



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume VIII.

Montreal (Lower Canada), January, 1864.

No. 1.

SUMMARY.—LITERATURE.—Poetry: A Choice, by Mrs. Leprohon.—**CANADIAN HISTORY:** Jumonville and Washington.—**EDUCATION:** The Advantages of Scientific Training, by J. Langton, Esquire.—Bad and Good Spelling.—The Natural Sciences in Common Schools.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.—**Appointments: Examiners.—School Commissioners.—Trustees of Dissident Schools.—Diplomas Granted by the Laval Normal School, and by the Boards of Examiners.—Donations to the Library of the Department.—**EDITORIAL:** Agricultural Education.—The Educational Almanac.—The Old and the New Year, 1863-1864.—The New Year's Gift in England.—The European Crisis.—The Cawnpore Memorial.—Extracts from Reports of School Inspectors, for 1861-1862 (continued).—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS:** Drapeau—*Etudes sur la Colonisation du Bas-Canada.*—*Les Beaux-Arts.*—*La Semaine.*—*The Canadian Patriot.*—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Scientific Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Necrological Intelligence.—**ADVERTISEMENTS:** *Journal of Education and Journal de l'Instruction Publique.*—*The Scientific American.*

LITERATURE.

POETRY:

(Written for the Journal of Education.)

A CHOICE.

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

By the side of a silvery streamlet
That flowed through meadows green,
Lay a youth on the verge of manhood
And a boy of fair sixteen,
And the elder spake of the future,
That bright before them lay,
With its hopes full of golden promise,
For some sure, distant day.

—And he vowed whilst his dark eye kindled,
He would climb the heights of fame,
And conquer with mind or weapon,
A proud undying name.
On the darling theme long dwelling,
Bright fabrics did he build,
Which the hope in his ardent bosom,
With splendour helped to gild.

At length he paused, then questioned,
"Brother, thou dost not speak.
In the vague bright page of the future
To read, dost thou ne'er seek?"
Then the other, with smile soft, tranquil—
"Of that am I thinking now,
And the crown which I too am striving
To win my ambitious brows."

"What,—a crown? Thou hast spirit, brother,
Say, of Laurels will it be?
Thy choice, the life of a soldier,
Th'un daunted, joyous, free.

Though by wind and sun undarkened
Is thy blooming, boyish face,
To thy choice thou'lt do all honour,
For tis worthy of thy race.

Am I wrong? Well, 'tis more likely,
With thy love of ancient lore,
Thou would'st choose the scholar's garland.
Not laurels wet with gore,
I will not chide—'tis surely, noble,
By simple might of pen,
To win thyself a master power
O'er minds of thy fellow men."

But still shook his head, the younger,
"What unguessed thy secret yet?
Ha! I know now, what thou seekest,
To deck thy curls of jet,
These buds, and he laughing scattered,
Blossoms on brow and cheek,
Pleasure's wreath of smiling flowers,
Is the crown that thou dost seek."

"Not so—of all, that were vainest,
'Tis a crown, immortal—rare—
Here, on earth, I must strive to win it,
But brother, I'll wear it *there*,"
And he raised to the blue sky o'er him,
Eyes filled with tender thought,—
Who shall doubt that to him was given,
The glorious crown he sought?"

CANADIAN HISTORY.

Jumonville and Washington.

It is somewhat curious to have, at this day, an examination of Washington's culpabilities in the Jumonville affair from a member of the French officers's family. In the recently published work, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, p. 396, is the following:

Colonel Malcom Fraser, during Wolfe's invasion of Canada, was in a detachment which burnt the houses of the Canadians from Rivière Ouelle to the Rivière des trois Saumons. Having become, after the conquest the intimate friend of my family, he replied to my grandfather's complaints about this act of vandalism: "How could we help it, my dear friend: *à la guerre comme à la guerre.* Your Frenchmen, in ambush in the woods, killed two of our men when we landed at Rivière Ouelle." "You should, at least," said my grandfather, "have spared my flour-mill, my poor tenants would not then have been reduced so low as to eat their corn in sagamity like Indians." "In war as in war," added my grand-