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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The Indian Hunter, Longfellow.—**FINE ARTS:** Canadian Architecture; I. The Public Buildings at Ottawa.—**SCIENCE:** Pleasant Ways in Science; I. Curiosities of Motion, (concluded)—**EDUCATION:** Formality in Teaching.—**Mathematical Geography.**—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Board of Examiners at Baie St. Paul.—**Appointments:** Inspector of Schools.—**Examiners.**—**Diplomas** granted by Boards of Examiners.—**Donations** to the Library of the Department.—**Situations Wanted.**—**EDITORIAL:** Obituary.—**Twenty-Eighth Meeting** of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Jacques-Cartier Normal School.—**Extracts** from the Reports of the Inspectors of Schools, (continued).—**Notices** of Books and Publications; Smith: A Shilling Book of Arithmetic.—**Draper:** A Text Book on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.—**Taylor:** Portraits of British Americans.—**Canadian Naturalist and Geologist.**—**Soldiers' Catholic Almanac.**—**Carmichael:** *Precis of the Wars in Canada.*—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—**Scientific Intelligence.**—**Necrological Intelligence.**—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Apportionment of the Supplementary grant to Poor Municipalities, for 1865.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the len,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

LONGFELLOW.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

THE INDIAN HUNTER (1).

When the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

(1) There is much resemblance between this beautiful piece and *Le Dernier Huron*, by the late lamented Mr. Garneau, reprinted in the last number of *Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique*. The fourth stanza, in particular, and the following lines offer a striking similitude:

Mais la voix du Huron se perdait dans l'espace
Et ne réveillait plus d'échos,
Quand, soudain, il entend comme une ombre qui passe,
Et sous lui frémir des os.
Le sang indien s'embrase en sa poitrine;
Ce bruit qui passe a fait vibrer son cœur.
Perfide illusion! au pied de la colline,
C'est l'acier du faucheur!

This of course is but a coincidence. Mr. Garneau, at all events, could not be accused of imitating Longfellow; he published *Le Dernier Huron* in 1840, while Longfellow's *Hunter* is much more recent.

FINE ARTS.

Canadian Architecture.

PARLIAMENT AND DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

It has often been said that the architecture of a people is an index to its genius and power. How far this assertion may be correct, we do not purpose to enquire, but merely to note down here the progress of the art in this country and the remarkable degree of excellence to which it has attained, leaving the reader to draw the inference.

If we would examine the progress of architecture among us at this moment, a better illustration could not be found than the