

Proviso:
costs.

than twenty-five pounds, at the discretion of such County Judge; Provided also, that the expenses of such School election contest shall be paid by the parties concerned in it, as may be decided by the said County Judge.

Chief Supt.
to account
to Legisla-
ture.

III. The Chief Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada shall annually lay before the Legislature, at each sitting thereof, a correct and full account of the disposition and expenditure of all moneys that may come into his hands as such Chief Superintendent.

Miscellaneous.

THE ISLAND OF ANTICOSTI.

We have perused with much interest a graphic and valuable paper contributed to the Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, by A. R. Roche, Esq., of the Provincial Secretary's Office, and formerly of this city, entitled, "Notes on the Resources and Capabilities of the Island of Anticosti." It is extremely creditable to Mr. Roche, that he should be found thus employing his leisure hours, in contributing to the sources of general information, so valuable a paper. His object is to dispel some of the prejudices regarding this Island, which have led to the impression, that it is bleak, inhospitable waste. The occurrence of wrecks on the shores of Anticosti, has given it a bad name,—it being forgotten, that these had occurred at many spots, widely separated, extending over a coast line of 700 miles, that being the circumference of the Island. It is strange that so little should be known of an Island lying at the very threshold of this busy Province—larger, as it is, than Prince Edward's Island by one-fourth, and containing nearly two millions of acres. It is situated between the 49th and 50th parallels of north latitude, and the 61st and 65th degrees of west longitude,—about 420 miles below Quebec. It is 130 miles long by 35 broad, in its widest part. There is a harbor upon each side and at each extremity of the Island; Ellis Bay is an excellent harbor, two miles wide, with good anchorage and affords good shelter. There are also several good roadsteads. The Island, on the South side, rises from 20 to 60 feet above the beach, and is nearly level to the centre, where a range of moderately-sized hills take their rise. It is covered with a thick forest of trees—that on the shore being of stunted growth but the interior of good size;—the trees are of spruce, fir, pine, birch, ash and tamarack. On the Island are natural meadows, producing heavy grass 5 and 6 feet high. Near the south west point are some large salt ponds. At the south west point, a resident on the Island, grew last year a large crop of oats, 700 bushels of potatoes, and vegetables of every description. It is believed that much of the soil is arable.

Its sea and river fisheries are exceedingly valuable, though comparatively neglected by Canada. The number of schooners from the United States and Lower Provinces resorting to Anticosti for fishing purposes, is very large, there being some times as many as 100 fishing vessels at one time, between the East point and Ton Bay. In the rivers, salmon and salmon trout are freely taken. Mr. Roche describes the admirable position of the Island, as an entrepot for the purpose of carrying on the traffic between Canada and Europe, and gives his impressions of its capabilities as derived from a personal inspection. On the whole, no one can rise from the perusal of this interesting paper without entirely concurring in the conclusion its writer arrives at, that a thorough survey of the Island should be made by the Government, although it belongs to private individuals; it being very important that it should not be longer allowed to remain neglected and unexplored. Its bearing on the future trade of the St. Lawrence seaward route may be important, and every addition to the inhabited seaboard of the St. Lawrence must contribute to the increase of the commerce, shipping, and wealth of Canada.—*Montreal Gazette.*

THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The lava has now advanced ten miles from its source, and is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino, as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed, which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state. In the very centre of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red hot stones. On the morning of the 7th, the crater, at the very summit, fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavallo as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throws up bitumen in the manner of pyramids and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks.

The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit. There are reports of an opening toward Pompeii, which is not unlikely, and of another toward Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again, I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of the most stirring interest, after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines, that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination.

As we approached the menaced neighborhood, the inhabitants were removing their goods; and on a bridge, in the middle of the little township of Cercolo, (through which, in the winter time, thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy,) stood a company of sappers. Creeping under this solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers, raising mounds on either side, to divert the ruin from some private grounds, and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes, told us we were close on the spot; and, climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire.

The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massa di Somma was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the Village had fallen—in one, 80 poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground. On the other side of the great lava bed, another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for, as one says speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the King and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning, it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, crackling, and grinding, and grating; and, when from the very face of it a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forward with long poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a fall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards, perhaps. Gradually it rose in height, and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again, till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety. At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty.

At first a few small lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scoræ. Then on it moved once more in its silent, regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us, and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above, working away with the pick and the axe. We had therefore, to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country, and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge—"Run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet, which was still remaining, and soon afterward went the whole fabric.—*Our Newark Advertiser.*