



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume VI.

Montreal (Lower Canada) September, 1862.

No. 9.

SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE:** Donnacona, a poem translated from the French by Thomas Cole.—**SCIENCE:** Science in Rupert's Land.—The Steam Plough at the International Exhibition.—**EDUCATION:** The Glory of Physical Geography.—The Teacher as a Talker.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Amendments to Rules and Regulations concerning Boards of Examiners.—Notice respecting Municipalities.—Appointments: Council of Public Instruction.—Boards of Examiners.—School Commissioners.—School Trustees.—Directions, Divisions, &c., of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—Notice to Teachers.—Donations to the Library of the Educational Department.—**EDITORIAL:** Meeting of the Teachers' Association of the District of Bedford.—Teachers' Diplomas.—Table showing the Jurisdiction of Boards of Examiners in each County.—Eighteenth Conference of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Jacques-Cartier Normal School.—International Courtesies and Historical Reminiscences.—Notices of Books and Publications: Miles' Canada at the International Exhibition.—Sand's Six Mille Lieues à toute Vapeur.—Mémoire sur l'Université Laval.—Provencner's Le Verger Canadien.—Les Soirées Canadiennes.—Dawson on Indian Remains.—Letters from Canada.—Agricultural Review.—McGregor's System of Logic.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Wood Cuts: Steam ploughs.—Sarracenia purpurea.

LITERATURE.

DONNACONA.

Translation of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau's poem, inserted in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* for August and September, 1861. (1)

I.

Asleep upon her height lay Stadacone,
Tall pines and sturdy oaks around
In gloomy silence, solitary, lone,
Shielding her quiet slumbers sound.
Her King, old Donnacona, in his home
Built of the bark of birch, appear'd to wait
(Dreaming of glories past or woes to come)
The sun's approach from out her eastern gate.
His conflicts ended, peace around him reign'd;
Twelve tribes had he subdued and overthrown,
Or their allegiance gain'd.
His subjects now unharmed pursued
The hare or partridge thro' the wood,—
Bears were no longer known.
Meanwhile he seem'd to rave, and on his bed
In a fierce fever lay

(1) The original, of which this is a free translation, was published first in the *Soirées Canadiennes*, a periodical printed at Quebec and exclusively devoted to Canadian literature. The main facts on which these lines are grounded as well as the Indian words and names, are taken from the *Voyage of Cartier* published under the direction of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec in 1843. Donnacona and Taignarangu were two Indians who accompanied Cartier from Gaspé on his first voyage, and with whom he returned. Cartier says that both these Indians were false to him and gave Donnacona all kinds of warnings which made the king (as the discoverer calls the chief) restless and distrustful.

Half dreaming, as tho' visions dark and dread
Disturb'd his rest.
He had all night been talking in his sleep,
Frowning all day;
And terror seem'd to keep
A vigil in his breast;
And he had mutter'd thus in accents deep.

II.

"What brings the bearded strangers here?
What do they seek?
Why o'er the ocean vent'rous did they steer
With us to speak?
Ah! this to know our wise men have essay'd,
But tried in vain;
Exhausted ev'ry effort of their trade,
But yet in gloomy ignorance remain.
Cudoagny is dumb: the dead no more
Arise at night, but fear the stranger's God.
Ah! had I known they meant to stay,
I might have driv'n the pale-fac'd race away
And mark'd their path in blood;
But now my hopes of crushing them are o'er.
I could have swept them from the earth, but now
They hold the shore,
Have built an edifice whose turrets o'er,
Their ensigns wave.
Had I been brave,
I could have taught their chief my pow'r to know!
Shake not my father's bones within their tombs
Low in the valley laid?
I shall not sleep with them; and, all afraid,
Our children's children 'mid the glooms
Of forests hid, dispersedly shall die
Unseen of human eye,
Cursing a King whom they will blush to name,
And black'ning o'er his memory with shame!
Taignuragny has said, these strangers lie;
Their gifts are meant to cheat us and deceive;
They give to-day, to-morrow they will seize,
And I shall live my country's fate to grieve;
And when I die
Not one sole forest to my subjects leave:
Aye, of the very trees
They will make property!
Taignuragny has said, tho' thron'd in state,
Luxuriant living, deck'd with gems and gold,
Their King would fain beside,
Our country hold.
With thoughts of conquest, all his mind elate
And fill'd with pride,
Our fir-clad heights he longs to gain;
And hopes to find,
Hid in our sands, the glitt'ring grain
That makes man blind.