

healthy face displays a greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to wear strong shoes. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them that they ruin God's images by wearing strong bodices. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic, in his working dress is a better object of our esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them if you can afford it, music, painting, and all other arts, but consider these as secondary objects only. Teach them a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage; and that wild flowers are a worthy object of admiration. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only yes or no in good earnest. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearance nor on wealth, but on the man's character. Have you instructed your daughters in these principles, and have they comprehended these principles? Fearlessly allow them to marry; they will make their way through the world.—Translated from the German by F. H. LEHMANN, Texas.)

Webster's Taste in Dress.—Daniel Webster had instructive sense of propriety in dress as well as language. He discriminated colours as accurately as thoughts, and wished to see both in their appropriate places. He was particular about the style and quality of his own apparel, and always appeared dressed to suit the occasion and the company. Seeing his little granddaughters dressed in white, he commended the taste that made the selection, observing that children should wear light and simple colours like the flowers of early spring. "In later life," he said, "we require gayers colours. In this respect we follow nature, which brings out its brightest colours at the close of the year, and tinges the forest in autumn with varied and brilliant hues."

Brains on the Farm.—A young man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a noted law student in Ferrimac county, who had the misfortune to lose his hearing, having settled on a farm, writes thus of the occupation he has chosen:—"There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good, sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve, or be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned in these days of horse power, a man needn't kill himself farming any more than at any other business. It is brains that win on a farm as well as everywhere else, and the smart man is going to ride, while the stupid one goes on foot, in the cornfield as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave the farm again if I had it."—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

An Extinct Race.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as being gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, goats' milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of the dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them the brides were fattened on milk.

Catherinot.—Catherinot was a French antiquarian of the seventeenth century; a very learned one, if learning means to have read many books without understanding. Catherinot printed—whether at its own cost or another's I can't say—a vast number of dissertations on matters of antiquity. David Clement, the curious bibliographer, has collected the titles of 182 of those dissertations, and adds there were more of them which he had not been able to find. Nobody wanted these dissertations of Catherinot. He wrote them and printed them for his own gratification. As the public would not take his *paperasses*, as Valerius called them, he had recourse to a device to force a circulation for them. There was then no penny post, so he could not, like Hermann Heinfelter, post his lucubrations to all likely addresses, but he used to go round the *quais* in Paris, where the old book stalls are, and while pretending to be looking over the books, slip some of his dissertations between the volumes of the *boutiquier*. In this way the 182 or

more have come down to us. Catherinot is a by-word, the typical case of scribbleomania of the *insanabile scribendi cacothetis*—but the malady is not unknown to our time, and account for some of our many reams of print. And even if pure scribbleomania is not a common complaint, there are a very many other motives to writing besides the avowed and legitimate motive of earning an income by the pen. Why do men make speeches to public meetings, or give lectures in public institutions? It is a great deal of trouble to do so. The motives of the labour are very various. Whatever they are, the same variety of motives urges men to write books.

Tro l'pe on the Negro.—Anthony Trollope, in the course of a series of the lectures to the *Cardiff Times*, has something to say in regard to the future of the black races on their own continent. He complains that the very men who are the friends of the negro hold the theory but never entertain the practice of equality. He says that the staunchest discipline of Wilberforce and Buxton does not take the negro into partnership, or even make him a private secretary; but the convict on that the white man must remain in the ascendant is as clear in his mind as in that of his opponent; and though he will give the black man a vote in hopes of the happy future, he is aware that when black men find their way into any Parliament or Congress, that Parliament or Congress is to a degree injured in public estimation. In British South Africa, the majority of coloured men is so great that the country has to be compared to India or Ceylon, rather than to the Southern American States. When once the Kaffir shall have learned what voting means, there will be no withstanding him, should the system of voting which now prevails in the Cape Colony be extended over a South African Confederation. There can be no doubt that the condition of the race has been infinitely improved by the coming of the white man; but, were it to be put to the vote to-morrow among the Kaffirs whether the white man should be banished out of South Africa or retained, there can be no doubt that the entire race would go for banishment. This may be natural; but it is not the decision which the white man desires.

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