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NOTES OF A VISIT
TO
SCIENTIFIC SCHOOLS AND MUSEUMS
IN THE
UNITED STATES

By Principal DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

Away from snow and frost, on the rail, rapidly sweeping through New England villages with their snug homes and busy factories, we approach the great western emporium, the lesser London, the commercial capital of the "greater Britain" of the western world—already numbering its million and a half of people, and rivalling old London in all the higher and lower phases of a city life. Our business is not with either its trade or its gaiety. We have first to tell to such of its people as care to know of such old world things, our story about "Primeval Forests," and then to scrutinise, under the guidance of our friend Dr. Newberry, the class-rooms, laboratories and museums of Columbia college, a workshop of mind, aiming to train young men to that practical grasp of science which shall enable them to apply its principles to the better extraction and working into useful purposes of the dark treasures of mother earth. Columbia College is a brick building in a quaint old fashioned square, once out of town, but overgrown by the rapid increase of the great city, which swallows up farms, estates, and country houses as if they were mere morsels to its voracious appetite. The building, which was intended for an asylum, forms three sides of a quadrangle, and has many long narrow rooms well lighted by windows in the sides. It is regarded as merely a temporary