

earth—mighty with the people of every clime—it seeks everywhere to free them from the shackles in which they have been bound—to invite them to stand upon their feet and exercise freely whatever good gifts God has given them. This is the genius of British freedom, and it has nothing in common with that proud and ignorant exclusiveness of fancied superiority which has often been, I am sure unjustly, attributed to it. But every nation has still its peculiarities, and Scotland is no exception. The ultimate causes of these we may find partly in the origin of the people, uniting the warmth and enthusiasm of the Celt with the steady energy of the Teuton; partly in the natural features of the country, so wild and varied; and in its resources, valuable in themselves, but requiring the utmost exertion of labor and skill for their development. We may find it, too, in the influences of education and religion. Burns lived, unhappily for himself, in one of those ebbs of the spirit of his country in which it is difficult for the bark of a great mind to find depth to float. The fire and enthusiasm of the Covenanter had died away. The more chastened religious zeal of modern times had not arisen; and the poet fell too much into the hands of scoffing and careless men, who little represented the true genius of his country. Had he lived a hundred years earlier or a hundred years later, he would have been a still greater poet. But, like all true works of genius, his poetry rose above his time, and he has succeeded so well in expressing the mind of his countrymen, that his spirit, now a century after his birth, in a far better time than that in which he lived, that Scotsmen are stirred up everywhere as by a spontaneous impulse to honor his name.—*Montreal Transcript*.

## 8. HON. PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D.

(*Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada.*)

### THE PRESS AND ITS INFLUENCE IN CANADA.

It is with no small diffidence that I rise to address so brilliant an assemblage in a language not my vernacular, and particularly after the eloquent addresses which you have heard. I would not have accepted the task of speaking on this great subject did I not know that the subject is one which can almost take care of itself. (Applause.) On an occasion like this the toast may be mentioned with advantage; for had it not been for the discovery of printing, it is probable that the songs of Burns would yet be sung in Scotland only, and would not have obtained that wide field of just popularity which they now possess. (Applause.) In this country the press has a great duty to perform; it has to bring together the different nationalities now flourishing on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I ask those present, why should not a common sympathy bind us together? We are of French origin, and are you not of that great Celtic race which has covered not only Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but also France? (Applause.) Is not the language spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales, the same that is spoken in Brittany in France, from the shores of which Jacques Cartier sailed to discover Canada. (Applause.) I can perhaps tell you of a fact not generally known. It is a fact, that the descendants of the men who fought the two battles on the Plains of Abraham are now blended together. The gallant Highlander, finding himself far away from his dear country, saw he could not get Jean, wisely took to Jeannette; he settled and married in Canada. (Laughter and applause.) In the part of the country from which I came, there are those bearing the name of Fraser, Campbell, and Macdonald who, awkwardly as I speak English, would find themselves still more awkwardly placed if called upon to address you this evening in any other language than the French. (Laughter.) The speaker read, as an offering from the Canadian muse to the Scotch muse, the following translation into French of Burns' poem "Caledonia." It was translated into French by Mr. Lenoir.

O myrtes embaumés, laissez les autres terres  
Nous vanter à l'envi leurs bosquets solitaires,  
Dont l'été fait jaillir d'enivrantes odeurs.  
J'aime mieux ce vallon, frais et riant asile,  
Où, sur un lit d'argent, coule une onde tranquille,  
Sous la fougère jaune et les genêts en fleurs.

Plus chère est à mon cœur cette douce retraite!  
La blanche marguerite et sa sœur pâquerette  
S'y mêlent au bluet à l'aigrette d'azur,  
Et c'est là que souvent Jeanne, ma bien aimée,  
Vient écouter l'oiseau, caché sous la ramée,  
Jeanne au regard si doux, ma Jeanne au front si pur!

La brise les caresse et le soleil les dore,  
Quand notre froide Ecosse entend la voix sonore  
Des sombres aquilons bondissant sur les flots:  
Mais ces lieux enchantés, qui les foule? l'esclave!  
Le bonheur n'est pas fait pour que porte l'entrave!  
Il appartient au maître! A l'autre les sanglots!

Non! le noble Ecossois ne conçoit nulle envie  
De ces biens contestés d'une race asservie.  
Avec un fier dédain, il sait voir tour-à-tour  
Leur bosquets parfumés, leur fertiles campagnes.  
Libre comme le vent qui court sur ses montagnes,  
S'il a porté des fers, ce sont ceux de l'amour!

We subjoin the original poem:

Their groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;  
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,  
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,  
Their sweet scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,  
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains,  
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

—*L. C. Journal of Education.*

## II. Canadian and other Historical Papers.

### 1. ABBÉ FERLAND'S HISTORICAL LECTURES.

The *Journal de Quebec* and the *Courrier du Canada* are publishing an interesting *Compte-rendu* of the course of lectures being delivered by Abbé Ferland, in the University of Laval, on the History of Canada. There are two separate reports of this lecture; the best is that published in the *Journal de Quebec*. In the list of historical materials given in the early part of his course, the Abbé seems to be considerably deficient; but the result of his labors, when collected will furnish a not unimportant addition to our native literature.—*Leader*.

### 2. A CENTENARY AT FORT NIAGARA.

A few months since a centennial celebration was held at Fort Du Quesne, Pittsburgh, and it was a brilliant success. A few days ago the Burns' Centenary was celebrated in the various cities where the memory of the true old Scottish Poet has a warm place in the hearts of his and our countrymen. Centennial celebrations, particularly of events connected with the early history of our own country, are not only interesting occurrences, but of great importance in reviving historic memories and cultivating a taste for the study of history, especially among the young.

Upon our northern frontier, near the mouth of our noble Niagara, at the fort which bears the name of the river upon whose banks it stands, one of the most important events in the early history of America occurred on the 24th day of July, 1759, and it is now proposed to have a centennial celebration upon the spot then consecrated by the patriotism and blood of our British forefathers. Upon that day one hundred years will have elapsed since Fort Niagara was surrendered by the French to the English, and the event marked an important crisis in the old French war.

The event to be celebrated occurred on soil now belonging to the United States, and the celebration should be within the American fort; but it is upon the immediate borders of the British Provinces, and one hundred years ago our forefathers were all subjects of the British crown. All circumstances therefore combine to designate that day and that place for an international celebration such as may never occur again.

The Niagara frontier is rich with historic reminiscences, but of all the military exploits that might be celebrated, the surrender of Fort Niagara by the French is perhaps the only one that the subjects of the two governments could appropriately unite in commemorating. We could hardly ask our Canadian friends to meet us in a celebration of the gallant victories of Gen. Scott, nor could we be prepared to join them in renewing the memories of the battle of Queenston Heights. We could stand at the foot of his monument and pay tribute to the noble character of the gallant Brock, but to pass a few rods therefrom and stand upon the brink of the precipice over which hundreds of our brave countrymen were driven to perish in the maddening torrent below, would awaken memories incompatible with feelings appropriate to a joyous international festival. At Fort Niagara, however, we may all meet, and with one heart and one voice pay appropriate tributes of respect to the memories of our common ancestors.