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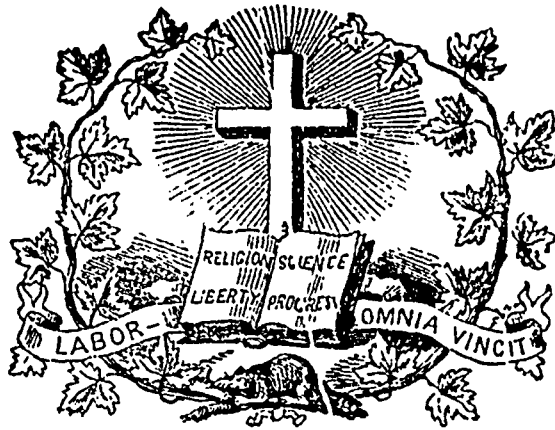
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# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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**SUMMARY.**—LITERATURE: Shakespeare's Ter-Centenary at Montr. J.—Addresses of Messrs. Day, Chauveau and Metge.—Ode by Mr. Heavysse.—Mr. Bailey's Essay.—Garrick's Ode.—SCIENCE: Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History.—Harmonies (continued).—EDUCATION: Arithmetic, by John Bruce, Esq.—Teaching as a *Pis-aller*.—Visit Parents.—OFFICIAL NOTICES: Appointment of School Commissioners and School Trustees.—Diplomas granted in the Jacques-Cartier Normal School.—Diplomas granted by the Boards of Examiners.—Teachers wanted.—Donations to the Library of the Department.—Books missing from the Library.—EDITORIAL: Appointing Teachers.—Library of the Department of Education.—Extracts from the Reports of School Inspectors (continued).—Notices of Books and Publications.—Hind: Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula.—Buchanan: The Relations of the Industry of Canada with the Mother Country and the United States.—Le Moine: Maple Leaves.—Brunet: *Énumération des genres de plantes de la Flore du Canada.*—*Considérations sur notre organisation militaire.*—Dowart: Selections from Canadian Poets.—Dreys: *Chronologie nouvelle.*—Flourens: *Examen du livre de Mr. Darwin.*—MONTHLY SUMMARY: Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—ADVERTISEMENT.

peal of the organ lent an almost religious solemnity to the occasion. Readings from the works of the great dramatist, together with music selected from operas founded on subjects borrowed from his plays, an essay on his life and writings, by Mr. A. Bailey, and the recitation of a poem, by Mr. Heavysse, formed the programme. The two last mentioned productions will be found in another part of this number. Mr. Heavysse, the author of *Saul*, is too well known to our readers to require any further introduction.

On the following Monday, April 25, the St. George's Society and co-operating Committee gave a grand literary and musical entertainment at the Exhibition Building, at which nearly 6000 persons attended. The spacious edifice had been elegantly decorated with banners, flags, statues and devices. Sentences from the works of the illustrious poet were also affixed to the walls.

The Chair was occupied by the President of the Society, J. J. Day, Esq., seats being provided at his side for His Excellency Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, K.C.B., Commander of the Forces, His Worship the Mayor, Jean Beaudry, Esq., the Presidents of the different national societies, and the orators of the evening.

The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Pech, executed with effect divers selections from the opera of *Romeo and Juliet*; and the Montagnards Canadiens rendered several choral compositions with much force, and to the evident satisfaction of all present.

We reproduce the addresses in the order in which they were delivered during the evening; as also the Garrick Ode, which was read with much effect by Mr. Houghton.

## MR. DAY'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We have met this evening for the purpose of celebrating the Ter-Centenary of the birth of our Immortal Bard, Shakespeare. This celebration, although initiated by the St. George's Society, has been carried out by the Executive Committee appointed by the citizens irrespective of nationality. It is, therefore, entirely cosmopolitan in its character, and I am happy to see that all the national Societies are represented here to-night. I am sure you must all feel highly gratified at the oneness of heart and feeling thus manifested, in doing honor to the memory of our great poet. May this prove the dawn of a new era in our beloved Canada, to be followed by a still higher and more liberal union of sentiment and purpose, in all that concerns our welfare as a people, looking forward to become at no distant

## LITERATURE.

### Shakespearian Ter-Centenary Celebration at Montreal.

At an early hour on the morning of the 23rd April, the St. George's Society, to which the initiative in the celebration had been abandoned as of right, assembled at Dolly's, and shortly afterwards formed in procession and walked to Christchurch Cathedral, where a sermon was preached by the Metropolitan, Lord Bishop Fulford. On leaving the church a young oak was planted in honor of the poet, Hon. G. Moffatt and Mrs. Moffatt acting as sponsors.

In the afternoon, a committee of citizens presented the Principal of the McGill University with a purse, containing £425, to found a Prize for annual competition among the students in English Literature. A gold medal bearing the effigy of Shakespeare together with a suitable inscription, will be awarded to the winners of the prize. Mrs. Ann Molson and Sir William Logan also presented each £250 for the purpose of founding gold medals, the first for excellence in the natural and mathematical sciences, and the second for excellence in geology and natural history. Thus, the University of McGill College, which already possessed two medals (the Prince of Wales' and Mr. Chapman's), will be one of the best endowed in this respect on the continent. The anniversary of Shakespeare's birth will henceforth hold a foremost place in the *Festi* of the Institution.

The Mercantile Library Association closed the proceedings of the day with a literary and musical soiree, held at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, where the majestic

period, a nation destined to hold a prominent position, and play an important part in the future history of this continent.

I am fully aware that no words I can utter—nothing I can express—indeed, nothing any of us may say or do to-night, will add one iota to the world-wide fame of our immortal Shakspeare; but it is due to the greatness of his genius, as it is to the Divinity who sent into the world so bright a Scintillation of his divine power, that we should thus commemorate his birth.

It is moreover, due to ourselves, that we should make these demonstrations—for who knows but that they may prove incentive to latent talent, and bring out some bright intellectual treasure hitherto hidden, like the diamond buried in the dust of earth, whose extraction from obscurity may be effected, by such encouragement as this celebration of Shakspeare's greatness holds out to rising genius.

England—proud Albion—has produced her Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and other great poets and writers. Scotland—Bonnie Scotland—her Burns, Scott, Campbell.—Ireland—Dear Erin—her Goldsmith, Moore,—and, would I make one of our Orators of the day blush, if I made up the trinity of number, with the name of D'Arcy McGee.—Germany—the vaterland—her Lessing, Goethe, Schiller.—France—La belle France—her Corneille, Molière, Racine, and others; and shall not Canada, a community made up of all those nationalities, also produce hers?

But these reunions for such purposes have at least their beneficial influence in this, that they draw the attention of the masses to thought, and the study of the writings of the Bards whose praises are thus chaunted.

Of Shakspeare's works and their influence on the human mind, it is not my particular province to speak to-night, if, indeed, I were equal to such a task; but, on an occasion like this, I feel I would seem wanting in that enthusiasm which should pervade the breast of an Englishman, in contemplating the writing of so great a poet of his country, were I to permit this opportunity to pass without making at least a passing reference. Shakspeare was the great poet of nature and of art. He held up truthfully the mirror to nature, and adorned her with the high art of supernatural genius. Of the influence of his works, I might dare to say, that the great moral truths propounded by him,—clothed in language of such telling force, as Shakspeare alone knew how to express, are of the most sublime character; and help to the highest mental as well as moral refinement. Virtue is described by him in words, that pourtray it to the human mind as ever the snow-white purity of virgin innocence, whilst vice is depicted by him, "in form and shape so hideous," and appalling; and always made to appear "so foul and unnatural," that one who has studied Shakspeare, would almost doubt, whether vice ever was a monster, who oft seen could ever be "endured, pitied, or embraced." In the social relation of mankind, the doctrines inculcated by Shakspeare's sentences have an equally powerful moral effect. No incident in the social relation lacks an appropriate and telling expression. In the political world how wide and vast has been the influence of his dramatic writings. His historical dramas, indeed almost all his works are historical, have doubtless effected a highly beneficial influence in affairs of State and in the Courts of Monarchs. His play of Henry VI. alone, might be referred to as one illustration of this. The Prince of Wales of that period, Prince Henry of the play, although a good-hearted generous Prince, was but a scapegrace compared with our noble Prince of Wales, who beside the high moral influence exerted over him by his late lamented father, and by our most noble and virtuous Queen his mother, doubtless trained much from the reading of Shakspeare that has helped to mould the character of England's future king. And apart from that particular case I might say that the influence of Shakspeare's writings on the Monarchs and Courts and public men, not merely of England, but of France, Germany and indeed of all the European Continental powers and States, and may I not add of America, has been almost equally great. For Shakspeare is not read by those speaking the English tongue merely, but has been translated into French and German, at least; and is, perhaps, more read and better understood now, if not more appreciated by the people of France and Germany, than by those speaking Shakspeare's peculiar tongue. As an instance of the force and influence of Shakspeare's writings in the acquisition of the knowledge of the English language, I might mention the name of the great Magyar Kossuth, who avowed he had acquired his acquaintance with the English language by the reading and study of our great poet; and whoever read the speeches of the great Hungarian, made by him when in the United States some years ago, must be struck with the force and power of his appeals in English. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my humble

endeavors to do justice to our great poet on this occasion. They are but introductory of the great orators of the evening, to follow me in French and English, the Honorable Messrs. Chauveau and McGee, whom I have no doubt will do ampler justice to the genius and memory of the man, who has been justly pronounced to be "the poet for all age and time"—Shakspeare, the "world's poet."

#### HON. MR. CHAUVEAU'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In placing a French speech in their programme, the originators of this fête were willing to give it a character corresponding to the times, to the renown of Shakspeare, and to the condition of our society. Literature is in fact a bond which unites peoples one to the other, as well as commerce, but in a more elevated order of things; it is the exchange of purely intellectual products; the other is only the exchange of products of material development, effected, it is true, by the intelligent industry of man. This century, which has witnessed the last scenes of a heroic struggle between France and England, has also seen for the first time since the Crusades, in a series of military expeditions in the Crimea and on the shores of the extreme East, their flags floating in union; it has seen, for the first time, the breaking down of the barriers to commerce on the two sides of the channel, and a treaty, nearly of free trade, promulgated by the nephew of him who had proclaimed the continental blockade; it has seen, in short the influence of English literature extended to France, as, in the 17th and 18th centuries, that of France had invaded the country of Shakspeare. However, the political atmosphere of Europe is perhaps at this moment in a threatening state, for notwithstanding the picture I have sketched, the world there is in a state of mutual distrust, of useless negotiations, of war which is still more useless, and God only knows what bad days may have been reserved for our ancient and for our new mother lands. But this fraternity, which there is but a happy accident, a truce of heaven for the peace of the world, is here, for the two races, a condition essential to existence. France and England, after more than a century of wars on this continent, have left us here in presence of each other, and mingled with each other, like the glorious remains with which they have strewn our soil. Notwithstanding, however, that we cannot, by the force of circumstances, do otherwise than share a common destiny, live the same life and enjoy together all the rights which belong to a citizen under the British constitution, we are yet, after more than a century, to a certain extent, greater strangers to each other than the inhabitants of the borders of the Seine and of the Thames. If a remarkable book appears in London it is at once translated into the French language; if a play makes a sensation in Paris, it is forthwith adapted to the English stage. Is it not true that this is quite different in Canada? that the French literary progress and the English literary progress are comparatively isolated, ignoring each other almost completely? And yet how many times on solemn occasions have we not sworn that it should be otherwise! How many times have we not said that if it was as impossible, as cowardly, as impious for the one as for the other to renounce its language, to abdicate its rights, its historical traditions, we must, nevertheless, endeavor to understand, to respect, and to mutually assist one another. And what has been the result of this? The day after these protestations and these fine promises, have we not returned to the old state? Thus, Mr. President, when I heard you express the hope that this celebration might be the dawn of a new era, confiding in your generous utterance, and putting away the scepticism which we learn of experience, I said to myself, "Better late than never;" the day has at last come.

And what name, what memory were more worthy than the name and memory of Shakspeare to inspire such a thought, and to preside over such a success. It is in fact, the peculiar property of his glory to have been sufficiently original and personal in the immense variety of his repertory to impress his unique stamp on all his works; sufficiently natural in the ubiquity of his theatre to never cease to be English, and nevertheless sufficiently universal in the grandeur of his conceptions to be comprehended and claimed to-day by humanity as a whole. Several cities of Greece disputed their title to the birth-place of Homer. At present we take less heed of a great man's birth place than of his opinions and beliefs. It seems as if in proportion as the distances of space which separate us are diminished, those which separate us in the domain of thought are increased. Thus no one has cared to inquire if it is true that Stratford-on-Avon saw the birth of the poet who sang of Desdemona and Juliet; but much interest has been taken in learning if he were of the old faith of his forefathers, or if the creed which was in his time predominant in his country, possessed the homage of this

great genius. There have been writers even who would not permit him to have the one or the other—Protestants, Catholics, and Rationalists, have seen in his works all that was required for making him belong to their respective camps; all, thus, at the same time, bringing to him the greatest homage which it is possible to render to his genius. This strange spectacle is nowhere more striking than in France, at the moment when I address you. While the Protestant Guizot has published an excellent translation of his works, preceded by an essay as learned as any which has been written upon him in English; while Victor Hugo has himself written the commentaries which accompany the translation of his *sonnets*, and at this moment is putting forth a volume in honour of the English bard, the eminent and profound author of *l'Art Chretien*, M. Rio, is publishing a work in which he claims for Catholicism both his person and his writings. It has often been asked—what was the secret of this universality? I am inclined to look for it, neither in the local colour of his several pieces, in which indeed it often happens that there is something for adverse criticism; nor in the profound philosophy of his thoughts; nor in the grand variety of the situations, which he has so ably strung one upon the other; nor in the complete union on his stage of all phases of life, of all classes of society; nor even in his learned study of the innermost folds of the human conscience. I see it chiefly in that genius which works, with no other love than that of art; in the Poet who sings like a bird almost without cessation, because he cannot do otherwise; in the enthusiastic observer of humanity who himself penetrates into everything which he wishes to paint; in the perfect good faith of the narrator who believes all that he narrates; in the absolute absorption of the man in the artist; of the workman in his work. And let it be remarked, that not the writings of Shakespeare alone, but the ignorance in which we are on a crowd of subjects which concern him again support this opinion. He did not stop in the midst of his work to analyse himself and draw his own portrait for posterity. He never thought that he could sleep upon his laurels. He always pursued the ideal of a new *chef-d'œuvre* looking through nature and humanity. Lastly, we may well suppose that he has never had a complete appreciation of his own superiority. Such, also may have been Racine, Corneille, Molière and Lafontaine. They have not been demigods in their life times, and it is that which has maintained them on the pedestal where posterity has placed them. Like him they have found in the naturalness of their literary and artistic faith, the great secret of art and nature; like him they have given all their souls to that jealous muse which will have no distracted worshippers; no timid nor interested lovers. But Shakespeare, ignorant of the rules of symmetry which for a long time tyrannized over the World of letters and from which his example and that of his imitators have perhaps only too completely emancipated us, Shakespeare who had at the same time the intuition of the great principles of art on which all rules must be more or less based, had by that very fact an immense advantage over all the poets of the age of Louis XIV. Nothing was interdicted to him by the usages of Parnassus; but in default of this legislation he had genius for his guide in the choice of means and resources. It is not exactly because he neglected these rules; but because he knew how to divine their object, and achieve it without following them, that he triumphed in a field, where so many since have done nothing but corrupt the public taste. His own country, seduced by his success, could not long remain submissive to his examples. The Shakespeare of Dryden and Davenant resemble the true Shakespeare no more than the adaptations of Ducis, and less than that of Alfred de Vigny. There, as in France, they set to dress him whom Voltaire called a barbarian. It was only at a later day that people found courage to turn to the old text, and to do that there were required certain social transformations which have stamped a remarkable vigor on all the literatures of Europe.

What was once called the descriptive, then the romantic style, and what is to-day called the realistic, are so many protestations—some exaggerated, some legitimate, against the weariness which, according to Voltaire, was born of uniformity. They are so many manifestations of that literary selecticism of which Shakespeare made a play rather than a principle, a nature rather than a system. The cause of these reactions, so natural to English curiosity and French vivacity, is to be found complete in the verse of Clément, the enemy of Voltaire:

“ Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains ? ”

But does it follow that they are to carry with them all principles, justly all extravagances, and sink art and ideal in all that is most ignoble in realism? If Shakespeare lived, he would be the first to repudiate and oppose the perversion of our moral sense, the cor-

ruption of that glorious trinity of the true, the fine and the good, whose theory was long after him enunciated by Cousin. The majesty of the good, and the splendour of the true, hold each other by the hand in his productions. The moral tie is always at the base of his thought, and burst forth from the midst of the plays where evil triumphs by a reprobation as vivacious as it is unexpected. Claudius, who wishes to pray, but cannot, Claudius expresses in two words the question of repentance and pardon:

“ May one be pardoned and retain the offence ? ”

Then the great culprit exclaims:

“ My words fly up; my thoughts remain below;  
“ Words without thought never to Heaven go.”

That is the most terrible remorse preying on the mind of the criminal, that remorse which exhibits to him spectres less frightful than himself. Shylock is the only one of his culprits who feels no remorse, and he is punished by the tears which he sheds like a crocodile for the evil he cannot do. Thus you have good reason to call this poet the poet of the world, and of all time, and to place under his protection the more intimate union of the different sections of the Canadian family, which you are desirous of establishing; and for your success in which I offer up my wishes, while I salute with enthusiasm the memory of the man, whose name and image, and still more, whose mind and words, fill this hall to-day.

#### HON. MR. MCGEE'S ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—While all the world has given up this day to the memory of the greatest genius that ever used our speech as his vehicle of thought, it would be strange indeed if this city were silent. Our celebration may not be all we hoped, or all we proposed to make it, but at least we can say that portion of Shakespeare's dominions situated in British North America, will not find Montreal left out of the map. (Cheers) You have pressed into this grateful public service both the languages of Canada—the elegant language of which my friend near me [Hon. Mr. Chauveau] is an acknowledged master, and the language which Shakespeare himself used—the only language of which, probably, he was a master—if we except the language of universal Nature, whose beloved and faithful interpreter he was. [Cheers.] You have summoned me to bear my part in this festival, and I come as a debtor to acknowledge his accounts to his creditor—as a pupil to render tribute to his master—as a poor relation, to celebrate the birthday of the head of the house—as a good citizen, to confess his indebtedness to a great public benefactor—as an heir-at-law, or in language, to repay, in ever so imperfect a manner, his obligations to the wealthy testator, who has left him riches he could never hope to acquire by any labor or exertions of his own. (Cheers.) Of his family, very conflicting accounts are given. His mother, Mary Arden, was of the gentry of Warwickshire; his father, John Shakespeare, is spoken of, in early life, as a butcher and glover; in later life, as an Alderman of Stratford, yeoman and gentleman,—which would seem to imply a successful struggling upwards in the social scale. The celebrated Shakespeare coat-of-arms, obtained by the ambition of the son, for the gratification of the father, shows that there was in this house, whether derived from Mary Arden, or created by her son's genius—which created so many other marvels—a determined desire to assert and establish the rank of a gentleman. Shakespeare, who flung his own immortal works upon the world, without guide or guardian to his fame; Shakespeare, who could be content with a misprinted *Hamlet*, and an interpolated *Othello*, was yet so anxious about a coat-of-arms, and a parchment pedigree! Must we blame him for this? I hope not. The finest thing the English language has ever given expression to—finer far than *Hamlet*, or of any other of our Poet's creations—is the grand word *Gentleman*; and it is not to be at all wondered at, as it seems to me, that, from Shakespeare to Scott, every man of genius, born within the sphere of our speech, has been through life ambitious of this glorious designation. [Cheers.] Shakespeare himself, educated, so far as he was educated, at the Stratford Grammar School, married at 18 a mature maiden of 26—for boys usually fall in love with mature maidens, and mature maidens, in return, fall in love with mere boys. [Laughter.] We do not find, fortunately, “ the skeleton in the closet,” of this married pair. His true first love—Anne Hathaway—seems to have remained his “ *all the world* ” to the very last; and every fact of his scanty biography goes to show that in the turmoil of London literary life, in the full blaze of Elizabeth's court, in the congenial society of Ben Jonson and Drayton, and Burbage, the actor, his heart always yearned for the quiet fields and walks of Stratford,

and the dear presence of his first and last love—Anne Hathaway. (Cheers.) I do not think I am exaggerating when I say Shakspeare's mind was much more occupied with an establishment for his family at Stratford or at Shotteny, or at Shirley, than with his glorious works; and that to win and wear the honors of a Warwickshire gentlerman seemed to him a much more important object of ambition than to become the first poet of English race. He seems, from all we know of his career, to have been rather ashamed than otherwise, of his character of actor; to have been strangely indifferent to his fame as a dramatic writer; and to have been mainly anxious about his house at New Place, his coat of arms, his rank as esquire, and his last resting place, guarded with a cuirasse, in Stratford church. Strange power of Time and Place! Strange charm of custom and association! This genius now so universally felt and honored, was, probably, in his own day, far more anxious to found a family, and to assert a reputable social position, than to preserve to us those works which have made us all his clients, his debtors, and his dependants! [Cheers] Shakspeare appears to have lived generously, though by no means prodigally, and to have had the art of acquiring wealth.

This, then, is the image of the personal man—Shakspeare; shrewd, aspiring, accomplished, gallant, confident of renown; more anxious for his present than his future; joyous in society; contemplative, even to sadness, in solitude; in short an epitome of all nature, to whom truly, it might have been possibly said—“Look into your own heart, and write.” (Cheers.) As to his fortune, he died in what we call independent circumstances, in his native town, at the age of 52. Of his philosophy, a much wider subject, it would be quite impossible to give anything like a fair summary, within the limits of a popular address. In religion, though he lived within the range of the Reformation controversy, it is still disputed whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant; in politics, he was a constitutional-monarchist, an enemy of intolerance (as are seen in Falstaff's speech in Henry V.,) and a lover of the people, (as we see in Queen Catherine's speech on behalf of the working classes in Henry VIII.) In his Roman and English historic plays he has not spared such demagogues as Jack Cade, while he has done full justice to really honest popular leaders, like Brutus and Meenemus. To Shakspeare certainly more than any other writer we have, the praise of a well-balanced mind belongs; for while Milton was often a fanatic, and Dryden a partisan, and Byron a cynic, this great genius, like those impassible Assyrian Gods, who have been referred to the light of our days by indefatigable research, he looked straight out into all space, with a calm self-possession, which strikes one with awe,—it is so unlike our average humanity. (Cheers.) Of the originality of Shakspeare, I suppose there is now no second opinion. His works are unlike all that went before, unlike all efforts of the Greek, or Roman, or Italian mind. The fusion of comedy and tragedy in the same scene—such as in the grave-diggers' dialogue in *Hamlet*—and the fool's saucy repartees in *Lear*—are as marked in their originality, as a Gothic church is distinct from a Roman or a Grecian temple. The profundity of his thought, is only surpassed by its variety; and we may safely say of him, that there is neither subject nor object, in life or in literature, of which he does not furnish the highest and most lasting illustration. Now as to Shakspeare's influence on our ideas and our language,—the last point on which I wish to touch,—it is not easy to exaggerate its past extent, or its still growing increase. Tens of thousands of people talk of Shakspeare, who never read him, and hundreds of thousands think Shakspeare who do not talk him. I shall not attempt, ladies and gentlemen, any analysis of that large part of our popular opinion and judgment for which we are indebted to this illustrious author. You are here, to-night, as is fit and proper, to enjoy yourselves, and to confer pleasure on others. If the poet whose name we invoke were present in person, from all we know of his life and character, we may be quite certain he would take far more pleasure to mingle among so many fair ladies than to talk dull didactics here on this platform. Yet before the exquisite music which has been so skillfully selected for you be ended—before the merry dance begins—let me sum up, in a few words, my own crude idea of the place held, and the part performed in our English speaking world of thought by this great dramatist. “He was a man,” to use his own pregnant words, “take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.” He planted his compasses in his own age, and he swept with them the circumference of time. [Cheers.] He seized the trumpet of the Press, then newly wrought, and his voice is now familiar at the antipodes. [Cheers.] Of all English history his writings are the flower and crown. The British Empire may pass away: the vision of the brilliant Scottish reviewer of a New Zealand artist sketching a ruined St. Paul's from the last

standing arch of London bridge may be fulfilled in the fulness of time's changes; the bittern may repossess the Thames and the diver the Mersey; but this Island Oracle shall not be quelled or quenched, till the knell of all earthly things has sounded. His voice shall speak to all nations of the mysteries of life and death, of duty and destiny, of liberty and law, of the remorse that dogs the steps of crime, and the blessed place that shines on the good man's death bed [cheers]. To him all genius shall be tributary hereafter, as all genius has been in the past, which cause to know him, among actors, the long line from Burbage and Betterton to Dean and Macready; among commentators from Jonson to Gerwinus; among Statesmen from Southampton to Chatham and from Chatham to Derby; these are the subjects and clients of our Shakspeare. [Cheers.] To be numbered in such a Company even in the lowest place is honor sufficient, and I cannot express to you, ladies and gentlemen, the feeling of pleasure which moves me, while I speak on such a subject, and feel as I do now, that we too, are in the train, of such a sovereign. [Cheers.] Ladies and gentlemen, whoever shall live to see in the year of Grace, 1964, may, perhaps, find themselves here surrounded by a city, many times larger than Montreal is now. They may find themselves, even, ruled under a form or modification of government unknown to our age, and undesired to us, (cheers) but one thing I feel assured they will not find—that is—that even then there shall be found, in the valley of the St. Lawrence in Canada, a people more devoted to the memory, than we are more grateful for the benefactions, or more watchful of the ever increasing influence, of William Shakspeare (Loud cheers, amid which the Hon. Gentleman, sat down.)

## O D E.

BY G. HEAVYSEGE.

Read at the Shakespeare Ter-century celebration in the Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday the 23rd April, 1864.

When England, in the gathering years,  
Torn by intestine wars too long,  
Her rival roses drenched with tears,  
And drooping their compeers among;—  
Lain dripping, wet with civil gore,  
Drawn from their cups by native darts;—  
When anarchy from shore to shore,  
Had driven the ploughshare of sharp wrong  
Deep in the rich alluvial loam  
Of those indomitable hearts,  
Contending 'midst our island home;—  
When civil wounds, in after years,  
Were healed, and, from her foreign scars  
Delivered, joyful-breasted, strong,  
She, by Heaven's grace,  
Found time and space  
To pile her late opposing spears,  
And bring the harvest home of song,—  
To take her pre-appointed place  
In poetry amongst her peers:  
When soft and slow,  
In numbers low,  
As zephyrs blow;  
Or loud and strong  
As ere the high-topped mountain bears,  
She should attune her native tongue,—  
Draw from her language mighty gong  
The fabled music of the spheres:—  
When he whose birth  
Should glorify our Isle, the Proud Sea Queen,  
And lend to earth  
Its greatest spirit clothed in mortal mien;  
Event sublime,  
Fixed from Eternity,  
And silent following in the suit of Time:  
When he should come,  
Whose genius, as a new, rejoicing sun,  
Quenching the fixed stars and slow retiring moon,  
Should cause to pale the lights of classic Greece,  
And dim the splendours of Augustan Rome;—  
When he whose name  
Should be the synonym of Fame,  
Enduring as the heaven's frame;  
To whom Renown  
Should give this globe as an enduring crown,  
Make earth become,  
Each zone a circling tier for him to wear  
O'er his eternal eyes and bright brows never bare;

Even as should a dazzling diamond dome,  
Poised in the crystal ocean of the air,  
With silver music of the crisped foam,  
Refulgent rise and dwell for ever there.

When he should as a sign appear,  
Upon the set, the sacred year,  
Awhile to stay,  
To spend a day,

A passing Pilgrim on his way  
Unto that bourne

From whence no traveller doth return,  
To tell the tale of that mysterious clime  
Wherein, unshorn

Of his broad beams, he sits in a perpetual primo;—

Sits the chiefest of his race,  
Paragon in pride of place,  
Strength and beauty in embrace;  
Pinnacle of Empyrean height,  
Living orb of living light;  
First of those whose fame must shine,

The limited, illustrious line,  
That rules in thought's serene abodes,  
The mind's majestic demi-Gods;  
Stars that differ in degree,  
Genius glorious galaxy,  
Each crowned with his peculiar beam,  
Yet one confessed to shine supreme  
Amongst them, in that fulgent zone—  
One dazzling, all excelling Throne;  
That was, and is, and is to be,  
Beyond compare, beyond degree,  
And, our own Shakespear—that were thee.

Hail August Shade, Imperial Power,  
To whom in this ovative hour

We draw in awful reverence near,—  
Approach with love akin to fear.  
Assembled twixt these narrow walls,  
Wherein thy silent influence falls  
We claim thee as our joy, our pride,  
Our benefactor, friend, and guide.—  
As pious sons with souls sincere,  
Their father's memory revere,  
So we would now award the whole,  
The homage of the inmost soul;  
The treasury of the time paid mail  
Swell with the mite of our, "All Hail!"  
With our "All Hail!" would swell the cry  
That unto us seems sweeping by  
In steady gale, in half-bushed storm,  
Whereon proud rides thy radiant form.  
As Jove once rode the shining spheres  
Thou ridest now the rolling years.  
The rolling years, that low rejoice  
With solemn hum, like his huge voice,  
Hoary Niagara heard afar.

Thy numbers greater, grander are;  
Shakespeare, more vast thy character.  
As merchants yearly in their trade  
Reckon the riches they have made;  
Or climbing traveller is stood,  
To take some mountain's altitude,  
Now at the apex of the years,  
The period's culmination, when  
Have thrice a hundred rolled, until  
To halt again the age appears,  
The solemn centuries stand still;  
Now towards thee turn the eyes of men,  
And mark thy stature, that still grows  
Upon us, as the years disclose  
Thee vast and vaster. As the hill  
Whose shadow from the base to crown  
Grows greater as the sun goes down,  
Art thou: and like some unscaled cliff,  
Some hoary, cloud-capped Teneriffe,  
Thy soaring summit disappars,  
And mocks the Argus eyes of years.  
Thou Unattainable, forgive,  
If we, who but like pigmies live,  
Presume to estimate the height,  
Lies undiscovered, lost in light,  
Or cast the plummet down the steep  
Of thine unfathomable deep.  
So Sacred Shadow, shalt thou be  
As Teneriffe, past which the sea  
Still sweeps, a great, earth-filling flood,  
Fit symbol of thy plenitude.  
As sweeps the Flood apast its base  
To fill Earth's circling ocean space,

As rolling mists athwart its crown  
For ever and for ever blown,  
So shall thy gathering glory roll  
Still onward, and yet know no goal,  
But fill the sphere from pole to pole;  
To fill the year, to fill the hour,  
Thy high and delegated power;  
To fill a tide, to fill all time,  
Thy gift to cover every clime;  
To girdle Earth on Aerial wings,  
And even as she,

Sweet Bard, to be  
As gentle in thy spiritings:  
So gentle that as "Gentle Will"  
Thy fellows styled thee, void of shame,  
And we, thy friends and fellows, still  
Would know and love thee by that name.

Oh, cherished name!  
Oh, highest fame!  
That can endure such friendliness,  
As only Heaven and parents claim,  
Whom, whilst they bless us, we may bless;  
Such amity  
We owe to thee,  
Nor is our reverence the less,  
Nor thine essential majesty.

Ah, Mighty Spirit, full of grace,  
What shadow gathers on thy face!  
Methinks my freedom thou dost blame,—  
Wo, wo is me!  
Can, can it be?—

For now, ah, now, methinks I see  
A restless glow, a flickering flame;—  
I do; I do not falsely guess,  
That aspect is no more the same;  
Now, even now, the fire I see,  
The light that hath on earth no name,  
Nor ever was on sea or land,  
By mountain top, or lonely strand,  
O'er noxious marsh, in eyes of Dame,  
Nor lightning cloud, nor funeral pyre,  
Nor lamp of peer, nor peasant's fire,  
Nor in the heaven-hung starry quire:—

I see it still,  
And ever, ever mounting higher,  
The gloomy glory doth appear,—  
I fear, I fear:—

Yes, now methinks I surely hear  
Harsh discord clash with harmony:  
I see, I see,

That, as from off the lazy lea,  
The tarrying wind must rise and veer,  
And taken aback

Upon the track,  
The craft must tremble as we steer,  
The mood must change,  
The gentlest must grow most severe,  
The smile subside into the tear;  
Red-eyed Revenge

And frowning indignation turn delight to fear,  
Pleasure to pain:—

For as the vessel that upon the main  
So lately glided leisurely and slow;  
Whose sun-bleached sails  
The long-hushed gales

Late wooed, and dared the unwaked winds to blow  
When, roused at last,  
Upsprings the blast,

Over the wild waves frantically flies,  
Now all aglow,  
His wrath doth grow,

And Gorgon-terrors fill my Shakespeare's eyes:  
There murder glares,  
No pity spares,

And man before him in his misery lies.

Thus as the elements, all stern yet kindly,  
Nothing save Nature, potent Bard, may bind thee.  
As some prime orb that through the hollow space,  
Ordained to measure the incessant race,  
Revolves upon its skyey course, concealed  
Whether it wheel or if itself be wheeled;  
Or if it journey uninformed, or fly  
Instinctive, and rejoicing through the sky;  
Resistless, unresisting, drawn, or doth it draw,  
So coinciding liberty with law,  
Art thou, O Shakespeare, sovereign in thy song  
Passive as Patience, yet as Fate art strong.

Blessed, benign!—  
 As the Divine  
 Sends us harsh griefs and shade to dim  
 Life's glory, till, at times, grown grim,  
 We tremble whilst we worship Him,  
 So, even whilst we, rapt, admire  
 Thine art's perfection, we retire  
 And, as the charmed seraph sings  
 Behind the shadow of its wings,  
 As man before the solar ray  
 Still turns the dazzled eye away,  
 We render now this meed of praise,  
 These limited, unworthy lays,  
 In humble diffidence to thee  
 Who art above all eulogy;—  
 Hence on this day,  
 This day that crowns thy special age,  
 Our generation's heritage;  
 This diadem upon the years,  
 When we acknowledge our arrears,  
 And would repay thee, (were the debt  
 Computable, not infinite),—  
 As purest coin must bear alloy,  
 So, thoughtfully we celebrate  
 Thy coming with a tempered joy;  
 We would upon thee meditate  
 With nothing to distract, annoy;  
 These grand, majestic moments dedicate,  
 As a Shakespearian Sabbath-even's employ;  
 By mystical allure  
 Ondrawn would pierce the clear-obscure,  
 Thy sacred and ethereal skirts to see;  
 To meet thee face to face, Perennial Power,  
 As lovers meet at sober twilight hour,  
 Beneath the shadow of the trysting-tree.

Hail! then, All hail! again, to us so dear;  
 Of Avon once, but now, we trust, of heaven:  
 Unable we to draw thee from that sphere,  
 As unto thee that attribute seemed given  
 To draw the spirit when thou sojourned here;—  
 Nor dare we if we could, since on those stones  
 That to thy grave are an impending door,  
 Thou hast, for Jesus' sake, in touching tones  
 Deigned for dear rest half piteous to implore,  
 And cursed the hand that should remove thy bones.  
 Oh, if we, giddy, could irreverent call,  
 Command thee, impious, from thy fond abode,  
 As Samuel disquieted by Saul,  
 Could vex thee, in the bosom of thy God,  
 Thee greatly gracious and majestic,  
 Who in thy page, as with Enchanter's rod,  
 Can move the living sense, and yet the soul enthrall!

Away! fond thought,—this tongue is dreaming,  
 Solemn, yet fantastic seeming,—  
 What doth foolish seeming say?  
 Hence! the merry morn is beaming,  
 And the night,  
 At the light,  
 Robed in darkness, flies away.  
 Over hill, over dale,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 And along the brown heath where yet mists hang grey.  
 Ah, ah! the brown heath!  
 Methinks that Macbeth  
 At those ominous words shall come homewards this way,  
 And the hags of perdition,  
 (Obstructing his marches,  
 Like Furies with torches,  
 Awaking ambition  
 Of kingly condition,  
 May meet him, and lead the brave warrior astray.  
 'Tis the hour  
 Of thy power,  
 And we are thy power compelled to obey;  
 To follow the feeling,  
 Though the moments are goldenly gliding away;  
 Whilst thou seemest to hover,  
 Ourselves like a lover  
 At the feet of his mistress reclining half-kneeling;  
 Or as at a shrine  
 Some pale Devotee  
 Before it, divine,  
 With still bended knee,  
 Yet longer and longer would linger to pray;  
 So, Shakespeare, thou art as a sovereign in away.  
 Then away, Magician, lovingly we linger,

And, all unharassed by mistrust's alarms,  
 Behold thee trace with an unfaltering finger  
 Celestial signs and Acheronian charms;  
 Borne, as by Cherub, on thy genius wing, or  
 Led, or transported by thy mighty arms:—  
 Spectators of thy spectres, them among, or  
 Midst magic sprites in Myrmidonian swarms,  
 Of Oberon and Titania, yet than Titans stronger,  
 To unleash the elements, the Sires of storms;  
 Those dread Athletes, whose brawling exercises  
 Were sports and spleens the Olympians did employ,  
 The gods wherewith Gods drove forth old Anchises  
 Decrepid, from the burning streets of Troy;—  
 So thou, Jove's greater, Father of surprises,  
 Sitting, Godlike, with Heccate in her car,  
 Betwixt the green sea (whilst the surge arises)  
 And vault of azure softest roaring war.  
 These deeds divine  
 Are truly thine;  
 More potent than the witches that thou drewest,  
 Half fiend, half beldam, terriblest and truest  
 Of weird creatures;—or thy Prospero,  
 Dethroned king and deeply injured man,  
 Who, on the tempest-vexed Bermudean Isle,  
 Did hold in thrall the brutish Caliban,  
 And stern compel,  
 Before his staff was broken and book was drowned,  
 The faithful phantom, dainty Ariel,  
 With conjuration to arise and go,  
 (Deserting sunny down and bosky dell,)  
 And do his bidding through the frost-baked ground.  
 Thou art more dread  
 Than thy so outraged and anointed dead,  
 Whose living nod could cower the Polack host;  
 More fearful found,  
 When forth he stalks, the unannealed ghost  
 Of murdered Denmark on her night-lung coast,  
 And treads, as when in life, the sullen ramparts round.  
 Alas, poor ghost!  
 For thou must fade when wanes the worm's pale glow;  
 No more be found  
 On earthly ground,  
 Must vanish when the morning cock doth crow:  
 But he who called thee forth from floods of fire,  
 Unbarred the doors of durance to thy wo,  
 Who made thy son to quail at thee his sire,  
 And bade thee back unto thy prison go,  
 Endure thy pains,  
 Resume thy chains,  
 He, thy Creator, here remains:—  
 Though, like thee, dead,  
 His honored head  
 Rears, and all others to it bow.  
 Revered Shakespeare,  
 Name dread yet dear,  
 Beyond the pale of fight or fear,  
 On thy serene and solemn brow  
 Nor fear nor time doth furrow plough,  
 But sees it steady as a star,  
 That lives and lumes in depths afar;  
 Thy name on high  
 Doth still defy  
 The rust of peace, the din of war;  
 Its pedestal and base, mankind,  
 The firm foundations of the mind,  
 Which shall survive when war is done,  
 Grown blank the stars and dark the sun,  
 The Universe no longer found,  
 All galaxies, all globes are gone,  
 And matter leaves no wreck behind.

Then, hail! thou Prince of Poesy,  
 Sweet singer, child of harmony;  
 Who is thy herald? Where is he  
 That shall pronounce thine eulogy?  
 What soul shall chaunt thy lofty lyric,  
 Or pile for thee the panegyric?  
 Who dare, on foot of feasting, rush  
 Obscene upon the burning bush  
 Of these great rites, nor hold it meet  
 To take the sandals from his feet?  
 Who, in thy native land, or this,  
 Perform thine Apotheosis?  
 Oh, may we in this humble hall,  
 Whilst myriads upon thee call  
 In many a land, 'neath many a pile,  
 But chief where, in thy native Isle,  
 In life 'hou took'st by Thames thy way,  
 Or where by Avon thou didst stray,

Returning when thy locks were grey,  
 Beguiled, the fancy seems descri  
 Thy hovering, visionary eye :—  
 Oh, may we here, far, far away  
 In space, as time, thy place, thy day,  
 Beware present to thee strange fire,  
 Nor, if no prompting love inspire,  
 Rash-handed, dream to strike the lyre ;

Presume to cast,  
 With heedless haste,  
 Unfragrant incense on thine odorou pyro :  
 But as Parsee adores the sun,  
 As lovers seek their lover's eyes,  
 As drops into each other run,  
 As vapors seek the cloudy skies,  
 As melancholy maids the moon,  
 And yearn the saints for Paradise,  
 Even so would wo  
 Desire communion with thee.

Thou Great Unseen, Impassive Shade,  
 To mortal vision unconfessed,  
 Passed o'er the bounds where all things fade,  
 Retired to thine eternal rest,  
 How shall this yearning be allayed,  
 Fruitless answer to request ?  
 How ? in what compass shall we find  
 Thy form, thine impress left behind ?  
 Thine essence, where ? thy rounded whole,  
 Thine unimaginable soul ?

That which, exhaustless as the tomb  
 That shrines the scions of Mizraim,  
 Each pyramid of ponderous gloom :—  
 Or ancient, rifled Coliseum,  
 From whence the modern, pilfering Rome,  
 As from the hewn and quarried rock,  
 Still draws the chiselled churches home,  
 Wherein anew to chaunt Te Deum ;  
 Thy pages, (passing slab or block  
 For buried base or soaring towers :)  
 Thy scenes, whereunto from their bowers,  
 The purier Poets straying come,  
 And, gathering gems and plucking flowers,  
 Still plunder thine Elysium.

Oh, even to wander there to-night,  
 And list to thee, its Nightingale ;  
 To tarry till, at morning light,  
 The pæan lark took up the tale ;  
 To linger there  
 Till moon and stars and dawning fail ;  
 As Romeo, compelled to flight,  
 As Juliet, in piteous plight,  
 Afflicted saw the East grow pale !

Sad youth, and early sorrowing maid,  
 Soon, like the fair Ophelia, laid  
 Upon the bier ;  
 And with you, sweet Cordelia dead,  
 And he, with white, discrowned head,  
 Her father, poor, distracted Lear ;  
 And Desdemona in her bed,—  
 Othello, like a demon, near ;  
 Unto her kind,  
 But rendered blind

With jealousy and love and fear.  
 Fair figures these, too fair, too few,  
 Of those, thou, Finished Master, drew,  
 Upon the world's wide theatre and stage  
 Appear their prototypes anew,  
 Found in thine own and each succeeding age,  
 Turk, Pagan, Christian and Jew ;  
 To thee alone given full to scan  
 The mystic microcosm, man ;  
 To us to see,  
 By means of thee ;—

As through an opening vista's view,—  
 The Passion's party-colored crew :  
 Moody madness on the rack,  
 Sacred sorrow, soothed with tears ;  
 Jealousy, with visage black ;  
 Love, beset with thousand fears,  
 Veer-ance and remorse' grim pack,  
 Howling through the vale of years ;  
 Envy, hatred, brooding malice,  
 Mingling an unholy chalice ;  
 Scorn and haughty eyed disdain,  
 Bloating bullies pinched with pain ;

Men that dye themselves in blood ;  
 Stony-eyed ingratitude ;  
 Callous hearted greed of gain ;  
 Souls that sicken with their stain ;  
 Disappointment lean and lank ;  
 With the surly cynic's sneers ;  
 Dull despair with visage blank,  
 Each in Shakespeare glassed appears.  
 Turn the glass.

What doth pass ?  
 Man appears (with justest measure)  
 Like a satyr sunk in pleasure,  
 Seeking station, seeking treasure,  
 Treasure found in thee in store,  
 Gathered up and brimming o'er,  
 Like the ocean or the azure,  
 Bounding every land and shore,  
 Shakespeare at his lordly leisure,  
 At his silent, sovereign pleasure,  
 Shewing out his form and pressure,  
 Hero expands and varies more  
 Than the Opal or the Chameleon,  
 Or the phases of the million,  
 Changes so (as to reveal one)  
 Proteus never changed before.—  
 Changes as such change may be,  
 Changes full of majesty,  
 Full of majesty and grace,  
 Beauty, with a sweet embrace,  
 Unto beauty giving place ;  
 As the last of Summer day  
 Passing smilingly away ;  
 Or night's retinue of stars  
 Out at mighty morning's bars ;  
 Gallant groups,  
 Tripping troops,  
 Multitudes,

Born of many-minded moods ;  
 (Teeming, tripping, grave or gay,)  
 Many as the sun the motes in,  
 Numerous as the thrilling notes in  
 Psalm or song or roundelay :—  
 Multifform

As insect swarm  
 That in peopled ether play ;  
 Shakespeare aye  
 What he wills, or what he may :—  
 Hero, or mere clod of clay,  
 Hecate Queen, or Forest Fay :—  
 Heat and cold  
 No wider apart ; nor, to behold,  
 Darkness, sheen,  
 Than himself, himself between.

Broad thy way,  
 Wide thy boundaries as betwec-  
 Sullen night and jocund day ;  
 Joyous as the journeying sun,  
 Melancholy as the moon ;  
 Great to bear the Government,  
 Far foreseeing the event,  
 Guiding statesmen, shewing kings  
 Conduct of sublunary things,—  
 All that long experience brings  
 Unto slower duller men :—

And, again,  
 Eloquence that wins applause,  
 And the principles of laws ;  
 Merchant, Soldier, Priest and Laic  
 In a rich and quaint mosaic ;  
 Lords and ladies bright we see,  
 In a glowing galaxy ;  
 Courtiers decked, a spangled train,—  
 A starry host, wide looming, lain  
 Thick as snowflakes skyward driven,  
 Paving to the gates of heaven ;  
 And the Commons, not a few,  
 Swift reflecting every hue,  
 Sits on the industrious crew,  
 As they pass in civil broil,  
 Stand embrowned in rustic toil ;  
 Yeomen, craftsmen, drunkards, rogues,  
 Clad in buckskin, void of brogues ;  
 Hirds to whom slight cheer arrives,  
 Traise the leaven of their lives ;  
 Shepherds piping in the shade,  
 And the singing dairy maid ;  
 Elves of hills and woods and streams,  
 Fairies of Midsummer dreams,



Spirits foul and spirits fair,  
Of the earth and of the air :—  
Ghosts that give new gloom to night,  
Rays of Cherub haunted light ;  
Rank that from its station flies,  
Princes, nobles in disguise ;  
All that fills the secret breast,  
Rude revealing its unrest ;

Every passion,  
Man doth lash on,  
And give life its fiery zest :—  
Every passion, every sense,  
Moving all, and all immense !

All is He,  
Of each various degree ;  
Atlas, carrying the sphere,  
Bearer of man's rounded year.  
Tender as the twilight hour,  
Stern as winter in its power ;  
Frolicsome as winds in May,  
Or the lambkin at its play ;  
Rich as Autumn, quick as Spring,  
Strong as sinewy Summer's wing ;  
Cheery as Life's lusty breath,  
And as tragical as Death.

Man's Wondrous Whole, Epitome,  
Clear mirror of Humanity,  
Her perfect son,  
Her typic one,

Whose minister was every Muse,  
Thy font the fount of Arathusa ;  
Whose cradle was Parnassus Throne ;  
The nursing bosom by thee drawn,  
Clear Hippocrene and Helicon ;  
Deep drainer of divinest draught,  
Whose soul at all song's springs has quaffed ;  
For whom the fixed Pierian spring  
Appeared to leave its bounds, and fling  
Its liquid arms round Castaly ;  
Bubbling with light, glad towards thee run,—  
Why thus bear light to the light-giving sun ?  
Say who shall wisely yield thee praise,  
Trace thee in thy works and ways ;  
In numbers measure out thy meed,—  
Thou, whose apt words best fits our deed ?  
Who utterest our gladness for us,  
Provid'st a tongue unto our sorrows ;  
Lap lead'st us faltering through our fears,  
Join'd st cadent terms to dropping tears ;  
Attunest our pity, vent'st our rage,  
Quick prompt'st us on life's stirring stage ;  
Nor hast in thy great function lacked,  
In th'unrehearsed and final act,  
When, dewed with damps and dark with doubt,  
The torch of time and stage goes out.  
Bright Torch of time, round thee may gather,  
Nor damp nor dimness ; brightening rather,

For first of things  
Is light that flings,  
And forth from shadow never shone ;  
Of thy genius no father  
May claim thee, Bard, to be his son,—  
Save him, the Universal one.  
Thou art the sun of Poesy's vast skies.  
The goal of gazing Poets eyes  
Art thou, oh, Shakespeare ; a creator,  
As eldest of the gods,—but greater ;  
As one of the mysterious Powers of Nature,  
As force, warmth, light ;  
As of immeasurable stature,  
As of immeasurable might ;  
As one to whom by Sovereign Heaven,  
All human attributes were given :—  
Eternal Titan of our race,  
As free of time as free of space ;  
Prometheus with heavenly fire,  
Bold bird of light that ever higher,  
Above the nations soaring sings,  
And shakes down sunshine from its wings.

Adieu !  
Best words are few ;  
Farewell, Illustrious Lord of men,  
Thou mightiest master of the pen,  
The scrolls from whose great golden plume  
Are lasting as records of doom,

Which sleep in those unseen archives  
That keep the roll of mortal lives.  
Great Sou!, adieu ! Sweet Bard, farewell !  
Another century shall tell  
This Globe's full glories round thy name :  
To thee, as air is drawn towards flame,  
Strange nations shall repair in crowds ;  
And, gazing on thy page divine,  
See, beaming on their inner sight  
New orbs of intellectual light ;  
As he, who voyaging over the line,  
Sees Southern cross, Magellan clouds,—  
Undreamed of in his northern night.  
No night for thee, All-perfect Orb, although  
Fate has deep shadow round about thee thrown ;  
Thee, like the sun, to give all else to know,  
The sun, great knower, in himself least known.  
Nipply no breeze shall ever now arise  
The thick obstruction from thy form to clear ;  
Perchance unto our still enquiring eyes,  
Thy traits must still all shadowy appear ;  
Looming through smoke from that long sacrifice,  
Shall roll in wreaths of incense round thy bier.—  
And yet what matters we so little know,  
Of whence thou wert, of how thou hence did'st go ?  
Of all that to the world's so curious ken,  
Makes up the little lives of little men ;  
Enough for us, that when life's moulding womb  
Had fashioned thee, her greatest, thou didst come ;  
Didst come like all the vast, enduring, good,  
But little noticed, but half understood :  
Thy growing labors, as the wholesome dew  
That, still descending, still eludes the view ;  
Or as the flakes of quiet, gathering snow ;  
That all night long have fallen soft and slow ;  
Or as the genile, oft recurring rain,  
That feeds the hunger of the mammoth main,  
Which with its margin laves a thousand strands,  
Till it has grown  
Even as the stone

Secr. severed from the mountain without hands :—  
Fills not alone  
Our native Island, but her sister lands ;  
Suffice to know that all-ordaining Heaven  
Vouchsafed thee wiser than the Ancient Seven ;  
Did gracious grant thee, greatest of mankind,  
Of all to come, of all are left behind.  
Of Homer, largest of the ancient earth,  
Once seven cities did contest the birth ;  
But admiration and deer love agree,  
The world's wide nations might contend for thee.

Then let the world throughout all coming time,  
With gladdened hearts and heads all crowned with joy,  
Exult, as shouting, did the Morning Stars at prime ;  
Even when at the achieved Divine employ,  
Amidst the music of the spherical chime,  
Whilst God declared all good, they first did see,  
Unveiled, the virgin universe sublime :—  
Saw, in the formless void's obscurity,  
Order drawn forth from chaos, from eternity,  
The sweet divisions of revolving time.  
Now let us here, as in the Empyrean,  
The glad, admiring hosts of angels then  
Did pour amain the proud, applauding paean ;  
Let us, heaven favored to behold this aeon,  
Which few have seen and none may see again ;  
Now honor Shakespeare as the man of men.  
And, thou beloved, admired, stupendous Shade,  
If o'er this multitude thou hover dim ;  
If, in thine immortality arrayed,  
Unseen, thou listen to this votive hymn,  
Behold, Great Lender of the Illustrious Dead,  
King, Sovereign, Paramount, Muse, Master, Head,  
Whilst we unblamed would bend to thee the knee,—  
Unblamed, before thy memory most dread,  
Would bow ourselves this side idolatry :—  
Bow low, unblamed, nor dare do less than raise  
Thee highest of the lone, immortal line ;  
Constrained to yield thee all-transcendent praise,  
By all the gifts that made thee so divine.  
A perpetuity of place is thine ;  
Fixed in the Poet's heavens, from age to age,  
Secure thou sittest an eternal sign.  
Against thee war no longer envies wage.  
Thou in thy volume hast inscribed thy name,  
As on a banner never to be furled ;  
Hast made the peoples guardians of thy fame :

Whilst proud pretenders from their seats are hurled  
Thee shall the nations welcome, and proclaim,  
" Crown of thy race, the wonder of the world."

Mr. BAILEY'S ESSAY.

SHAKSPEARE:—HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MEN AND THINGS.

We are thinking to-night of an event which occurred in another quarter of the globe three hundred years ago! of a landmark in the fields of English history! of a date ever to be marked white in the calendar of English literature! of a precious blessing vouchsafed by the Almighty to all who understand the English tongue!

I wish, with your kind permission, to place before you to-night our immortal bard in a manner not often done by his greatest admirer. Not as a poet, that we all acknowledge—not as a dramatist, that we all know—not as a moralist, that we all feel—not as a philosopher, that is undoubted,—but I would rather attempt, in vague and uncertain outlines, to sketch the real or probable career of Shakspeare the learner, and Shakspeare the teacher. I want to try and prove what has been so often doubted, but which every new discovery makes more apparent, that Shakspeare was, in the very best sense of the word, a scholar, a man of rich and varied learning, culled from most heterogeneous sources, matured by the most delicate observation, and retained by a most gigantic memory. I wish also to show that knowledge was to him, not a possession hid in a store-house or piled on the shelves of a library, but a seed to be sown broadcast over the land, from which were to spring those great virtues of the Anglo-Saxon character: Courage, Affection, Industry and Honor.

He was born, say the chroniclers, on St. George's day, 1564. He was baptized, says the parish register, two days after. His father was an honest woolstapler and alderman of the town of Stratford, who, like many other town councillors before and since, could neither read nor write. The difficulties of the poet's education commenced therefore with his birth. No flourish of trumpets hailed his presence in the world. The land reposed. England was at peace with the whole universe. Queen Elizabeth had been on the throne six years. The bitter feelings engendered by the Reformation had subsided, or, at least, were smouldering in the ashes of the countless stakes and gibbets which both parties had erected. With the exception of the escapade known as the Gunpowder Plot, these fires were not again to be lighted till after the poet's death.

A new world had been discovered, and colonization had commenced. The whole seaboard of America, from Labrador to Brazil, had been more or less explored, and England had borne her part in the new discoveries. Not, however, till a few years later was her nava' supremacy to be developed. Drake had not yet circumnavigated the globe. Nor, as yet, had that brilliant little band of sea captains dispersed the vaunted Armada of Spain.

The arts of peace were steadily progressing. For nearly a century had the printers' type been at work. Learning was becoming fashionable. Of those Greek scholars whom Lorenzo had enticed to the Florentine Court, many had been induced to accept chairs at British Universities. If we except the paintings of Holbein, himself not an Englishman, the fine arts were at a low ebb. The Sculpture and Architecture of that age were of a very gingerbread description, and the very national costume, the quilted doublets, huge trunk hose, stiff farthingales and gigantic ruffs bore a remarkable resemblance to ornaments on a twelfth cake. Vandyke and Inigo Jones, who were to change all this, had not yet appeared. That galaxy of English poets, of which Shakspeare was to be the head, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Decker, Spencer, Sidney, Raleigh and numerous others were as yet unknown. Francis Bacon, the reformer of Philosophy, of whom Macintosh has so beautifully said, that " he found knowledge barren and left it fertile," was but four years old—Shakspeare could not have arrived at a happier time—English history can hardly present a parallel to this promising age. So rich in blossoms and so barren of fruit.

I have searched in vain for any great event which occurred in the world at a time contemporary with Shakspeare's birth—I have, however, found a small one, which, though of no great importance, has, to us, a peculiar significance. In the very month and near about the day of Shakspeare's birth, King Charles IX of France was at Rouen. While there three Canadian gentlemen on their travels, were presented to him. The costume of these strangers was rather singular. They wore more plumes than a French General and they carried their heads at least as high. Their skins were rather dark of hue and they certainly "rouged" as much as Catherine de Medecis herself. Popular reports said that these gen-

tlemen were in the habit of eating each other, but this was a libel. They certainly had a habit of performing curious surgical operations on the heads of their enemies. And they were philosophers too in their way, but rather revolutionary. They had no respect for the regal dignity of Charles. "When we," said they "have to select a chief, we always choose a big fellow." "One thing," they remarked, " sorely puzzles us; how is it that we see here men revelling in all the luxuries of the earth and by their sides other men living in the lowest depths of poverty and misery, and how is it that these latter are such poor, mean spirited wretches that they do not take the rich men by the throat?"

I suspect that these gentlemen came from our own immediate neighbourhood. At this time Champlain was assisting the Algonquians on the Richelieu river against the Iroquois, who had mustered in great strength near that lake which now bears the name of the great explorer. (1)

It is not unlikely that they were prisoners of war sent home, as they professedly were, to France, for the improvement of their religious education. If they remained, as is probable, long enough in France to witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that event must have impressed them vastly with the great advantages of Christian civilization.

I wonder whether Shakspeare, in his life-time, ever heard of Canada or New France, as it was then called. I think so. That Shakspeare was well acquainted with the French language and the current French literature I will notice presently, and I think I am right in stating that no English accounts of New France were then in existence. The events of Spanish conquests were well known. The records of the early English colonizers of Virginia, particularly those of the great and good Captain Smith, of Pocahontas notoriety, are singularly truthful. If, as is certain, "The Tempest" was one of his latest plays, he must have had in his mind the recent shipwreck of Sir George Summers on the Island of Bermuda, when, among the most tempestuous parts of the globe, he placed

" The still vexed Bermoothes."

To what country, then, does he allude when he speaks of

The cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophage and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Not Mexico or Peru; these were too well known. Not the Portuguese settlements. Of these were told tales of another kind, which I will notice presently. And certainly not of Virginia. I do not think that he meant Africa, because all wonder-seekers of Shakspeare's day turned their eyes and ears westward; and Marco Polo's fables of Cathay had long since been discredited. He must have alluded to New France.

Now in the early French accounts of this country marvellous descriptions are given of the inhabitants. In justice to the narrators let me say that these accounts are derived from the stories of the Indian, and not from personal observation. From the days of Alexander the Great to the recent occupation of Japan, I cannot remember an instance in which barbarism has not at first humbugged civilization, or in which civilization has not retorted in the same coin—with interest. Some thirty years before Shakspeare was born we had here a distinguished visitor—by name, Jacques Cartier. He, in his accounts, indulged freely in the marvellous. He relates how his sailors had tried to capture some extraordinary animal shaped like a man of gigantic stature. Some how or other they failed, as sailors always do under these circumstances. But let that pass. Cartier is not the first Americanized Frenchman who has told—nor Shakspeare the first Englishman who has believed—extraordinary tales about a Gorilla.

How all Englishmen love the marvellous, and still more the monstrous! Barnumism is a trade which always thrives among the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. How well Shakspeare knew this! When Trinculo stumbles over Caliban lying on the ground, and takes him for a species of monster fish, he remarks: "Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man,—any strange beast here makes a man—when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Let us return to our hero. Let us imagine him a child playing in the richly wooded fields that surround his native town. He is beginning to learn. Fit play-ground for a poet was that charming neighborhood.—It is a country of a kind peculiar to the middle

(1) Champlain came to Canada half a century later. (Ed. *Journal of Education*.)

counties of England. No hill or dale, rock or waterfall, but plain, fertile plain, often monotonous and tiresome. It is only here and there that we meet rich groves of oak and elm, sweet winding streams and little gently rising grassy mounds where ferns and wild flowers grow in abundance. But let Shakspeare himself describe a true Warwickshire landscape—

*A rich leaso*

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas,  
The tusy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatched with straw, them to keep;  
The banks with peonied and lilied brines,  
Which spongy April at thy best betimes,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves—  
Being lass lorn.

In the midst of just such a scene as this, place a quaint old English country town of one large street, and divers small ones branching from it. Outside on a little verdant knoll by the side of a silver stream place a noble church of the fourteenth century, and a group of splendid elms around, and you have Stratford-on-Avon. Here did that boy poet gain that love of woodland scenery which shows itself in almost every play. Here did he learn to love those wild flowers that surrounded him, and of which Perdita discourses so sweetly—

—Daffodils

That come before the swallow, dæres and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength; a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial. lilies of all kinds  
The flower deluce being one.

This is a spring scene, now for a Warwickshire winter.

Where icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the Shepherd blows his wail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul.

.....  
Where all aloud the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl.

And is it to be wondered that he loved to listen to old wives' tales of the quaint fairy mythology, which was said to haunt these spots. Of Oberon, Titania and Puck and other elfine sprites who tripped it on the green and hung

"A pearl in every cowslip's ear."

I am afraid that I am rather sceptical with regard to Shakspeare's house—its genuineness rests on the slenderest of town traditions. It is certain however to any student of Architecture, that it is a house of contemporary date. There are several of this age remaining in this little town. We know from existing documents that at the time of our poet's birth, or shortly after, his father was a man in good circumstances owning four houses in the town, and fourteen acres of land in the neighborhood. Is it likely that the son of a man so well to do in the world, would be born in the quaint little shanty, which bears his name? Be this as it may, a visit to this tenement is anything but Shakspearian. Those impossible relics, those names of contemptible cockneys, cut on the woodwork, and that horrible shilling seeking old hag, who shows the place, (I wonder whether she still exists), only inspire me with a feeling of disgust.

Let us now follow our hero to the Free School at Stratford. Contemporary writers and those who have made minute researches on the subject, assert that this was a good school, and turned out several distinguished scholars. What did our poet learn there? His contemporary Ben Jonson, who never let an opportunity slip for a sneer at his brother poet says:—"Very little Latin and less Greek"—and this sneer has been repeated again and again by critics, till it has become almost proverbial—but like many other proverbial sayings, it falls to the ground with a little observation. That Shakspeare learnt more classics in a day than did many another boy in a week—is highly probable—that from his huge memory he retained what he learnt in an extraordinary manner is

certain, and that by continuous reading, he kept up that knowledge seems very likely.

His three now nearly always recognised earliest plays are, Titus Andronicus, Pericles and the Comedy of Errors. These are not only his first, but his three worst. The crude hand of the school-boy is visible throughout, and in nothing more than that love for classical subjects, which is so common in juvenile authors. I do not mean to say that he derived these subjects directly from the classics. The plot of Titus Andronicus came from an old ballad, that of Pericles, from a crude imitation of a story in Boccaccio's Decameron, but there is in these a correctness of classic manners, and history, which he did not get from either the old ballad or romance. The Comedy of Errors is an adaptation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, itself an adaptation from an older Greek play. Now the disparagers of Shakspeare's classical knowledge have pointed triumphantly to the fact that at that time this was the only comedy of Plautus translated into the English tongue, and that he must have derived his knowledge of it from the English translation. I do not doubt it. In that age, all books were scarce. Plautus is a book seldom used in Schools, and even in Colleges. His Latin is impure in style, and his morality often equally so. I do not think that it would be deemed any reflexion on the Latinity of any M. A. of McGill College or even of Oxford, if he were to declare that he had never read a line of Plautus. Then, why test the Scholarship of the Sixteenth Century, more severely than that of our own day? Again it is asserted that in Shakspeare's day existed a good translation of Plutarch. In the plays of Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar and Antony, and Cleopatra, our dramatist shows a considerable acquaintance with Plutarch, or his translation. But when we come to read Timon of Athens, we find something more. The story is certainly alluded to in an episode of Plutarch's life of Antony, but the circumstance of Timon's finding a concealed treasure is derived from Lucian, and Lucian was not translated in Shakspeare's day. Again, no English versions of the Greek dramatic poets were then extant. Are we to look upon it then only as a coincidence that that magnificent soliloquy in the Tempest, commencing "Ye elves of hills, &c." is almost line by line a paraphrase from Æchylus. The scraps of Latin which appear throughout Shakspeare are always correct when he meant them to be so. He was not a pedant, and did not wish to display his learning at every turn. Any one who wishes to see such a character touched to the life, may find him in the Schoolmaster Holofernes in Love's Labors Lost. We find too in his plays, many scraps of monkish, and still more of the modern Latin of his contemporaries. "Cucullus nonne facit monachum" which occurs in two of his plays smacks far more of Erasmus, or Sir Thomas Moore than of Cicero. This and many other things shew that he was well capable of reading what was then the learned language of law, philosophy, and sometimes of history or poetry.

Ben Jonson has indulged in another sneer at Shakspeare's geography, this time certainly with more show of truth. In "Winter's Tale," our dramatist represents Bohemia as on the sea coast. I am not about to defend him for this. It is a piece of culpable carelessness, but not of ignorance. The plot of Winter's Tale was derived from an old worthless, obsolete play by one Green. The error there occurred, and Shakspeare reproduced it. Can any one believe that Shakspeare was ignorant of the locality of Bohemia, a country then of much more importance, and much more talked of than it is now, and one which had borne a prominent part in the recent religious controversies and wars. It is wonderful that the would be learned critics who had heaped such fire on our bard's head for this error should have forgotten, that in the classic times of Sicily in which the plot of this play is laid, Bohemia as a country did not exist at all. Its territory formed part of the ancient province of Rhætia and Noriceme.

After our hero had been at School some years, his father failing in business, removed him, and here follows a blank in his biography, which we have no clue to fill up, except one. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a maiden, of the neighborhood, much older than himself. Tradition reports that the lady had a temper of her own, and certainly in Twelfth Night, one of his latest, if not his very latest play, he advises a batchelor thus:—

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself."

It is by no means improbable that about this time Shakspeare studied law, or at least passed some time in a lawyer's office. A considerable acquaintance with law is visible in many of his plays. I cannot agree with those critics who seem to have a horror of admitting that Shakspeare ever learned anything; that he acquired this knowledge from the details of his father's bankruptcy. It was not from that that he derived that elaborate exposition of the

"law Salique" which he puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in one of the earlier scenes of Henry V, and which so competent a judge as the late Lord Campbell asserts to be correct in every detail.

There probably was never a better illustration of his own maxim :

"The evil that men do lives after them,"

than the fact that one of the first known well authenticated episodes of Shakspeare's life was his youthful escapade in stealing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. By this our hero got into a scrape, and was forced to leave Stratford. Here follows another blank. This was the time, when, on the authority of the merest traditional gossip, he was said to hold horses at the door of the Globe Theatre in London, and to light ladies and gentlemen home with torches. I will advance another speculation which has at least as good a basis as the last. That at this time probably as an attendant to some man of quality, he visited France and Italy. Where else could he have attained that knowledge of the French and Italian languages which for that day might be termed considerable. Certainly not at School. Of his acquaintance with French, a very cursory examination will shew. The historians Froissart and Philippe de Comines were evidently familiar to him. The essays of a Montaigne were then the rage in the English Court. In one of these the French humorist gives a description of a state of society in Brazil which he professes to have heard from the lips of one of his servants who had visited that country. A Utopian commonwealth where there was no law, no property, no famine, no tyranny, no war. This very description, our poet puts, almost word for word into the mouth of the old Lord Gonzalo in "The Tempest." It may be objected that translations, or at least one translation of Montaigne, was then in existence. This is true. But how then did he become acquainted with Rabelais to whom he alludes in many of his plays. The works of this somewhat coarse father of French humour were not translated till the reign of Charles II. The concluding line of the "Seven ages of man"

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"

is to say the least curious in its construction, but it is soon explained, when we learn from Malone that there was a contemporary poem published in France and very popular there, in which is introduced the Ghost of Admiral Coligny the night after his murder

"Sans pieds, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux."

Passages in French abound in his plays, and in Henry V, there is one whole scene in that tongue. Of course the objectors to Shakspeare's scholarship tell us that his French is impure. I answer so was all French at that date. As a literary language it was in his infancy, it had hardly an existence before the time of Francis I.

Of his knowledge of Italian a very short examination will satisfy us. The plots of Cymbeline and "All well that ends well" are from Boccaccio and those of "Measure for measure" and Othello from untranslated Cuntio. In all of these where the scene is laid in Northern Italy, we observe a marked familiarity with the spots, and an attention to time, place and events which is not common in his other dram. Thus we find Hector, quoting Aristotle, and Sir Toby Belch avowing his contempt for Puritans, but we search in vain for any such inconsistencies in Romeo and Juliet, Othello or the Merchant of Venice. We note in these an intimate personal acquaintance with Venice itself. "The Rialto" and "where merchants most do congregate." The peculiarities and discipline of the Venetian army, the Doge, and the council, the Sagittary and forms of justice. The Apothecary was perfectly correct when he said that Mantua's law forbid the sale of poisons. But what is more remarkable is his thorough entrance into the spirit and passion of that impetuous country. Some years ago, when at Venice, I went to the Theatre to witness a translation in Italian of Romeo and Juliet. I was accompanied by an Italian friend who knew nothing about Shakspeare beyond the fact of his being an Englishman, but was well acquainted with a certain opera in his own tongue called Romeo and Juliet. The translation turned out to be a good one. "Ah! said my Italian friend, your countryman Shakspeare must be a clever fellow, so thoroughly to have adapted opera into a play. It was in vain for me to protest that Shakspeare had been dead about two-and-a-half centuries, and that the Italian composer was indebted to him.—"Pooh, pooh!" was the reply. "You cannot attempt to persuade me that any one from your cold northern clime could have so thoroughly depicted the passions of the hot sunny south." I unhesitatingly affirm that Shakspeare passed some time in Italy, and I think at this period of his life.

Let us just pause for a moment to notice the influence on Shakspeare of the contemporary philosophical controversies. We all know that in the eyes of Aristotle and Plato, philosophy was to be studied for its own sake, and that it was very degrading to this noble science to connect it any way with the uses of common life. Against this idea Bacon was protesting with all his might. It gives me great delight to recognize in Shakspeare a staunch Baconian. Hamlet and Jaques are two wonderful pictures of Platonist philosophers; earnest, accomplished, thoughtful, melancholy, morbid and unpractical. There is hardly to my mind, in Shakspeare, anything more humorous than Touchstone aping the manners of the Platonists; he had been at court, moralizing on the difference between pancakes and mustard; the proper way of eating a grape; the different degrees of a lie, and the iniquity of breeding cattle.

Vain, indeed, would it be for me to say, how, when and where Shakspeare attained his extraordinary knowledge of the human heart; of the motions which influence human actions; of the affections which bind us to each other; of the vices, both great and small, which are developed in our natures; of the virtues which adorn both high and low; of the follies and weaknesses of all grades, from the amiable to the despicable. We can learn more from Shakspeare than from any other book, save one. Just try his plays for one moment for illustration of his own "Seven Ages of Man." Is it children we want? We have the little Duke of York, making even Richard wince, and Arthur making Hubert weep, and all by their childlike prattle. Do you wish lovers, ladies! Shall it be impassioned Romeo, gallant and obedient Orlando, scoffing Benedict, courtly Orsino, blunt King Hal; or, poetic Ferdinand. Choose as you will; they are all worthy of you. Do we want a portrait of a soldier? We have them of all kinds: from fiery Hotspur to cowardly Parolles.

And then the Justice. If it be true that Justice Shallow be a portrait of Sir Thomas Lucy, who persecuted him in his youth for stealing his deer, what a character the old knight must have been. In old age, our bard seems specially to have delighted old age in its dignity like Leonato; in its garrulity and wordly mindedness, Polonius; in its fidelity, Adam; in its pleasant geniality like Gonzalo. But who but Shakspeare would have dared to depict a hasty old King of ninety years driven to insanity by family ingratitude, and in his wildest madness finding calm, awaking from that madness to find new misfortunes awaiting him, and dying almost from the shock of returning reason. Hamlet may be, nay, I think is, his cleverest character; but I must always rank Lear as his greatest. No parts of Shakspeare are more true to nature, or more morally instructive than his death scenes. A sinner's end while racked by both physical and mental torture he has twice drawn. Who can read the death-bed scenes of Cardinal Beaufort or of King John without a shudder of awe? Was there ever depicted a more exquisite picture of Christian charity than the death of Queen Katherine—or if it were possible to think of a death-bed which points to a higher lesson still, it would be that of the old fat humorous sensualist, who, when his mind was beginning to wander, for the first time in his life called on his God three times, and "babbled o' green fields."

There never was a writer who has done more to exalt the true dignity of woman. I am not about to attempt any disquisition on Shakspeare's heroines. I prefer to refer you to Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Shakspeare was the destroyer of chivalry which even the sweet strains of Spenser were insufficient to save. I do not think, ladies, that you are losers by the transactions. I do not believe that you would think any better of our sex if we were to stand armed to the teeth on the top of Montreal mountain, daring to mortal combat him who should assert that there existed on earth a creature fairer than Jemima Smith or Dorothy Crumbs. I do not think, ladies, that you were much the better for all this loud spoken adoration. I am sure your society could not have been anything like so agreeable as it is now. Shakspeare found for woman a place in society, and determined that for a true woman—an Imogen, an Isabella, or a Miranda—that place could not be too high. He had but little sympathy with the chivalry of a Launcelot wearing the white favor of Guinevere, but he originated a new order of things. That true unobtrusive courtesey and attention which so well become a strong man, and the smile from a graceful woman, which is its only appropriate reward.

In all parts of the globe have his teachings reached. Think of what his going on to-night. Old Stratford is alive again. The players are come back, but there is no Hamlet to instruct them now, and Greene and Barbase are gone. The pipe and tabor, Morris dancers are no more; but I do not think Handel's Messiah unworthy of the occasion. If the ghost of Sir Thomas Lucy should haunt the old mansion house how he will wonder at the racket that

they are making about that lawless boy who once stole deer from those green meadows. The greatest living poet and fiction writer of France to-day, gives to the world the results of his study of Wm. Shakspeare. Germany is up and doing, finding new meanings to old passages, some of which were certainly never dreamt of by the poet himself. And in far off Asia, some weakly officer stationed in a Madras jungle, may perhaps tell his servant to place a little volume by the side of his bath tub, and may feel cooler and better from his perusal of the genial pages. Many a miner in Australia, (that new source of wealth of which Shakspeare never dreamed), will perhaps to-night let his nuggets take care of themselves, and perchance on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in some Mill factory, the hunter will take a small book and read to his comrades by the evening fire.

Would I could say one thing more, but may heaven also grant it. That in that Virginia which was colonised in Shakspeare's own day, and named after his own Queen, where perhaps at this moment

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds

There may be found on both sides brave and earnest men who, in retiring to their tents, may open Shakspeare at some of those historical scenes in which he teaches so vividly the horrors and unprofitableness of civil war. May he soften the hearts of those of both parties, who by foul tongues and bitter aspersions are making a great country bleed. May they learn a solemn lesson from the bard of three hundred years ago,

Whose life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, this was a man.

#### ODE.

*Upon dedicating a Building, and erecting a statue to Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

BY DAVID GARRICK.

To what blest genius of the isle,  
Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,  
Decree the festive day,  
Erect the statue and devote the pile?  
Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,  
To own the "Bosom's Lord?"  
'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!  
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod,  
While sportive Fancy round him flew,  
Where Nature led him by the hand,  
Instructed him in all she knew,  
And gave him absolute command!  
'Tis he! 'tis he!  
"The god of our idolatry!"  
To him the song, the edifice we raise,  
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!  
Yet ere impatient joy break forth,  
In sounds, that lift the soul from earth;  
And to our spell-bound minds impart  
Some faint idea of his magic art;  
Let awful silence still the air!  
From the dark cloud, the hidden light  
Bursts tenfold bright,  
Prepare! prepare! prepare!  
Now swell the chorus song.  
Roll the full tide of harmony along;  
Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,  
And fame expanding all her wings,  
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,  
Shakspeare! Shakspeare! Shakspeare!  
Let th' enchanting sound,  
From Avon's shores rebound;  
Thro' the air,  
Let it bear  
The precious freight the envious nations round!

#### CHORUS.

Swell the choral song,  
Roll the tide of harmony along,  
Let rapture sweep the strings,  
Fame expand her wings,  
With her trumpet-tongues proclaim  
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!  
Shakspeare! Shakspeare! Shakspeare!

#### A I B.

##### I.

Sweetest bard that ever sung,  
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;  
Never sure did witching tongue,  
Warble forth such wood-notes wild!

##### II.

Come each muse, and sister grace,  
Loves and pleasures hither come;  
Well you know this happy place,  
Avon's banks were once your home.

##### III.

Bring the laurel, bring the flowers,  
Songs of triumph to him raise,  
He united all your pow'rs,  
All uniting, sing his praise!  
Tho' Philip's fam'd, unconquered son,  
Had every blood-stained laurel won;  
He sigh'd — that his creative word,  
(Like that which rules the skies,)  
Could not bid other nations rise,  
To glut his yet unsated sword;  
But when our Shakspeare's matchless pen,  
Like Alexander's sword, had done with men;  
He heaved no sigh, he made no moan;  
Not limited to human kind,  
He fir'd his wonder-treming mind,  
Rais'd other worlds, and beings of his own.

#### A I R.

When nature, smiling, hail'd his birth,  
To him unbounded power was given;  
The whirlwinds wing to sweep the sky,  
"The frenzy-rolling eye,  
To glance from heaven to earth,  
From earth to heaven!"  
O from his muse of fire  
Could but one spark be caught,  
Then might these humble strains aspire,  
To tell the wonders he has wrought,  
To tell,—how fitting on his magic throne,  
Unaided and alone,  
In dreadful state,  
The subject passions round him wait;  
Who tho' unchain'd, and raging there,  
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;  
With that superior skill,  
Which winds the fiery steed at will,  
He gives the awful word—  
And they all foaming, trembling, own him for their lord.  
With these his slaves he can controul,  
Or charm the soul;  
So realiz'd are all his golden dreams,  
Of terror, pity, love, and grief,  
Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,  
The woe-struck mind finds no relief:  
Ingratitude would drop the tear,  
Cold-blooded age take fire,  
To see the thankless children of old Lear,  
Spurn at their king, and sire!  
With his our reason too grows wild!  
What nature had disjoin'd,  
The poet's pow'r combined,  
Madness and age, ingratitude and child,  
Ye guilty, lawless Tribe,  
Escaped from punishment, by art or bribe,  
At Shakspeare's bar appear!  
No bribing, shuffling there—  
His genius, like a rushing flood,  
Cannot be withstood:  
Out bursts the penitential tear!  
The look appalled, the crime reveals,  
The marble-hearted monster feels,  
Whose hand is stained with blood.

#### SEMI-CHORUS.

When law is weak, and justice fails,  
The poet holds the sword and scales.

#### A I R.

Though crimes from death and torture fly,  
The swifter muse,  
Their flight pursues,  
Guilty mortals more than diol  
They live indeed, but live to feel  
The scourge and wheel,

" On the torture of the mind they lie : "  
Should barras'd nature sink to rest,  
The poet wakes the scorpion in the breast,  
Guilty mortals more than die !  
When our magician, more inspired,  
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,  
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,  
The thunder growls, the heaven's low'r,  
And to his darkened throne repair,  
The demons of the deep, and spirits of the air !  
But soon these horrors pass away,  
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day ;  
He smiles—they vanish into air !  
The bucksinn'd warriors disappear !  
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,  
The scene is changed—Thalia comes,  
Leading the nymph of Euphrosyne,  
Goddess of joy and liberty !  
She and her sisters, hand in hand,  
Link'd to a num'rous frolic band,  
With roses and with myrtle crown'd,  
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,  
Circling the monarch of th'enchanted land !

A I R.

I.

Wild, frantic with pleasure,  
They trip it in measure,  
To bring him their treasure,  
The treasure of joy,

II.

How gay is the measure,  
How sweet is the pleasure,  
How great is the treasure,  
The treasure of joy.

III.

Like roses fresh blowing,  
Their dimpled cheeks glowing,  
His mind is o'erflowing ;  
A treasure of joy !

IV.

His rapture perceiving,  
They smile while they're giving,  
He smiles at receiving,  
A treasure of joy.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,  
Surrounded thus, the bard in transport dies ;  
The little loves, like bees,  
Clust'ring and climbing up his knees.  
His brows with roses bind ;  
While Fancy, Wit and Humour spread  
Their wings, and hover round his head,  
Impregnating his mind.  
Which teeming soon as soon brought forth,  
Not a tiny spurious birth,  
But out a mountain came,  
A mountain of delight !  
Laughter roar'd out to see the fight,  
And Falstaff was his name !  
With sword and shield he, puffing strides :  
The Joyous rebel roit  
Receive him with a shout,  
And modest nature holds her sides ;  
No single pow'r the deed had done,  
But great and small,  
Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jest,  
The huge, mishapen heap impress'd  
And lo—Sir John !  
A compound of 'em all,  
A comic world in one.

A I R.

A world where all pleasures abound,  
So fruitful the earth,  
So quick to bring forth,  
And the world too is wicked and round.  
As the well-teeming earth,  
With rivers and show'rs,  
Will smiling bring forth  
Her fruits and her flow'rs ;  
So Falstaff will never decline ;  
Still fruitful and gay,  
He moistens his clay,  
And his rain and his rivers are wine ;  
Of the world, he has all but its care.

No load, but of flesh, will he bear ;  
He laughs off his pack,  
Takes a cup of old sack,  
And away with all sorrow and care.  
Like the rich rainbow's various dyes,  
Whose circle sweeps o'er earth and skies,  
The heaven-born muse appears ;  
Now in the brightest colors gay,  
Now quenched in showers, she fades away  
Now blends her smiles and tears.  
Sweet swan of Avon ever may thy stream,  
Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme ;  
Not Thames himself, who in his silver course  
Triumphant rolls along,  
Britannia's riches and her force,  
Shall more harmonious flow in song.  
O had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore  
Of Cam and Ifis, tun'd their classic lays,  
And from their full and precious store,  
Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise !  
(Like that kind bounteous hand \*,  
Which lately gave the ravished eyes  
Of Stratford swains  
A rich command,  
Of widen'd river, lengthen'd plains,  
And opening skies.)  
Nor Greek, nor Roman streams would flow along,  
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong  
Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal,  
At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

A I R.

I.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,  
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream,  
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

II.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft sighing swain ;  
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain ;  
The sweet bud of beauty, no blight shall here dread,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

III.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth ;  
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth,  
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

IV.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,  
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,  
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,  
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.  
Tho' bards with envy aching eyes,  
Behold a tow'ring eagle rise,  
And would his flight retard ;  
Yet each to Shakspeare's genius bows,  
Each weaves a garland for his brows,  
To crown the heaven-distinguish'd bard.  
Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,  
And to the genius join'd the feeling man.  
What tho' with more than mortal art,  
Like Neptune, he directs the storm,  
Lets loose like winds the passions of the heart  
To wreck the human form ;  
Tho' from his mind rush forth the demons to destroy,  
His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness and joy.

A I R.

More gentle than the southern gale,  
Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,  
And gathers on its balmy wing,  
The fragrant treasures of the spring,  
Breathing delight on all it meets,  
" And giving, as it steals, the sweets."  
Look down, blest spirit, from above,  
With all thy wonted gentleness and love

\* The d— of D—, with the concurrence of Mr. P—y, most generously ordered a great number of trees to be cut down, to open the River Avon for the public.

And as the wonders of thy pen,  
By heav'n inspir'd,  
To virtue fir'd,  
The charm'd, astonished sons of men !  
With no reproach, even now thou view'st thy work.  
To nature sacred as to truth,  
Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,  
To taint a mind of youth,  
Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,  
And as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend ;  
And may no sacrilegious hand  
Near Avon's banks be found,  
To dare to parcel out the land,  
And limit Shakspeare's hallow'd ground ; †  
For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,  
As broad, and general as thy boundless mind,  
Can British gratitude delay,  
To him, the glory of this isle,  
To give the festive day,  
The song, the statue, and devoted pile ?  
To him, the first of poets, best of men ?  
" We ne'er shall look upon his like again !"

DUET.

Shall the hero laurels gain,  
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain !  
And shall his brows no laurel bind,  
Who charms to virtue human kind ?

CHORUS.

We will—his brows with laurel bind,  
Who charms to virtue human kind ;  
Raise, the pile, the statue raise,  
Sing immortal Shakspeare's praise !  
The song will cease, the stone decay  
But his name,  
And undiminished fame,  
Shall never, never pass away.

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## SCIENCE.

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### Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History.

(Continued from our last.)

HARMONIES.

Let us look at Darwin and Captain Fitzroy threading their perilous way from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Beagle Channel. It is a straight passage, not more than two miles wide, but a hundred and twenty miles long, bounded on each side by mountains rising in unbroken sweep from the water's edge, and terminating in sharp and jagged points three thousand feet high. The mountain-sides for half their height are clothed with a dense forest, almost wholly composed of a single kind of tree, the sombre-leaved southern beech. The upper line of this forest is well defined, and perfectly horizontal; below, the drooping twigs actually dip into the sea. Above the forest line the crags are covered by a glittering mantle of perpetual snow, and cascades are pouring their foaming waters through the woods into the Channel below. In some places magnificent glaciers extend from the mountain-side to the water's edge. "It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the beryl-like blue of these glaciers, and especially as contrasted with the dead-white of the upper expanse of snow." Heavy and sudden squalls come down from the ravines, raising the sea, and covering it with foam, like a dark plain studded with patches of drifted snow, which the furious wind is ever lifting in sheets of driving spray. The albatross with its wide-spread wings comes careering up the Channel against the wind, and screams as if it were the spirit of the storm. The surf breaks fearfully against the narrow shores, and mounts to an immense height against the rocks. Yonder is a promontory of blue ice, the sheer end of a glacier; the wind and sea are telling upon it, and now down plunges a huge mass, which breaking into fragments, bespreads the angry sea with mimic icebergs.

In the midst of this war of the elements, appear a pair of sperm-

whales. They swim within stone's-cast of the shore, spouting at intervals, and jumping in their unwieldy mirth clean out of the waters, falling back on their huge sides, and splashing the sea high on every hand, with a sound like the reverberation of a distant broadside. How appropriate a place for these giants of the deep to appear! and how immensely must their presence have enhanced the wild grandeur of that romantic scene!

We turn from this inhospitable strait to a region if possible even more forbidding, more stern, more grandly awful; one of the passes of the mighty Andes, the Cordilleras of Peru.

"We now came," says a traveller, "to the Jaula, or Cage, from which the pass takes its name, where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite upwards of thirty feet square, with the clear, beautiful heavens for our canopy. Well may this place be called a cage. To give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist; nevertheless I shall attempt a description. The foaming river, branching off into different channels formed by huge masses of granite lying in its course, ran between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Behind us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; before was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains; to look up either way—before, behind, right, or left—excited astonishment, awe, and admiration. Huge masses of granite, that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scatter'd about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent, which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury bounding and leaping over the rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar close to our wild resting-place. The mules were straying about picking up the scanty shrubs; and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire under the lee of a large rock, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising."

Can animal life habitually exist in these awful solitudes? Is it possible that any creature can make its home amidst this waste of stark granite and everlasting ice? Yes; the guanaco, or Peruvian camel, delights to dwell here, and is as truly characteristic of the region as the Arabian camel is of the sandy desert. It snuffs the thin air in its wild freedom, and especially delights in those loftier ridges which the Peruvians term punas, where the elements appear to have concentrated all their sternness. It was the sudden appearance of a guanaco, on a lofty peak above the party, that gave occasion to the above description. The peons, with their dogs, had pursued it, and having overtaken it, had dragged down the carcase, and were now roasting its flesh over their camp-fire.

The wild reindeer, in his native snows, is seldom visited by civilised man; and it is a thing to be remembered during life to have seen him there. Climb the precipices of that rugged mountain-chain that forms the backbone of Norway; cross plain after plain, each more dreary than the last, as you reach a higher and a yet higher elevation, till you stand, in the sharp and thin air, catching your breath on the edge of the loftiest, the wildest, and most barren of those snowy fields. The highest hut you have left far below. You will spend the day and the night, (such night as an unsetting sun allows,) too, in traversing its lonely waste, and you will see neither habitation nor human being, nor trace of human works; no tree, nor shrub, nor heath, nor even earth; nothing but hard, bare barren, lichen-clad rocks, or enormous fields and patches of snow. Here and there a little reindeer-moss fills the crevices of the shattered rocks, and this is all the verdure of this wilderness of rocks and snow. You must plunge through the soft snow above your knees for many a weary mile; this is very fatiguing; at other times, through bogs of moss and melted snow; and then, perhaps, through a wide torrent, whose waters reach to your middle. Now you have to cross a ridge of sharp rock, which stands like an island out of the snow, the sharp edges of the granite cutting into the leather of your shoes, now completely soft and sodden with the melted snow. Now you have to descend a steep snow-mountain; this is very difficult, and not without considerable danger if you are unaccustomed to it. As every one may not know what the descent of a Norwegian snow-mountain is, it may be well to explain it. Imagine a very steep mountain covered with deep, never-melting snow, perhaps five or six hundred feet in height, the side presenting a bank of snow as steep as the roof of a house. To try whether the descent is practicable,

† This alludes to a design of inclosing a large common field at Stratford.

the guide places a large stone at the top, gives it a gentle push, and watches its progress. If the snow is soft enough to impede its pace, and allow it to form a furrow for itself and glide gradually down, the descent is pronounced feasible; if, on the contrary, the snow is not soft enough for this, but the stone descends in successive bounds, it is pronounced too dangerous to attempt. It is quite wonderful to see the rapidity and ease with which the guide will shoot down these snow-mountains, like an arrow from a bow. Placing both feet together, with nothing in his hands to steady him, but bearing your heavy provision-box and blankets at his back, down he goes, his pace accelerating every second till he reaches the bottom, and enveloped all the way down in a wreath of snow, which he casts off on both sides of his feet and legs as if it had been turned up by a plough, and marking his track by a deep furrow. You follow much more slowly, holding the barrel of your gun across you, while the butt end is plunged deep into the snow to steady you, and to slacken your pace. If you lean forward too much, you are in danger of going down head over heels; if you lean back too much, your feet will slip from under you, and the same result will inevitably follow, and you will have a roll of, perhaps, some hundred feet, without a chance of stopping till you reach the bottom; by no means pleasant even on snow, and especially when the snow-hill ends (as is not unfrequently the case) in a rocky precipice, to roll over which must be certain death.

Suddenly, rounding a rocky cliff, the guide makes a quick movement with his hand, and whispers the single word "reins!" pointing as he crouches down to three black specks on the white mountain-side full two miles off. Now all is excitement. The telescope distinctly makes them out,—an old buck above, as guard and watcher, a doe and her calf a little lower down. What caution now is necessary in stalking the noble game! There is a broad valley to cross full in their view; you must creep low, and in line, concealing your rifles, lest the flashing of the sun on the barrels betray you, and not speaking except in the gentlest whisper. The valley is securely crossed; there is a brawling torrent to be waded, and you will be among the rocks.

Has the buck winded you? He springs to his feet, shakes his spreading antlers, and sniffs the air, then walks leisurely up the hill-side, followed by his family, and all disappear over the rocky ridge.

Now is the time for speed! Up, up the hill, scramble under, over, through the great loose fragments, but noiselessly, silently, for the game are probably not far off. Now you are at the rock over which you saw them go. The guide peeps cautiously over, and beckons. You, too, peep, and there they are, all unsuspecting a hundred yards off. The old guide now lies down on the snow, and wriggles along from rock to rock to get round, whence he may drive them toward you. The deer are still busy munching the moss, which they scrape from beneath the snow.

A few minutes of breathless excitement. The hunter shews himself on yonder peak. The noble buck trots majestically towards you, his head thrown up, and his fine horns spreading far on each side of his back. He stops—sniffs—starts; but too late! the rifle-ball has sped, and his hoofs are kicking up the blood-stained snow in dying convulsions.

In our homely sheep, it must be confessed, the utilitarian element prevails over the poetic; but with the burrell, or wild sheep, of the Himalaya Peaks, the case is far otherwise. Twice the size of an English ram, with horns of such vastness, that into the cavity of those which lie bleaching on the frozen rocks, the fox sometimes creeps for shelter, dwelling in the most inaccessible regions, the snow-covered ranges of the loftiest mountains in the world, or the mighty spurs that jut out from them, shy and jealous of the approach of man, whom it discerns at an immense distance,—the burrell is considered as the first of Himalayan game animals, and the killing of it the *ne plus ultra* of Himalayan shooting.

How grand are the regions in which it dwells! An enthusiastic and successful sportsman furnishes us with the following vivid picture of the wild sheep and its home:

"We started early to reach the source of the mighty Ganges. The opposite bank being the best ground for burrell, we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross the river; but the snow that at times bridges over the stream was gone. The walking was bad, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrustated with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burrell, but there was no getting at them.

"At last, the great glacier of the Ganges was reached, and never can I forget my first impressions when I beheld it before me in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with

enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles, towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth into the light of day, is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all the Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb, a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth and very rapid. A burrell was killed by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges.

Again; if we wish to see the vastest of terrestrial animals, it is not within the bars of a travelling menagerie that we should look for him, nor in the barbaric pomp or domestic bondage of India, but in the noble forest-glens of Africa.

Mr. Pringle has drawn a graphic sketch of such a valley, two or three miles in length, surrounded by a wild and bewildering region, broken into innumerable ravines, incumbered with rocks, precipices, and impenetrable woods and jungles, among lofty and sterile mountains. The valley itself is a beautiful scene; it suddenly bursts on the view of the traveller as he emerges from a wooded defile. The slopes and sides are clothed with the succulent spek-boom; the bottom is an expanded grassy savanna or meadow, beautifully studded with mimosas, thorns, and tall evergreens, sometimes growing singly, sometimes in clumps and groves of varying magnitude.

Foot-tracks deeply impressed in the soft earth are everywhere visible; paths, wide and well trodden, like military roads, have been opened up through the dense thorny forest, apparently impenetrable. Through one of these a numerous herd of elephants suddenly appears on the scene; the great bull-elephant, the patriarch of the herd, marches in the van, bursting through the jungle, as a bullock would through a field of hops, treading down the thorny brushwood, and breaking off with his proboscis the larger branches that obstruct the passage; the females and younger males follow in his wake in single file. Other herds are seen scattered over the valley as the prospect opens; some browsing on the juicy trees, others reposing, and others regaling on the fresh roots of huge mimosas which have been torn up; while one immense monster is amusing himself, as if it were but play to him, with tearing up these great trees for his expectant family. He digs with his stout tusks beneath the roots, now on this side, now on that, now using one tusk, now the other, prizing, and forcing away, and loosening the earth all around, till at length with a tremendous pull of his twisted proboscis, he tears up the reluctant tree, and inverting the trunk amidst a shower of earth and stones, exposes the juicy and tender rootlets to his hungry progeny. Well may the traveller say that a herd of elephants browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape is a very noble sight, and one, of which he will never forget the impression.

Who has ever gazed upon the lion under conditions so fitted to augment his terrible majesty, as those in which the mighty hunter of South Africa was accustomed to encounter him? Who of us would have volunteered to be his companion, when night after night he watched in the pit that he had dug beside the Massouey fountain in the remote Bamagwato country? There is the lonely pool, situated in the open valley, silent and deserted by day, but marked with well-beaten tracks converging to its margins from every direction; tracks in which the foot-prints of elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, zebras, and antelopes, are crossed and recrossed by those of the great padding paws of huge lions. The hunter observes the paths, and selecting a spot, digs a hole in the earth just large enough to allow him and his Hottentot attendant to lie down in. He places his bedding in it, and prepares to spend his nights there. About sunset he repairs to his strange bed, and, with the sparkling stars above him, and silence deep as death around him, he keeps his watch.

Soon the stillness is broken by many sounds. The terrible roar of a lion is heard in the distance; jackals are heard snorting and snarling over a carcass; a herd of zebras gallops up toward the fountain, but hesitates to approach; then a pack of wild dogs is heard chattering around. By and by, a heavy clattering of hoofs comes up the valley, and on sweeps a vast herd of wildebeest; the leader approaches the water, when the hunter's rifle sends a ball through him, and he falls dead on the bank.



The herd disperses in terror; and presently a lion utters an appalling roar from a bushy ridge just opposite, which is succeeded by a breathless silence.

A quarter of an hour elapses. A peculiar sound causes the hunter to lift his head, when he sees, on the opposite edge of the pool, a huge and majestic male lion, with a black mane which nearly sweeps the ground, standing over the dead wildebeest. He seems suspicious; and stooping to seize the carcass, drags it up the slope. Again the intrepid watcher points his trusty rifle, and the tawny monarch sinks to the shot. At length with a deep growl he rises, and limps away to a bushy cover, where he roars mournfully, and dies.

Or take him a few nights afterwards, when from the same pit he sees six lions together approach to drink. Six lions at midnight there! two men here! nothing between the parties but a little pool, which a ten minutes' walk would encircle! One of the lions detects the intruder, and, with her eye fixed upon him, creeps round the head of the fountain. What a moment of suspense! But once more the fatal ball speeds; and the too curious lioness, mortally wounded, bounds away with a howl, followed by her five companions in a cloud of dust.

Very different from such a scene is the gorgeous gloom of a Brazilian forest, where the wiry-haired sloth hangs from the branches, the toothless ant-eater breaks up with its hoofs the great earthy nests of the termites, and the armadillo burrows in the soil; where the capybara and the tapir rush to the water; where painted toucans cry to each other, golden-plumaged trogons sit on the topmost boughs, and sparkling humming-birds flit over the flowers; where beetles, like precious stones, crawl up the huge trunks, and butterflies of all brilliant hues fan the still and loaded air. Not like the small and pale or sombre-hued species that we see in the fields and gardens of Britain are these: their numbers are prodigious; their variety bewildering; many of them are adorned with the most splendid colours, and some of the finest are of immense size. Very characteristic of this region are the species of the genus *Morpho*; great butterflies larger than a man's open hand, with the lower surface of the wings adorned with a pearly iridescence, and concentric rings, while their upper face is of an uniform azure, so intensely lustrous that the eye cannot gaze upon it in the sun without pain.

Solemn are these primeval labyrinths of giant trees, tangled with ten thousand creepers, and roofed with lofty arches of light foliage, diversified with masses of glorious blossom of all rich hues; while from the borders of the igaripes, or narrow canals that permeate the lower levels, spring most elegant ferns, lowly sensitive mimosas, great and fantastic herbaceous plants, marbled and spotted arums, closely compacted fan-palms with spreading crowns, and multitudes of other strange forms of vegetation in an almost inconceivable profusion. The gigantic scale of life strongly excites astonishment in these forests. In Europe we associate flowers with herbs or shrubs, but here we see trees of colossal height, in all the splendour of bloom, which clothes the whole crown with its colour.

The traveller sees with delight, trees covered with magnificent, large lilac, orange, crimson, or white blossoms, contrasting beautifully with the surrounding varied tints of green. After enjoying, with a restless glance, this display of colours, he turns to the deep shades which lie disclosed, solemn and mournful, between the gigantic trees on the wayside. The flame-coloured raceme of a *tillandsia*, resembling an immense pine-apple, glows like fire among the dark foliage. Again attention is attracted by the charming orchids, with most fantastic flowers, climbing up the straight trunks of the trees, or picturesquely covering their branches, which seldom shoot out from the trunk at a less height than fifty to eighty feet from the ground. From the fertility of the soil, the trees spring up so densely, that, when young, their branches, not having room to expand freely, strive to overtop one another. The *tillandsias* nestle at the ramification of the smaller branches, or upon excrescences, where they often grow to an immense size, and have the appearance of an aloe, the length of a man, hanging down gracefully from a giddy height over the head of the passer-by.

Among the various plants which spring from the branches or cling to the stems of the trees, are gray, mosslike plants hanging down, not unlike horses' tails, from the branches which support the orchids and *tillandsias*; or one might fancy them the long beards of these venerable giants of the forest, that have stood unbent beneath the weight of a thousand years. Myriads of lianes hang down to the ground, or are suspended in the air, several inches thick, and not unfrequently the size of a man's body, coated with bark like the branches of the trees. But it is impossible for any one to conceive the fantastic forms they assume, all interlaced

and entangled: sometimes they descend like straight poles to the ground, where striking root, they might, from their thickness, be taken for trees; at other times they resemble large loops or rings, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, or are so twisted that they look like cables. Sometimes they lace the tree regularly from distance to distance; often they embrace it so closely as to choke it, and cause the leaves to fall off, so that it stretches out its dead gigantic arms like branches of white coral, among the fresh verdure of the forest,—a picture of death, surprising us in the midst of the most blooming life; frequently they give the old trunk a new covering of leaves, so that the same tree appears clothed in several different kinds of foliage.

So, if space permitted, we might depict the brown bear emerging from his winter retreat in the dark pine forests of Scandinavia; or the white bear seated on a solitary iceberg in the Polar Sea; or the whale spouting in the same frost-bound waters, and pursued by the harpoon of his relentless persecutors; or the moose imprisoned in the "yard" which he has himself formed by treading down the successive snows in the lofty woods of America; or the chamois upon the peaks of the Alps, with the eagle sweeping over him as he gazes contemptuously down on the jager far below; or the patient camel toiling along the unbounded waste of tawny sand; or the kangaroo bounding over the Australian scrub; or the seal basking in his rocky cavern, while the surf is dashing high on the cliffs around; or the wild-duck reposing at the margin of a smooth river, when the red light of evening is reflected in the line left by the tall and almost meeting trees overhead; or a group of snow-white egrets standing motionless in the shallows of a reedy lake at dawn of day; or the petrel careering over the long waves in the midst of the wide ocean; or the tiny cyprides and cyclopes disporting in the umbrageous groves of their world,—a tiny tide-pool hollowed out of a limestone rock by the action of the waves. These and many more combinations might be suggested; and we shall surely see how incomparably is the interest which attaches to each form enhanced, by associating with it those accompaniments and conditions of being, in which alone it is at home.

(To be continued.)

## EDUCATION.

### ARITHMETIC.

(Continued from our last.)

2. Numbers from 100 to 1000.—Examples.

		427	} Difference required.	
		138		
1st	2nd	3rd	4th	
400	400	100	500	
100 subd.	7 subd.	38 subd.	100 subd.	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
300	392	62	400	
30 subd.	30 subd.	300 added	30 subd.	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
270	362	362	370	
8 subd.	100 subd.	100 subd.	8 subd.	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
262	262	262	362	
27 added	27 added	27 added	73 = 100 — 27	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
259 ans.	289 ans.	259 ans.	289 ans.	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
		5th	6th	
		400	427 = 300 + 110 + 17 *	
		100	138 = 100 + 30 + 8 }	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
		300	289 = 200 + 80 + 9	
<hr/>		<hr/>		
		11 = 38 — 27		
<hr/>		<hr/>		
		289		

\* The minuend is composed of 4 hundred, 2 tens, and 7 ones. A ten is taken off the 2 tens—leaving one ten, and added to the 7—making 17; and 1 hundred is taken off the 4 hundred, and added to the 1 ten making 110.

Examples.  
 $826 - 271 = 555$  dif.  
 826  
 271

555 dif.  
 By analysis.

1	2	3	4
800	826	100	800
200 subtr.	300	71 subtr.	300 subtr.
600	526	29 dif.	500
70 subtr.	20		55 added
530	555 dif.	555 dif.	55 sum.
1 subtr.			
529			
26 added			
555 dif.			

4	100	100
900	26 subtr.	71 subtr.
300 subtr.	74	29 dif.
600	29 subtr.	
45 subtr.	45 dif.	
555	979 - 587 = 392 dif.	
	587	
	392 dif.	

By analysis.

1	2	3
800+ 170+ 9	1000 87	900
500+ 80+ 7	600 79	500
300+ 90+ 2	400 8	400
	8	80
	392 dif.	320
		7
		313
		79 added.
		392 dif.

8. Higher numbers.

59634  
 28765  
 30869 dif.

N. B.—If the various subtractive exercises under No. 2 have been sufficiently clear, and sufficiently impressed on the mind, gone through so as to enable children *practically* to comprehend the principle of subtraction, and how variously differences of numbers may be found, little farther illustration is necessary. PRACTICE is now the thing required at this stage: and practice by suitable examples should be so REPEATED, as to enable the pupil, at sight, to give differences, thus,—5 from 14 are 9; 7 from 13 are 6, or 6 from 12 are 6; 8 from 16, remain 8, or 7 from 15 leave 8, &c.; but the numbers which have to be added to the subtrahend to equal the minuend, named as follows: 9 and 5 are 14; 6 and 7 are 13, or 6 and 6 are 12; 8 and 8 are 16, or 8 and 7 are 15; 0 and 9 are 9, or 0 and 8 are 8; and 3 and 2 are 5. But in training them, let them name only the figures, thus: 9, 5—14; 6, 7—13; 8, 8—16; 0, 9—9; 3, 2—5 = 30869 dif. It is an advantage in all calculations to use as few words as possible.

I give an example of higher numbers to show how the process of subtracting may be simplified by breaking up the numbers and arranging them, so as to make the subtracting plain to juniors:

$3200318 = 2000000 + 1100000 + 90000 + 9000 + 1200 + 110 + 8$   
 $1896573 = 1000000 + 800000 + 90000 + 6000 + 500 \times 70 + 3$

$1303745 = 1000000 + 300000 + 3000 + 700 + 40 + 5$

You will observe that from the beginning I have given considerable variety to exercises. And these are to be understood as *directive*—to be increased and farther varied as circumstances may require. The educator of *skill and tact, ever learning from experience, study, and daily teaching results*, needs not be told to what extent, examples, illustrative of elementary principles, and for giving facility and dexterity to pupils in working them, should be carried.—They can hardly be carried too far, nor varied too much.

It is of advantage; helps on mental training much; tends greatly to give strength, solidity and expansion to the minds of scholars, to give variety to illustrating examples. The more variedly the application of principles is shown (when this is done in ways *simple and lucid*,—so exhibiting each application as to bring it clearly within the reach of their capacities;) the more are their minds invigorated, quickened to effort, and enriched by ideas on their subjects of study. Every new idea, or element of thought, leads to other cognate ideas; every new well accordant application of a principle tends to broaden the field of study; and every successful effort gives vigour and a fresh impulse to action.

Let youth be led on as I have all along directed, and there will be little fear of their not intelligently advancing; no fear of their losing much of what they got; and not much fear of their disliking school work. But I would caution you to bring before them at *one time, only as much as their minds can advantageously take in*; and as their little elemental store increases, so combine and interweave what is there treasuring up as to give strength and unity of effort to farther advances. And in reviewing especially, be at pains to see that impressions are well deepened, that they have nothing defective or incorrect. Wrong, or defective impressions should never be passed uncorrected. Every part of your teaching should manifest as much perfection, as much suitability to every stage of advancement as possible. Success in these mightily helps on and lessens the labour of both the teacher and the pupil.

JOHN BRUCE,  
 Inspector of Schools.

(To be continued.)

Teaching as a "Pis-aller."

Teachers are a wonderfully rotative class. Great numbers annually enter the ranks who have neither the intention nor desire to remain any longer than necessity shall compel them. They wish to use the profession simply as a stepping-stone to something which, in their estimation, shall be higher and better—or, as a turnpike that shall pass them from one field of labor to another more luxurious and inviting. Of course by such a system our schools are made to suffer. A teacher who does not possess devotion and love for the profession sufficient to make it a life-time business, has not in a scriptural sense, "a mind for the work," and, of course, will succeed but indifferently.

Reader, are you one of that class who contemplate entering the school-room for a few months, or, at the most, for a few years only? *Don't you do it.* If you have certain ends to attain, or purposes to accomplish, don't use the sacred office of teaching as a tool merely to carry forward your designs. Suppose a physician, for a few years only, should take up the practice of medicine, just to help himself to something more lucrative in future, and should establish himself in your immediate neighborhood, would you in case of sickness employ him for yourself or friend? Or would you engage the services of a wandering architect to construct for you an elegant residence; or of a mendicant tailor to cut and make you a nice fitting garment? No! we presume, while you are able to secure the services of other physicians or artisans less peripatetic. Be persuaded, then, to forbear assuming the responsibilities of a teacher's life, unless you intend to sustain those responsibilities so long as God shall grant you the ability.—*Conn. Com. School Journal.*

Visit Parents.

When visiting a most excellent school in the Connecticut Valley, the Principal, who is one of the most experienced and successful teachers in the State, said to us: "I never had any difficulty with the School Committee, or the parents of my pupils. When I have foreseen danger of misunderstanding, I have always visited them, and thus forestalled the trouble. This method has uniformly been effective."

We often find occasion to reiterate to our fellow teachers the counsel, "Visit the parents." A few months since we found the Principal of a High School in trouble. He had struck a severe blow upon the head of one of his pupils. When the attendant physician expressed his fear that the blow would result in the loss of the sight of one eye, the parents very naturally felt incensed and aggrieved. We chanced to meet the Principal the very day of this occurrence, and our advice to him was, visit the parents at once. Acknowledge your mistake. Express your regret and sympathy. Assure them that you will never strike a scholar on the head again. A frank confession that you did wrong, is due them, and will be most likely to conciliate. We at once saw that our advice was unwelcome. Instead of visiting the parents, he sent them a letter, denouncing their son in very harsh language and justifying himself. The result was, that teacher soon left the school, and the town.—*Mass. Teacher.*

## OFFICIAL NOTICES.



### APPOINTMENTS.

#### SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council was pleased, on the 10th May, to approve of the following appointments of School Commissioners:

County of Beauce.—St. Victor de Tring: Mr. Joseph Boulé.  
County of Laval.—Bas du Bord de l'Eau de St. Martin: Mr. François Charron.  
County of Berthier.—Parish of Berthier: Mr. Norbert Généreux.  
County of Champlain.—Parish of Ste. Anne-de-la-Pérade: Mr. Antoine Paul Tessier.

And on the 11th May, the following:

County of Gaspé.—Township of Malbaie: Messrs. Jean Fauvel, Jean Le Gresley, Charles Vardon, Alexandre Duncan, and Donald McGillivray.

#### TRUSTEES OF DISSENTIENT SCHOOLS.

His Excellency the Governor General in Council was pleased, on the 11th Instant, to approve of the following appointments of Trustees of Dissentient Schools:

County of Hochelaga.—Côte-des-Neiges: Messrs. Thomas Bourke, William Brown, and James Snowdon.  
County of Montcalm.—Kilkenny: Messrs. John Ward, David Brown, and James Fraser.

### DIPLOMAS GRANTED.

#### JACQUES-CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL.

*Model School Diploma*—Jean-Baptiste Dorais.  
April 18, 1864.

#### CATHOLIC BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF MONTREAL.

*1st Class Model School (F.)*—Mr. Joseph Molleur.  
*2nd Class Model School (F.)*—Mr. Joseph Legault dit Desloriers.  
*1st Class Elementary (F.)*—Messrs. Jean Baptiste Demers, Ambroise Faneuf, Jean Chrysostôme Girard, Damase Grégoire, Joseph André Laporte, Grégoire Tremblay; Mad me Azilda Ste. Marie (Widow Tremblay); Misses Denise Baudin, Emma Belanger, Léocadie Benoit, Adèle Bergeron, Marie Bergeron, Elmre Philomène Bouneau, Joséphine Basile Caroline Boucher, Caroline Brouillet, Marie Louise Castin, Charisse Charbonneau, Marie Ursule Charbonneau, Marie Marcelline Hermine Cloutier, Philomène Dandurand, Cordélie Decoigne, Edwige Desjardins, Rose Ducharme, Marie Louise Alexandrine Filion, Malvina Hébert, Joséphine Hébert, Marguerite Rose Jeannotte dite Lachapelle, Eliza Laferrrière, Azild Lafontaine, Sophie Ledoux, Marie Eugénie LeDuc, Alphonsine Lefebvre, Sophie Nolin, Eliza Payant, Zénaïde Joséphine Renaud-Blanchard, Odile Robert, Géline Surprenant, Angélique Tessier, Félicité Vallée, and Dina Viger.  
*2nd Class Elementary (F.)*—Messrs. Onésime Charbonneau, Amédée Poulin, Ephrem Tétro alias Tétrault; Misses Marguerite Bros alias Breault, Alise Beauchamp, Catherine Carry, Osine Chaput, Véronique

Deschênes, Marie Eléonore Duclos, Léocadie Fournier, Adéline Garcan, Esther Jété, Angèle Lamarche, Rosalie Larcherêque, Marie Jacé, Marguerite Mailhot, Julie Marcoux, Marie Louise Prospère Marcoux, Aélida Pepin, Delphine Perrault, Marie Edasse Piché, Zoé Léonide Poulin, Adèle Sauvageau, Philomène Usercau alias Lajeunesse and Anne Vachon.

*2nd Class Elementary (E.)*—Mr. John Cleary, and Ellen Muir alias Moor (Mrs. Carron.)

May, 3, 4 and 6, 1864.

F. X. VALADE,  
Secretary.

#### BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF SHERBROOKE.

*2nd Class Academy (E.)*—Mr. M. V. B. Perley.  
*1st Class Model School (E.)*—Miss Mary A. Rugg.  
*1st Class Elementary (E.)*—Miss Emeline Bottom.  
*2nd Class Elementary (E.)*—Misses Jane E. Carew, Ellen M. Carr, Eliza A. Loring, Celiua L. Mayo, Roxania McGovern and Ellen Woodward.

May 3, 1864.

S. A. HURD,  
Secretary.

#### CATHOLIC BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF QUEBEC.

*2nd Class Elementary (F.)*—Misses M. Anne Joseph Buteau, M. Herménilde Gagnon alias Belzil, M. Clair; Virginie Plante and M. Ombéline Vallières.

May 3, 1864.

N. LACASSE,  
Secretary.

#### PROTESTANT BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF QUEBEC.

*1st Class Elementary (E.)*—Messrs. James McKenzie, James Cruikshank, Wm. Thompson and Miss Jane G. Moran.

May 3, 1864.

D. WILKIE,  
Secretary.

#### PROTESTANT BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF BEDFORD.

*1st Class Elementary E. and 2nd Class Elementary F.*—Mr. Hiram F. Wood.

*1st Class Elementary (F)*—Mr. Herménégilde Daigneau,  
*1st Class Elementary (E.)*—Misses Amelia J. Allen, Eliza Armstrong, Betsey E. Achilles, Elza M. Brimmer, Caroline E. Garlick, Julia Harvey, Laura Herrick, Martha A. Newell, Chloe E. Phelps, Mary A. Royce and Elizabeth T. Streeter.

*2nd Class Elementary (E.)*—Mr. Elihu Collins; Misses Margaret A. Armstrong, Elza A. Ashton, Sarah E. Callaghan, Elizabeth A. Donaldson, Martha Donaldson, Sarah M. Esty, Lann Gardner, Hattie A. Hibbard, Alwilda A. Hoyt, Mildred M. Jackson, Elvira Kent, Jane McLaughlin, Hannah C. Macey, Armida J. Mahannah, Jane Powers, Louisa Ruter, Thankful Ryder, Martha J. Sawyer and Sarah M. Vilas.

May 3, 1864.

WM. GIBSON,  
Secretary.

#### BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF OTTAWA.

*1st Class Elementary (E.)*—Mr. Duncan Robertson.  
*2nd Class Elementary (E.)*—Messrs. Mark Berry, Mathew J. Kennedy; Misses Margaret Gunn, Julia Ann Merriman and Mary Smith.

May 3, 1864.

JOHN R. WOODS,  
Secretary.

#### BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF BEAUCE.

*1st Class Elementary (F.)*—Misses Eléonore Bilodeau, Thersile Filion, Marie G. Emer, M. Edwidge Lazarte and Marie Poulin.

*2nd Class Elementary (F.)*—Misses Elégypse Dumais, M. Flavie Doyon and M. Sophie Nadeau.

May 3, 1864.

J. T. P. PROULX,  
Secretary.

#### BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF BONAVENTURE.

*2nd Class Elementary (E.)*—Mr. John Donnelly.

May 3, 1864.

CHARLES KELLY,  
Secretary.

## BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF RIMOUSKI.

2nd Class Elementary (F).—Mr. Thomas St. Laurent and Miss Julie Smith.

May 2, 1864.

P. G. DUMAS,  
Secretary.

## TEACHERS WANTED.

Two teachers able to teach French and English are wanted at St. André d'Acton; they must be provided with Model and Elementary School diplomas respectively. Address Mr. H. Lippé, Secretary-Treasurer of the School Commissioners, St. André, Acton, county of Bagot.

## DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The Superintendent of Education acknowledges with thanks the following donations :

From Mr. James Campbell, Montreal : " Nelson's School Series," 31 vols. and 3 Atlases.

From Messrs. Dawson, Bros., Montreal . " A Symbolic French and English Vocabulary, for students of every age, in all classes." 1 vol.

From Mr. John Lovell, Montreal : " Geology of Canada ; Report of Progress from its commencement to 1863." By Sir Win. Logan 1 vol.

" The British North America Almanac and Annual Record for the year 1864." 1 vol.

From Mr. Henry J. Morgan : " The Relations of the Industry of Canada with the Mother Country and the United States, being a speech by Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M.P.P." 1 vol.

From Messrs. G. & G. Desbarats, Quebec : " Instructions Chrétiennes pour les jeunes gens," par un docteur en théologie. 1 vol.

From Mr. Joseph Henry, Washington : " Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution," 1862. 1 vol.

From Mr. Jules Marcou, Cambridge, Massachusetts : " Algèbre." By Bourdon, 1 vol. ; " De la création." By Boucher de Perthes, 5 vols. ; " De la femme dans l'état social," a pamphlet by the last author ; " Les Miettes de l'Histoire." By Vacquerie, 1 vol. ; " Des eaux iodo-bromurées de salines" (Jura) By Dr. Germain, (a pamphlet) ; " Des tremblements de terre," en 1856. By A. Perry, (a pamphlet) ; " Results of Meteorological Observations, made under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution," from 1854 to 1859 inc., 1 vol. ; " Patent Office Report," for 1847, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 7 vols. ; " Commerce and Navigation," for 1850 and 1854, 2 vols. ; " Army Regulations," 1861, 1 vol. ; " A Manual of Etherization." By Dr. Chs. T. Jackson. 1 vol.

## LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

The Persons who may have in their possession any of the following works which have been long missing from the Library, are requested to return them without further delay :

Voyage en Palestine, par Mde Pfeiffer.

L'Empire Chinois, par M. Huc, ancien missionnaire apostolique en Chine, 2ème édition, Paris. Librairie de Gaumes frères, MDCCCLIV. We have the first volume only.

La Civilisation au 5ème Siècle, par A. F. Oxanam. The 1st vol. is wanting.

Catéchisme de Persévérance, par l'Abbé J. Gaume, 7ème édition. Paris, chez Gaume frères. 1854. Vols. 1 and 2.

Les chefs-d'œuvre de P. Corneille, à Paris. De l'imprimerie de P. Didot, l'aîné, 1814. 2nd vol.

Traité des Etudes, par Rollin ; nouvelle édition, revue par M. Letronne, et accompagnée des remarques de Crevier. Paris, Firmin Didot frères, 1854. 1st vol.

A History of the late Province of Lower Canada. By Robert Christie. The 1st vol.

Histoire du Canada. By F. X. Garneau. 2nd Edition, the 3 vols. 1st Edition, vols. 1 and 3.

The Scientific Annual. Years 1859 and 1860 are missing.

A. BÉCHARD,  
Librarian.

The following works having been presented to the Library in an incomplete form, those who may be able to obtain the missing volumes will render a service by notifying the Department :

Essai sur les mœurs, par Voltaire. Editeur : Firmin Didot. 1817. Vols. 1, 2, 3 and 6 are missing.

Political Philosophy. By Lord Brougham. London, 1846. 2nd vol.

Causes célèbres, par M... avocat au Parlement. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, with the remaining volumes from Vol. 14.

Œuvres posthumes de Pothier. Traité des fiefs, censives, relevoisons, et champarts. 1st vol.

Journées de la révolution française, 2ème édition augmentée, &c. A Paris, chez Mde Vergne, 1829. 1st vol.

Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon, from 1172 to 1660. By O'Connell. We have only the 1st vol.

Œuvres complètes de Madame de Lafayette ; nouvelle édition revue, &c. A Paris, chez d'Hautel. 1812. Vols. 2, 3 and 4 are missing.

Mémoires de Madame la Baronne de Stael, écrits par elle-même. Londres, 1787. 2nd vol.

Etudes sur Napoléon, par le lieutenant-colonel DeBaudus. Paris. Debécourt., MDCCCXLI. 1st vol

The Public and Domestic Life of His late most gracious Majesty George the Third. By Edward Holt, Esq. In two volumes. London. Sherwood, Neely & Jones. 1820. The 2nd vol.

Voyage en Sicile et dans quelques parties des Apennins, par M. l'Abbé Spallanzani. Berne, E. Haller. 1795. 6th vol.

Traité général d'anatomie comparée, par J. E. Meckel. 1st vol.

Œuvres choisies de Pauard, par Armand-Gouffé, Paris, Capelle, 1803. 1st vol.

Œuvres de Regnard. A Paris, chez Pierre Didot, l'aîné, et Firmin Didot. 1817. 1st vol.

La Christiade ou le Paradis reconquis, pour servir de suite au Paradis perdu de Milton. A Bruxelles, chez Vase, MDCCCLIII. We have only the first 4 vols.

Discours et mélanges littéraires, par M. Villemain. A Paris, chez Ladvocat. 1823. 1st vol. is missing.

Lettres écrites de Suisse, d'Italie, de Sicile et de Malte. Amsterdam. MDCCCLXXX. 1st vol.

By order,

A. BÉCHARD,  
Librarian.

## JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

MONTREAL (LOWER CANADA), MAY & JUNE, 1864.

## Appointing Teachers.

As the time for appointing teachers is now fast approaching, we feel called upon to repeat one or two recommendations which have been already addressed to local school Boards through these columns. So much has, indeed, been said on this important subject on former occasions that we shall not long detain the reader now.

Let it be borne in mind then, that unnecessary exchanges of teachers are simply injurious ; but when made with the object of bringing about reductions in the salaries of competent masters they are quite inconsistent with the spirit of the law, and shall meet with the most strenuous opposition which the Department can legally offer. The employment of teachers who have not received the diploma shall not be sanctioned, no matter in what locality they may be employed. The great number of diplomas which have been conferred recently, and the facility with which candidates may present themselves before the Boards of Examiners render strict adherence to this rule imperative in the future.

The dismissal of a teacher at the end of the year without some legitimate cause or without due notice, or on a mere general notification intended to evade the law, shall be held to be an irregularity which this Department will not be at liberty to overlook, especially in view of the repeated warnings that have been given to this effect.

### Library of the Department of Education.

We again call the attention of our readers who may be in possession of books belonging to the above Library, to a notice which will be found in another part of this issue.

### Extracts from the Reports of the School Inspectors, for the years 1861 and 1862.

(Translated by order of the Legislative Assembly.)

Extract from the Report of Mr. Inspector BOURGEOIS.

COUNTIES OF DRUMMOND AND ARTHABASKA, AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF CHESTER, TINGWICK, KINGSEY, AND DURHAM.

During the past year there have been 71 schools or educational institutions of every description in operation in my district, at which 2,998 scholars have been in attendance—showing an increase over last year of five schools and 407 scholars.

It is to be remarked, however, that in two municipalities, Tingwick and St. Bonaventure d'Upton, the number of schools has been smaller this year than last year, for the following reason: on account of the heavy pecuniary embarrassments in the school affairs of Tingwick towards the close of the year 1860, and caused by the malversation of certain of the employés of the commissioners, all the schools were closed, and it has not been possible, during the present year, to re-open a greater number than that stated in the table of statistics annexed. I may assure you, however, that no means will be neglected to re-open the remainder in the course of next year, or at least so soon as the difficulty I have just referred to is finally settled.

As regards St. Bonaventure d'Upton, it is in consequence of my often repeated suggestions that the commissioners of this municipality have reduced the number of their schools. The corporation not having means to subsidize, even to a moderate degree, the four schools it formerly possessed, it followed that they were very inferior; by reducing the number to two, the commissioners will be able to maintain them on a respectable footing and obtain satisfactory results. I hope that they will not endeavor to do more for the present, and that they will again increase the number of their schools only when their means and the increase of the population will enable them to do it with advantage.

You will, I hope, be pleased to learn that during the year which has just expired, two academies have been established in the villages of Acton and Drummondville. These two important villages could hardly continue without an institution of this kind; the want had long been felt, and it is with pleasure that I announce to you the realization of the project which had been formed last year. The academy at Acton has already been several months in existence and promises well; that at Drummondville has just been opened. In both places the Reverend *Curés* exhibit so much zeal and attention in the direction of these institutions, that there is every reason for being sure of their complete success.

The academy at St. Christophe, or rather at Arthabaskaville, continues to work well, and gives perfect satisfaction to those interested and to the friends of education in its vicinity. In view of the importance of its position and its success hitherto, this institution is destined to be of great value, provided the pecuniary embarrassments of the former municipality of St. Christophe have not the effect of paralyzing its development and progress.

During the present year five new school municipalities have been erected in the counties of Drummond and Arthabaska. These five municipalities are formed of groups of very considerable settlements, which formerly formed part of other municipalities from which they received but little attention in consequence of their remoteness. In nearly all, measures have been taken to obtain a number of schools adequate to the wants of the population, and I am certain that at present there are already several in operation; of this I have no official knowledge on account of the time of the year and the state of the roads, which only admit of travelling during the winter season; as soon as the first snow-roads are formed I propose to go there and aid the commissioners to complete the organization of affairs; and I predict that the statistics next year will be an encouraging proof of the necessity of the erection of these new municipalities.

The separation of the village of Arthabaskaville from the school municipality of St. Christophe is also a measure which will exhibit good results, as the interests of the ratepayers in these two localities are at variance and difficult to conciliate.

I will not refer to the difficulties which have arisen in the working of the law during the past year; I have made special reports upon them when they presented themselves. I will only add that they have been, for the most part, of trifling importance and easily arranged. We no longer meet with systematic opposition to the operation of the law. It may be said that every one is satisfied, and the few difficulties which have arisen have been accidental and caused by questions of boundary, money, &c., and not by that factious opposition which we formerly met with in many parts of the Province and which has entirely disappeared, at all events in my district. I have also to state that the law is everywhere carried out in good faith, and that those interested have on every occasion, given proof of much good-will, and that when they give way before difficulties it is only because they are insurmountable. In many cases, indeed, I am surprised at the results obtained, when I reflect upon the limited means at the disposal of such poor municipalities as those under my jurisdiction; those which do not deserve these praises are few in number.

A glance at the table of statistics will shew how small a share of the moneys voted by the Legislature these municipalities have received, these having been distributed in accordance with the census of 1851, when the population of the Eastern Townships had only just begun to increase. It is true that the distribution of the moneys to be made in accordance with the census of the present year, will be greatly to their advantage; but even then, the means will not be in proportion to the good-will of these courageous people, who have hitherto accomplished almost impossibilities, in many cases, to procure education for their children.

In municipalities less in need and of older organization, the teachers are liberally paid and the schools well furnished and attended; but in many of the poor and recently organized municipalities there is much to be desired in this respect. I hasten to add, however, that sensible improvement is evinced every year, quite as great as can be expected under the circumstances.

Of the 71 schools in operation in my district, 57 are kept in houses belonging to the school commissioners; this considerable number of school-houses exhibits the goodwill of the ratepayers, especially when we consider that the greater number of them have been built during the period that the Department has not been able to assist in their erection.

A great number of the schools are yet unprovided with the necessary furniture and especially with maps, the commissioners having applied all the means at their disposal to the erection of school houses. But, this being now accomplished, no time will be lost in procuring the necessary equipment as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

There are still a few municipalities the finances of which are in bad order, and who have long-standing debts of very considerable amount; their number, however, is reduced every year, and I hope before long to see their money matters everywhere in a flourishing condition.

Extract from the report of Mr. Inspector Maurault.

COUNTIES OF NICOLET AND YAMASKA.

1. *St. François*.—The schools here progress rapidly; this is due, no doubt, to the good selection of teachers. The six schools in this parish are attended by 325 children. The model school of the municipality No. 1, kept by Mr. DeLottinville, contains the large number of 150 scholars. I cannot say so much for that in the municipality No. 2, in which at the time of my visit there was but a small number of children. As the teacher is thoroughly qualified in every respect, I regret that she has not a larger field for the exercise of her talents. The other schools, with the exception of that in the St. Antoine concession, are well attended and the pupils are making progress.

The commissioners are zealous in the discharge of their duties, as are also the secretaries.

The ratepayers in sections Nos. 2 and 3 are at work, I am told, getting the lumber necessary for building. The village school-house is a pretty building which cost the section £150.

The local contributions for this year amount to \$370 52½ for the parish municipality, and to \$782 76 for that of the village; total, \$1073 29; increase over last year, \$601 29. The accounts are well kept.

2. *St. Thomas de Pierreville*.—Eight schools under control and 425 pupils, besides the school in the Indian village, 40 children; total 465. The academy, still kept by Mr. Rochon and his wife, is on an excellent footing and does honor to the parish. You had an opportunity of judging for yourself on the occasion of your visit

last summer, and the paragraph with reference to this school which appeared in the Journal of Public Instruction bore testimony to your satisfaction. The friends of education rejoice to see your acknowledgments of their efforts in the cause of education, and your language of praise will doubtless cause them to redouble their zeal. The other schools have, generally speaking, made evident progress, but it must be admitted that there are two which have not improved, and which are only attended by a very small number of children, and are destitute of the necessary furniture. There is one thing highly calculated to impede progress, here as elsewhere: it is the want of inspection by the commissioners, and of public examinations. The effect of such visits and public examinations is most beneficial and almost indispensable to the progress and good-keeping of the schools.

It is proposed to erect school-houses in two sections in which there are none now, and I hope that this time it will be once and for all and suitably done.

The local contributions are the same as last year, viz., \$560. The salaries to teachers vary from \$40 to \$400. Accounts well kept and financial affairs in good order.

**3. St. David.**—Thanks to the zeal and energy of the commissioners, presided over by Mr. Wurtel, seven schools (two others having been temporarily closed) continue to work well and to extend instruction to 450 children. The arrears, very considerable in amount, have been collected without the difficulty which I had feared.

The village school is directed by the Misses Talbot with well-sustained success, and is attended regularly by 80 pupils. The attendance is not so regular in most of the other schools, but the progress is satisfactory.

The local contributions amount for last year to \$951 26, shewing an increase over the year before of \$123. The salaries of the teachers vary from \$60 to \$140. Accounts well kept.

**4. Baie du Febvre.**—Ten schools, nine of which are under control with 520 pupils. Some improvement has taken place of late years as I have had occasion to mention, in former reports. Everything seems to combine to make this a model parish, leaving nothing to be desired for its schools. Unfortunately the difficulties constantly recurring between the commissioners and the secretaries, difficulties in which the rate-payers have always taken too active a part, tend to retard considerably the progress of education. I have every reason to believe, however, that a change will soon take place for the better.

The local contributions amount for the year to \$1,187 74— increase over last year, \$252 54.

**5. St. Zéphirin.**—In this parish there are five schools and 250 pupils. I observed great assiduity and considerable progress in three of these schools; the two others are attended by a very small number of children who have made little progress. The local contributions for the year amount to \$30939, and the salaries of the teachers vary from \$40 to \$120. The accounts are well kept.

**6. Nicolet.**—Nine schools and 375 pupils. The village schools always contain a great number of children. They are still under the direction of Mr. Pinard and Madame Dufresne. A young English lady teaches the English language in Madame Dufresne's school. I observed much emulation in the girls' school, and I had reason to be satisfied with the examinations to which I submitted them on various subjects. All the other schools in the parish are, generally speaking, well kept, but it must be remarked that the attendance at some of them was very irregular. I certainly do not attribute this to the neglect or indifference of the inhabitants of this locality who have always been friendly to education, but rather to the great extent of some of the sections. The school-houses are in good order, excepting one, which I am told will soon be repaired.

The commissioners perform their duties well. The local contributions amount to \$548. The salaries of the teachers vary from \$60 to \$200, that of the master being \$160. The accounts are well kept.

**7. Ste. Monique.**—There are ten schools in operation in school section No. 1, and two in No. 2 section; the whole frequented by 425 children. Unfortunately the schools in No. 1 were only opened in October, the election of school commissioners not having been made until after the time prescribed by law. Apathy is shown by the ratepayers, who place too much reliance on the liberality of the government as regards them, and too little on their own exertions. The local contributions for the year amount, in municipality No. 1, to \$670; this sum includes the price of two school-houses, one of which cost \$160, the other \$100. The contributions in municipality No. 2, amount to \$112.

**8. St. Grégoire.**—Eleven schools and 600 children besides the Convent of the Ladies of the Assumption, which has 125 pupils, boarders and day-scholars. The academy is kept this year by Mr. Leblanc who has succeeded Mr. Biron; it is regularly attended by from 80 to 90 scholars.

All the schools in the parish are well kept, well attended, and are making satisfactory progress. This is one of the parishes in my district in which the most praiseworthy efforts are made to promote education.

The local contributions amount for the current year to \$934. The salary of the master is \$200, and those of the schoolmistresses vary from \$40 to \$96.

The financial affairs are in good order. Mr. Rivard, the Secretary, displays zeal and punctuality in the discharge of his duties.

**9. St. Célestin.**—There are five schools in this parish, two of which are in my district and are attended by 150 children. These schools are well kept, and continue to exhibit the most satisfactory results. Accounts well kept and monetary affairs in good order.

**10. Bécancour.**—Eleven schools under control and 575 pupils, besides the independent academy for girls, which contains 20 pupils. Mrs. Levasseur keeps the superior school for girls in the village, and Mr. Poirier that for boys. The girls have made great progress and are receiving from their skilful teacher an excellent education in both languages; the boys have not got very far but have made some progress during the year. I certainly do not attribute to the master the meagre advancement of his pupils, for this gentleman shows great zeal and capacity, but rather to the fact that the children leave school too early, and that only very young pupils are left. The buildings in which these schools are kept are bad, and not suited for the parish. Excepting a couple of schools in which I see but few pupils, all the others are crowded with children, diligent, laborious, and making good progress.

The commissioners are full of zeal and good-will in the execution of their duties. The assessments have increased this year 34 per cent, and the contributions amount this year to \$933 54. Salaries vary from \$76 to \$160. Monetary affairs are in good order.

**11. St. Gertrude.**—Five schools under control and 250 pupils; besides these there is a female academy with 25 pupils. The schools in this parish continue to be kept up on an excellent footing and the school authorities merit the highest praise for their constant efforts to promote education in their rising locality.

The ratepayers are not deterred by the sacrifices required of them, and always manifest much good-will. This year they have built a pretty school-house which cost \$400, and they have bought a site for another at a cost of \$30.

The local contributions amount to \$685 16, shewing an increase of \$430 16 over last year. Accounts in good order.

**12. Gentilly.**—The 11 schools in this municipality are kept in a satisfactory state; 530 children attend them, and this number is increasing every day; the attendance is daily becoming more regular.

I have everywhere observed satisfactory progress except in two schools, managed by two teachers who, though zealous enough, do not appear to be qualified. Two pretty school-houses have been built this year, and another has been thoroughly repaired. There is now only one school-section without a school-house. The chairman of the commissioners, Mr. D. Malhot, deserves praise for the diligence he has evinced in all measures of progress since he joined the commission. I do not hesitate to say that there is no parish in my district in which education has made more progress during the last few years.

Mr. Verville is director of the academy; he studied at Nicolet college, and his zeal and capacity promise most favorably.

The girls' school is in charge of a Miss Poirier, a pupil of the convent of St. Grégoire, who discharges her duties with success. The local contributions amount, for the year, to the sum of \$1,118 80; increase over last year, \$287 85. The master's salary is \$180; those of the female teachers vary from \$48 to \$120.

The accounts are well kept.

**13. Blandford** has two good schools and 56 scholars in attendance.

The schools were closed for some time last year, for causes to which I have already referred, but they are now in operation; one of the school-houses has been repaired, and the other will be repaired before long.

The local contributions amount to \$128, and the salaries of the teachers are \$60 each.

**14. St. Pierre-les-Becquet's** has nine schools, and 550 children

in attendance; this is one of the parishes in which I have remarked the most progress. The teachers are competent and exhibit skill in teaching; the children are regular, and the commissioners zealous. Under these circumstances the result cannot be otherwise than good.

The local contributions amount, for the year, to \$699, and the salaries of the teachers vary from \$60 to \$176. Accounts well kept.

I have now only to make a few remarks on the following subjects:—

1st. Writing is the branch of instruction which is most neglected in the schools. I insist strongly on good handwriting, and I endeavor to convince teachers and scholars of its importance; but I am persuaded that no good results will follow so long as writing is taught without any system, and the tables used are so unsuitable.

2nd. The custom of removing the children from school at too early a period is most prejudicial to the progress of education, and this is the great fault in my district. Going to school at six years of age, the small boy leaves it at 10 or 11, just when he is beginning to make progress. Little girls are kept longer at school because it is proposed to make teachers of them, and nothing is neglected so far as they are concerned; they are even sent to the superior schools, but the boys are almost invariably deprived of the advantages of the superior schools, where they might acquire knowledge that would be of use to them and of which they are forever deprived.

3rd. The too large number of subjects of instruction is another great evil. A child who, between the ages of six and eleven years, is required to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, a little grammar, and some idea of the history of Canada, has, it seems to me, enough to do; but if he is required at the same time to learn a geography of 300 or 400 pages, the history of France, and sometimes Ecclesiastical history, it may easily be conceived that he will have learned nothing properly, and that his education will be almost useless; yet this is done in many elementary schools, to the great prejudice of the children, and to the discontent of all parents who have any discernment.

I conclude my report with a summary of the statistics which I transmit herewith, as follows: 108 sections in 16 school municipalities, containing 81 school-houses, 106 schools under the control of commissioners and under my inspection, having a total attendance of 5,440 children. Out of 106 schools under control, there are four academies, two in the county of Nicolet (for boys only), and two in the county of Yamaska (for boys and girls), with 350 pupils; three model schools, two in the county of Nicolet (one for boys and the other mixed), and one in the county of Yamaska (mixed), with 285 pupils; four super or schools for girls, all in the county of Nicolet, with 215 pupils.

There are also within my district: 17 classical colleges, with 250 pupils; 1 convent, with 80 pupils; 5 independent schools, with 115 pupils. All these educational institutions exhibit a total of 5,885 pupils.

The schools are in charge of 11 male teachers, all furnished with diplomas, and 95 female teachers, all, with one exception, furnished with diplomas; the male teachers receiving salaries ranging from \$100 to \$400, and the female teachers from \$40 to \$200.

The local contributions amount to \$10,146 05.

Extract from Mr. BOIVIN'S Report for 1862.

#### COUNTIES OF CHARLEVOIX AND SAGUENAY.

This district of inspection contained 49 schools of all grades, which are classed as follows in the report: Elementary schools 43, Model schools 4, one Academy for girls and one Convent school.

The number of pupils frequenting all these establishments was 2433, being an average of about 50 pupils to each, and an increase of 355 on the number returned for the previous year.

The law was satisfactorily carried out in most municipalities of the district, and the schools were generally well conducted.

The statistics accompanying the report show that the number of children attending school in the county of Charlevoix had considerably increased since 1861, the number being as one to six and a-half compared with the whole population—a very large proportion for a scattered population in a territory so extensive.

The Report also states that many contributed liberally and, in fact, actually imposed upon themselves heavy burdens for the purpose of securing the services of able teachers. They were apparently convinced now that teachers hired at very low salaries were generally incompetent to discharge the duties required of

them. The maximum salaries now allowed in this district of inspection reached \$440 for male, and \$200 for female teachers. This was, no doubt, a fair result and reflected great credit on the inhabitants of the counties of Charlevoix and Saguenay. While some of the old parishes remained stationary, new localities, almost unknown a few years ago, and whose inhabitants were comparatively poor, did not hesitate to lay themselves under the heaviest contributions for the education of their children. It was by such laudable exertions that the inhabitants of other counties, as for instance those of Gaspé and Ottawa, had now reached that progressive state which promised so much for the future.

#### Notices of Books and Publications.

HIND.—Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula, the County of the Montagnis and Na-quapee Indians; By Henry Youle Hind, M. A., F. R. G. S. Longman, Publisher, London; 1863. 2 vols. 8vo, xxviii. 655 pp. Price \$6.

These two beautiful volumes recall to mind the same author's account of his expeditions to the Red River and the Saskatchewan published some years ago. In the *Journal of Education* for July and August last will be found some extracts from the present work, borrowed from the *British American Magazine*, in which they had been published in advance, under the title of *Sketches of Indian Life*.

Professor Hind estimates the importance of the Labrador Peninsula in his preface as follows:

"The Labrador Peninsula, with the coast and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, possesses a colonial and imperial interest which can scarcely be over-estimated in contemplating the possible future of British North America.

"The annual value of the Fisheries in British American waters exceeds four millions sterling, besides being the best nursery for seamen 'the world ever saw.'

"The fisheries on the Atlantic coast of Labrador alone yield a yearly return of at least one million sterling; and yet, since the destruction of the town of Brest, at the Gulf entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, more than two hundred years ago, no attempts have been made to form settlements on an extensive scale on or near the coast.

"In the great interior valleys, some ten or fifteen miles from the coast, timber fit for building purposes and fuel exists in abundance, and the climate and soil admit of the successful cultivation of all common culinary vegetables.

"West of the Mingan Islands large areas exist suitable for settlement. Limestones and sandstones occupy the coast, and extend about ten miles back over a space of eighty miles on the Straits of Belle Isle, and great facilities exist in many other places for the establishment of permanent curing establishments, by which an annual saving of more than a quarter of a million sterling would be secured at the outset, with the prospect of an indefinite increase. Local establishments for the supply of salt, food, and all the requirements of a vast fishing trade, are particularly demanded on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

"The British American Fisheries will eventually acquire a wholly unlooked-for importance by direct trade with the Southern States for cured fish, upon the return of peace, and with the great valley of the Mississippi for fresh salt-water fish conveyed in ice. The connection of the pre-ent terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada at Rivière-du-Loup with the Bay of Chateaux would bring the rich briny treasures of the Gulf within easy reach of the cities of the Western States.

"As a nursery for seamen the great North American Fisheries have no equal, and the day will yet arrive when the hitherto desolate shores of Labrador, north, east, and west, will possess a resident population capable of contributing largely to the comfort and prosperity of more favoured countries."

BUCHANAN.—The Relations of the Industry of Canada with the Mother Country and the United States; By Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M.P.P. Edited by Henry J. Morgan. Lovell, Publisher, Montreal, 1864.—8vo, 546 pp.

The above is a collection of speeches and written articles on the subject mentioned in the title, by the Hon. Mr. Buchanan, the representative for Hamilton, and now President of the Executive Council. The work is embellished with a portrait of the author and two curious allegorical designs, figurative of the wealth and resources of the British Empire and bearing the following mottoes respectively, "*Actum est de Republica*," and "*Res secundæ*."

**LE MOINE.**—Maple Leaves, a Budget of Legendary, Historical, Critical and Sporting intelligence; By J. M. Le Moine, Esq. Second series.—8vo, 224 pp. Quebec, Hunter, Rose & Co.

The *Journal of Education* and, indeed, the press of Canada generally, have already hailed with joy the publication of the first series of the *Maple Leaves*. The new series appears equal in every respect to the old. We shall probably give a few extracts in our next.

**BRUNET.**—*Énumération des genres de plantes de la Flore du Canada précédée des tableaux analytiques des familles et destinée aux élèves qui suivent le cours de botanique descriptive à l'Université Laval par l'Abbé Ovide Brunet, Professeur de botanique.* 12mo, 45 pp. G. & G. Desbarats, Publishers, Quebec, 1864.

**CONSIDÉRATIONS sur notre organisation militaire, par un Officier de Milice.** Plinguet & Laplante, Publishers, Montreal.—30 pp. 12mo.

**DEWART.**—Selections from Canadian Poets, with occasional Critical and Biographical Notes, and an Introductory Essay on Canadian Poetry; By Edward Hartley Dewart.—304 pp. 8vo. John Lovell, Publisher, Montreal.

Canadian poetry is perhaps better appreciated by strangers than by the Canadians themselves. There is much in the *Essay* in which we concur, touching the antagonistic influences with which literature has to contend in this part of the world. We must take exception however to the following sentence: "Our French fellow-countrymen," says the author, "are much more united than the English colonists; though their literature is more French than Canadian and their bond of union is more religious than literary or political." It is quite true that formerly the French literature of Canada was rather a close imitation of that of France; but such writers of poetry as Messrs. F. X. Garneau, Lenoir, Crémazie, Lemay, and a few others, and Messrs. Parent, Ferland, Taché and F. X. Garneau, as prose writers, have a degree of originality which will compare favorably with that of the writers of any other country.

The book is well printed and the selections are properly classified under the three following divisions: 1st. *Sacred and Reflective*, 2nd. *Descriptive and National*, 3rd. *Miscellaneous*. We find in the list of the authors many names familiar to our readers, such as Sangster, Heavysege, Reade, McGee, Ascher, and Mrs. Lepron; we shall, in our next number, give a few specimens.

**FLOURENS.**—*Examen du Livre de M. Darwin sur l'Origine des Espèces*; By Mr. Florens. Garnier, Publisher, Paris, 1864.

Written in the usual elegant style of the author we have here an eloquent refutation of the recently propounded theories on the origin of species.

**DREYS.**—*Chronologie nouvelle, avec les tableaux généalogiques des familles royales de France et des principales maisons régnales d'Europe*; By Chs. Dreys, Professor of History in the Lycée Napoléon. 3rd edition, corrected and brought down to 1863. Harvette, Publisher, Paris; 1864.—18mo, xiv, 1050 pp. Price 6 fr.

This work forms a part of a series on Universal History commenced by M. Duruy, now Minister of Public Instruction in France.

## MONTHLY SUMMARY.

### EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Of the forty-one militia companies in Eastern Canada which have received honorable mention, six were composed of students in institutions of learning: viz., the companies formed by the students in the Colleges of Nicolet, Masson, St. Thérèse and Lennoxville, the 7th company of *Voltigeurs*, composed of the pupils in the Laval Normal school, Quebec, and the 10th company of the *Chasseurs Canadiens*, composed of the pupils in the Jacques-Cartier Normal School, Montreal. We opine that some of these militia organizations would have taken prizes had their ranks contained the number of men required.

—From the report on Education in Massachusetts for 1862-63, it appears that there were in that state 4,626 schools, 1,335 male teachers and 5,997 female teachers; and that 225,921 children attended school in summer and 227,252 in winter, out of a total number of 238,381 children between the ages of five and sixteen. The proportion indicated by these figures is perhaps the greatest that has ever been obtained in any country.

—Her Majesty the Queen lately presented the Parliamentary Library at Quebec, and the Universities of McGill, Laval, Toronto, and Queen's College with each a magnificent copy of the speeches of His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort. Each of these volumes bears the following inscription, together with the autograph of Her Majesty: "Presented to— in memory of her good and great husband by his broken hearted widow, Victoria R., 1864."

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

—In the *Canadian Naturalist*, Vol. v., p. 379, will be found a list of all the earthquakes observed in Canada up to that of October, 1860 (1) Since that time, with the exception of a few slight and local shocks, chiefly in the vicinity of Murray Bay and the Saguenay, which appear to be points of special intensity for the seismic agency of this country, there have been no earthquakes felt until Wednesday, April 20th, 1864, when a shock of no great intensity was felt throughout a great part of Lower Canada. Like other Canadian earthquakes it was felt almost simultaneously over a wide extent of country, indicating perhaps that its source was deep-seated, and the vibrations propagated almost vertically to the surface. At Quebec the shock was felt between 1.10 and 1.15 p. m.; (2) and at L'Islet, Danville, Montreal, and other places, in so far as can be ascertained, the hour was nearly the same, except in the case of Father Point, where a shock is said to have been felt at 11 o'clock. Unless there is some mistake in the statement this must have been a shock not felt elsewhere. In so far as reported, the shock seems to have been most violent at Quebec, where, as well as at several other places, two distinct vibrations were noted by some observers. The reports do not give much information as to the direction of the vibration, but it was probably, as in the earthquake of 1860, from east to west, or from southeast to northwest.

The only remarkable point in relation to this earthquake is its occurrence at a season when seismic energy in this region seems, from past experience, to manifest itself less frequently than at most other times. Only four out of eighty-three recorded earthquakes in Canada and its vicinity have occurred in April; the autumn and winter being the seasons of greatest seismic activity.

The following extracts from Quebec newspapers give some details of interest:—

The *Mercury* says:—"The earth trembled violently; every house was shaken as if an explosion of gas or gunpowder, or an *éboulement* of the rock had taken place—only no noise was heard. Some fancied that a heavy weight had fallen upon the floors above them, and, indeed, that was our own sensation. The walls of the house rocked; the windows rattled; and we rocked ourselves. To make sure that the power-press had not fallen to pieces, we examined the press-room, but found all right there. The inmates of the rooms above us, horror-stricken, came down stairs to enquire what the matter was; people from the street came tumbling in to ask us if we felt any unusual sensation: the people over the way felt it; the cruet stands were upset, plates broken, and the whole dinner-table service at Russell's, set in motion; the soldiers rushed out of their bomb-proofs on the citadel, where the shock was, we are informed, the most severe; in St. John street without, people ran from their houses, and hosts of people besieged the gates of the gas-works. In the streets, however, the shock was not sensibly felt, and by some persons not felt at all. It is fully believed that the concussory effect upon the houses was greater than when the laboratory blew up. A gentleman informs us that at Mount Pleasant the shock appeared to come from the southwest with a gradually increasing rumbling noise, and ended with a report as of a distant explosion. At the house of Mr. Maingny, in Scott street, near the Lewis Road, the earth has opened in two places in a passage leading to the yard, and a quantity of earth was thrown down from the siding of the cellar.

The *Chronicle* states:—"About ten minutes or a quarter past one, yesterday afternoon, the city was 'frightened from its propriety' by a shock of an earthquake—of brief duration and unattended by any serious results, but sufficiently violent to give an idea of the destruction which would have been caused had the convulsion of the earth lasted as many minutes as it did seconds. The shock was of a peculiar nature. It was not of the swaying or vibratory species—it was a shaking of the ground precisely similar in effect with that caused on a bridge by the passing of a heavy train at a considerable speed. In the houses it was felt to a much greater extent than by persons in the streets—this fact being of course easily explained by the motion communicated to floors, the rattling of windows, doors, furniture, glass-ware, and loose fixtures. Several persons appear not to have felt the quivering motion of the ground out of doors, and were therefore surprised to see persons rushing into the streets, anxiously enquiring what had occurred. In the houses the rumbling or jarring sound was however, perceptibly alarming. In some instances ornaments and ill-secured panes of glass fell from windows. The shock lasted, as nearly as can be determined, five or six seconds. Of course, on such an occasion, few persons could be found with sufficient presence of mind to count at the moment the duration of the convulsion, and it can therefore only be estimated by the recollection of the event.

(1) See *Journal of Education* for January 1861.

(2) Or according to other statements at 1:20 p. m.



"In the upper portions of the city—on the Cape, in the Citadel, and in St. Lewis suburbs—the shock seems to have been most severe. In the Lower Town and St. Roch's, however, it was felt with sufficient force to send thousands of persons into the streets to enquire if another explosion had taken place, if the gas works at Orleans wharf, Palais, had blown up, or if a portion of Cape Diamond had given way and crushed the houses in Champlain street. All these surmises were indulged in at the moment. That with regard to the gas works, however, grew into a rumor that spread like wildfire, and hundreds ran or drove towards the Palais to find that it was unfounded. This rumor was doubtless strengthened by the fact that many persons fancied that they perceived a gaseous smell immediately after the shock. But the absence of anything like the loud report which characterizes an explosion seems to have led most people to attribute it at once to its true cause.

"There were none of the signs of the elements which usually herald the coming of earthquakes in southern latitudes. The sky was cloudless at the time, the weather clear and agreeable, with what mariners would call a "stiff breeze." The wind prevented the effect of the earthquake from being noticeable on the river, although some observant persons say that the surface of the water appeared darker than its ordinary color while the concussion lasted."

The *News* adds the following:—"The shock was so sudden that to those who were within doors it appeared as if the chimney-wall or roof of their own or their neighbor's house had given way and was tumbling down. At the Artillery Barracks, the men ran from their rooms into the square and up towards the magazine, fully convinced that another explosion had taken place. On the citadel, too, where we are told the shock was most violent, the men ran in terror from their bomb-proof rooms into the square, and crowded the ramparts to see where the explosion had occurred.

"We learn that in the ship-yards at St. Roch's, the ships on the stocks waded to and fro. Some persons say they distinctly saw the river rise in some parts to a height of nearly ten feet, and that it receded almost immediately."

Mr. Herbert Williams writes to the *Quebec Chronicle* as follows, from Harvey Hill Mines, under the date of Thursday April 21: "At 1.15 p. m., yesterday, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt in this district, lasting from ten to fifteen seconds. It was also perceived by some of our miners, who were at the time working at a depth of 180 feet below the surface. The undulation at this place, as nearly as I could judge, seemed to travel from southwest to northeast, the wind blowing at the time from the northeast. At 6.40 p. m., we had a brilliant flash of lightning without its usual accompaniment of thunder; the sky at the time was perfectly clear, the wind blowing strong from the northeast. As you will, I doubt not, receive many communications from different parts of the Province, it may be interesting to learn the time of its appearance at different places. Hence I send you the above facts of its occurrence here."—*Canadian Naturalist*.

"In August, 1859, I exhibited to the American Association at Springfield, Mass., specimens of what was regarded by me as an organic form externally resembling *Stromatocentrum*, and found in the Laurentian limestone of the Ottawa. These were described by me in the *Canadian Naturalist* for that year (vol. iv. p. 300), and afterwards figured in the *Geology of Canada* p. 49. In 1863, similar forms were detected by the Geological Survey, in the serpentine-limestone of Grenville, sections of which we have prepared and submitted for microscopic examination to Dr. J. W. Dawson. He finds that the serpentine, which was supposed to replace the organic form, really fills the interspaces of the calcareous fossil. This exhibits in some parts a well-preserved organic structure, which Dr. Dawson describes as that of a Foraminifer 'growing in large sessile patches after the manner of *Carpenteria*, but of much greater dimensions, and presenting minute points which reveal a structure resembling that of other foraminiferous forms, as for example *Calceolina* and *Nummulites*. Figures and descriptions will soon be published by the Geological Survey.

"Large portions of the Laurentian limestones appear to be made up of fragments of these organisms, mixed with other fragments which suggest comparisons with crinoids and other calcareous fossils, but cannot be distinctly determined. Some of the limestones are more or less colored by carbonaceous matter, which Dr. Dawson has found to exhibit under the microscope evidences of organic structure, probably vegetable.

"In this connection, it may be noticed that Mr. Sterry Hunt, in a paper presented to the Geological Society of London in 1858, (see also Silliman's Journal, [2], xxxvi, 296,) insisted upon the presence of beds of iron-ore, metallic sulphurets, and graphite in the Laurentian series as "affording evidence of the existence of organic life at the time of the deposition of these old crystalline rocks."

Dr. Dawson has proposed for this fossil the name of *Eozoon Canadense*, under which it will shortly be fully described.—*Idem*.

—In that useful journal of intercommunication between astronomers the *Astronomical Register* for March, is a letter from Mr. Nasmyth, containing his original paper on the willow leaf shaped objects on the sun, the existence of which, except as rarities, has been doubted by some other able observers. Mr. Nasmyth says a telescope of very considerable power and defining capacity is necessary. Mr. Dawes has seen the

mottled aspect of the solar surface with a 24-inch glass, and a power of 60. He finds, with a 6 or 8-inch telescope, and high powers, that the surface is chiefly composed of luminous masses of all shapes, imperfectly separated by rows of darker spots. Anything like Mr. Nasmyth's willow leaves he finds very rare, and only found in the vicinity of large spots in their penumbra. Mr. Nasmyth, in the letter alluded to, says they are scattered over the surface, and lie in all imaginable directions. He says he considers the penumbra to be a true secondary stratum of the luminous envelope revealed by the partial removal of the outer and luminous envelope. When a solar spot is mending up, he sees the willow leaves bridging it across. Mr. Dawes sees the spots under such circumstances bridged over by luminous masses like stray straws from a plat. Since the subject was discussed at the Astronomical Society some weeks ago, the objects in question have been seen at Greenwich with the great equatorial and a smaller instrument, the result being the confirmation of Mr. Nasmyth's statement, with a slight modification. The mottled appearance of the sun is now affirmed to be produced by a multitude of bodies like rice grains, rather than willow leaves.—*Intellectual Obs.*

—The *Archives des Sciences* for March contains an interesting account of the views of Clausius on oxygen. He considers that ordinary oxygen consists in atoms united two and two, and active oxygen in single, or disunited atoms. The two atoms which constitute a molecule of ordinary oxygen he regards in opposite electric states. Referring to Mr. Soret's opinions, Mr. Clausius observes that they coincide with his own, as his reasoning is not affected by the supposition that ozone is formed of elementary atoms not united in pairs, which may combine with molecules of non-decomposed oxygen as soon as they become free.—*Id.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

—A Boston correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* is responsible for the following:

"I heard the other day of a *bon mot* made by Longfellow, the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, a millionaire of your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. 'Yes,' said the poet, 'but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply:

"Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow."

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