

country, and from the University of Oxford. His labors were performed by the aid of a reader and an amanuensis, and his ample fortune enabled him to command readily the sources of knowledge. It is truly said of him, that "his fame has been won by no artifice, and is therefore capable of no reversal. The extent of his researches, the fidelity of his selection, the skill of his arrangement, the perspicacity of his judgment, the candor of his whole nature, and the beauty of his style have been everywhere acknowledged, and by none more warmly than by those who have come the nearest to exhibiting the same combination. His death is a national loss, for he was one of the few, very few, who have put our claims to a national literature, incontestably before the civilized world. His fine frank countenance was the index of a truly noble character; his manners were simple, his sympathies warm, his temper genial, his nature unselfish. His list of friends included everybody who knew him. The daily beauty of his life was no ideal of a poet, but the actual of a loving nature and a trusting heart."

In a recent address upon the life and character of Mr. Prescott, Hon. George Bancroft said:—

"His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever at the same hour, he rose early alike in Winter and in Summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to lassitude or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in the darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme.

"For this reason, at the period of his life when he rode much on horse-back—and he was an excellent and fearless rider—it was his choice and his habit to go out alone; and in his stated exercise on foot, you might be sure that, when by himself, his mind was shaping out work for the rest of the day. In this way, systematic in his mode of life, he proceeded onward and still onward, till the eyes of the world were turned with admiration on the genial scholar, who with placid calmness, courageously trampled appalling difficulty under foot, and gained the first place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

IV. Papers on Natural History.

1. WHITE PARTRIDGES.

The Quebec *Mercury* says that white partridges have made their appearance in that region this winter. The Indians report them plenty at the Saguenay, where they never were seen before. Their bill differs in shape from that of the brown partridge, and they are also very thickly feathered down the talons like "bantams." Many years ago the first one then known was presented to Lord Aylmer. In 1844, also, they made their appearance, and now again are met with on all sides. The three lately killed were preserved as curiosities in the Museum of the Quebec Historical Society.

2. THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT ON KINDNESS TO HORSES.

At a recent horse fair in Springfield, Mass., the Hon. Edward Everett delivered a very eloquent speech, in the course of which he said:—

If there is any one who doubts that the horse—the animal that most concerns us on this occasion—is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Baconfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor was that he went round his park kissing the cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence, hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened down to Baconfield, and sought an interview, with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. He entered into conversation with him. Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his "Letters on a Regicide peace." His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shown with undiminished lustre within. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation:—

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite old horse, the companion of his

excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park, with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed in turn that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said—"I have lost him too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice, which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them, and wept aloud!

This was seen, and was heard by the passers by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. "Burke had gone mad;" but, sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of his dead son's favorite horse; but it would rather be when, at the meridian of his fame, when the orb of his imperial genius rode highest in the heavens, amidst the scoffs of cringing courtiers, and the sneers of trading patriots, he abased his glorious powers to the scramblings and squabbles of the day, and,

"Born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

3. GERMAN TREE-FROGS.

Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green tree-frogs, which I had caught in the wood, near the town. The Germans call them *Laub Frosch*, or leaf-frogs. They are most difficult things to find, on account of their so much resembling the leaves on which they live. I have frequently heard one singing in a small bush, and, though I have searched carefully, have not been able to find him. The only way is to remain quite quiet till he again begins his song. After much ambush work, at length I collected a dozen frogs and put them in a bottle. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and, after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking and my frogs though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord, all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they, one and all of them, began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the compartment of the coach quite deafening; well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake, to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again, two or three times.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History*.

V. Papers on Physical Science.

I. THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

We have received a copy of Sir W. E. Logan's Report for 1857, of the progress made in the Geological Survey of Canada. It is known that that gentleman rather directs, superintends, and reports for the parties actually examining the phenomena to be ascertained, than himself personally makes the examination. In the year 1857 he was principally engaged, with Mr. Billings, in perfecting the Provincial collection illustrative of Canadian Geology. There were, however, operations carried on in surveying the coast and strata on a part of the north side of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron (more particularly about the French River and Echo Lake), and the results are recorded in this