

a well preserved relic, but its appearance is that of a dilapidated country mansion long deserted by its tenants. The General's old arm-chair and the desk on which he used to write his despatches may still be seen, with the celebrated key of the Basilica sent by Lafayette; a small silhouette of the marquis presented by himself as a souvenir to his companion-in-arms, and a marble mantle-piece, also the gift of the French General, are among the other objects.

The simple monument erected over the grave of Washington is befitting the memory of a hero. Above the entrance is the inscription, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington," and in the vault, are two sarcophagi of white marble; on one we read, "Washington," and on the other, "Martha, consort of Washington."

"Aux petits hommes un mausolée, aux grands hommes une pierre et un nom," where the words which the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena drew from Chateaubriand.

Unlike the conqueror of Europe, the founder of the Republic lies entombed with the partner of his earthly joys and sorrows. But Longwood bears some resemblance to Mount Vernon in other respects; a son of Africa,—not enslaved in this case however—points out the spot where the great warrior died, and there as here a multitude of unknown names are scrawled all over the walls, which have been farther mutilated by the owners of these names to secure and carry off some fragments (1).

The Prince and the President remained uncovered before the tomb some time, and then the Heir to the British Throne planted a chestnut-tree near by. May it live long! But when its tall shadow falls upon the monument, will the Great Republic be still in existence? The Prince took some chestnuts from the same place to plant in Windsor Park.

Mount Vernon is a wooded promontory jutting into the Potomac, every steamer that navigates the river stops for a few moments opposite this point, while its bell is tolled in respect for the memory of the great man. The house of Washington has been purchased recently by a patriotic association, with the object of repairing and preserving it; but the unfortunate circumstances now taking place in that country must delay the execution of this noble design. Immediately outside the house the eye meets with nothing now but a row of miserable negro huts, all else is desolation.

Returning from Mount Vernon the excursionists amused themselves in dancing. Upon this Mr. Woods remarks,—we quote from memory—"Alas the pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington was as much a pleasure party as a homage tendered to his memory. The world is made up of inconsistencies, and as Thackeray so well observes, we see tears flowing beneath the nuptial veil, and hear jokes in a funeral procession."

On the 6th October, the Prince made a short excursion to Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and returning left Washington for Baltimore. While his Royal Highness was admiring a statue of Washington at Richmond, some idle boys made use of very uncourteous language toward the visitors; and indeed the population generally showed more curiosity than respect. This circumstance was of course turned into 'political capital,' and gave the partizans of Lincoln an opportunity to remind the Southerners that their boasted gentlemanly bearing was at fault. Virginia was the only slave state visited by the Prince, and this was also chronicled by the Republican press.

The name of "Monumental City" given to Baltimore has reference to the general character of its buildings, and not, as might be supposed, to its monuments, for of these we find but four, including a marble column of two hundred feet, surmounted by a statue of Washington, and another column erected to commemorate the battle fought there during the revolutionary war. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is one of the finest churches in the Union. Maryland was colonized, as we all know, by English fami-

lies who adhered to the Church of Rome, and its principal city is at present the seat of an archbishop. The Prince made merely a flying visit to Baltimore; yet the entire population turned out, and received their visitor with many marks of joy and respect.

Baron Renfrow was welcomed to Philadelphia by all the most prominent citizens, and here an unexpected incident occurred. As the royal party entered the Opera House the entire audience rose from their seats; and again when the orchestra struck up *God save the Queen* every one rose a second time. This was a mark of very delicate attention on the part of the Americans who never rise when their national anthem is played, and who on this very occasion did not do so when *Hail Columbia* was performed. It is said the Prince was much affected by the sight of so large and respectable an assemblage conforming to the custom of his own country, and no doubt this familiar scene must have called up to his mind many recollections of home. The decorum which marked the proceedings at Philadelphia was not surpassed by even the good taste shown in the New York ovation.

Great had been the preparations for the reception of the Prince of Wales in the Empire City. Her citizens, who glory in assigning her the third place among the cities of the civilized world as regards population, now fully established her claim to the first for popular excitement. So much had been said in the newspapers about the danger which the Prince would incur from an exuberance of democratic feeling, or an indiscreet curiosity on the part of the public, that the people resolved to vindicate their dignity; and thus they did effectually, no doubt to the great disappointment of the scribes, who could find no episode too ridiculous, or no instance of ill-breeding too preposterous for publication.

The *Harriett Lane* with the long expected guests on board arrived off the Battery about two in the afternoon; immediately General Scott, Peter Cooper Esq. (a millionaire of the town), and other members of the Reception Committee hastened to meet them. The landing, which took place at Castle Garden, was announced by a royal salute, and Mayor Woods delivered a short harangue, addressing the Prince by his title and laying aside the cognite. The New York militia, celebrated for their soldierly bearing, were then reviewed; and His Royal Highness, Mayor Woods, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Lyons proceeded through Broadway in a carriage made expressly for the occasion and drawn by horses the royal party had used while in Canada, and that had been purchased for this purpose. The streets, the windows and the very house-tops were literally crammed with people, who were almost wild with enthusiasm.

The Prince alighted at the City Hall where the militia filed off before him; and this occupied so much time that it was not till seven o'clock that the Fifth Avenue Hotel was reached. This splendid hotel had been leased and furnished by the City for the accommodation of the visitors.

(To be continued.)

Notices of Books and Publications.

Nonnery: The Teacher's Assistant, or hints and methods in school discipline and instruction. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co., Boston, 1866, 1 vol. 8vo. 358 pages.

Mr. Northend, who has attentively studied his subject, adopts the form of letters, which he addresses to "One about to enter upon the Teacher's work." It will be seen by this that the book is more especially designed for young teachers, but we venture to say the more experienced will find in it much to interest and amuse them. Besides the many valuable suggestions and the sound advice contained in its pages, it is replete with good stories and anecdotes told in plain and familiar language, and always to the point.

Among the hints that should be acted upon we find the following:—
 "Read Works on Education.—The number of works bearing directly upon the teacher's mission is, I am sorry to say, very small, and most of them of very recent origin. I would recommend that you get access to as many as possible, and from time to time, as opportunity offers and means allow, add such works to your own professional library. It may seem novel to you to have me speak of the teacher's "professional library"; and I am very sure that the idea would seem quite marvellous to many who have devoted years to the business of instruction. But can you see any good reason why a teacher should not have a library? Can you not, indeed, think of many reasons why he should have one? What would be thought of a clergyman, physician, or lawyer, who should enter upon his professional career without first securing a collection of books for general reference as bearing upon the interests of his peculiar calling? Would such a one be likely to succeed, or would he long possess any of that *esprit de corps* which ought to characterize him? The man who wishes to excel as a sculptor will make any sacrifice to learn what has been said and written in relation to his favorite

(1) Des voyageurs apportés par la tempête croient devoir consigner leur obscurité à la sépulture éclatante.—(Chateaubriand, Mémoires.)

The old red walls are scored with vulgar names, bricks have been broken out, and the very stone tablet overhead which tells that "WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON," is debased with the offensive scrawls of travellers not ashamed to leave these records of their vulgar infamy behind.—(Woods.)

Un nègre nous démontre une espèce de conloir occupé par un moulin à bras, et nous dit "There he died."—(Chateaubriand.)

Those who wish to see the interior of the house must search to the left where down in a cellar a negro woman and her family almost lurk, a slave herself, though the only cicerone to the deserted mansion of the man who gave freedom and independence to the world.—(Woods.)