

There is another matter in connection with public schools to which we desire to call attention, as being injurious to the health and habits of the scholars, and that is to certain methods of discipline whilst in school. For instance—in some schools in Montreal, the children, while not engaged in studies, are forced to sit in a constrained attitude with their arms crossed upon the chest. Is it necessary that this injurious posture should be persisted in, to the great detriment of the health of the offspring of consumptive parents, and the deformity of the figure? There are also many minor things to be complained of with respect to school discipline, which all, taken together, are exceedingly objectionable, and should be more strictly inquired into by those entrusted with the superintendence of education. We all know that the position of teachers is a very trying one, and wearisome in the extreme; and that there is no more responsible position in the country, for upon their adaptability to the trust and position they hold, to a great extent, does the future prospects of a child rest. We have known some teachers who have taken a pleasure in holding up the imperfect efforts of a dull child, in giving an illustration to its thoughts, to the ridicule and laughter of a whole school. That child, although slow in intellect, is perhaps gifted with a sensitive mind, and if encouraged and helped onward until the mind gained more strength, might eventually far outstrip all his school-fellows; but the shame and humiliation of being held up as a laughing stock to the school, and that, too, at the instigation of the teacher, has henceforth made the boy a dunce for life. The little light in the mind struggling to burst into a flame has been extinguished forever. Another source of complaint by parents is the unjustness of keeping a whole class in, after school hours, as a punishment for the undiscovered guilty one; because none of the children would be mean enough in spirit to point out the child, and have it punished, for what? perhaps, after all, for some trifling infringement of school discipline. As it is, the hours for children in many of our public schools are already too long, particularly for girls residing in towns. Of what use is education, without health and life to enjoy it? and certainly the hours of our town schools are too long. When a girl is kept in the close confinement of an overcrowded room from nine in the morning to half-past three, and even four o'clock in the afternoon, particularly in winter, what time has that child for exercise? the afternoon is closed for out-door recreation and household duties, and evening studies close the day. No wonder so many of our girls grow up unfit for the domestic duties of life.

If those to whom the superintendence of the education of a future generation are apathetic to their responsibilities and the necessities of a thorough reformation in the method of education suitable for the youth of Canada, then let parents, in a body, insist upon certain changes being made, which are absolutely essential to the welfare of the people, and the progress and prosperity of the nation.

NEW ZEALAND PATENTS.—During last year, 22 patents for various inventions were taken out in New Zealand. Mr. W. F. Crawford, of that colony patented a floating dock to raise vessels by pumping air into the dock. Mr. G. W. Hollis, of the Thames, applied for a patent for a flux for smelting titaniferous iron ore, but the application was refused.

#### AMERICAN PROTECTION.

Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, in a pamphlet entitled "Commerce, Christianity and Civilisation *versus* British Free Trade," has taken up the old-fashioned well-worn cudgels in defence of protective tariffs and carefully-nursed home industries. The alliterative title of his pamphlet appears to have been an afterthought, as, indeed, was the pamphlet itself. Works in this form labour under the great disadvantage of suggesting that as no publisher could be found rash enough to invest his money in them, the author, rather than remain mute and inglorious, has actually parted with ready cash for the satisfaction of seeing himself in print—an evidence of either his earnestness or his vanity. There is no disguise about Mr. Carey's counterblast to English free-traders. It is made up of eight letters addressed to *The Times*, but not published in that journal. Every effort was made to secure the appearance of the letters. A friend in London—probably one of those mysterious persons who are supposed by the outside world to have "influence with the press,"—was entrusted with the delicate task of obtaining their insertion. So far as can be ascertained, the mind of *The Times* was quickly made up, and the letters were refused admission to its columns. Mr. Carey tells us that his friend—the influential gentleman previously referred to—explains the brutal indifference of *The Times* in the following way: "he said, in effect, that that paper, in common with nearly all English journals, was so hopelessly given over to the advocacy of free-trade doctrines as to make it wholly useless to offer the letters for publication." Like Madeira of old, the letters have had a couple of voyages, and now present the old appearance of a correspondence with all the letters on one side and none on the other. The reasons which decided the rejection of Mr. Carey's letters are not far to seek. He begins with Adam Smith, cites the opinions of Mr. Huskisson, and goes on to prove that the great commercial superiority of France over England, and the greater measure of wealth and prosperity enjoyed by the people of the former country, are due to the rigid protective duties with which French people have sympathised ever since the days of Colbert. Now, if Mr. Carey were a young gentleman fresh from the University, who had passed some leisure mornings in reading up political economy, this stuff about Colbert and protection would be comprehensible enough, but that this kind of thing should be advanced by a mature man of business is inconceivable. When that singularly-gifted American—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—said that "when good Americans die they go to Paris," he struck the right chord in ridiculing the fanatical love of his countrymen for France, *i. e.*, Paris. The Frenchman is, according to Mr. Carey, the most perfect of creatures, always—we suppose—after the free-born American citizen. Freed from the most oppressive of all taxes, the Frenchman grows in love of the beautiful, in love of freedom, in that love of his native land by which he is everywhere so much distinguished—each and every stage of progress marking the growth of real civilisation. We will not pause to discuss this wonderful estimate of our friends across the Channel further than to remark that the French people are the least educated in Europe, and that their love of freedom only exists among the minority for the time being—who, when they get the upper hand, will most assuredly maintain the censorship of the press and every other restrictive law in its integrity. To mere sellers of "cinder-pig and shoddy" (*et tu Brute!*) like the English, France hardly appears a paradise of sound political economy and aesthetic culture. There is hardly sufficient distance between France and ourselves to supply us with illusions. We know that Brittany cannot read, and that Paris let loose is not quite an exposition of the principles of the beautiful and the free; but all these matters of detail are lost in the wonderful argument by which Mr. H. C. Carey demonstrates the soundness of the protective system. Taking the year 1856—a remote date on which to base a discussion in which trade interests are involved—he finds that among her exports France shipped manufactured goods—textile fabrics—to the value of 140,000,000 dollars, or exactly the value of the three millions of bales of cotton and the hundred thousand hogsheads of tobacco exported in the same year by the Southern States of the Union. With considerable ingenuity, he raises the question of freight, as proving that the chances of prosperity must always be in favour of a manufacturing over an agricultural country, because it costs a less percentage to ship valuable goods than raw material. The beautiful fabrics of France would require but five-and-twenty ships to convey them, while the bulky products of the States would demand entire fleets. "How many ships were required?" he asks. "Thousands! How many seamen? Tens of thousands!" So far, Mr. Carey confines himself to facts and interrogations, and