

rected that the children should not use tallow but wax candles in the school; four pence entrance-money was to be given to the poor scholar who swept the school; and the masters were to have livery gowns, "delivered in clothe."

Colet died in his 53rd year, in 1519. He wrote several works in Latin: the grammar which he composed for his school was called "Paul's Accidence." The original Statutes of the school, signed by Dean Colet, were, many years since, accidentally picked up at a bookseller's and by the finder presented to the British Museum. The school is for 153 boys "of every nation, country, and class;" the 153 alluding to the number of fishes taken by St. Peter (*John* xxi 2). The education is entirely classical; the presentations to the school are in the gift of the Master of the Mercers' Company; and scholars are admitted at fifteen, but eligible at any age after that. Their only expense is for books and wax tapers. There are several valuable exhibitions, decided at the Apposition, held in the first three days of the fourth week after Easter, when a commemorative oration is delivered by the senior boy, and prizes are presented from the governors. In the time of the founder, the "Apposition dinner" was "an assembly and a littell dinner, ordayned by the surveyor, not exceedynge the pryce of four nobles."

In the list of eminent Paulines (as the scholars are called), are, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Paget, privy councillors to Henry VIII.; John Leland, the antiquary; John Milton, our Great epic poet; Samuel Pepys, the diarist; John Strype, the ecclesiastical historian; Dr. Calamy, the High Churchman; the Great Duke of Malborough; R. W. Elliston, the comedian; Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, Bart.; Lord Chancellor Truro, &c. Among the annual prizes contended for is a prize for a copy of Latin Lyrics, given by the parent of a former student named Thurston, the High Master to apply a portion of the endowment to keeping up the youth's gravestone in the Highgate Cemetery.—(*To be continued.*)

LITERATURE.



The Burns' Celebration.

In every large city of this continent, the centenary of the birth of that great and justly popular poet, has been celebrated by Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen, with the greatest *éclat*. We publish below extracts from the report of the Montreal celebration, which will give our readers some idea of the feelings entertained among our fellow citizens of Scotch birth or origin, in relation to their national literature. We copy from the *Montreal Herald*:—

On the 25th of January, 1759, was born in Ayr, Scotland, in a cottage lonely and unnoticed, ROBERT BURNS, the Poet of his country—the man to whom, yesterday, in all parts of the world, Scot, Celt and Saxon offered the homage which all must render up to intellect, which all must lay at the shrine of genius. Almost three-quarters of a century have passed since Robert Burns breathed his last, leaving his works for the benefit of his countrymen and their posterity, for the enjoyment of multitudes and their descendants, and entrusting his fame to the keeping her that had preserved so well the memories of the illustrious sons she had borne before—his native Scotland. Three quarters of a century have passed, but the name of Burns, like to the unfolding blossoms of the aloe, has been flowering in strength and luxuriance, and, as the hundred years rolled on, the world seemed to watch anxiously for the day on which it might hail the perfected magnificence of the most glorious song-flower

that ever struck root in Scottish soil, drew nurture from Scottish earth, or added lustre to its hues in Scottish sunlight.

Well might the countrymen of Burns feel proud yesterday of their country, their poet and his centenary, for Kings, who ruled when Burns laboured, have died and disappeared; nations and dynasties have fallen; and well may Scotsmen exult when thinking that, amid the turmoil of a century, the name of their poet has never been extinguished; that the cottage of his birth is venerated, when kingdoms are mentioned only to be treated with contempt. And though his countrymen may grieve that Burns sank into the grave in the "noon of his prime," still their universal celebration yesterday seemed to make known even this one consoling fact—that, though the ploughman poet, who knew the furrows of the human heart so well, and there scattered the thick grain of his genius, did not live to bind the full and golden harvest of his fame, still that time has gathered every sheaf and reserved them all for immortality. Never, perhaps, in the history of literature, was there such a celebration as that of yesterday; but Scotland was worthy of Burns, and he worthy, of Scotland. His country could not forget him, nor could the world forget the poet who sung, if we might use the phrase—that cradle hymn of manhood—that anthem of equality, "A man's a man for a that"—a poem, in whose every line swells the peal of independence; as loud, if not more loud, than at the time when the master-mind sent the big thoughts rolling, like billows of the heart and brain, through every sentence and every stanza—a poem which mirrors all the throbbings of the human soul in its grandest aims and aspirations.

About Seven o'clock in the evening, the City Concert Hall was filled with an assemblage as brilliant perhaps, as any that ever met within its walls. Shortly after 7 o'clock the Chairman [the Hon. John Rose], and the other speakers entered amid applause, and took their seats on the platform.

The following gentlemen were on the platform, viz: The Hon. John Rose, President of the Burns Club; Professor Dawson, Alexander Morris, Esq., Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Sheriff Boston, F. E. Morris, Esq., Q. C.; Mr. Justice Badgley, Rev. Dr. Mathieson, His Worship the Mayor, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Chas. Coursol, Esq., Colonel Taylor, C. Blackwell, Esq., David Mair, Vice-President, and A. A. Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary of the Burns Club.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of the evening was a telegraphic apparatus on the platform, with wires running along the hall, and connecting with those in the street, by which, during the night, sentiments were exchanged with, and received from other, assemblies of the same kind, in Canada and the States.

The following speeches among others were delivered in answer to the toasts proposed:

The PRESIDENT—Then said it is not I assure you with pretensions to eloquence that I address you. I feel how inadequate I am to the task your partiality has imposed upon me, and how inefficient an instrument I am to introduce as it ought to be introduced the thrilling toast, which it is now my duty to propose. This meeting is one not intended merely for purposes of conviviality. We are on the contrary met as one among many bands, which are this night assembled by a common instinct to do honour to the memory of our great national bard. I shall not attempt to institute a comparison between Burns and the other poets of ancient or of modern times. Nor do I claim for Burns that he was the greatest poet who ever lived. Comparison and panegyric would be equally inappropriate, but the reflection which must occur to us all is to ask, what it is that brings us here as by a national instinct, one hundred years after his birth to do honour to the memory of Burns? I think some reflection on the answer to this question may do us all good. This night, one hundred years ago, Burns was born in an humble cottage, of parents so poor, that they could scarcely give him the rudiments of education, accessible as education is in Scotland, almost to the lowest. We all know with how much difficulty he obtained the education which was afforded him—how he had to take turns with his brothers at their field work, in order that he might go to school. We all know, too, how, in after years, he struggled with poverty, and sometimes with neglect—his parts being sometimes appreciated, only to make the subsequent neglect felt more severely. We know the story of his love and of his despair—and how, in later life, poverty again haunted him, so that, even on his death-bed, he was compelled to write to two friends, to furnish him with a very small amount of money, to save him from the horrors of a jail. This is the story of too many poets—of too many men, whose genius has electrified the world, and therefore, I again ask what there is to induce us, one hundred years after his birth, thus to assemble and worship at his shrine? We know how many and what vast changes have taken place within these hundred years—how much has been done for social and material prosperity, what advance has taken place