

cal education—the Rugby foot-balls, exhibited by Mr. Gilbert; the articles used in cricket, which are furnished by Messrs. Dark, Duke, and Feltham. A very interesting display is made by Dr. Roth of models illustrative of his somewhat elaborate system of physical training.

#### D. Illustrations of Elementary Science.

In this department are included two divisions which were originally intended to be separate—those of natural history and philosophical apparatus. The natural history collections are not numerous; the most prominent objects in this department being very fine specimens of the head of a lion and of a tiger, exhibited by Messrs. Ward; a collection of British birds by Mr. Ashmead, and some specimens of birds by Messrs. Gardner and Bartlett; Mr. Highley, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Damon, of Weymouth, contribute classified collections of geological and other specimens, intended to facilitate more methodical teaching of natural history than is used in schools. Of the philosophical apparatus, that of Messrs. Griffin, and of Mr. Stratham, will deserve the greatest attention, on account of its adaptation to educational purposes. Some very interesting and effective diagrams, intended to illustrate the elementary truths of physical science, are also exhibited by Messrs. Johnston of Edinburgh, and by Mr. Mackie.

Of the objects in this room which are not specially educational in their purpose, the most remarkable are the beautiful scenes of chromo-lithographs, and other engravings, exhibited by the Arundel Society. It is not so generally known as it deserves to be that this society has devoted itself to the reproduction of many of the choicest and least accessible works of the earlier Italian masters. Many of the works of Giotto, of Angelico, and of Masaccio, have been discovered in a neglected and decaying condition, in convents and half-ruined chapels, in Italy. The diligence of the Arundel Society has, in many cases, rescued them from oblivion; while the fidelity and care with which the engravings have been made to represent the character of the original paintings are worthy of all praise. Although somewhat out of place in an educational court, these beautiful works are well displayed at the top of the staircase, and are amongst the chief attractions of the central tower.—*London Educational Times, July, 1862.*

Note.—A gold medal was awarded to the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, for his collection of Journals of Education and Reports.

### 3. LOST ARTICLES IN THE EXHIBITION.

The collection of lost articles is already beginning to assume considerable proportions, and the magazine at the police office, in the strange variety of its contents, most resembles one of those sale-rooms where unredeemed pledges are disposed of. Nothing is more singular in large exhibitions of this kind, than the carelessness with which people drop their property about. Umbrellas, of course, were made to be lost, and there are here already great numbers of them of all sorts, from the daintiest lace-covered sunshades to the commonest gingham. Of handkerchiefs, too, there are enough to stock a small haberdasher's shop. The ladies seem the chief contributors to the museum, for the most numerous articles, next to the umbrellas and handkerchiefs, are brooches, bracelets (some of them of value), lockets, fans, collars and cuffs, smelling-bottles, reticules, shawls, and even goloshes. The purses, too, of which there are more than a dozen, all evidently belong to ladies. The walking-sticks, memorandum books and bunches of keys may be set down to the gentlemen, but the opera glasses, the eye glasses and spectacles, and the gloves, of which there is an immense variety (generally old ones), must be divided between the two. Everything, even to the shabbiest old glove, is neatly ticketed with the time and place of its discovery; but, though numerous articles are restored each day, the public scarcely seem generally aware of the existence of the office, for the accumulations have been growing larger and larger ever since the opening day, and even before.—*English Paper.*

## II. Papers on Colonial Subjects.

### 1. NOVA SCOTIA'S BIRTHDAY.

To-day the citizens of Halifax are called to celebrate the foundation of this city, where on the 21st of June, 1749, Governor Cornwallis landed as Governor of Nova Scotia, with a large body of emigrants, and Chebucto exchanged its name for that of Halifax. It is with curiously mingled feelings that we greet the return of this, our Nova Scotia's natal morning. Halifax has come to be One Hundred and Thirteen years old to-day—a young enough age for a nation when nations grew slowly, but somewhat more advanced, according to the modern standard of progress—which requires nations, as it requires men, to do as much as their antediluvian ancestry in less than a tenth of the antediluvians' time. One hundred and

thirteen years old!—and when we look backward on the tide of all these years, there is no doubt a shade of regret at some shortcomings and failures; but we are thankful to say, there is a glow of honest pride that overcomes all in reckoning over what we have accomplished, and reflecting upon what we have become.

A mighty change has been wrought since Cornwallis anchored for the first time in the harbor—perhaps that hardy leader, and his comrades hoped for greater things, in a shorter period, than the years that have been produced. But if all their hopes have not been realized, neither have been all their fears—and their descendants find themselves to-day with smoother ground beneath their feet, fairer scenes around them, and the old lion-flag floating still above them, without change or stain, after one hundred and thirteen anniversary mornings.

It was a strange scene that met the view of the pioneers of 1749. Nature in her wildness looked down upon them; on either shore the banks that stooped to the waves were heavily fringed with underwood, and encumbered with fallen boughs. Rank over rank on the hill side rose towering woods, in that freshness and yet that monotonous mass of verdure which marks the wilds of North America. Before they could raise one rafter of the new homes they came to found, their hardy arms would have to ply the axe, in stroke on stroke among the ancient groups of heavy hemlock. They had to displace the wide, firm roots of pines that clutched the granite boulders in their knotty grasp, and pierced the uncultured soil. They could hear nothing in that overpowering loneliness but the clatter of strange birds—or haply the bellowing of moose in the depths of the forest. The only trace of man was far from reassuring. The remains of the fire-wood cut on a previous visit by the French, were visible—the remains of some of the Frenchmen themselves, lying covered with leaves in the woods. The dreaded Indian with his wolfish instincts, his subtle woodcraft, his unreasoning hatred and his fatal weapons, they knew was near—perhaps nearer than they knew.

In such circumstances did the slender array of colonists found the settlement. Before the settlement grew to a city, years of toil and hardship—many a time of suffering, and many a round of wrong had to be endured. There were years of slow labor—years of neglect—years unmarked by enterprise—years painful with reverses—years of petty struggle and vexation, and long-abiding years of bitterness between man and man—years of hope long deferred; and with them mingled many years of peace—plenteous years, and years of honest effort and undoubted progress—till Halifax has reached her present position. Where windfalls rotted, handsome streets have been built; the boundless contiguity of shady trees has disappeared, and let the light of civilization in upon the favored spot; and the wild tangle of forest vines and underwood are no longer here to hamper the hasty feet of commerce. The nation has been multiplied and its joy bounteously increased. If, as a people, we have not sprung up in such prosperous pride as that great Union that rose with us and beyond us, thank Heaven we have not fallen so low. If we have grown slowly, so does the oak; and the American Republic, that shot up like a meteor, has fallen quite as suddenly, and long before it reached the stars. The flag Cornwallis carried is still represented on our Citadel; two rival banners now dispute the dominions of the Union. If we have not the golden plenty of our neighbours, they have not our golden peace. If our lands are not so well cultivated, they are not the less fertile; if our resources are as yet comparatively untouched, they are none the less ample. All that our people want is energy and self-reliance; and if these are to be slow-growing plants in our intellectual soil, their hardness will surely compensate for their tardiness. Altogether, Halifax, and the Province with it, may find room for congratulation on the past; if there is a trace of graver feeling in the eyes of him who looks anxiously forth to the future, still every feature is illumined with the sunshine of hope. With an industrious throng of farmers, fishermen, miners and artisans—with staunch and honorable merchants, and with all their people loyal, even though our enterprise be limited and our achievements moderate—the even tenor of our way is toward prosperity.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

### 2. THE ACADIANS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

We learn that the Emperor Napoleon has, at the solicitation of M. Rameau, presented 1,000f. to the Acadians of Rustico, Prince Edward Island, toward supplying books and maps to a Literary Institute lately founded at Rustico. These Acadians are a remnant of the once numerous and prosperous French colonists celebrated in Longfellow's "Evangeline." Last year they commenced a migration to a new settlement, at the head of Chaleurs Bay. As these hardy, but comparatively landless peasants, might become far more important farmers in Canada than they ever can be in Prince Edward Island, we trust the present Minister of Agriculture, Hon. M. Evan-