

of their ancestors. They know France only from the description they have received of it, aided by the force of their imagination. As a people, they have not forgotten to love the country from which they sprung. Its language and its literature, are theirs; and they feel that in its history and its glories they have some share. They cherish a kindly recollection of the *mere patrie*; but they have no political sympathy with France. During the last century, France has traversed such a maze of sanguinary revolutions; the changes of dynasty have been so frequent and so violent, that there is literally nothing in the political condition of France in which a French Canadian can put faith or repose confidence. The trade between France and Canada is hardly of sufficient extent to warrant the appointment of a French Consul in Canada; but no doubt this sort of connection between the two countries will tend to increase the trade. In other respects, a French Consul is not so necessary in Canada. There are no passports to *viser*, and but few to grant. The trade between the two countries may, however, be reasonably expected to undergo considerable development. France requires many kinds of wood which we can furnish in unlimited abundance; and our imports from that country may no doubt be greatly increased. The imports of French goods at Quebec, are almost incredibly meagre. Even of wines and silk, which one would expect to be imported in large quantities, scarcely any was imported at that port last year. Depending upon the literature of France, the largest importation which Lower Canada makes from France consists of books. Thus it is, that through the circumstance of the French Canadians preserving the language of their fathers they are more under the influence of French than of English literature. We suspect that the trade between the two countries is capable of great development; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the appointment of a French Consul at Quebec will tend towards a consummation which is equally to be desired by France and that colony which was once deemed the germ of a New France, on the western shores of the Atlantic.—*Toronto Leader*, 15th Feb.

III. Biographical Sketches.

No. 4. DEATH OF HENRY HALLAM, THE HISTORIAN.

The constellation of writers who shed a radiance on the early part of the present century is fast vanishing away. Not the least remarkable of these, the historian of the "Middle Ages," of the "Revival of Letters," and of the "English Constitution," Henry Hallam, died on Saturday, Jan. 22, at the great age of 81. He has left but few of his companions behind him, and more than this, it was his bitter fate to outlive those who should have come after him, to see two sons of rare promise, who should have preserved his name, go before him, the pride of his life snatched from his eyes, the delight of his old age, laid low in the dust of death. One of these was that Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1833, and to whom Tennyson dedicated the remarkable series of poems which have been published under the title of "In Memoriam." The bereaved father was broken-hearted for his son, and spoke of his hopes on this side of the tomb being struck down for ever. A year or two afterwards, when he produced the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," there appeared a most affecting passage in the preface, which, to those who knew him, suggested the hidden grief that was preying on his mind. He referred to the imperfection of his work, to the impossibility of rendering it complete under any circumstances, and the especial impossibility of his doing so. "I have other warnings," he said, "to bind up my sheaves while I may—my own advancing years and the gathering in the heavens." His hopes, however, revived as his younger son grew up to manhood, and seemed to promise not less than the accomplished youth whom his father had regarded, and not without reason, as an only one without a fellow.—But this son, also, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him shortly after he had been called to the bar, in 1850, and the poor bereaved father buried him in Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, by the side of his brother, and his sister, and his mother.

There are few literary men who have reached an eminence to be compared to that of Mr. Hallam, of whose personal history so little is known to the great public. That he was born in or about 1778, that he was educated at Eton, that from Eton he passed to Christ Church, Oxford, and that at this University he took his degree in 1799, are almost all the facts of his early life which have been published. After leaving the University he took up his residence in London, joined himself to the Whigs, and acquired his first reputation as a contributor to the great *Whig Review*, established in the northern metropolis. It was on account of his supposed connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, that he incurred the wrath of Byron, who, in that satire in which he first of all showed his power, referred in ironical terms to "the classical Hallam, much renowned for Greek." Greek, however, was not the peculiar study of our historian, who

set himself the task of learning all the European languages of importance as the stepping-stone to an acquaintance with the state of Europe during the Middle Ages. He quietly settled down to his work, marrying in the meantime, and in 1811, rejoicing in the birth of his Arthur, who was such a marvel of a child that at the tender age of seven he learned to read Latin with fluency in a year. It was amid the domestic happiness, and the repose which it produced, that, in 1818, he at length gave to the world the first, and, perhaps the greatest, of his works, the "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,"—a work which, although, somewhat expensive, and by no means adapted to the popular taste, has gone through a dozen editions.

In every page of this history we are struck with the enormous industry and the conscientiousness of the writer, which, in union with his sagacity of thought and pith of composition, have rendered every work produced by him its standard of the kind. He waited nine years and then gave to the world his "Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II." Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which he has here traced the history of the English Constitution from its first faint beginnings to its perfect development. It is a vast treasury of political thought—an armory of political facts; in itself the Magna Charta of our liberty and our rights, which bears the sign manual, not of Kings or their Ministers, but of the Muse of History. After these publications, Mr. Hallam turned from political to literary history, preparing to write a full account of the revival of letters and the various steps by which a literature came to be cultivated in the vernacular languages of Europe. It was while engaged in this work, and while his heart was full of joy in the acquirements of his elder son, who had just left College, and who, under his father's eye, was now studying the *Institutes* of Justinian, and *Commentaries* of Blackstone, now writing short papers for various works, reviews of Tennyson for a magazine, biographies of Burke and Voltaire for the Portrait Gallery of the Useful Knowledge Society, that the great affliction came which seemed for a time to prostrate the historian, and which certainly gave a mellowness to his habits of thought as well as a depth of feeling to his whole character that had the happiest influence on his critical disquisitions.—*From the London Times*.

No. 5. DEATH OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

Mr. Prescott, the historian, died of apoplexy at Boston on Friday last at the age of 63. Mr. Prescott was born at Salem in 1796. His grandfather was General Prescott, of Revolutionary fame, who commanded at Bunker Hill. Another member of his family was high in command in the British navy at the same battle. The swords of both of these officers were suspended crosswise in the historian's library, a fact which Thackeray notices in the *Virginians*, as follows:

"On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King; the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome."

Mr. Prescott's father was eminent as a lawyer and a judge. The family removing to Boston when Mr. Prescott was twelve years old, he was placed under the charge of the late Dr. Gardiner of Trinity Church. He entered Harvard College in 1811, and graduated in 1814. While in college an accident deprived him of the use of one of his eyes, and the vision of the other became enfeebled and was almost lost. He sought aid from the most eminent physicians of this country and of Europe. Returning home, he concluded, after mature consideration, to devote his life to historical studies and writing. For nearly twenty years he pursued his researches among the Spanish archives, procuring from Madrid copies of such manuscripts as he desired, and in 1838 published his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." In 1843 appeared his second work, "The Conquest of Mexico." In 1847 appeared the "Conquest of Peru," marked throughout by the same high qualities which distinguished its predecessors. A volume of miscellanies followed containing many papers of great interest. He also supplied a new edition of Robertson's Charles V., with an interesting appendix, compiled from lately discovered materials, relating to the cloister life of the Emperor. Since then he had been at work upon the "History of Philip II," of which the first three volumes have been published. Mr. Prescott's histories have been published in several countries of Europe, and several of the most distinguished societies in England and on the continent have elected him to an honorary membership. The degree of Doctor of Laws he received, from three colleges in this