

ture of *mal-de-mer*, notwithstanding it was contracted at *Waterloo*!

In answer to the question "What are the people of Madagascar?" we have this reply: "There are several Sorts of Natives on this Island. In the Woods live many that are wild, go quite naked, and have frightful Beards. Those that live in Houses build them in such a Manner as they can carry them on their Backs wherever they please. The better Sort wear Cloaths; the Poor go naked, except the Women, who most of them go covered."

The ability to take up one's bed and walk ceases hereafter to contain much matter for wonder, and it is deeply to be regretted that after having our curiosity whetted in such a way that Mr. Cowley should not have told us a little more, say, as to the size, quality and construction of these portable Malagasay edifices, and whether they appertained to "the better Sort" who wore "Cloaths," or

to "the Poor who went naked." That the geographer himself fully believed in all that his volume contained there can be no reasonable doubt, for if we turn once more to the preface, we find him most bitterly denouncing the "many gross and very material Errors" contained in another translation, which he says had "lately come out" affirming it to be so erroneous in almost every respect that it was "calculated only for the Use of Children!" "But," he continues, "this *New Introduction to the Study of Geography* is adapted to the capacity of all Ages and Conditions of both Sexes, and sufficient for the Instruction of any Person in this Science, as far as is requisite with respect to reading any History whatsoever, or bearing a Part in Publick Conversation. . . . I flatter myself no Book of the like kind hitherto extant will better answer the End proposed, or prove more acceptable to the Publick."

## THE STUDY OF WORDS.\*

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IF one of our pupils while coming from school were hailed on the street with: Say, boy, what do you read in school? he could well reply, as Hamlet did to Polonius, "words, words, words." It matters not where you cast your eyes on the school curriculum of studies, a subject fraught with the study of words immediately greets you. In the elementary division of the school the child lisps words; they are play toys to him in his younger days, and stubborn facts to him as he grows older. In the solution of a geometrical problem they play about every angle; in the trans-

lation of Greek and Latin authors the pupil calls regiments of words to his aid, and as he moves along the glassy tide of English prose and poetry his bark is propelled by a swift current of words. In a word his whole study is made up of one great season of words: a morn adorned by the simple and verbal landscape of childhood; a noon clad with the garb of glowing thought; an eventide garmented with the grave dress of meditation and reflection. In every sphere of life we are required to keep an armoury of words, but in few is their study of more absolute necessity than in the profession of teaching. Perhaps you may ask me, Why is this? The reason I think is

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