

do not mean by what I have said, to assert that no improvement has hitherto been made in the Teacher's salary—that his condition in a pecuniary way has not been bettered in any degree. On the contrary, I am most happy to be able to state that in some places the salaries given to well qualified and skilful teachers, have of late been considerably augmented; but the country is so overrun by those who are totally incompetent, and who are willing to give their services, such as they are, for almost any amount the people choose to offer, that it is much to be feared the increase noticed above will not become general till these unqualified teachers leave the employment they are so utterly unfit for, and their places filled by those who are able to show that a superior teacher is cheaper at a salary of a hundred pounds a year than an incompetent one is at fifty.

3. THE FUTURE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, lectured in St. John's, N. B., a short time since on the subject which heads this article. The St. John's *Courier* of Dec. 3, thus speaks of the lecture:

Of the many topics touched and descanted upon by the honorable gentleman, there were three which claim prominent attention from the thinking portions of the scattered population of the five colonies, viz:—An Intercolonial Free Trade—a Union of the Provinces—and the annihilation of the Hudson Bay Company's monopoly. The first of these points was ably and comprehensively treated by the lecturer, and, we think, there was not a practical man present that did not yield a full and cordial assent to his conclusions. He pledged himself to the advocacy of measures necessary to consummate so desirable an object in a higher sphere of usefulness than the arena of a public platform, and we sincerely hope, when the hon. gentleman is again in a position to direct the Councils of his native Province, that he will identify his name with the movement, and persevere in urging the policy on the attention of the legislatures of the other colonies, and ultimately an agreement between them for its adoption. Colonial Free Trade once established, and a permanent railway connection, as heretofore advocated in these columns, in operation between the three continental provinces—the union of the whole, either of a federal or legislative character, would speedily follow. On this subject Mr. Howe touched but slightly, and many of his auditors were much disappointed in consequence, as the views he was expected to enunciate would have been accepted as finger posts to guide the populations interested in this momentous question to a decision. In alluding to the exertions made by Canada to terminate the Hudson Bay monopoly, the honorable gentleman indicated a necessity for a united action on the part of the maritime provinces, to second the efforts of the Canadian Government with the Imperial authorities; and, so far as we can judge of public opinion with us, we can say there would be no hesitation on the part of New Brunswick, to aid their colonial brethren in attaining their object. It is not an uninteresting fact, as detailed by Mr. Howe, that these British North American Provinces now contain three millions of inhabitants whose rate of increase, is to double every twenty years. In intelligence, industry, and material wealth, taken in the aggregate, we may, without a charge of egotism, assume Britain to be superior to any nation of Continental Europe, of treble her present population. And when, in addition, we can point to numbers of native born statesmen—men of practical knowledge, and an acquaintance with the nicest subtleties of political economy—men who can think, and who can speak, and make their thoughts known in words that burn, and which impress conviction on an auditory with a power not surpassed by the titled diplomats, or orators of European name and fame, we ask ourselves how long a time will elapse “before this people will become conscious of their power, and will seek to take their place, and claim their right to a seat and a vote in the great Congress of the nations.”

If these North American Provinces were united and their social institutions organized, what an outwork of strength would they prove to be to the father-land at the present threatening attitude of France! How many of the 600,000 fighting men which these Provinces could muster, as spoken of by Mr. Howe, would rush to the rescue, and to punish the invaders of the sacred soil of Britain? Would not our weight in such a situation turn the scale of Imperial controversy, and tend to check the pretensions and arrogance of the most powerful despots.

Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. It is not to be gained by wishing, nor acquired by dignity and wealth. The student, whether rich or poor, must read, think, remember, compare, consult, and digest, in order to be wise and useful.

IV. Papers on Lord Macaulay.—In Memoriam.

1. RIGHT HON. THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY.

(Biographical Sketches, No. 5.)

The sudden death of Lord Macaulay, one of the greatest literary men of the age, has been announced. He died at Kensington, on the evening of Wednesday, the 28th December, in the 59th year of his age, having been born at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire on the 25th of October, 1800. He was the son of a London merchant, Zachary Macaulay, famous for his exertions on behalf of the African race, but the family belonged to the Highlands of Scotland, where Zachary Macaulay's father and uncle were ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. After carrying off high academic honours at Cambridge, he soon attained pre-eminence as a poet, an essayist, a historian, and an orator. His first decided literary success was his article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1826. It abounded in ornate passages which his later and severer taste condemned, but nothing less dazzling could have created a reputation so sudden. To the Marquis of Lansdowne he was indebted for his entrance into Parliament for the borough of Calne in 1830, a seat, then as now, in the nomination of Lord Lansdowne, and it soon became evident that the Whig party had gained, in his single person, a prodigious accession of strength. From that moment, power, emolument and high rank were within his easy reach. His speeches were the most luminous and brilliant of his age. Less varied than O'Connell, and less poetical than Shiel, he was altogether unrivalled in his stores of historical reference, and in the mingled lucidity and fervour of his logic. Unlike Peel he never seemed to be troubled with a nice balancing of difficulties. He saw at a glance the clear course before him, and he followed it, with his oratory always at white heat. In 1834, Macaulay accepted a lucrative post as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, but returned to England three years afterwards. He was elected as a member for Edinburgh in 1839, and became Secretary at War in the same year. In consequence of his speech in favour of the Maynooth grant, he was rejected in 1847, but in 1852, he was spontaneously re-elected. After a few Sessions, he retired from the House of Commons, and only about two years ago he was raised to the peerage. Lord Macaulay was unmarried, and his title dies with him. But his place in his country's literature is among the immortals. His ballads of the Spanish Armada and the Battle of the League, his magnificent essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, and his History of England, although only a colossal fragment, will endure while language lasts. The *Times* says no death which we could chronicle will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man. It is the loss of a great man who had accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us for ever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly, and yet so carefully, that the reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he had brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but it had fructified into political wisdom, and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew and thought and felt. The death of such a man is more than a common loss—is more than the loss of a man equally great in other departments of literature. The material which he handles gives to the work of the historian a value which the work of no other artist enjoys. A great novelist or a great poet may be compared to a worker in colours, which have no value except in the arrangement given to them by the artist. A great historian, on the other hand, is a worker in gold and silver and precious stones, which have a value independent of their workmanship bestowed on them. It requires a great mind to elicit the facts, but the facts have a value in themselves, and if they are not transmitted by the historian who is in possession of them, the loss which we sustain is not comparable to that of an additional poem or new novel from the poet or novelist too soon struck down. Macaulay is cut off in his 60th year, and in the midst of his work. Who is to finish what he has begun? Who is to make good wherein he has failed? The deep regret for such a loss which will be universally felt wherever the English language is spoken will be mingled with surprise at its suddenness. Only on Monday last Lord Macaulay had entertained his family at a Christmas party. It is true that for some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, and three weeks ago he had a return of threatening symp-