterly destitute of the mental training necessary to their construction. Numerous examples of this might be found during the period of barbarism which succeeded to the civilization of Rome. A familiar one occurs with respect to a very beautiful description of glass, the art of manufacturing which was for centuries completely lost, although the thing itself remained. Another instance is afforded by those marvels of art, the remains of ancient sculpture, which have survived the ravages of time and war. These, in the hands of after generations, are no evidence of their civilization, because the associations of refined intelligence, and exquisite sensibility, and brave

industry, which made them, belonged not to their age.

We have lately seen amongst us a creation of the sculptor's art of most entrancing beauty—the statue of the Greek Slave. But, alas! the story of its birth is the rich possession of another land. If, in gazing on that great work, I could have said, “this was achieved in Canada,”—upon that argument alone, I would have claimed for this our country a proud place among the nations. Not merely because I saw upon that cold and senseless marble the impress of genius—a gift too often useless, and sometimes mischievous—but because joined to that, I read the record of a nobler thing; the chastening and elevating discipline of long years of self-denying meditation and enduring toil. The history of the daily progress in conceiving, and composing, and completing such a work, would be a golden lesson to mankind. The first happy thought, wrung out by study, or perhaps flashing uncalled upon the artist's mind—the dim vision of a loveliness all impalpable and unformed;—the silent revery—the deep abstraction, in which for months, perchance for years, the labouring and far-reaching fancy sought, with intense desire, to grasp, and to define and harmonize—till, yielding to the mighty invocation, his ideal of pure and holy beauty, step by step, came slowly forth, and radiant and distinct, stood in its matchless symmetry before him. But it was still a shadow, and no more—a subtle radiation from the graces of his own soul—and like the sunbeam, ere its wandering hues have been caught and rendered by the faithful prism, unseen, save by the enchanter's eye,—to the gross

world viewless, even as “the spirit of a lovely sound.” Then came the hard task of transcribing this idea for the perception of his fellow men,—of writing down in imperishable characters the lineaments which lived upon his brain, and in his heart, and were to him a reality as palpable and vivid as he has since made them to the gaze of spell-bound thousands. How little adapted to be the medium for translating the ideal into the real—for revealing to the world by outward signs, the mysterious sense of beauty in the soul, seemed the ductile clay, which with tedious and patient manipulation, the sculptor forced to take the very form and likeness of his thought. And now was to be accomplished the crowning work,—to link that thought not only to the hearts of living men, but to all after generations. From its dark bed in the eternal hills was hewn the ponderous and spotless block ; and slowly, beneath the incessant steel, emerges from the shapeless mass the rude outline of a human form—then, the more finished contour—the round and perfect limbs—the noble head—the faultless countenance, with its serene brow—its lip, firm, mournful, not without disdain—and eye, sightless to all around, but borne on the winged soul to loved and distant lands. And over all, the nameless charm of attitude, and the expression of an inward life, which makes that form of stone, a living and a wondrous thing,—a royal spoil of grace and beauty, wrested by the might of genius and his patient, brother labor, from the dull domain of inexpressive matter.

It is not here the place to dwell upon the peculiar character of the beauties of this statue. I have

perhaps digressed too much. But in all that I have said I wish to impress this simple truth, that virtuous, diligent, and earnest labour alone secures the best triumphs of our race. It constitutes the excellence, as well of nations, as of individuals; and is not merely a test, but is itself a form, and no mean form, of civilization. Hence a wisdom and a duty, above the motive of accumulating wealth, in fostering the growth and progress of industrial art. It records the intellectual condition of a people as surely as their literature; and future ages would read in the inventions of our day the great development of a diffused intelligence, even if our innumerable books—I mean those entitled to the name—were by some wide ruin blotted from the memory of man.

But enough of time has been bestowed upon the objects of this Provincial Exhibition. Let us now direct attention to the great assembly in the parent country, to which it is preparatory. And as introductory to this, I would solicit your permission to advert rapidly to some great assemblies which history has transmitted to us from former days; for the purpose of shewing, that as they were the creatures and expression of the spirit of their times, so is that meeting for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations a demonstration of the spirit of ours.

The social instinct of man, after first forming small communities, seeks gradually to enlarge the circle of association, and, ever true to itself, would, but for the agency of antagonistic principles, have long since united the unnumbered varieties of the human race

into one vast family. How active and unswerving this instinct is, appears from the history of the origin of nations. First, a single family, or a small band of roving savages; then a tribe, or a clan; next a petty nation, circumscribed within the limits of a modern county; and at last one of a great combination, making up a populous and powerful state. Now this progressive aggregation would not stop here of itself; but at a certain point, as if such had ever been the appointed order of Providence, it is met and resisted by a variety of adverse influences, and its consummation in universal fraternity is withstood. Yet in spite of this, the strong propensity still struggles on; and it is remarkable, that at different periods of the world's history, it has declared itself by general combinations and assemblies of the nations of the earth: sometimes, at regular periods, during a succession of ages, and for a uniform object; and at others, on a single occasion, and for a temporary purpose, common to all. The sacred games of Greece present an instance of a collection of the former character. Hundreds of thousands congregated periodically for centuries at these games, not only from Greece, but from the surrounding countries, to share or witness the contests of strength and courage which belonged to a martial people—and also, in later times, the higher rivalry in literature and the arts. And so great was the anxiety to swell the multitudes, whose presence gave importance to the scene, that the hostile operations of nations at war with each other—no rare occurrence among that irritable people—were for that purpose suspended with one accord.

Another instance of these assemblies, of a different character, and in a widely different state of society, occurs in the descent of the barbarian hordes, under Attila the Hun, upon the dependencies of the Roman Empire. Around the standard of that leader, who bore the terrible title of "the scourge of God," gathered the various tribes and nations of the north and east of Europe, attracted by one common love of strife and conquest, and scenting from afar, as with a vulture's instinct, the blood and spoil of distant and unoffending lands.

A third example of this great gathering of countries remote from each other, and divided by language, and laws, and interests, is to be found in that strange episode of history, the Crusades. There a spirit of religious devotion, acting on a warlike age, produced the spectacle of one universal impulse over the entire population of the christian world, breaking up, as it were, all the foundations of domestic and social repose, and to borrow a well known phrase, hurling upon Asia uprooted Europe.

I have selected these three familiar and prominent cases, because they are familiar; and I can take it for granted, that their details are well known to my audience.

Now in each of these assemblies is contained an exposition, too strong and earnest to be mistaken, of the feelings, and habits, and character of the times to which they respectively belong. Who does not see in the generous contests and wide-spread influence of

the Olympic Games, the type and essence of two great properties? First the martial ardour, which viewed with unquailing eye the terrible array of the vain-glorious Persian; and in its lofty valour and stern self-devotion rolled back that countless host in dismay and death;—and next, the love of intellectual excellence which has clustered around that fair and favored land; the classic memories and priceless relics, which have made it a shrine of nations; whose bright altar-fires, in storm and darkness—obscured but not extinguished—veiled but not lost—first sent their beaming light through the deep night of ignorance and barbarism, in one broad hemisphere; and then, gleaming athwart an unknown sea, to an undreamed-of world, undimmed by the revolution of 2000 years, shine here, yes, even here, in these regions of the frozen North.

It is evident that among that people the accomplishments which gave eminence in war, were greeted with a warmer enthusiasm than those which grace the scenes of peace. And from these two properties, in that subordination, and not from the arbitrary will of one man, or of many, grew slowly up the vast assemblies which congregated for so many ages at those renowned and long enduring games. They were the expression of the spirit of civilized Europe—a spirit composed of the genius of war, softened and refined by the genius of mental cultivation.

But the picture to which we must now turn is of a far different aspect, yet is it no less a marked and full embodiment of the spirit of its age. When Attila gathered from the distant plains of Scythia, and from

various parts of Europe, the thronging hordes which swelled his army to five hundred thousand fighting men, it was not by the appliances and energy of his personal will, or military power, strong as these were, that he drew together those remote and hostile races; but because in that barbarian world he was essentially the representative of its character and tendencies. He became its spokesman; and when he uttered in trumpet tones the words "battle," "conquest," "spoil," they thrilled directly to each ready and responding heart. He merely touched and quickened the pulse, the only common pulse, which beat as in one frame through that great multitude.

Let me not be told that he created, or that any man creates the disposition of his time. Generations come and go, while the occult causes which elaborate, and change, and form the fabric of society, are silently at work; and all that one mind ever did, or can do, is to detect and understand, to rouse and wield the spirit of his age—at once its leader and its slave. If Attila, instead of the pervading thought and aspiration of the men with whom he lived, had pronounced words of peace, and urged some mission of philanthropy, he would have been as powerless as his meanest follower to cement and rule that crude unquiet host. And if for such a mission he had demanded years of danger and of suffering, and life poured out as water to secure success, his answer would have been a yell of fury and derision, enough to shake even his iron soul. But his was no mission of peace: it was his boast, that where his charger trod, grass never grew. And answering to his call, as one beast of prey answers



to its fellow, that mass of human beasts of prey swept on in its pitiless and direful course, leaving a wide and fearful track of blood and rapine, desolation and despair. It is not my purpose to pursue historical details; it is enough to add, that at Chalons the mighty tide was encountered and turned back, by the mightier arm of civilised warfare. But the hundred and fifty thousand corpses which strewed that ghastly field, proved well how broad, and deep, and earnest was the impulse which had led and left them there.

This was the unmixed spirit of barbarian war and rapine, unrelieved by intellectual culture—unmitigated by any generous though mistaken sentiment; not war, with its crimes, and groans, and agonies, covered by the tinsel which men call glory,—but war for the spoil it gave. I know not which has the advantage in point of morality; but it must be admitted, that never was the naked hideousness of this Moloch of all time more awfully unveiled.

I pass on to a phase of humanity, of less unmixed evil—those great monuments of Christendom known as the Crusades. Near the close of the eleventh century, Peter the Hermit returned from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that sacred city, the cradle of our faith. Oppressed with all that he had witnessed of the desecration of a place hallowed by association with the most momentous event the world ever saw, and stung with deep indignation at the contempt and injuries which, with his fellow pilgrims, he had endured at the hand of the proud infidel who held

dominion there;—he poured into the hearts of sympathising millions the passionate excitements of his own. He painted the woes he had seen and felt; and urged upon his moved and willing audience, as a high and holy duty, the rescue of that captive land.

The bursting cry, “God wills it!—God wills it!”—which rang through the length and breadth of continental Europe, and was echoed back from the roused islands of the sea, shewed how potent, and how comprehensive must have been the spirit which the feeble spell of his single voice could thus evolve. It was the spirit of his time;—the commingled genius of war and chivalry, inspired and directed by religious enthusiasm. Its mighty expression, by the repeated combinations of all the powers of Christendom, has been already alluded to; but it is worthy of remark, that these combinations occurred at periods when the nations of Europe were arrayed against each other in internal wars—when the power of Rome was resisted by France and Germany—and the possession of that power itself disputed by two rival claimants of the Papal throne.

This strikingly displays with what vitality the spirit, which during the lapse of years has silently ripened in the bosom of a people, struggles to the surface; and at last, released by some frequently accidental and apparently inadequate agency, asserts at once, with irresistible force, its supremacy over all the local, and partial interests, and opinions, and conflicts of the day.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of these great vindications of the temper of different ages, by the spontaneous combinations of their generations upon one common object. The history of the East affords instances more striking, though less familiar than those which have been selected; but I have perhaps gone as far in this direction as I can venture to do, without becoming wearisome; and I hasten to inquire, whether the great and novel assembly to which this meeting, and many others, are but hand-maids, be in any degree an exponent of the spirit of our age; and if yea, what manner of spirit that is.

The style and title of that assembly at once explains its particular purpose, and its comprehensive design. It is called an "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," and embraces every kind of production of nature and of art. It is to be held in London, in the month of May next; and so long ago as in July last, in seventeen states of Europe, and in the United States of America, and even in Turkey, steps had been taken for being represented there. To this list it is likely that, besides the Colonial dependencies of Great Britain, other additions have since been made.

Now it seems to me, that one of two things is certain in connection with this project. Either it was a crude idea, unfitted to the times, and not intelligible to the masses; or else, it was one of those great and pervading thoughts which, as in the examples I have already given, need only be proclaimed to insure immediate sympathy, and an earnest co-operation. There is enough of evidence to satisfy my mind, that

it is essentially of the latter character ; one of those suggestions springing from and harmonizing with the temper of the times ; originating, it may be, in some obscure and humble source—then more widely circulated and discussed—until at last it was pronounced by the lips of power and influence ; and thus given to the world, is likely to receive a practical and most successful execution.

It is nothing that among those whose trade it is to jest, or who see no grave significance in the events of life, it has been a theme for sport and ridicule ; for by those who believe this life of ours, with all its mysteries, to be an earnest and a solemn thing, this peaceful gathering of the nations will be found a pledge that a change has fallen on the minds of men, and a sign shadowing forth the advent of that highest form of civilization, in which the rude and fierce propensities of man—the animal—shall be subdued before the expanded growth and high attainments of his moral nature. I say, the advent of that highest form of civilization, for it is a truth which saddens the history of our race, that in all forms of its society—under all its aspects, and amid all its vicissitudes since the world began—war and strife were there. Among the untaught sons of barbarism it must be so. But equally in the polished states of Greece and Rome did this spirit reign supreme. Their most favored path to fame and power lay through the battle field ; and he who could not follow its ensanguined course, held, at the highest, but a second place. When the grim realities of war were for a time suspended, their symbols found a place in public games and cruel spec-

tacles. And thus the civilization of the empires of antiquity, at its very highest point, was infected and debased by this instinctive and ferocious love of conflict and destruction. In the modern world, too—the Christian world—notwithstanding the culture which arts and letters give, aided by the strong influences which the ancients never had, this fatal passion has ruled the nations;—and from Moscow to the Mediterranean—from the Volga to the shores of the Atlantic—in almost every portion of that wide space—amid the stained snows of winter, and summer’s waving harvests, from age to age, have the clang of arms and the thunder of artillery resounded—and the calmest, sweetest scenes on earth, have been invaded and defiled by the tramp and agony of embattled hosts. Ah! who can tell the sum of human blood, poured out in torrents, that might the “multitudinous sea incarnadine”—the sum of human forms, stretched mouldering on the rent and furrowed plains, tainting the sweet breath of the morn with pestilence and death—the sighs and tears of sorrowing and crushed affection—and worse than these, the fierce hate, the fell imprecation, and all the terrible and unbridled passions which inflamed and tore those now unbeating hearts? But for us there is hope which the empires of the ancient world could not have; there are in our civilization two elements and motive powers, unknown to theirs:—the one divine, a gift direct from Heaven—our Christian faith; the other, the reward of human effort—the wide spread commerce, and the close, constant intercourse which has grown out of it, or with it, and is at once a cause and an effect. In our own day, there is a marvellousness in the approximation of

places hitherto divided by an almost impassable remoteness. Steam, that untiring giant, traversing, swift as an eagle's flight, the land and ocean—and the very lightnings of Heaven tamed down to do man's bidding, have, as it were, annihilated distance. These are agencies which must soon be felt—nay, which are already felt—in their tendency to abate national prejudices, and to substitute for national isolation a fusion and fraternization, never before regarded as within the bounds of a reasonable probability. I have already detained you too long to indulge in speculations upon the ultimate effects of these two great modern conquests of science and mechanism; but there can be no doubt, that to them we owe, as one of their immediate consequences, the great assembly which we have in view. Without the preparation which they have silently effected in men's minds, and the practical aid of one of them, it is unlikely that the design would ever have been conceived, or that its execution could have been rendered possible.

Thus, then, we are to have a congregation of people, and nations, and tongues, drawn from regions of the great globe more various and remote than any which the page of history records. The sturdy children of the North—the inhabitants of the sunny South—and of those far Eastern climes, which seem to us so dim and strange, may be expected there. And more, this Western world, in its green youth—rescued, as it were, but yesterday from the deep gloom and utter savageness of the hoar wilderness—shall send its sons to swell the mighty concourse. And why this mighty congregation? is the dark soul of war and rapine

there too? Is it to deface God's fair creation with more carnage—more crimsoned glory—or to compete in mimic fights, and shew in fierce feats of strength, and skill, and courage, how man may best destroy his fellow men? Ah! no; another soul is there. In the design and purpose of that congregation there are competition—and contest—and glory too—but no blood;—the competition of intelligence—the contests of mind with matter—the glory of valiant hearts which, amid poverty, and disease, and hope deferred, and mayhap, contempt and scorn, in meek and patient toil have wrought out for the benefaction of mankind their own imaginings. I say, that if this great Industrial Exhibition excite the interest, and meet the wide success which it deserves, it will be a noble evidence of a lofty civilization, which no time before has equalled, or approached; an expression of the spirit of our age, which every living man, who has not lived in vain, may hail with honest pride. There is a grandeur in the spectacle of this universal and spontaneous contribution, selected from all that in the lapse of centuries—upon the varied surface of the ample earth—in cold or heat—in all modes of social life, and all varieties of human circumstance, have been elaborated from the teeming brain of man, to be displayed, compared, and judged in friendly rivalry. There is in it an earnest of moral progress—of the growth of a right standard of the true and good—and of an upward spring in man's best nature. No event has ever occurred, which is so emphatic a declaration to the world, of the spirit of peace. And to those philanthropists, who have striven to enlist mankind, in one great compact for its universal diffu-

sion—it must be a welcome harbinger. I know that the views of these men have been frowned upon as visionary and impracticable, and the convictions from which they spring called mawkish sentiment: but it is no new thing in the upward progress of morality; for the conventional and the false to deal out words of discouragement and contumely, upon the unwelcome and the true. Yet likely as this is to happen, it is no less certain, that the upright act, born of the pure emotions which have their dwelling in the soul's deep sanctuary, is never lost; and now they have an assurance that in their so-called visionary views and mawkish sentiment, they are not alone. Let them then take courage, and remember that with strong and faithful effort the difficult is not the impossible, and the remote soon ceases to be the unattainable. Who can say, that this dove of peace, which year after year has been sent forth, amid the clouds and storms and raging ocean of men's passions, and seen no place of rest, may not, ere long, behold a subsidence of the dark waters; and a broad mountain top on which her weary foot may find repose?

But I try your patience, and will add but little more. I know not if I have made myself fully understood; but my design has been, to draw from these Industrial Exhibitions, some two or three conclusions. The first of these is, that the productions of mechanical contrivance ought to be regarded by us with an interest deeper than a mere passing curiosity—as a record of civilization; because they are a history of intelligent labor, that is, of that discipline of men's faculties, which itself is the essential element of civilization. By



the word labor, I do not intend the mere corporeal toil, which the reformers of a certain school seem to consider as alone entitled to regard ; nor do I mean entirely to exclude it ; for no form of cheerful diligence, in the fulfilment of our mission here on earth, is without its power and dignity. A pervading earnestness of spirit informs and elevates all conditions of human exertion. But its noblest exhibition, is that which tasks the energies of heart and brain ; and stirs within us the impulses of a high intelligence, and something higher still—the moral sense which binds us to another world. I would again insist upon this plain and hacknied, but unheeded truth, that where this spirit of labor is not, no gift of nature or of fortune can avail. Genius can rear no monument without its aid. It is the condition, imposed by God himself, upon the attainment of all excellence and happiness by man.

A second conclusion which I have endeavored to enforce is, that these Exhibitions are significant of a civilization, high in degree, and different in principle, from that which any other age has offered ;—their vital principle is a spirit of peace. It is not that there is to be no more war ; such a consummation is not yet near, for slow and painful is the ascent of nations in the scale of virtue. But the supremacy of that great evil is abated. The sounding words and glittering pomp, which have so long misled the world, are beginning to be understood ; and the thoughtful and the just have learned, and are declaring, that war, and its miscalled glory, are the offspring of those baser instincts, which are nearest earth, and most remote

from heaven. The lowest and worst point is turned, and this tyrant power is yielding, heavily and sullenly, but visibly yielding, and let us hope forever, before the vigor of a sound and healthful tone of public sentiment. It is this increasing and fundamental change, by the substitution of the predominance of peace for the supremacy of war, as an element in the construction of society, and as its presiding genius, which I have endeavored to render the prominent feature of this discourse, and would submit as a worthy subject for your sober contemplation. Of such a change these Exhibitions are a loud and unequivocal assertion. The spirit which they breathe, is of a noble essence, combined of patient industry—of high intelligence—and of universal peace. May it be the growing and pervading, and abiding spirit of our country and the world!

I desire to express my consciousness of the erratic and imperfect character of this address; but if I have aroused in any mind—a new or stronger sense of the true uses and significance of life—or touched a nerve of those best sensibilities, which vibrate in joyful sympathy with the enlarged intelligence and moral growth of man;—if to any benevolent, but desponding heart, I have afforded encouragement, that there are days to come, of a riper morality—a more just appreciation of the great and excellent glories of humanity—I shall feel that my labor and your time have not been spent in vain, and be consoled for merited censure, at having so feebly dealt with a prolific and exalted theme.

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