

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | There are some creases in the middle of the pages.<br>Continuous pagination.  |

# JOURNAL OF

Upper



# EDUCATION,

Canada.

VOL. XII.

TORONTO: MARCH, 1859.

No. 3.

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. EXTRACTS FROM RECENT SPEECHES BY PUBLIC MEN IN CANADA—	
(1) Sir John B. Robinson, Bart. (2) The Rev. John McCaul, LL.D. (3) Daniel Wilson, Esq., LL.D. (4) The Hon. Adam Ferrie. (5) The Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron. (6) The Rev. Geo. Weir, M.A. (7) John W. Dawson, Esq., LL.D. (8) The Hon. Pierre J. O. Chauveau, LL.D.	33
II. CANADIAN AND OTHER HISTORICAL PAPERS—(1) Abbe Ferland's Historical Lectures. (2) A Centenary at Fort Niagara. (3) Fort Niagara in the Olden Time. (4) Centenary of the taking of Quebec. (5) A French Consul in Canada	38
III. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—No. 4 Death of William Hallam, the Historian—No. 5. Death of William Prescott, the Historian	40
IV. PAPERS ON NATURAL HISTORY—(1) White Partridges. (2) The Hon. Edward Everett on Kindness to Horses. (3) German Tree-Frogs	40
V. PAPERS ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE—(1) The Geological Survey of Canada. (2) The Marble and Limestone of the Ottawa. (3) Theory of Rain Storms	41
VI. PAPERS ON PRACTICAL EDUCATION—(1) Questions on School Management. (2) Music in Schools an Aid to Study. (3) Education of the Eye. (4) The Best English. (5) Number of Words in the English Language. (6) Boys, don't give up	42
VII. MISCELLANEOUS—(1) Spring Flowers. (2) Home Duties and Home Enjoyments. (3) Perambulations of the Seat of Government of the United States. (4) Legal Effect of repeating Gossip. (5) Be Sparing of Drugs	43
VIII. EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE—Canada: (1) Kingston Educational Items. (2) Upper Canada School Lands. (3) University of Toronto. United States: (1) Destruction by Fire of the William and Mary College, Virginia. (2) Education in Massachusetts	46
IX. LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE—(1) Relations des Jesuites. (2) The Koran Translated into <i>Hindustani</i> . (3) A new Shakespearean Scholar. (4) Praiseworthy contribution to Science. (5) Scientific Paradoxes. (6) Theory of the cooling of the Sun. (7) The Foreign Office. (8) The Great Bell of Westminster	47
X. Departmental Notices and Advertisements	48

## EXTRACTS FROM RECENT SPEECHES BY PUBLIC MEN IN CANADA.

As intimated in the last number of this *Journal*, we now give extracts from recent speeches by public men in Canada. We have made these extracts from various sources, and have endeavored to make them as interesting as possible.

At the recent Burns festival in this city and elsewhere, several admirable speeches were delivered. From those delivered in Canada on that occasion, we have made the following selection:—

### 1. SIR JOHN B. ROBINSON, BART.

(Chief Justice of Upper Canada.)

THE MOTHER COUNTRY WORTHY OF THE ADMIRATION OF HER SONS—  
THE QUEEN—THE LEGISLATURE—THE CLERGY—THE ARMY—THE  
MERCHANTS, &c.—OUR OWN ADVANTAGES.

In proposing "The Mother Country; may her Canadian sons prove worthy of their sires," Sir John proceeded:—"Let them for a moment look back and consider the past and present glorious position of the mother country. The Queen of England could trace her ancestors from William the Conqueror, and throughout the long line of monarchs there had been none who stood so high in the affections of her people. (Applause.) She was an example to her subjects in every relation of life—not less as a wife and a mother than as a Queen. (Applause.) Then, if they looked at the Legislature of the country, he

thought there was nothing so admirable in the history of mankind or so wonderful as the manner in which questions of the greatest importance were dealt with by the Legislature of England. When Sir Robert Peel took the reins of government, he had to grapple with difficulties of more than ordinary magnitude. There were great reforms to be made, and improvements to be effected in the laws of trade, commerce, and in the constitution. Many years of agitation had to be gone through before the time came for these reforms to be debated in Parliament. Prejudice had to be overcome—obstinacy and ignorance to be convinced, if possible, and conflicting interests to be reconciled. But whenever a question was ripe for debate in Parliament, there were two or three days of earnest debate, and it was then settled—generally speaking, settled once and for all. (Applause.) England possessed a well-balanced constitution, and, whenever a result had been arrived at, there was a general disposition on the part of the community to take it for granted, the people making up their minds honestly and sincerely to support the state of things which the Legislature had established. (Hear, hear.) Then, if they referred to the state of religion in England, they would nowhere find more zealous laborers in the Church, the dignitaries of which were engaged in preaching to thousands of the working classes in the cathedrals, and many of the clergy in the open air. Turned they next to the profession of arms, they had all read of the noble deeds of the Macedonian phalanx and of the Roman legions, but nowhere had they heard of such daring acts of heroism as those which were recorded of our gallant Highlanders in the Crimean campaign. (Applause.) The commerce of England and the progress made in the mother country in the arts and sciences, were equally striking proofs of her greatness. Proceeding to another part of the subject—"The children of the mother country, may they prove worthy of their sires"—the Chief Justice said many had gone from Canada to England, not one of whom, he believed, had given the people of this country any occasion to blush for them. (Applause.) And why should they prove unworthy of their sires? They were born in a country enjoying as free a constitution as there was in the mother country itself. They were governed by good laws, and it was in their power to make these laws still better, for they were almost unrestricted in the rights of legislation which the mother country had conceded to them. They were surrounded by a climate as capable of sustaining a hardy, energetic population as could be found in any part of the globe. They were natives also of a country in

which the population were principally agriculturists, an occupation more productive of honesty and independence of character than any other. (Hear, hear.) But there was another circumstance in their favor. There was no country in the world in which greater attention was paid to education than was being paid to it in Canada at the present moment. There was no person in Upper Canada who was not within reach of the means of a better education than Burns, the poet, enjoyed. But, however excellent might be their schools and colleges, it was not by the teacher's instruction that they could become poets such as Robert Burns. (Hear, hear.) Genius like his was the gift of Heaven. (Applause.)

2. REV. JOHN McCaul, LL.D.  
(President of University College, Toronto.)

BURNS AND HIS POETRY.

Dr. McCaul was received with loud applause. He said:—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with no ordinary pleasure that I rise to take part in the proceedings of this evening, intended as they are to do honor to one who has been so justly styled "Scotia's immortal bard." It is peculiarly gratifying to find, on such an occasion as the present, all national distinctions thrown aside, and the natives of each part of the United Kingdom coming forward gladly to testify their admiration of the genius of the great Poet. There is a beautiful custom that prevails in parts of the continent, whereby the relatives and friends of some dear one, parted from them by death, fix on some anniversary—that of birth, of marriage, or of death—the three great epochs of human existence, in order to approach that tomb which wraps the remains of him or her they loved in life, and to present, as a tribute of affection, simple flowers in testimony of their undying attachment. (Applause.) It is in some such ceremony as this we are engaged this evening. The monument of Burns is not here; that monument is near that Alloway kirk that gave origin to what I conceive to be the finest of all his poems, "Tam o' Shanter;" but we can fancy a cenotaph on this platform, erected to his memory, even though it hold not his remains, and to that the Scotsman comes forward and presents, as a tribute of affection and regard, the Thistle, the proud emblem of that land which the bard loved so well. The Englishman comes forward and presents the Rose, all fragrant with perfume and blushing with beauty, and the native of my own dear Isle comes forward—(loud applause)—and presents

"The green, immortal Shamrock,  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

(Great applause.) And our brethren, the natives of this fair and fertile land of our adoption, come forward, and present the bright Maple leaf, the autumnal glory of our woods. This, Sir, is as it ought to be. Burns is not the poet of one people, although Scotland is stamped unequivocally on everything he wrote; Burns is the poet of all countries. (Applause.) But on such an occasion as the present, it might reasonably be expected that any one who would rise and address the audience would bring forward and expatiate on what he believed to be the especial merits of Burns. I confess that, in attempting such a task as this, I labor under very great difficulty. I have not the good fortune to be familiar with the dialect in which he wrote, and I well know the great disadvantage of not knowing that. I well remember that when I first read Burns' poems, I appreciated, as any one must, those beauties which are on the surface; but, when I heard a Scottish lady read them with all the unction of her native dialect, there were passages which had seemed to me tame that acquired force and vigor; there were passages in which, to my eyes, there was little fire, but then flame burst forth; "the thoughts breathed, the words burned." (Applause.) Under such circumstances, I feel that the best I can do will be to leave such subjects to be dealt with by a gentleman whom I am glad to see amongst us on this occasion, Mr. McLachlan, who is, I believe, to address you this evening, a Canadian author of lyrics, one who has unquestionably caught no small portion of the spirit of Burns himself. Perhaps, however, as a matter of curiosity, for it can be but little more, some persons whom I address may be desirous of knowing what are the peculiar merits for which an Irishman admires Burns. First of all, I admire him for his truth to nature; for his strict adherence to nature. There is nothing affected, nothing distorted in him; but his verses actually daguerreotype the scenes and persons around him. How marked a characteristic that is, few can know, unless they have studied the pastorals of the days before him, with the solitary exception of those of Allan Ramsay, his immediate predecessor. In my estimation this is a most attractive feature of his Muse:

"More dear to me, congenial to my heart,  
Each natural charm, than all the gloss of art."

But I admire him also for his tenderness and sensibility. Take

those graceful compositions with which we are all familiar—"To a Daisy," and "To a Field Mouse." What every-day occurrences with the ploughman were the prostration of the daisy and the overthrow of the mouse's home; but how few are there who have ever been led, on beholding such ordinary results, to such a train of appropriate, tender, and sombre thought as Burns has so feelingly expressed! But I admire him for his high appreciation of that feeling, which when the gates of Eden were closed on our primitive parents, and they went forth wanderers through the world, was in mercy left to them to cheer and comfort them, and their posterity, too—in all their troubles and sorrows—that affection which, like the rainbow, shines brightest amidst the darkest gloom. I refer not to such verses as we all wish that the poet had never written, and which unquestionably he would himself have cancelled, if his life had been longer spared. His own matured judgment and chastened taste, would have suggested the removal of such blemishes; and we must bear in mind, in judging of him, both the times in which he lived, and the early age, but thirty-seven, in which he was called away by death; but I do refer to such passages as that which has been quoted by critics as being the very essence of a thousand love stories:

"Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

(Applause.) I do refer to that most exquisite specimen of thrilling simplicity, "John Anderson, my Jo"—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo."

(The Rev. gentleman threw great pathos into the last two lines, and drew forth from the audience a round of applause.) Nothing can be finer than that; nothing can be truer to nature! It is pure poetic gold; it has the ring of the true metal, and, to borrow an expressive Yankee phrase, "and no mistake." (Cheers.) I do not envy the man whose hair has been whitened by time, since he first knew the happiness and the consolation of having a leal partner of his joys and of his griefs, that does not feel his heart throb with emotion responsive to those verses, which so simply but so truly express the crowning glory of domestic bliss. But I admire Burns, too, for his pathos. Take for instance his poem to "Mary in Heaven," filled with touching remembrances of that lost one, "dear to him as light and life." I admire him for his originality, his power of changing rapidly from the terrific to the ludicrous, such as is exemplified in his poem of "Tam O'Shanter." I admire him also for his thorough independence of character, for his thorough conviction of the dignity of man, independently of the adventitious advantages of rank or wealth. (Applause.) Need I mention that song, so familiar to us all, in which we find the quotations which are now proverbial amongst us—

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"The King may make a belted Knight,  
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith he mauna fa' that."

In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the same sentiment occurs:

"Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings."

The very same idea presented itself to Goldsmith:

"Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,  
But the bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

But, Sir, I fear I have already trespassed too far on the audience, and I shall therefore close with one most marked characteristic of Burns—a characteristic that is apparent in every one of his verses, I mean his thorough nationality;—he is an unequivocal, undoubted, straightforward Scotsman. I believe, Sir, there is a class of philosophers, the growth of these later years, who look on this love of country, such as Burns had, as a reprehensible weakness, a censurable infirmity. They look on it as a proof of intellectual imbecility. If these, Sir, be their tenets, and the abnegation of love of country the object of such grand terms as "wide extended cosmopolitan views," all I can say is, that I neither am nor wish to be a disciple of their school, and if they found an institution for the propagation of their doctrines, most unquestionably I will not matriculate in it. I have no desire to exchange the warm throbbings of natural feeling for the artificial pulsations of a cold and lifeless philosophy. My feeling towards my native land is similar to that expressed in the words of a familiar song—

"Dear land of my birth! I may see thee no more,  
But memory treasures the bright days of yore;  
And my heart's fondest wish, the last sigh of my breast,  
Shall be given to thee, Dearest Isle of the West:

O cushamachree,  
My heart beats for thee!  
Erin, Erin, my heart beats for thee!"

My feeling is as Burns's feeling, that that man is devoid of the instincts of human nature that does not love, beyond every other country on the earth, be its features what they may, his own, his native land. And how beautifully does he express this! We all remember that intense affection which induced him

"To turn the weeder clips aside,  
And spare the symbol dear"—

that affection which infused the cherished hope

"That he for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or beuk could make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

And, Sir, did he not sing a song—did he not, for poor old Scotland's sake, sing a song that has done honor to the land of his birth and elevated himself to the proud position of a worthy compeer of the greatest bards that ever swept the lyre? (Applause.) That song was originally uttered in his native Ayrshire, and its voice was at first low, faint and feeble, as the tones that are uttered by an Æolian harp when the wind elicits music from its dormant strings. But that song soon acquired fulness and force; that song soon diffused its notes far beyond the region where the minstrel sang. Its truth to nature had won the ear of all around the bard. The ploughman sang it in the field—the milkmaid in the pasture—but soon it spread amongst the educated and refined. With surprise and delight was it received amidst the polished circles of the northern capital. It crossed the border, and won the admiration of the rank, wealth and intelligence of England. (Applause.) Onward moving still, it passed the narrow channel and came to my own country, and there in the north it was welcomed with delight by people who could fully appreciate its beauties, as they were acquainted with the dialect in which it was written. Onward—still onward—the glorious song proceeded in its triumphant course. Over the surging Atlantic it sped its way, and as it passed, the mariner's voice, giving forth its tones to the breeze, mingled with the chimes of old Ocean. By our neighbors in the States—

"A man's a man for a' that"—

was welcomed as a spell of freedom, a watch-word of liberty. On—still on—until it reached this fair land of our adoption, not then as now dotted over with cities and towns and villages, but overspread with primeval forests. Through the thick bush, however, its tones penetrated, and the solitary backwoods man in some sequestered corner hailed its voice with rapture—threw down his axe—and dropped a tear for the heather-clad hills he left behind him. (Applause.) But its course was not limited to the West; North and South it held its way, and in the far East its voice nerved many an arm and gladdened many a heart—

"Where Ganges rolls its yellow tide:"

Ganges—once associated with proud memories of British achievement and British supremacy; but now, alas! awakening in too many bosoms but bitter recollections of that hideous tragedy enacted on its banks, which I know not how I can more appropriately designate than as the Cawnpore slaughter of the Innocents. But the glorious song sung "for puir auld Scotland's sake" not merely spread far and wide, but its influence has continued permanent and durable. This very meeting and hundreds of others bear witness, not merely to the vast extent the songs of Burns have traversed, but also to the strong affection whereby they are indelibly fixed on the mind. (Applause.) Truly it is a proud and unparalleled spectacle which this centennial celebration presents. On this day throughout the earth, when Hesperus, as the shades of evening fall, leads on the starry host, he looks down on a scene such as he never before beheld, the globe girdled with a festal wreath of speech and song: eloquence pouring forth the choicest treasures of language; music with its odorous breath scenting the air with sweet familiar melodies, all redolent of home and auld lang syne; the ruddy wine flowing in brimming bowls, and, for "those who prefer it," the more healthful "cup that cheers but not inebriates;" and all this as homage to the genius of a man, humble in station and straitened in circumstances, but rich in talent and noble in mind. (Applause.) Yes—depend upon it, when Hesperus is called upon to discharge that other duty which devolves upon him, of ushering in "the rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the dawn," when he is obliged to herald the morning, that summons men to the stern duties of the day, depend upon it, many a long and lingering look will he throw back on halls flashing with light, ringing with acclamation, sparkling with decoration, radiant with joy-lit countenances, on "Mirth with all her jocund train" holding high festival—and all in honor of Scotland's peasant bard, of Ayrshire's ploughman poet. (Applause.)

### 3. DANIEL WILSON, Esq., LL. D.

(Professor of History and English Literature, University College.)

#### BURNS—HIS SHORT CAREER—HIS SONGS AND THE UNIVERSALITY OF THEIR DIFFUSION.

Dr. WILSON, the chairman of one of the Toronto Burns's Celebrations, on rising to speak, was warmly cheered. He said:—This day we mark, by a peculiarly significant symbol, the lapse of another century of time. Throughout the world-wide empire, won to itself by the Anglo-Saxon race, it is being commemorated this day, that one hundred years ago, the mean clay bigging of a Scottish peasant became, by the birth of Robert Burns, one of the sacred shrines—the Meccas of the world. The hard lot of toiling poverty was his heritage, from the cradle to the grave. In "the world's broad field of battle," life was to him one stern warfare, sweeping onward through all its brief scenes as a grand but fearful tragedy—gloomy, yet lighted up with the glory and beauty of a loving and gifted soul. (Applause.) For Burns' art and culture, the sophistical philosophy and the refined artificialities of the eighteenth century did nothing. All the sterling worth of Scotland's peasant bard was born of her rugged soul, and of the genial nurture of that sainted father of her "Cotter's Saturday Night." Life was to him real and earnest. (Cheers.) With a tenderness tearfully tremulous as the loving pity of a mother, there was sunshine still behind the clouds; there was wealth of treasure for his large heart in the sympathies of nature; and he seems to us as if sent into that eighteenth century to reveal once more to men where the true beauty of life lay; and to tell us how the daisy in the furrow, and the man of honest, independent worth, are alike fulfilling great Nature's plan. (Applause.) In the genius of Scotland's peasant bard we discern the pulsations of a musical instrument of the widest compass. From his rustic lyre come notes joyous and earnest—laughter-moving, and tremulous with tears. (Cheers.) Alas! its heavenly notes were jarred in the dread struggle with temptations, with passions, with the social environments of that poor country to which he was given as a teacher and a guide. It is not for us to pity him who, tried before the impartial tribunal of posterity, has been adjudged one of those whose memory and whose works posterity will not willingly let die. It is not for us to pity—to blame the mighty dead; neither is it for us now to attempt his panegyric. Nay, rather, may we say of his poems, they are imperfect, and of very small extent; for his life itself was a mere broken fragment. His sun went down ere it was noon, darkening on one of the saddest tragedies of the eighteenth century; and the world only learned when too late the priceless value of the treasure it had cast beneath its feet and trodden in the mire. (Cheers.) Robert Burns had only attained his 37th year, when, casting one lingering look of anguish on the orphanage of his love, he lay down amid the stern realities of life's battle-field to die. Let us think of this if we would estimate rightly what he did accomplish. Was there not, in the genial drollery and pregnant life of that "Tam O' Shanter" of his, the promise of a whole series of Scottish Canterbury Tales, had he but lived to the maturity to which Chaucer attained ere he gave form and utterance to his immortal song? (Great applause.) Dying at 37, Milton would have left to us no Paradise Lost or Regained. Dryden at that age would only have been known, if known at all, as the courtly sycophant who penned his "Annus Mirabilis;" and even Pope, who lisped in numbers, would have left unaccomplished the poems on which chiefly rest the enduring foundations of his fame. Yet the author of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" stands in need of no such apology. (Cheers.) Burns has bequeathed to us his songs, and that is fame enough to win for him the poet's immortality. His songs were a noble patriotic offering—and how generously bestowed on that country for which her poet mourned that he could do so little, while laying on her altar the priceless tribute. What lyric in any language surpasses in pathetic tenderness his "Mary in Heaven?" What glorious battle-song ever rang with more thrilling patriotic fervor than his "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled?" Or what noble, manly lay can equal in pith and power his "Man's a man for a' that?" The songs of Burns are already a part of the living language of our common race; and may not our hearts thrill within us this night, when gathered here around this festive board, on a spot hewn in our own day out of the old savage-haunted pines of Ontario's wooded shores—as we think that the same songs are being this night sung wherever the free banner of England floats on the breeze; and wherever the language is spoken inherited by her sons. (Applause.) Under the straw-clad roofs of Scotland, in the cottage-homes of England and of Ireland, the songs of Burns have been chanted in triumph to-day. By the echoes of their music, repeated from land to land, may fancy follow the flag of British freedom round the world. Where it proudly floats above the rocky heights of Gibraltar, and on Malta's ancient knightly towers, there their music has given voice to the breeze. At Aden, on the old Red Sea; in Africa, on her Atlantic coasts and her far-southern Cape of

storms; in India, where the rush of the Ganges replies to the answering shouts of Britain's triumphant and dauntless sons; on that island-continent of Australasian seas—a newer world than our own—on solitary rocks like the low historic St. Helena; on clustering groups like the Antilles; and where the flag of a great republic flaunts proudly over the hardy descendants of our common stock—to each and all of these, as to ourselves, the peasant's voice, sweeping along the electric wires of genius, is heard thrilling this night with the pregnant utterances of that inspired song,

"Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

(Great cheering.) The lot of Burns was a proud, yet, also, a most sad one. One of nature's great high priests, he was taken in early youth from the sickle and the plough and plunged into temptation, and suffering, and ineffectual self-guidance. His spirit was jarred in all its melodies; and the coarse hand of a mean prosaic age swept rudely over the broken strings. It is not for us to judge the strong man, if he yielded before the wiles of the world's Philistines ere he passed away for ever beyond reach of the wrongs heaped on him by an unappreciating age. But let us never forget this, that, amid the mean necessities of the humblest peasant lot; in poverty, in weary toil, in sorrow, and even in shame, Burns had still an eye for the beauty and the poetry of life; and built up for himself a glorious and immortal monument out of these very materials of his suffering and his toil. Therefore is it that this day, with joyous pride, we look back on him whose footsteps we trace in the sands of the completed century; whose influence lives, and shall live in the world's coming centuries; and above all in that dear native land, for which his warmest wish to Heaven was sent, and amid whose bleak and rugged wilds he won for himself an everlasting name. Nor let us judge hardly even of those who took their poet from the sickle and the plough, "to guage all firkins," and who only learned to discern his true worth when the toil-worn reaper had lain down to his last sleep, and the greatest of a nation's poets—passing alike beyond their degrading patronage and their scorn,—had gone to join the great departed. Rather let us, with them, confer that it is only

"Now thy brows are cold,  
We see then what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old."

(Great applause.) The case of Burns is no solitary one. The world has had her Dante, and Camoens, and Milton, and Dryden, and Chatterton, as well as its Burns. He, too, is now ranked among the benefactors of his race. For him the gorgeous temple has been reared, where, living, he almost wanted bread. The scene of his brief and chequered career is now the land of song, the land of Burns—known by his name, and visited for his sake, by pilgrims from many a distant scene; and for him, and seeking to honor ourselves by rendering a just tribute to his fame, we, in this distant nook of Britain's world-wide empire, hold high festival to-night. The glory dies not, and the grief is past. Not in sorrow as over the kingly dead, struck down amid the vanquished, in the high places of the field; but with joyous acclamations as welcoming the victor in triumph, returning laden with the spoils, let us now pledge the immortal memory of Scotland's peasant Bard. Dr. Wilson resumed his seat amid great cheering.—*Globe* report.

#### 4. HON. ADAM FERRIE.

##### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BURNS.

At the late Burns' celebration at Hamilton, the following remarks were made by Hon. Adam Ferrie, an old acquaintance of the great Scottish poet:—

"I came here, not knowing that I should be called upon to speak; but as I am, probably, the only man in Canada who knew Burns, which I did intimately, especially when he grew up, I may trespass a short time on your patience. He was about 17 years older than I, and when I was 6 or 7 years old, I was in the habit of seeing him daily, for he was brought up in my native place, Irvine. That, perhaps, makes me feel a deeper interest in him than I should otherwise do. There are many important things connected with him, of which those who have written his life have taken no notice whatever, and, if I thought I was not unnecessarily delaying you, I would relate some of them—for instance, the way he came to Irvine—his native place being on the other side of Ayr. One Dr. Linnie, a man of independent fortune, called "of the How Mill," had occasion to go and see Burns' father; when there he saw a large family of interesting, healthy, good-looking children, and he regretted exceedingly, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Burns, that he had always been, and still was, a bachelor, and had no children, nor even a near relative. He then took it into his head to ask it as a favor that Mrs. Burns should give him one of their children to bring

up. They knew his character to be truly amiable, and she said, "Dr., we know you sae weel you maun tak' your pick o' the whole eight." "Weel," said he, "there's a wee bit of a white-headed laddie, if you would give him to me, I'd prefer him to any of the rest." The thing was made up, and the Dr. brought the boy over to the How Mill. He sent him to school at Irvine, and would have given him a learned education, but he was thoughtless and restless, and the Dr. saw that it would not do to bring him to any of the learned professions. At that time the manufacturers of Scotland were just rising, and many gentlemen round the country were sending at least one of their sons to milling or weaving, and the Dr. thought it would be well for Robert Burns to be similarly treated. So he sent him to the weaving, and indentured him to a Mr. Smith, a very respectable man, or gentleman, you may say, for he had a good deal of property, and a six-loomed weaving shop, under his own eye. Burns was a very clever, active creature. He finished his first web, of one hundred and twenty Scottish ells, quicker than had ever been known of a beginner before, but the second web turned out miserably bad weaving. And anybody who has ever learned weaving, as I have, knows how much a web of bad weaving tries the patience. Patience was not one of Burns' virtues. He was very impetuous. He cursed it, and he quit it and ran away, and it was some twelve months before they knew where he had gone. At last a man from Irvine saw him on the quays of Greenock, and told the Doctor, who sent to search him out, telling him he need not fear being sent to gaol for running away from his indentures. He had an uncle, whose son had just set up flax-dressing, and this son asked Burns to go into partnership. To this he consented, and the two prospered well. Indeed they were getting almost all the trade of the country-side, and making money fast, until, about two years afterwards, a fire took place and burned up the flax-dressers' shop, upon which there was no insurance; and indeed there were few insurances effected in those times. The other young man lost all his fortune, and of course Burns lost his part of the profits. He was then obliged to take to the plough, but he was not at home there. He was talented, and was constantly writing. He wrote a great many fine songs and poems. They all came out in a little pamphlet published at Kilmarnock. I think it cost 6d. a copy. It took so much with the public that the work went through a dozen editions. It flattered Burns, of course, and accordingly he set to work, and would do nothing but write poems and songs. In a very short time indeed out came a great big volume. These poems were as much admired as the previous ones, and made him so famous that the Caledonia hunt took him by the hand and brought him to Edinburgh, where they lionised him for a year and a half, and then, getting tired, cast him off, unprovided for. This was a glowing shame. Burns was a most amiable creature. Although some very religious people found fault with his writing some of his pieces, such as "The Holy Friar," I can assure you from my own conviction he was not an irreligious man. Any one moreover who reads his "Cotter's Saturday Night," must come to the same conclusion that I do. He couldn't turn up the white of his eyes, perhaps, as some do, but he had a sincere regard for true religion."—*Hamilton Spectator*.

#### 5. HON. J. HILLYARD CAMERON.

##### ORIGINAL POEM TO BURNS.

He said:—"Scotchmen could not but feel proud that in their country had risen a man who, as Dr. Wilson had so eloquently told them, was the people's bard, and who spoke to the men of his own time, and of all time, in language which would never be forgotten. Nor would they willingly forget that they were now ranked with those whose language was the language of Milton and Shakespeare, or that the descendants of the men who fought at Bannockburn were to be found side by side with the descendants of the heroes of Poitiers, Agincourt, and Cressy. Mr. Cameron traced the progress of English poetry from the days of Chaucer to the present time, and then, turning to Ireland, dwelt upon the genius of Moore. In one respect, Burns and Moore might be compared with each other, but in other respects they could not be compared. Burns spoke to the people in the people's tongue; but Moore's verses were expressed in more polished language. The songs of both, however, were so beautiful in sentiment, so exquisite in language, that they would ever live in the memory of the nation. Mr. Cameron concluded by reciting the following lines, in which he had given expression to the sentiments he entertained for the "peasant bard":—

What voice is on the air borne? What loudly echoed name  
Comes sweeping on the night wind, a nation's loud acclaim—  
From farthest earth's recesses, from wildest ocean's bounds,  
In bursts of song and story, what glorious name abounds?

Who rouses up the nations; the men of Saxon mould?  
Who tunes the Celtic harp-strings to strains unknown of old?  
From marble hall and turf hut, who brings the mingled throng  
Of peer and peasant to unite in these glad bursts of song.

No name of mighty monarch, with captive nations crowned;  
No name of warrior, laurel-wreathed, is in that joyous sound;  
No name of hoary-headed sage is in those song-bursts heard;  
Sage, warrior, monarch, not for you, the people's heart is stirred.

Born of themselves, a man like they, one hundred years gone by,  
A peasant bard sprung forth to life beneath old Scotia's sky;—  
His teachings were from moor and loch, from mountain stream and brae,  
From cattle byre, and ingle nook, from warlock, sprite and fay.

His books were from the peasants' lives, from cottage home and hearth,  
From week day and from Sabbath rest his stories had their birth,  
His songs were from the nation's heart, and ancient music wove  
Its golden chords with martial songs, and strains of peace and love.

He died ere yet the poet's wreath had circled round his brow,  
The living poet's crown of yore! alas! unheeded now—  
But where could civic crown or bays, a diadem of kings,  
Such triumph bring to living men, as dead thus homage brings?

Immortal Burns! From land to land, from sea to sounding sea  
This mighty chaunt for requiem, thy glorious minstrelsy,  
And we would lay our maple leaf, in ever-living bloom,  
With roses, thistles, shamrocks twined, an offering on thy tomb.

## 6. REV. GEORGE WEIR, M. A.

(Professor of Classical Literature, Queen's College, Kingston.)

### SECRET OF BURNS' POWER OVER HIS COUNTRYMEN.

It naturally occurs to the mind to inquire—why do Scotchmen so enthusiastically love and admire him? Why does every true Scottish heart beat with responsive thrill at the name of Burns? How is it that, as if by a charm, or spell, he excites within us the strongest emotions, whether of pleasure, of sadness, of patriotism, or any of the varied sentiments or passions that sway the human heart. Whatever note he strikes on his many-toned instrument, the heart is immediately borne along with him, and fired, as it were, by his inspiration, it rises exultingly with him in his lofty flights—sinks with him to the depths of contrition and grief—glows with him in the fervor of his patriotism, and indignantly resents with him all oppression and wrong. How is it? we ask—whence this power over the heart which no other poet wields?

I. There is no doubt that much of this power was due to his uncommon *genius*, which I unhesitatingly pronounce to be of the highest order. I am aware that some may take exception to this statement, and deny its truth. Unquestionably Shakspeare stands the first of Dramatic, as Milton of Epic, poets; but as long as we have a Burns, to no nation or people shall we yield the palm of Lyric, and, to some extent, Didactic poetry. In what instances has either dramatic or epic poetry ever exercised the same influence over the masses of mankind? I ask you, do the hearts of the English, as a people, glow with the same responsive warmth to each line of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or even to Shakspeare's plays, as do the hearts of the Scots to the stirring and pensive lays of our own national bard? or are the writings of the former two so generally read as to become household words in each domestic circle? The greatness and versatility of his genius are displayed in his power of imagination, his sharp and keenly-pointed sarcasm, his graphic and vivid delineations of scenery, life and character, as well as in his didactic and moral pieces; and, considering the noble monuments of intellect he has left, for his short career, who can tell what he might have done, had his life been prolonged and his attention turned to them!

II. Not the least attractive feature in his poetry is his deep sympathy with all nature, and the force and beauty of his descriptive powers. His generous, warm heart, expanded with love to all creation: he would not willingly have harmed the meanest of God's creatures. Who can read his address to the gowan—his lines to his auld mare—his lament for his pet ewe, Mailie—the address to the mouse, and lines on a wounded hare—without being convinced that his kindly heart was ever brimming with the best of human sympathies. What could surpass in descriptive beauty the lines from his poem on *Hallowe'en*?

Again, for the expression of sympathy with the lower creation, the Poem on the field-mouse.

III. Another characteristic of the poet that must endear him to the hearts of his countrymen was his deep devotion in love and friendship. All of the audience were more or less familiar with his "*Mary in Heaven*," his verses to his Jane, and numerous other love ballads. It was certainly a becoming arrangement on the part of the committee of management to have the ladies present on this occasion. (Applause.) Had they not been here, we might have almost feared that the shade of Burns would have frowned upon us, for some of the noblest tributes of his genius have been paid to them. (Great applause.)

IV. Again, look at Burns as the firm and enthusiastic patriot. This seems to have been the ruling passion of his heart. We have only to read his poetry; it breathes in every line of it, and this all-pervading love and pride of country have drawn forth some of the finest aspirations of his genius. (Applause.) This is the secret of

his vast influence over Scotchmen and over the lovers of their country. (Applause.) This is the reason, together with his manly independence of spirit and ardent love of freedom, that he has been so greatly and so generally admired in the United States. (Applause.) If he can thus speak to the hearts of foreigners, need we wonder at the spell which binds his countrymen to him. (Applause.) The Rev. Professor again recited a number of the bard's choicest pieces, and said, do not such strains as these inspire the heart of each Scottish soldier with that daring bravery which has gained him a name over the whole world, and was lately so conspicuously displayed on the plains of India by a Havelock and a Campbell. (Applause.) Who would ever bring the stain of cowardice on his country while he remembers that model of patriotic songs, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled?" (Applause.)

V. But not the least powerful or the least useful of the influences which he exercised over his countrymen, is the tendency of his writings to impart to them independence of spirit, a straightforward honesty of purpose, and a due appreciation of their dignity as individual men. With him it was always the man—the man independently of all advantageous circumstances. "A man's a man for a' that." (Applause.) In noticing the various influences which he exercises over his own countrymen; the extreme beauty, simplicity and thankfulness of his moral and religious views, he was aware that in his lifetime he was severely censured, and though by many he is still denounced as irreligious and profane; frequently too by men whose passion and intellect render them as incompetent to pass judgment on him or understand the working of a soul like his, as to rival his mighty genius. They forget, too, the times in which Burns lived—their society sanctioned customs that the world would not tolerate now. More of what was and is still regarded by such as irreligious and profane, is the keenest and most biting sarcasms on cant and hypocrisy—on every thing, in short, that was mere outward profession, without exercising any vital influence on the heart or life. No doubt he had faults, and what man is there without them? (Applause.) The torrent of his passion too frequently hurried him into the commission of sins which were deeply repented of in calmer moments; he had, however, yet to learn that he ever systematically changed conscience. It has been justly remarked of him—"he was not a faultless monster, nor yet a monster with all his faults." Can you tell me, asked the same person of a Scottish peasant, "what is it that makes Burns such a favorite with you all in Scotland?" Other poets you have and great ones, and of the same class, too; you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same electric flash as it were of an electric feeling when any man is named but that of Burns." "I can tell," said he, "why it is—it is because he had the heart of a man in him; he was all heart and all man, and there is nothing at least in a poor man's experience of bitter or sweet which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth and gives him courage and comfort if he need it. It is like a second bible." Prof. Weir resumed his seat amid great applause. —*Kingston News.*

## 7. JOHN W. DAWSON, ESQ., LL.D.,

(Principal of McGill College, Montreal.)

### NOVA SCOTIA—THERE IS VIRTUE IN EVERY LAND—OUR NATION'S MISSION—BURNS' ERA.

I regard it as no small honor to be called on, upon this occasion, to represent the land of Burns, more especially as, though by parentage a Scot, the place of my birth is not Old Scotia, but that little British American peninsula which has the boldness to call itself the New Scotland of this western world; and since I have but few opportunities of speaking on behalf of the country dear to me as the land of my birth, I may be permitted to say that Nova Scotia is not unworthy of its name. It is a province full of the same intelligence and energy and manly virtue that distinguish old Scotland, possessing nearly the same natural resources; and it now holds forth its hand to grasp that of its great brother Canada, in friendly union,—a country worthy to be one in the brotherhood of British American nations. But though not by birth a Scotsman, I am a Scot in nearly everything else—my nearest friends and dearest connexions are of that land. I would not, however, be led away by the narrow-minded disposition to exalt Scotland, or any land indeed, above others. In every country and among every people there is something to be admired. The old Egyptians, three or four thousand years ago, so venerated the remains of their prophet Mizraim, whom they worshipped under the name of Osiris, that they hacked his body in pieces, and distributed these relics to be laid up in state in every city in Egypt. It is just so now with the common stock of beauties and virtues that once graced perfect man. They are to be found scattered among every people under heaven—every one has a share, none has all—and they cannot be reunited, except by the spirit of Christianity, arising in the kingdom that is to come. I hold, too, that the great nation of which Scotchmen form no small part has much of this to accomplish. Penetrating with its influence nearly the whole

earth—mighty with the people of every clime—it seeks everywhere to free them from the shackles in which they have been bound—to invite them to stand upon their feet and exercise freely whatever good gifts God has given them. This is the genius of British freedom, and it has nothing in common with that proud and ignorant exclusiveness of fancied superiority which has often been, I am sure unjustly, attributed to it. But every nation has still its peculiarities, and Scotland is no exception. The ultimate causes of these we may find partly in the origin of the people, uniting the warmth and enthusiasm of the Celt with the steady energy of the Teuton; partly in the natural features of the country, so wild and varied; and in its resources, valuable in themselves, but requiring the utmost exertion of labor and skill for their development. We may find it, too, in the influences of education and religion. Burns lived, unhappily for himself, in one of those ebbs of the spirit of his country in which it is difficult for the bark of a great mind to find depth to float. The fire and enthusiasm of the Covenanter had died away. The more chastened religious zeal of modern times had not arisen; and the poet fell too much into the hands of scoffing and careless men, who little represented the true genius of his country. Had he lived a hundred years earlier or a hundred years later, he would have been a still greater poet. But, like all true works of genius, his poetry rose above his time, and he has succeeded so well in expressing the mind of his countrymen, that his spirit, now a century after his birth, in a far better time than that in which he lived, that Scotsmen are stirred up everywhere as by a spontaneous impulse to honor his name.—*Montreal Transcript.*

## 8. HON. PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D.

(*Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada.*)

### THE PRESS AND ITS INFLUENCE IN CANADA.

It is with no small diffidence that I rise to address so brilliant an assemblage in a language not my vernacular, and particularly after the eloquent addresses which you have heard. I would not have accepted the task of speaking on this great subject did I not know that the subject is one which can almost take care of itself. (Applause.) On an occasion like this the toast may be mentioned with advantage; for had it not been for the discovery of printing, it is probable that the songs of Burns would yet be sung in Scotland only, and would not have obtained that wide field of just popularity which they now possess. (Applause.) In this country the press has a great duty to perform; it has to bring together the different nationalities now flourishing on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I ask those present, why should not a common sympathy bind us together? We are of French origin, and are you not of that great Celtic race which has covered not only Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but also France? (Applause.) Is not the language spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales, the same that is spoken in Brittany in France, from the shores of which Jacques Cartier sailed to discover Canada. (Applause.) I can perhaps tell you of a fact not generally known. It is a fact, that the descendants of the men who fought the two battles on the Plains of Abraham are now blended together. The gallant Highlander, finding himself far away from his dear country, saw he could not get Jean, wisely took to Jeannette; he settled and married in Canada. (Laughter and applause.) In the part of the country from which I came, there are those bearing the name of Fraser, Campbell, and Macdonald who, awkwardly as I speak English, would find themselves still more awkwardly placed if called upon to address you this evening in any other language than the French. (Laughter.) The speaker read, as an offering from the Canadian muse to the Scotch muse, the following translation into French of Burns' poem "Caledonia." It was translated into French by Mr. Lenoir.

O myrtes embaumés, laissez les autres terres  
Nous vanter à l'envi leurs bosquets solitaires,  
Dont l'été fait jaillir d'enivrants odeurs.  
J'aime mieux ce vallon, frais et riant asile,  
Où, sur un lit d'argent, coule une onde tranquille,  
Sous la fougère jaune et les genêts en fleurs.

Plus chère est à mon cœur cette douce retraite!  
La blanche marguerite et sa sœur pâquerette  
S'y mêlent au bluet à l'aigrette d'azur,  
Et c'est là que souvent Jeanne, ma bien aimée,  
Vient écouter l'oiseau, caché sous la ramée,  
Jeanne au regard si doux, ma Jeanne au front si pur!

La brise les caresse et le soleil les dore,  
Quand notre froide Ecosse entend la voix sonore  
Des sombres aquilons bondissant sur les flots:  
Mais ces lieux enchautés, qui les foule! l'esclave!  
Le bonheur n'est pas fait pour que porte l'entrave!  
Il appartient au maître! L'autre les sanglots!

Non! le noble Ecossois ne conçoit nulle envie  
De ces biens contestés d'une race asservie.  
Avec un fier dédain, il sait voir tour-à-tour  
Leur bosquets parfumés, leur fertiles campagnes.  
Libre comme le vent qui court sur ses montagnes,  
S'il a porté des fers, ce sont ceux de l'amour!

We subjoin the original poem :

Their groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.  
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;  
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.  
Though rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,  
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,  
Their sweet scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,  
What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!  
The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains,  
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

—*L. C. Journal of Education.*

## II. Canadian and other Historical Papers.

### 1. ABBÉ FERLAND'S HISTORICAL LECTURES.

The *Journal de Quebec* and the *Courrier du Canada* are publishing an interesting *Compte-rendu* of the course of lectures being delivered by Abbé Ferland, in the University of Laval, on the History of Canada. There are two separate reports of this lecture; the best is that published in the *Journal de Quebec*. In the list of historical materials given in the early part of his course, the Abbé seems to be considerably deficient; but the result of his labors, when collected will furnish a not unimportant addition to our native literature.—*Leader.*

### 2. A CENTENARY AT FORT NIAGARA.

A few months since a centennial celebration was held at Fort Du Quesne, Pittsburgh, and it was a brilliant success. A few days ago the Burns' Centenary was celebrated in the various cities where the memory of the true old Scottish Poet has a warm place in the hearts of his and our countrymen. Centennial celebrations, particularly of events connected with the early history of our own country, are not only interesting occurrences, but of great importance in reviving historic memories and cultivating a taste for the study of history, especially among the young.

Upon our northern frontier, near the mouth of our noble Niagara, at the fort which bears the name of the river upon whose banks it stands, one of the most important events in the early history of America occurred on the 24th day of July, 1759, and it is now proposed to have a centennial celebration upon the spot then consecrated by the patriotism and blood of our British forefathers. Upon that day one hundred years will have elapsed since Fort Niagara was surrendered by the French to the English, and the event marked an important crisis in the old French war.

The event to be celebrated occurred on soil now belonging to the United States, and the celebration should be within the American fort; but it is upon the immediate borders of the British Provinces, and one hundred years ago our forefathers were all subjects of the British crown. All circumstances therefore combine to designate that day and that place for an international celebration such as may never occur again.

The Niagara frontier is rich with historic reminiscences, but of all the military exploits that might be celebrated, the surrender of Fort Niagara by the French is perhaps the only one that the subjects of the two governments could appropriately unite in commemorating. We could hardly ask our Canadian friends to meet us in a celebration of the gallant victories of Gen. Scott, nor could we be prepared to join them in renewing the memories of the battle of Queenston Heights. We could stand at the foot of his monument and pay tribute to the noble character of the gallant Brock, but to pass a few rods therefrom and stand upon the brink of the precipice over which hundreds of our brave countrymen were driven to perish in the maddening torrent below, would awaken memories incompatible with feelings appropriate to a joyous international festival. At Fort Niagara, however, we may all meet, and with one heart and one voice pay appropriate tributes of respect to the memories of our common ancestors.

Let the subject be discussed fully and fairly. There is time enough, and yet it is quite time the preliminary arrangements were being made.—*Syracuse, N. Y. Courier.*

## 2. FORT NIAGARA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The proposed centennial of the surrender of the old Fort Niagara by the French to the English, is attracting considerable attention. The plan is for the Yankees and the Canadians to unite in the celebration. The *Niagara Falls Gazette* says that General Burroughs, M. C. from that District; General Duryea, President of the State Military Association; Col. Slocum, of Syracuse; Major Scholesfield, of Oneida, and other military gentlemen favor the idea of an extensive military parade on the occasion.

The old fort in question was established by La Salle, in 1668, as a trading post. In 1686, Gov. Dongan, of the Province of New York, protested against the erection of a fort at that point. This point was regarded as a desirable possession both by the French and the English. In 1687, the French formally took possession of the spot where the fort was. The document which describes this act, says:—It reiterates anew for, and in the name of the King, the taking possession of the said Post of Niagara, several establishments having been formerly made there many years since by the King's order, and especially by Sieur De la Salle having spent several years two leagues above the Great Fall of Niagara, where he had a barque built which navigated, for several years, Lakes Erie, Huron, and Illinois, and of which the stocks (*les chantiers*) are still to be seen. Moreover the said Sieur De la Salle having erected quarters (*logemens*) with settlers at the said Niagara in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight, which quarters were burned twelve years ago by Senecas, which is one of the causes of discontent that with many others have obliged us to wage war against them, and as we considered that the houses we thought fit to rebuild could not remain secure during the war, did we not provide for them. We have resolved to construct a Fort there in which we have placed one hundred men of the King's troops to garrison the same under the command of Sieur de Troyes, one of the Veteran Captains of His Majesty's Troops, with a necessary number of officers to command said soldiers."

The fort was then abandoned in 1688, and remained deserted till 1725, when the French began the old stone building. The fort was finally surrendered July 24th, 1759—which date this year falls on Sunday.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

## 4. CENTENARY OF THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

The 13th of September, 1859, will be the hundredth anniversary of the capture of Quebec, one of the brightest achievements of British valor and British generalship, and at the same time one of the most important events with respect to the subsequent rise of the British Colonial empire. There are few who will fail to appreciate its influence in this respect, but none can, without having personally visited the scene, fully realise the brilliant genius which prompted the attack and the daring valor with which the conception was carried out. It has often been narrated, but the following description, which we believe we are not wrong in attributing to a distinguished Nova Scotian (Sir Fenwick Williams) who visited Quebec last summer, breathes so deeply of the *religio loci*, and is so impressive in the reflections which it naturally creates, that we make no apology for giving it at length:

"Looking northward from the citadel, only a few hundred yards back from the shore of the St. Lawrence we see a continued village, with a single longitudinal street, almost perfectly level, extending for six miles in length, or all the way from St. Charles River to the Montmorenci,—this is Beauport. Where this village stands lay the principal part of Montcalm's force, when in September, 1759, Wolfe made his appearance in the St. Lawrence. It was at the farthest extremity of that village, near the falls of Montmorenci, that he landed and made his first dash at the French intrenchments—and was repulsed. How he re-embarked his troops; how, as a *ruse de guerre*, he sailed past Quebec, nine miles up the river, and then when night came on dropped silently down the stream again in boats, until within about two miles of Cape Diamond; how he landed there, and gained the heights of Abraham, by clambering and dragging cannon up an almost perpendicular bank 200 feet in height, which it was supposed could not be climbed by man; how Montcalm, angry at being outgeneralled, marched round from Beauport, and made a rash and impetuous attack upon the British force, and was signally defeated; and how Quebec, and with it Canada, became the prize of the conquerors; all this is, or ought to be familiar to every reader of British American history. This was a great battle. It was not so by reason of the quantity of blood spilled or the magnitude of the armies engaged, for there could not have been 20,000 men in all on the field on that day. But it was a battle to bring about

which a very able and difficult strategical movement was made on one side, and in which the most extraordinary bravery was exhibited on both; it cost England a Wolfe, France a Montcalm. It was one of those "decisive battles" which determine the fate of nations and which leave their impression upon history for all time. On yonder heights, on that memorable 13th of September, was finally and effectually decided a question which had been pending for two centuries. On that day the power of France upon this continent went down, never to rise more. It was then decided that Britain should reign paramount on the continent of North America. West, as yet the first of American painters has made a scene in this greatest of American battles the subject of his *chef d'œuvre*, "The Death of Wolfe," and the engagement must possess a deep interest for every student of history. What might have been the state of America now? what might have been the position of Britain relative to France and to the world, if Montcalm and not Wolfe had been the victor? And yet we are probably only beginning to see the more grand results of that victory. The events of the present day show that a new, large and powerful empire is rapidly growing up around that nucleus formed by the blood of Wolfe and his victorious comrades on the soil of the Plain of Abraham, and the spot made famous by their victory, is, say we, the most fitting place for the capital of that empire."

Our first excursion about the environs of Quebec is to the battlefield on the heights of Abraham. Between Cape Diamond and these heights there is a broad valley of moderate depth. On the farther or western side of this the land rises to a greater elevation than any part of the surface of the surrounding country except Cape Diamond. From this elevation, still proceeding westward, we reach, by only a very slight descent, the lofty plateau, which may be more properly called the Plain of Abraham. On this plain and about this elevation the battle was fought. On what is the most elevated part of the heights, or nearly so, stood a redoubt, forming, on the day of battle, a support to the French left wing; and here, it is said, Wolfe received his death wound. On lower ground a few yards westward of this, out of view of Quebec and its citadel, is the spot where he breathed his last in the now famous words—"God be praised—I die happy." The spot is marked by a neat, substantial stone obelisk, bearing the inscription—"Here died Wolfe victorious" A walk farther on brings us to the top of the river bank up which Wolfe and his little army climbed. Men will never cease to express their wonder at, and admiration of that feat when they see the spot where it was performed.

The centenary of such an exploit, so glorious and so important, is one which justly deserves to be held in high honor, and we sincerely trust that the movement which, it will be seen, has been commenced to celebrate it in an appropriate manner will be cordially responded to, not only in England but in British North America. The former can hardly be slow to mark one of the brightest passages in her annals, which the sagacity of the great Chatham conceived, which a Wolfe so nobly carried out, and in which the valor of her English and Highland regiments stands so conspicuous. By the latter it may be regarded as the foundation of the great empire which is destined to spread civilization over the north of the American continent. To our French Canadian fellow-countrymen, it can come with no feelings of regret or of dishonor. The same monument which records the success of Wolfe, does honor to the heroism of Montcalm. In the freest enjoyment of their liberty, their religion, and their ancient usages, let them consider the vicissitudes which they have escaped by their severance from France, and from this epoch let them regard with feelings of honest pride and gratification their influence and weight in the community of the United Canadas.—*Canadian News.* [NOTE.—The *Montreal Pilot* first called attention to this subject. *Ed. J. of E.*]

## 4. A FRENCH CONSUL IN CANADA.

Precisely one hundred years after the cession of the country, the French Government renews its connection with Canada, by appointing a Consul to reside at the port of Quebec. As the diplomatic relations between England and Rome ceased at the time of the Reformation, so all sort of connection between the French Government and Canada ended at the time of the conquest. The severance of the connection between parent and offspring, was at one blow, much more complete than the mere breaking off of a national connection has been in some other not dissimilar cases. Not only did Canada cease to be a French Colony; it also ceased to be the home of French emigrants. Many, who occupied particular positions in the Colony, even quit the country when it fell under British dominion. It would be almost literally true to say that no Frenchman sought it as a future home; for it is doubtful whether, during the last hundred years, as many emigrants from France have come to settle in Lower Canada. The recollection of the French Canadians of their mother country has become a tradition, dimmed with the mists of time; a thing which the fathers of the present generation know only as a tale



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

### III. Biographical Sketches.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

country, and from the University of Oxford. His labors were performed by the aid of a reader and an amanuensis, and his ample fortune enabled him to command readily the sources of knowledge. It is truly said of him, that "his fame has been won by no artifice, and is therefore capable of no reversal. The extent of his researches, the fidelity of his selection, the skill of his arrangement, the perspicacity of his judgment, the candor of his whole nature, and the beauty of his style have been everywhere acknowledged, and by none more warmly than by those who have come the nearest to exhibiting the same combination. His death is a national loss, for he was one of the few, very few, who have put our claims to a national literature, incontestably before the civilized world. His fine frank countenance was the index of a truly noble character; his manners were simple, his sympathies warm, his temper genial, his nature unselfish. His list of friends included everybody who knew him. The daily beauty of his life was no ideal of a poet, but the actual of a loving nature and a trusting heart."

In a recent address upon the life and character of Mr. Prescott, Hon. George Bancroft said:—

"His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever at the same hour, he rose early alike in Winter and in Summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to lassitude or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in the darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme.

"For this reason, at the period of his life when he rode much on horse-back—and he was an excellent and fearless rider—it was his choice and his habit to go out alone; and in his stated exercise on foot, you might be sure that, when by himself, his mind was shaping out work for the rest of the day. In this way, systematic in his mode of life, he proceeded onward and still onward, till the eyes of the world were turned with admiration on the genial scholar, who with placid calmness, courageously trampled appalling difficulty under foot, and gained the first place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

#### IV. Papers on Natural History.

##### 1. WHITE PARTRIDGES.

The Quebec *Mercury* says that white partridges have made their appearance in that region this winter. The Indians report them plenty at the Saguenay, where they never were seen before. Their bill differs in shape from that of the brown partridge, and they are also very thickly feathered down the talons like "bantams." Many years ago the first one then known was presented to Lord Aylmer. In 1844, also, they made their appearance, and now again are met with on all sides. The three lately killed were preserved as curiosities in the Museum of the Quebec Historical Society.

##### 2. THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT ON KINDNESS TO HORSES.

At a recent horse fair in Springfield, Mass., the Hon. Edward Everett delivered a very eloquent speech, in the course of which he said:—

If there is any one who doubts that the horse—the animal that most concerns us on this occasion—is susceptible of the kindest feelings of our nature, I think he would be convinced of his error by a most interesting anecdote of Edmund Burke. In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living in retirement on his farm at Baconfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad; and the fact that was stated in support of this rumor was that he went round his park kissing the cows and horses. A friend, a man of rank and influence, hearing this story, and deeming it of too much importance to be left uncorrected, hastened down to Baconfield, and sought an interview, with the view of ascertaining the truth of the rumor. He entered into conversation with him. Mr. Burke read to him some chapters from his "Letters on a Regicide peace." His friend immediately saw, that though the earthly tenement was verging back to its native dust, the lamp of reason and genius shown with undiminished lustre within. He was accordingly more than satisfied as to the object of his coming down, and in a private interview with Mrs. Burke told her what he had come for, and received from her this pathetic explanation:—

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had not long before died, leaving behind him a favorite old horse, the companion of his

excursions of business and pleasure, when both were young and vigorous. This favorite animal was turned out by Mr. Burke, the father, into the park, with directions to all his servants that he should in every respect be treated as a privileged favorite. Mr. Burke himself, of course, in his morning walks, would often stop to caress the favorite animal. On one occasion, as he was taking his morning walk through the park, he perceived the poor old animal at a distance, and noticed in turn that he was recognized by him. The horse drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a most pleading look of recognition, which said, as plainly as words could have said—"I have lost him too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head upon Mr. Burke's bosom! Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollection of his son, whom he had never ceased to mourn with a grief that would not be comforted, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal, expressed in the mute eloquence of holy Nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and, clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up that voice, which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them, and wept aloud!

This was seen, and was heard by the passers by, and the enemies of Burke, unappeased by his advancing years, by his failing health, by his domestic sorrows, made it the ground of a charge of insanity. "Burke had gone mad;" but, sir, so help me Heaven, if I were called upon to designate the event or the period in Burke's life that would best sustain a charge of insanity, it would not be when, in a gush of the holiest and purest feeling that ever stirred the human heart, he wept aloud on the neck of his dead son's favorite horse; but it would rather be when, at the meridian of his fame, when the orb of his imperial genius rode highest in the heavens, amidst the scoffs of cringing courtiers, and the sneers of trading patriots, he abased his glorious powers to the scramblings and squabbings of the day, and,

"Born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

##### 3. GERMAN TREE-FROGS.

Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green tree-frogs, which I had caught in the wood, near the town. The Germans call them *Laub Frosch*, or leaf-frogs. They are most difficult things to find, on account of their so much resembling the leaves on which they live. I have frequently heard one singing in a small bush, and, though I have searched carefully, have not been able to find him. The only way is to remain quite quiet till he again begins his song. After much ambush work, at length I collected a dozen frogs and put them in a bottle. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and, after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking and my frogs though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord, all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they, one and all of them, began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the compartment of the coach quite deafening; well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake, to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again, two or three times.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

#### V. Papers on Physical Science.

##### I. THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

We have received a copy of Sir W. E. Logan's Report for 1857, of the progress made in the Geological Survey of Canada. It is known that that gentleman rather directs, superintends, and reports for the parties actually examining the phenomena to be ascertained, than himself personally makes the examination. In the year 1857 he was principally engaged, with Mr. Billings, in perfecting the Provincial collection illustrative of Canadian Geology. There were, however, operations carried on in surveying the coast and strata on a part of the north side of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron (more particularly about the French River and Echo Lake), and the results are recorded in this

Report. Another party was employed in the Lower St. Lawrence, and particularly about the Magdelene River and Gaspé Bay. Together with geological descriptions of their neighborhoods, we have accounts of their geographic and economic character. Then there are given, by Sir W. E. Logan, Reports upon the Fauna at certain parts of the Lower St. Lawrence, upon Canadian graptolites, upon limestones of the Black River and Galt, and upon dolomites in the Lower St. Lawrence and about Galt. There is a Report from Lieut. E. D. Ashe, R.N., upon the longitudes of several principal points in this country, which are now determined with exactness. And there is a business-like discussion upon the new artificial manure made from refuse fish, &c., in the Gaspé Bay. The volume contains four maps, and a number of wood cuts, illustrative of the Geological and Geographical information thus given. While this information is largely scientific and the style technical, it is interspersed with discussions of immediate popular interest. Persons who intend having a complete collection of these Reports, and those who are studying to get into their mind a connected geological view of this country, should now secure copies of this volume, which has been printed by order of the House of Assembly.—*Colonist*.

### 2. THE MARBLE AND LIMESTONE OF THE OTTAWA.

Mr. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, in a lecture on the Economic Geology of Canada, after describing the various kinds of Marbles, proceeded to speak of those found in Canada. At Arnprior, near the mouth of the Madawaska River, there was a very beautiful variety, in which bands and stripes of dark blue irregularly occurred, giving it sometimes a zebra-like appearance. A marble-worker here had polished some blocks of this stone, and Sir William Logan had pronounced the opinion that it was a rock which could be wrought with great ease, and which would form an excellent material for decorating the interior of houses. At Moosinaw Lake, Mr. Hunt had seen masses which for beauty and uniformity of color would bear comparison with the finest marble of Carrara. The famous statue of Apollo Belvidere was a dolomite, chemically identical with this beautiful white limestone of Moosinaw Lake. The limestone of Grenville, Chatham, and further up the Ottawa, when dressed, would make an abundant and beautiful material for the front of houses, superior to that used in New York and Philadelphia.—*Leader*.

### 3. THEORY OF RAIN STORMS.

At the meeting of the Hamilton Association, on Monday of last week, an able and interesting paper was read by Dr. Hurlburt on the subject of Rain Storms, more particularly with reference to that which visited our city in the early part of November. This storm was heaviest in Chicago and Milwaukee on the 1st and 2nd of November, and at Hamilton, 400 miles distant, from 7 or 8 p. m., of the 5th of November, till 9 p. m., of the 6th. The wind was east or E.N.E.; a Milwaukee paper states that, for several days previously, it had blown mainly from the east, and the wrecks on all the Upper Lakes testify to the violence and extent of the storm. Nevertheless, the storm receded eastward about 100 miles a day. On the day during which the rain was the heaviest in Chicago, it was cloudy in Hamilton, and the storm had spent itself in Chicago before it began here. The thermometer, during the six days it lasted, was at an average of 47.83 at 9 a. m., and 47.66 at 9 p. m., the highest being 52° and the lowest 45°. The barometer varied little from the average of the time of year, 19.66.

The records of many such storms, with an east wind, show that they recede eastward often at 800 miles a day. Two interesting questions are here suggested: 1st. Why do these storms occur mostly at this time of the year? and 2nd. Why do they recede eastward, while the wind is blowing from the east? In connection with these questions, it is useful to consider the function of the winds as an immediate producing cause of rain.

The most general classification of the winds would be: 1. The two great currents which flow from the equator towards the poles, and *vice versa*; and 2. local winds, such as land and sea breezes, hurricanes, whirlwinds, &c. The two great currents of air which flow north and south may be compared to the two great currents of the ocean, the tropic and arctic streams. Like them they are deflected from their general course to a north-east and south-west direction. In the temperate zones, in the interior of both continents, the winds are as a general movement, from the west, and at a rate of 400 or 500 miles a day. This is the upper return current from the equator; the under currents are variable, modified by mountains and valleys, climate, and the presence or absence of water.

The immediate producing cause of rain and snow is the meeting of currents of air differing in temperature, by which the vapour is condensed, and clouds formed. Rain falls in showers in hot climates, and even in hot weather in high latitudes; in cold atmosphere, it falls more gently, sometimes even in drizzling rain and mist, and continues

longer, often for several days. Rains in the torrid zone are occasioned by the meeting of the S. W. and N. W. trade winds; the land and sea breezes, with the warm air from the tropic plains. Nor must electricity be forgotten as an agency in storms.

These N.E. storms appear at this time of the year, and in early spring, only in these latitudes. Further north, they are earlier, and south of us, later in the autumn: between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of latitude, causing the heavy winter rains. They occur on the borders of the snow line, by the conflict of the warm and cold winds from the S.W. and N.E. In the spring, there are similar storms such as our heavy snow storms from the east in February and March, and in fact at all seasons of the year in both hemispheres on the borders of the snow line. But in mid-winter or mid-summer, as the weather becomes settled, that is so great a distance from the snow line that the opposing currents do not meet, there are calms or winds generally in one direction, and hence little or no rain or snow.

But why do these storms recede eastwards against an east wind? Because the great body of the air in these latitudes moves from west to east, carrying with it these as it does other storms. Again, by the great heat of the sun to the south or S.W. the temperature of those regions is raised much above that of the more northern parts, the air rises rapidly, and the colder and heavier air of the north and N.E. flow in to fill up the vacuum. The movement of the air from any particular locality westward, creates a vacuum which must be supplied by the colder air from the east and N.E. Thus an easterly wind will begin west of us, and work towards us, causing rain at the points of disturbance, as it recedes eastward: the more powerful winds of the west always in the end prevail and carry the whole phenomena eastward.—*Hamilton Times*.

## VI. Papers on Practical Education.

### 1. QUESTIONS TO TEACHERS ON SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.\*

1. What is the chief difference between a gallery-lesson and a class lesson? How would you arrange four classes in the gallery of a class-room, and in what part of the room should you wish the window to be?
2. In a reading-lesson to a first class of 30 children, how would you place them before you, and how would you give a lesson from a fourth book?
3. What apparatus is necessary for a class-room in which the upper class of a good school receives instruction?
4. In your school did your Teacher criticise the lessons which you gave to your class, and did he or she give lessons to your class to serve as models for your teaching? State carefully how this was done.
5. Say exactly the method in which you give and revise a lesson in dictation.
6. What chief objects are to be attained by a good Time-table? Where was the Time-table of your class kept?
7. What practice have you had in keeping School-register? Explain clearly how you would find the average of attendance per week, per quarter and year?
8. At what hour, and on what method did you receive the daily private instruction of 1½ hour from your Teacher? Name the subject in which you received instruction during the last year.
9. Give the heads, and framework (but not the notes) of a lesson on some subject.
10. What hours do you give to recreation, and what out-of-door exercise do you take daily?
11. Describe, briefly, the locality and buildings of your school.
12. What are chief advantages in becoming an Assistant Teacher before you take sole charge of a School.

### 2. MUSIC IN SCHOOLS AN AID TO STUDY.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Education of New York city, William Cullen Bryant, of the N. Y. Evening Post, made a speech upon the subject of Music in Schools, from which we extract the following:

"In making music a branch of school education, we give new attraction to our common schools. Music is not only a study, it is an entertainment; wherever there is music, there is a crowd of listeners. We complain that our common schools are not attended as they should be. What is to be done? Shall we compel the attendance of children? Rather let us, if we can, so order things, that children shall attend voluntarily—shall be eager to crowd to the schools; and for this purpose nothing can be more effectual, it seems

\* These questions will furnish several suggestions on the management of Schools to County Boards of Public Instruction.—*Ed.*

to me, than the art to which the ancients ascribed such power that, according to the fables of their poets, it drew the very stones of the earth from their beds, and piled them in a wall around the city of Thebes.

"It should be considered, moreover, that music in schools is useful as a motive to study. After a weary hour of poring over books, with perhaps some discouragement on the part of the learner, if not despair at the hardness of the task, a song puts him in a more hopeful and cheerful mood. The play of the jungs freshens the circulation of the blood, and he sits down again to his task in better spirits, and with an invigorated mind. Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by music."

### 3. EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

It is assuredly then a thing to be profoundly regretted, that not one man in a thousand develops the hidden capacities of his organs of visions, either as regards its utilitarian or its æsthetic applications. The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None so blind as those that will not see" is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness, we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in the one pregnant sentence, "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is that? The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle-ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of the squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as a mark to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the out-spread fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions in colour, where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

Man is a harp whose cords elude the sight,  
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;  
The screws reversed (a task which if He please,  
God in a moment executes with ease),  
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—  
Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.—COWPER.

—(From the "School and the Teacher.")

### 4. THE BEST ENGLISH.

We may say in Latin-English, "Fidelity attends virtue;" but if we use Saxon-English, "Well-being arises from well-doing;" it is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from the "Departments of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:—

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast;  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill  
And their hearts heaved but once, and for ever grow still!"

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*English Sunday School Magazine.*

### 5. NUMBER OF WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, in a recent lecture on the English language says, that the English words found in use by good writers hardly fall short of 100,000. Even if a man was able on extraordinary occasions to bring into use half of that number, he generally contented himself with far fewer. Each individual used in his daily life a repertory of words to some extent peculiar to himself. Few scholars used as many as 10,000 English words; ordinary people not more than 3000. In all Shakespeare there were not more than 15,000 words; in all Milton, 8000. Of the Egyptians hieroglyphics there were but 800, and it was said that the vocabulary of the Italian opera was scarcely greater.

### 6. BOYS DONT GIVE UP.

A Chinaman will contend at the annual literary examination till he is seventy or eighty years old, although with the bare possibility of ultimate success. Mr. Cabanis, a missionary at Shanghai, says, that his teacher saw a man at the last examination who is 84 years old, and who has not yet despaired of graduating.

We are sad dunces in the school of life, reading our lessons slowly. And when Grief, with her sharp dagger, pricks our heart string sore

(seeing our little sorrow magnified through the false microscope of selfishness,) we cry out, 'Wo!' as if God were not just; as if the power which paints the tender flowers red, blue, or purple, as best pleases it, feeds them with sunshine, strengthens them with storms, and moulds them perfectly, were not the same which builds our lives up; knowing not, if we live passively as they do, in His hands, we, too, should grow up perfect in His sight, through good and evil, and our star of faith, for every night of wo, would lengthen out, a rainbow pavement, which our souls might climb to grasp the light beyond.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

## VII. Miscellaneous.

### 1. SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!  
They are springing forth again;  
Are opening their gentle eyes  
In forest and in plain!  
They cluster around the ancient stems  
And ivied roots of trees,  
Like children playing gracefully  
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!  
Their pure and radiant eyes  
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,  
Like angels from the skies!  
They say that nought exists on earth,  
However poor and small.  
Unseen by God; the meanest things,  
He careth for them all!  
The fairest types are they  
Of the soul springing from its night  
To sunshine and to day:  
For though they lie all dead and cold  
With winter's snow above,  
The glorious spring doth call them forth,  
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!  
We greet ye well and long!  
With light and warmth, and sunny smile,  
And harmony and song!  
All dull and sad would be this earth,  
Were your bright beauties not:  
And thus, without life's Flowers of Love,  
Oh! what would be our lot?

### 2. HOME DUTIES AND HOME ENJOYMENTS.

There is a class of blessings so quiet and peaceful, that men seldom pause to take note of them; and yet no others on earth are so precious. I mean *social blessings*. But, invaluable as they are, their history is unwritten. The achievements of armies, the machinery of governments, and the lives of great men, are nearly all that the historian has recorded. In fact, most that makes up the social life of people cannot come before the public eye. It lies in the shadow of more imposing objects, and the veil of privacy covers it. But should their history be written, they would be found to have governed, unseen, those greater events on which men gaze with wonder. The great ones, who have led in public affairs, and stamped their impress on their age, have themselves come from the bosom of social life, and from the shaping power of its silent influences. They have been borne up on the flood they seemed to guide. They were the index, not the contents of their age.

But if much of private life is insignificant to the world, and much too dark to look upon, still, it might present some of the brightest pictures, which it were refreshing to study. If it does not show us heroes in the battle-field, and kings in palaces, it might exhibit many a peaceful community thriving in all arts of industry; many a neighbourhood consulting its common interests in unpretending council, or gathering in smiling circles of friendship; and many a hamlet and cottage sprinkling valley and hill-side; every day the centres of honest toil and pleasant cares, and every evening gathering a joyous company around a cheerful fire to mingle the voices of innocent mirth, and song and praise—the homes of affection, and virtue, and peace. You might see greatness without its show, worth without its pretence, and every kindly feeling of humanity rooting itself in warm hearts, and blooming out in its own freshness and beauty.

We are all made for society. The best virtues are dwarfed, the best sympathies dry up, and man's whole nature becomes one-sided

and selfish when he isolates himself from common interests and the common weal. He needs to link himself to the living trunk of human society, or, like a severed branch, he falls withered and useless. The vitality of our nature must flow into it through those various ties which hold men together in a social life. Every natural tie feeds some natural affection; every affection is a source of some new joy; and thus all social ties were intended to enter into one still higher, stronger, and happier, that binds us to the beneficent Author of every joy.

But, like all other natural gifts intended to bless, if perverted, they may bring a curse. It is, then, an important question, how the advantages designed to grow out of the social relations may be secured.

The social enjoyments of a people depend upon their social character; their social character is very much the result of social training, and this training is mostly in the household—the family at home. And if we notice, also, the wider relations of society branching out through all its departments, we find they rest on the same basis; their corner-stone is home. To the question, then, how can social enjoyments be promoted? The answer is—*make your homes happy.*

Let us suggest, then, some things which may tend to promote the happiness of home.

1. Each in the home circle must have a benevolent spirit, or have a disposition to make the rest happy. If one be heedless of the wishes of the others, but tenacious of his own gratification, he acts on a selfish principle, which can sunder all human ties. A benevolent spirit will lead to frequent self-denial for others' good, and it is the corner-stone on which the happiness of home must rest.

2. Avoid the positive causes which tend to mar the peace of home. Everything which will be likely to displease, if unnecessary, should be avoided. The happiness of a day may be destroyed by a single word or action, and its repetition may keep a family in constant turmoil. Small things may embitter life. He who would knowingly give unnecessary pain is wanting in humane feelings.

3. Each must have a forbearing spirit.

No one, that knows himself, imagines that he is perfect, even as a social being. He needs the forbearance of others, and he must be willing to extend it to them. To ask perfection in others, when one has only imperfections to give in return, is not a fair exchange. There will often be difference of opinion, but there need be no alienation of feeling. Let the judgment lean to the side of charity, and what charity cannot cover, let forbearance excuse.

4. Be ready to ask forgiveness.

Many are too little to do this. But nothing can so stamp one's character with the seal of true greatness, as a free, open, penitent acknowledgement of a wrong, whenever it has been done. And when such spirits are together, harmony cannot long be broken, though the house be small.

5. Cultivate an open, communicative spirit.

An open expression of thought and feeling leads to a wider comparison of views, to more intelligent judgments, and to a knowledge of one another, which removes distrust, and forms the only true basis of mutual confidence and sympathy. Minds cannot flow into one another unless they know each other—unless they are open and communicative. Most subjects may be familiarly conversed upon. At least, a spirit of reserve should be avoided. If characteristic of a family in their relations to each other, it stops the spontaneous outflowing of feeling and thought; it deadens sympathy, chills affection, and thus breaks the sweetest charm of home.

6. Another requisite is the faithful performance of relative duties.

Every social relation involves corresponding social duties. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, owe to each other respectively the duties of these relations. It is a fundamental law, in all the relationships of society, that they involve reciprocal duties which balance one another. And if a person sustain a relation and neglect its duties, he violates the very principle of harmony in the social system. He disowns his own nature. He is worse than an infidel.

7. Cultivate a relish for useful knowledge.

Some of the family, at least, have leisure. Let them so use it as to increase the common stock of knowledge. If a family dwell only on the routine of daily affairs, or on events of mere local importance, their minds will want vigour and scope. The hour of leisure will drag heavily. Life will pass in a dull monotony. Home will be wanting in attractiveness. But enlarge and elevate the thoughts of home circle, and it will give vigour to the intellect and freshness to the feelings; it will waken the spirit of inquiry, prompt, to diligent reading and study, and pour into the daily conversation vivacity, variety, and elevated sentiment. Let young minds grow up surrounded by a spirit of intelligence which reads, which investigates; not mere news of the day, but that which is of substantial importance—the very kernel of truth. It is dangerous to the happiness of a family, if its leading members sink into mental sluggish-

ness. Many a young mind has sought low and vicious excitement abroad, for want of proper mental employment at home.

8. Cherish the social affections.

Nothing can supply the want of these. They give to domestic life its bloom and fragrance. Under their influence every burden is light, every employment cheerful, every care sweet. Without them all mutual service is a kind of task-work, and life itself cold and cheerless. A sense of duty, however strong, is not sufficient. A determination to do just what one is obliged to do in the thousand little cares of domestic life overtakes the conscience, and leaves little room for the play of the affections. These are not altogether spontaneous. They may be cherished—directly, by little attentions and kindnesses which feed them; indirectly, by avoiding whatever drinks up their life—seeking pleasure abroad, apart from the family—self indulgence, too absorbing pursuit of wealth or honour—anything which does not give room for the growth and play of the social affections. We are too much a restless, outgoing, worldly people. There is a wearisome plodding which exhausts the body, depresses the mind, hardens the sensibilities, and drinks up the warm, the playful, and the affectionate, those heart-smiles which are the sunlight of home. What is stern, overreaching, and ambitious in active life preponderates over what is cordial, confiding, and affectionate in social life. We need a more tropical atmosphere to breathe its blandness and transparency through our feeling and manner. Our social character wants depth, and warmth, and simplicity, and genuineness. We are too calculating, selfish, unsympathizing, heartless. We should be more ready to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep; to look, not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others; to be kindly affectioned one to another, in honour preferring one another. And until that religion which comes from the atmosphere of heaven shall breathe its own true spirit in our hearts, to temper our worldliness, to deepen our feelings, and to open the fountains of sympathy, we shall have a wintry climate; the frost will creep in to the very hearthstone of domestic joys, and freeze up the fountains of social happiness.

Of what pure affections and warm sympathies has a kind Providence made us capable! And He instituted the social relations for them, that they might grow out from them, and, like blossoms on our sterner nature, shed their sweetness upon human life. Tender and precious are the ties that bind us to the dear circle of home. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister—the nearest, the sweetest ties that earth can know; and these, gathered up and sheltered under one roof, and blending together all their endearments!

If one have a happy home, he will carry its cheerful spirit with him in the world; it will shine out in the smiles of his countenance, and others that sit not by his fireside will feel its warmth. It matters not so much that in the jostle of a selfish world one sometimes meets its stern competition, its coldness, or even its treachery, if he can turn daily to refresh himself in a home of true smiles and genuine virtue, and warm affections. There is in this world no place like a happy home! There is no computing its influence on happiness or character. Nothing has such a shaping power as home influences. They are first and deepest, and habitual. They are penetrating and all-pervading. They touch every spring and element of the character. It is here one appears what he is. Abroad he may be another person. Temporary feelings may govern him. He may wear the dignity of station, or ape the manners of fashion. At home, he is himself. And how refreshing if we are permitted to lift the curtain which conceals the private life of one honored by the world, to find that he has all those lively traits of social character, those fresh, and simple, and kindly feelings which go out playfully of their own accord, in a thousand ways, and are the genial sunshine of home. If we revered the man before, we love him now, and raise our estimate of his true greatness. Would that all who are honoured and useful abroad, were qualified to be happy, and to make others happy at home. But the qualities essential to this do not come of themselves; they must be sought and cherished. Oh, to have light in one's dwelling—in one's early, first home! so that in after years, whenever he wanders in a dark world, he may think of one bright spot, the home of his childhood, and in hours of sadness feast upon his hallowed recollections, and dream of it as the sweetest image of heaven.

### 3. PERAMBULATIONS OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

On the occasion of the recent removal of the members of the United States Senate to their new Chamber, the Vice-President said: "I have been charged by the committee to whom you confided the arrangements of this day, with the duty of expressing some of the reflections that naturally occur in taking final leave of a Chamber which has so long been occupied by the Senate. In the progress

of our country and the growth of the representation, this room has become too contracted for the representatives of the States now existing and soon to exist; and accordingly you are about to exchange it for a Hall affording accommodations adequate to the present and the future. The occasion suggests many interesting reminiscences; and it may be agreeable, in the first place, to occupy a few minutes with a short account of the various places at which Congress has assembled, of the struggles which preceded the permanent location of the seat of Government, and of the circumstances under which it was finally established on the banks of the Potomac.

"The Congress of the Revolution was sometimes a fugitive, holding its sessions, as the chances of war required, at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, Annapolis and Yorktown. During the period between the conclusion of peace and the commencement of the present Government, it met at Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York.

"After the idea of a permanent Union had been executed in part by the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, the question presented itself of fixing a seat of Government, and this immediately called forth intense interest and rivalry.

"That the place should be central, having regard to the population and territory of the confederacy, was the only point common to the contending parties. Propositions of all kinds were offered, debated, and rejected, sometimes with intemperate warmth. At length, on the 7th of October, 1783, the Congress being at Princeton, whither they had been driven from Philadelphia, by the insults of a body of armed men, it was resolved that a building for the use of Congress be erected near the falls of the Delaware. This was soon after modified by requiring suitable buildings to be also erected near the falls of the Potomac, that the residence of Congress might alternate between those places. But the question was not allowed to rest, and at length, after frequent and warm debates, it was resolved that the residence of Congress should continue at one place; and commissioners were appointed with full power to lay out a district for a Federal town near the falls of the Delaware; and in the mean time Congress assembled alternately at Trenton and Annapolis; but the representatives of other states were unremitting in exertions for their respective localities.

"On the 23rd of December, 1784, it was resolved to move to the City of New York, and to remain there until the building on the Delaware should be completed; and accordingly on the 11th of January, 1785, the Congress met at New York, where they continued to hold their sessions until the Confederation gave place to the Constitution.

"The Commissioners to lay out a town on the Delaware reported their proceedings to Congress; but no further steps were taken to carry the resolution into effect.

"When the bonds of union were drawn closer by the organization of new government under the constitution, on the 3rd of March, 1789, the subject was revived and discussed with greater warmth than before. It was concluded on all sides that the residence of Congress should continue at one place, and the prospect of stability in the government invested the question with a deeper interest. Some members proposed New York as being 'superior to any place they knew for the orderly and decent behaviour of its inhabitants.' To this it was answered that it was not desirable that the political capital should be in a commercial metropolis. Others ridiculed the idea of building palaces in the woods. Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, thought it highly unreasonable to fix the seat of Government in such position as to have nine states of the thirteen to the Northward of the place; while the South Carolinians objected to Philadelphia on account of the number of Quakers, who, they said, continually annoyed the Southern members with schemes of emancipation.

"In the midst of these disputes, the House of Representatives resolved, 'that the permanent seat of Government ought to be at some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna.' On the introduction of a bill to give effect to this resolution, much feeling was exhibited, especially by the Southern members. Mr. Madison thought if the proceedings of that day had been foreseen by Virginia, that state might not have become a party to the Constitution. The question was allowed by every member to be a matter of great importance. Mr. Scott said the future tranquility and well being of the United States depended as much on this as on any question that ever had, or could, come before Congress; and Mr. Fisher Ames remarked that every principle of pride and honor and even of patriotism were engaged. For a time, any agreement appeared to be impossible; but the good genius of our system finally prevailed, and on the 28th of June, 1790, an act was passed containing the following clause:—

"That a district of territory on the river Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the eastern branch and the Connogocheague, be, and the same is hereby accepted, for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States."

"The same act provided that the Congress should hold its sessions

at Philadelphia until the first Monday in November, 1800, when the Government should remove to the district selected on the Potomac. Thus was settled a question which had produced much sectional feeling between the States. But all difficulties were not yet surmounted; for Congress, either from indifference, or the want of money, failed to make adequate appropriations for the erection of public buildings, and the commissioners were often reduced to great straits to maintain the progress of the work. Finding it impossible to borrow money in Europe, or to obtain it from Congress, Washington, in December, 1796, made a personal appeal to the Legislature of Maryland, which was responded to by an advance of \$100,000; but in so deplorable a condition was the credit of the Federal Government that the state required, as a guarantee of payment, the pledge of the private credit of the commissioners.

"From the beginning Washington had advocated the present seat of Government. Its establishment here was due, in a large measure, to his influence; it was his wisdom and prudence that quieted disputes and settled conflicting titles, and it was chiefly through his personal influence that the funds were provided to prepare the buildings for the reception of the President and Congress.

"The wings of the Capitol having been sufficiently prepared, the Government removed to this District on the 17th November, 1800; or as Mr. Wolcott expressed it, left the comforts of Philadelphia 'to go to the Indian place with the long name, in the woods of the Potomac.' I will not pause to describe the appearance, at that day, of the place where the city was to be. Contemporary accounts represent it as desolate in the extreme, with its long unopened avenues and streets, its deep morasses, and its vast area covered with trees instead of houses. It is enough to say that Washington projected the whole plan upon a scale of centuries, and that time enough remains to fill the measure of his great conception.

"The Senate continued to occupy the North wing, and the House of Representatives the South wing of the Capitol, until the 24th of August, 1814, when the British army entered the City and burned the public buildings. This occurred during the recess, and the President immediately convened the Congress. Both Houses met in a brick building known as Blodget's Hotel, which occupied part of the square now covered by the General Post Office. But the accommodations in that house being quite insufficient, a number of public spirited citizens erected a more commodious building on Capitol hill, and tendered it to Congress; the offer was accepted, and both Houses continued to occupy it until the wings of the new Capitol were completed. This building yet stands on the street opposite to the North-eastern corner of the Capitol Square, and has since been occasionally occupied by persons employed in different branches of the public service.

"On the 6th of December, 1819, the Senate assembled for the first time in this Chamber, which has been the theatre of their deliberations for more than thirty-nine years, and now the strifes and uncertainties of the past are finished, we see around us on every side the proofs of stability and improvement; this Capitol is worthy of the republic; noble public buildings meet the view on every hand; treasures of science and the arts begin to accumulate. As this flourishing city enlarges, it testifies to the wisdom and forecast that dictated the plan of it. Future generations will not be disturbed with questions concerning the centre of population, or of territory, since the steamboat, the railroad, and the telegraph have made communication almost instantaneous. The spot is sacred by a thousand memories, which are so many pledges that the City of Washington, founded by him and bearing his revered name, with its beautiful site, bounded by picturesque eminences, and the broad Potomac, and lying within view of his home and tomb, shall remain forever the political capitol of the United States.\*

#### 4. LEGAL EFFECT OF REPEATING GOSSIP.

"THEY SAY."—There is a decision in the last volume of Gray's American Law Reports, which is at once sound morals and good law. A woman, sued for slander, defended on the ground that she only repeated, and without malice, what was currently reported. The Court held that to repeat a story, which is false and slanderous, no matter how widely it may have been circulated, is at the peril of the tale bearer. Slander can not always be traced to its origin. Its power of mischief is derived from repetition, even if a disbelief of the story accompanies its relation. Indeed this half doubtful way of imparting slander, is often the surest method resorted to by the slandered to give currency to his tale.

#### 5. BE SPARING OF DRUGS.

Dr. Holmes, whose reputation as a physician is equal to his literary popularity, in a valedictory address to the medical students of Harvard University, delivered recently, gives the following, we

\* The little State of Rhode Island and the State of Connecticut still continue the alternate or perambulating system with their Seat of Government. There are two Capitals in each of these States.—[Ed. J. of Ed.]

doubt not, judicious advice to the medical students who were about to graduate :—"With regard to the exhibition of drugs as a part of your medical treatment, the golden rule is, *be sparing*. Many remedies you give would make a well person so ill that he would send for you at once if he had taken one of your doses accidentally. It is not quite fair to give such things to a sick man, unless it is clear that they will do more good than the very considerable harm you know they will cause. Be very gracious with children especially. I have seen old men shiver at the recollection of a rhubarb and jalap of infancy. You may depend upon it that half the success of homœopathy is due to the sweet peace it has brought into the nursery. Between the gurgling down of loathsome mixtures and the saccharine deliquescence of a minute globule, what tender mother could for a moment hesitate?"

VIII. Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

**F — KINGSTON EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.**—Last month a superior school house was delivered over to the Trustees by the Contractors. It is situated on the continuation of Johnson street, having a frontage also on Division street, the ground on which it stands being a corner lot. The building is two stories high, with a handsome belfry on the central apex of the roof. It is divided into four compartments, two above and two below, each 32 by 28 feet, and 12½ feet from the floor to the ceiling. The arrangements for ventilation are so perfect as to admit of a renewal of fresh air every twenty minutes, a desideratum which will be appreciated when it is understood that each room is calculated to accommodate at least seventy-five pupils. The first, or lower flat, is to be occupied by the boys, and the second by the girls. The entrance to the lower flat is on Johnson street, and that for the girls on Division street. The play grounds for the two sexes are quite distinct, being divided by the building itself and the wood-sheds and other necessary outbuildings constructed across the lot to its boundary in the rear. The rooms are lighted by handsome arched windows on every side, and are furnished with desks and seats of modern construction. The desks are made of black walnut, just of sufficient length to accommodate two children. They are supported by iron steadings which are screwed fast to the floor. The seats are made like ordinary Windsor chairs, only that instead of legs they have each a single hollow iron post, or supporter, on which the chair bottom rests, the base being fastened to the floor with screws. This excellent arrangement most effectually does away with the crowding or "scrouging" as the boys sometimes term it, so common where the long benches are used. The schoolmaster's and mistresses' seats are upon an elevated platform at one side of the room, placed so as to command a full view of the whole school.

The following is the state of the Common Schools in this city for the year ending January 31st, 1859. There were twelve schools in operation, and sixteen teachers employed :—

PUPILS.

Total number of Pupils on the Roll,.....	1,716
Number of Boys,.....	945
"    of Girls,.....	771
Average attendance of Pupils,.....	761
"    "    of Boys,.....	428
"    "    of Girls,.....	358

SCHOOL VISITS.

Local Superintendent,.....	165
Clergymen,.....	11
Municipal Councillors,.....	12
Magistrates,.....	8
Trustees,.....	74
Other Visits,.....	15

Total Visits,..... 276

At a recent monthly meeting of young men in Kingston, the Revd. Joseph E. Sanderson, M.A., in the absence of an address on the subject, read several appropriate extracts from the "Canada Educational Directory," and then gave the statistics of education throughout the Province. Those of Western Canada were compared with Canada East, with Great Britain, Ireland, &c.

It was shown that four-fifths of the children in Canada West, from the age of 5 to 16, are attending the Common Schools; that of 324,888 children between those ages, 283,000 are attending some school, academy, or college. From the Canada East Report it was shown that of 292,069 children, only 121,755 were in the Common Schools; and 163,819 were supposed to be without any instruction. In Upper Canada about *one-fifth* of the *entire population* attend some school; in Great Britain only about *one-fifteenth* attend. Ireland, for the education of 620,000 children in the national schools, receives an annual grant of £330,000 sterling; Canada West for similar instruction of 272,000 children, receives a grant of only £46,508. In Canada West, of £373,816 expended for educational purposes in 1857, the people voluntarily raised seven-eighths, or £327,298.

Mr. Sanderson concluded by declaring the present Common School system in Canada West the most economic, and the best calculated to enlist the energies and affections of the people, and to call forth voluntary support of any educational system yet tried; that it embraced the excellencies of many, without their defects; and recommended the young men to examine carefully the Reports from both sections of the Province, and to keep their eyes open to all the educational interest of their country.

— SCHOOL LANDS—UPPER CANADA.—From the recent Report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, we select the following items:

GRAMMAR SCHOOL LANDS.

Of the 78,202½ acres of Grammar School Lands remaining undisposed of at the close of the year 1857, 5,644 acres were sold during the past year, for \$11,469 of purchase money, leaving 72,559½ acres unsold. The gross receipts \$14,184 60; the net, deducting commission, \$13,333 55.

COMMON SCHOOL LANDS.

Of the million of acres of land appropriated by the 12th Vic., chap. 200 for creating a Common School Fund, only 29,159½ acres remained unsold at the commencement of last year, of which 571 acres have since been sold, leaving 25,588½ acres at the commencement of this year still for sale. The purchase money of the sales of the year amounts to \$9,930 40. The gross amount of receipts, principal, rent, interest, &c., \$24,916 88—the disbursements for surveys, commission, &c., \$1,746 98; leaving a net income for the year of \$23,169 85. The net amount hitherto realized from these lands is \$517,357 78.

— UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.—FACULTY OF LAW.—The following list shows the standing of the students at the annual examination in the faculty of law, in the month of February:

*First Year.*—Class 1, none; Class 2, Stephens, Miller, Stayner, Douglas, English, Ball, O'Brien, Boys, Bethune, Kerr, Robertson, O'Gara, Denison, M'Mahon, McIntyre; Class 3, Howell. *Second Year.*—Class 1, Spencer; Class 2, Matheson, Bowlby, Benson, T. M., Cochran, Foster, Benson, R. L., Livingston, Blain, Wood, Bernard, Dewar, Turpin, J. Geo. Hodgins, Papp, Hancock, Cronyn, Curran, Shaw; Class 3, Ham. *Candidates for LL.B.*—Class 1, none; Class 2, Crombie, Laird, Sisson; Class 3, Stanton, Irvine. The following scholarships were awarded:—Matriculation, McLennan, Wethey, Read, Meredith; First year, none; Second year, Spencer.

UNITED STATES.

— DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.—A recent telegram announced the destruction by fire of this valuable seat of instruction at Williamsburgh, Virginia. Everything, including the valuable library, it is reported, was destroyed. The students escaped safely. The property was insured for \$22,000.

The college of William and Mary, the oldest except Harvard University, in the United States, was chartered in 1693, by King William III. and Queen Mary, who gave out of their private means nearly £2,000 towards erecting the necessary buildings. This, with twenty thousand acres of land, the office of surveyor-general (in virtue of which one-sixth of the fees received by public surveyors in the colony, and the sole power of appointing them were given) and one penny a pound on all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland, granted in the charter, £2,500 raised by subscription in the colony, with a gift of £290 from the House of Burgesses, constituted the endowment of the college.

The City of Williamsburgh is the oldest incorporated city in Virginia, and is in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of Jamestown. It is built on both sides of a wide street, and is a town given over to great repose and tranquility, except when the collegians have ventured to pro-

face the quiet. From 1698 to 1779 Williamsburgh was the state capital, At one end of the long street were the college buildings and at the other end was the State House, which was destroyed by fire many years ago. A tall, gaunt corner wall is the only remaining monument of an edifice so distinguished in the annals of Virginia. There Patrick Henry thundered out his revolutionary utterances—"if this be treason, make the most of it."—and the youthful Washington made his report of the expedition to the far West of the Province, when the worthy Speaker observing his modest manner, exclaimed, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty is equal to your merit, and both surpass the power of any language that I possess." Brave and glorious old traditions cluster around this monumental ruin.

Years ago, in the golden days of the old Virginian aristocracy, Williamsburgh was the central point where the culture and elegance of the Province gathered about the residence of the Governor, who as the representative of royalty, was next only to the throne itself. Turning to one side from the broad street of Williamsburgh, you may see the ruins of Lord Dunmore's Palace, and its adjacent offices, destroyed by fire a few days after the battle of Yorktown, when French troops under continental supervision were quartered there. Mayhap, there was wild revelry after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the final overthrow of British power, in this land, and it is no wonder that in the general joy, some carelessness in regard to this public property might have been manifested. Not distant from the palace is the old magazine, memorable in anti-revolutionary days for certain high-handed acts of the royal authorities, which threw all Virginia into a ferment and sent a sympathetic thrill to the colonies farther north. The quaint old magazine, is or was a few years ago, tenanted by a worshiping congregation of colored people, whose fervent prayers had utterly expelled all trace and smell of sulphur from the building. On the main street stands the old hotel, with the portrait of Raleigh on its creaking sign. And scattered about are residences of the citizens, many of them built "before the war," and all as antique and solemn, as the very atmosphere of the town would demand.

But the College. This was a pile of brick buildings, with a front of 136 feet, and standing in a large park. The original model was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and the edifice was finished under the reign of Governor Spotswood. In the centre of the walk to the front of the college stands the statue of Lord Botetourt, an old Governor of Virginia. Some rude boy broke an arm from the statue years ago in the gymnastic exercise of throwing a cannon ball at it, but though somewhat mutilated and much worn by the weather, the figure bears marks of its original excellence.

Various rooms in the College were adorned with tablets and inscriptions in honor of the buried past, and the library, now destroyed, contained many volumes presented by Dinwiddie, Spotswood and other once notable men, and gifts from colonial assemblies, possessing rare interest to the lover of old books. On the fly-leaves were the autographs of many of the most eminent men in our country. The first President of the William and Mary College was Rev. James Blair, D.D.; Bishop Madison succeeded him, after a long interval well filled by able men. In 1846 the College suffered a severe loss in the death of its then President Thomas R. Drew. The present President is Bishop Johns. Among the graduates of William and Mary, may be named Presidents Jefferson, Munroe and Taylor, and General Scott. But its catalogue is radiant with great names, of national or state reputation. Lamentation loud and deep will go forth over all Virginia, for the loss of its venerable College, connected with which are the tenderest associations of so many of the educated men of that state.

So, one after another, the antiquities of America are destroyed by fire. Can too much care be taken to guard against this calamity? What can compensate for the loss of such a library and such a College.—*From the New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—**EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.**—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the twenty-second Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education which has just been published, and which exhibits some statements of interest. The money raised for schools in 1857-8, was \$1,341,252.08, an increase of \$57,824.28 on the previous year. The number of public schools in 1857-8 was 4,421, an increase of 61 from the year before. The number of scholars attending the public schools in summer, in 1858, was 199,792, or 8,911 more than in 1857; number attending in winter 118,198, or 15,167 more than in 1857; number of children in the state, between the ages of 5 and 15 years, in 1858, 123,304, an increase of 1,826. The amount raised by tax for each scholar was 21 cents more than in 1857. The various Teachers' Institutes of the state number 1365 members.

## IX. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

—**RELATIONS DES JESUITES.**—Among the most rare and precious historical documents of America, and of the North-west, are the famed "Relations of the early Jesuit missionaries—the pioneers of western discovery and settlement. The original publications, over forty in number, have long been out of print. Not a single collection, entire, exists on the continent of America, and single volumes have brought incredible prices.

The liberality of the Canadian Government has at length, placed these important works before the American public, in an admirable reprint, in three volumes, royal octavo, executed at Quebec the present year. The event is one of sufficient interest to justify a public announcement; and it will be warmly greeted by every student in American history. The government of Canada could confer upon the people of North America no more worthy or honorable proof of its enlightened and liberal spirit, unless we might except the publication of its extensive and beautifully arranged collections and manuscript documents, relating to the early history of New France, which will unquestionably follow at no distant day. The pains with which the present publications of the "Relations" has been achieved, will be better understood when it is stated, that, in order to secure the collection complete required for the present publication, it was found necessary to have several numbers of the Relations transcribed by hand from the originals in Paris. Fortunately in the preliminary, as well as subsequent labor involved in the projection and issue of such a work, the people of Canada have been favored with the experience of the honored and learned President of the Historical Society at Quebec, Mr. G. B. Faribault, to whom much of the credit of this publication is due. It is matter of congratulation to our community, that the rich stores of historical material, relating to the Northwest, in the possession of the people of Canada, are fast becoming available to the public. The spirit of enquiry into our early history is already active. The inhabitants of the Northwest and of Illinois, owe a debt of historical justice to the people of France, so early and so long distinguished for their brave and persistent, though in the end unsuccessful, efforts to colonise the vast inland regions of North America.—*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

—**THE KORAN TRANSLATED INTO HEBREW.**—*The Educators Israélite* observes:—"The Hebrew translation of the Koran, by Herr Reckendorff, is completed. It is desirable that this work should find its way into the hands of the Eastern Jews, who would thus be enabled to form a correct notion of Mahomedan law, and the rights of other religions.

—**A NEW SHAKSPEARIAN SCHOLAR.**—A new illustrator of Shakspeare has entered the field in the person of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell. During a recent vacation in Scotland, he turned his attention again to our great dramatic poet; and reading over his plays consecutively, he was struck by the vast number of legal phrases and allusions they contain, and by the extreme appropriateness and accuracy of their application. He began noting and remarking upon them, giving them such explanations and elucidations as his vast experience and knowledge of the law enabled him readily to furnish. He has since put them into more regular form and order, and is printing them in the shape of a familiar letter to Mr. Payne Collier, who in his recent biography of Shakspeare states that there are more indications in Shakspeare, that he had in some way, early in life, been connected with the legal profession, than are to be met with in all the works of contemporary dramatists put together. Lord Campbell's contribution to our small stock of information regarding the life and productions of the poet is nearly ready for publication.—*Athenæum.*

—**PRaisEWORTHY CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE.**—Professor Agassiz has offered to the Massachusetts Legislature his very extensive Cabinet, in the collection of which he has expended \$22,000, besides twelve years of the best portion of his life. Of this museum, he says, he had endeavored to collect a complete form of the physical nature of North America. He had not gone to any unnecessary expense, nor had he bought those things which were readily for sale. But the collection consisted of those things which money could not buy—which required, in their collection, knowledge as well as opportunity. He had, after a time, received liberal assistance from all parts of the country, and the specimens constantly arriving were greater than the resources of any museum in the world. If the collection already made could be properly exhibited, in a proper building, it would favorably compare with any museum in Germany. It remained only for the liberality of the Legislature to make the museum, in three years, such, that only two in the world would excel it,—the British Museum and *Jardin des Plantes*



—and in twenty years he hoped to rival them and go above them all. He had assistants now all over the country making collections for him. And one friend in San Francisco had sent him gratuitously more specimens than all the scientific exploring expeditions on the overland routes had sent to Washington, and they had come with freight prepaid.

—SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.—The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from the musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself, (as theine, not as tea,) without any appreciable effect. The water which allays our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that Capt. Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions “perfer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow.” Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very inefficient for allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

—THEORY OF THE COOLING OF THE SUN.—One of the most interesting theories of modern physical science is that concerning the gradual cooling of the sun; the fact being demonstrated that if it cools at the cooling rate of water, it would since the six thousand years of human history, have lost a heat equivalent to four times the temperature of red hot iron. This must of course have affected the temperature of the earth to some extent. The sun, indeed, need not be much hotter than melted iron to send us the heat we have. The distinguished French astronomer, Arago, has shown, by an application of the principles of optics respecting the polarization of light, that the sun is not a red hot ball, but that it is surrounded by an atmosphere of flame, through spots in which we occasionally see the sun's dark body. The sun, then, is not incandescent, and the comets shine by light reflected from it. How the sun derives its supply of heating material will perhaps never be ascertained.

—THE FOREIGN OFFICE, in Downing-street, has been connected with the Submarine Central Telegraph Station. In future messages will be received direct by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from the various British embassies throughout Europe, and *vice versa*. The Secretary for India will also receive his despatches from the Governor General at the Indian House direct, a connection with that department being about to be established.

—THE GREAT BELL OF WESTMINSTER.—St. Stephen's bell has spoken at last. It was struck with a clapper by the Speaker, the Right Hon. E. Denison, pulling the rope. “The first stroke was slight, but afterwards it came peal after peal in a tremendous volume of sound that was actually painful, it seemed to swell and grow upon the air with a vibration that thrilled every bone in the listener's body with a painful jar, becoming louder and louder with each gigantic clang, till one shrunk from the awful reverberations as from something tangible and dangerous to meet. Many went upon the balustrade outside the chamber to avoid the waves of sound that seemed eddying round the tower; but the escape was only a partial relief, the great din seeming almost to penetrate the stonework of the battlements, and jar the very place in which one stood.

## X. Departmental Notices.

### PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

“Township and County Libraries are becoming the crown and glory of the Institutions of the Province.”—*Lord Elgin at the Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition, September, 1854.*

The Chief Superintendent of Education is prepared to apportion *one hundred per cent.* upon all sums which shall be raised from local sources by Municipal Councils and School Corporations, for the establishment or increase of Public Libraries in Upper Canada, under the regulations provided

according to law. Prison Libraries, and Teachers' County Association Libraries, may, under these regulations, be established by County Councils, as branch libraries.

### SCHOOL MAPS AND APPARATUS.

The Chief Superintendent will add one hundred per cent. to any sum or sums, not less than five dollars, transmitted to the Department by Municipal and School Corporations on behalf of Grammar and Common Schools; and forward Maps, Apparatus, Charts, and Diagrams to the value of the amount thus augmented, upon receiving a list of the articles required. In all cases it will be necessary for any person, acting on behalf of the Municipality or Trustees, to enclose or present a written authority to do so, verified by the corporate seal of the Corporation. A selection of articles to be sent can always be made by the Department, when so desired.

### PRIZES IN SCHOOLS.

The Chief Superintendent will grant one hundred per cent. upon all sums not less than five dollars transmitted to him by Municipalities or Boards of School Trustees for the purchase of books or reward cards for prizes in Grammar and Common Schools. Catalogues and Forms forwarded upon application.

### POSTAGE REDUCED ON TRUSTEES' RETURNS.

The Hon. Postmaster General has recently issued the following circular notice to Postmasters in Upper Canada: “The Half-Yearly School Returns made by School Trustees to the Local Superintendents of Schools, may, though the printed form be partly filled up with the names of the pupils and the days of attendance, in writing, be transmitted by Post, in Canada, as printed papers, at one halfpenny each, *to be prepaid by Stamps.*”

### SCHOOL REGISTERS.

School Registers are supplied gratuitously, from the Department, to Grammar and Common Schools Trustees in Cities, Towns, Villages, and Townships by the County Clerks—through the local Superintendents. Application should therefore be made direct to the local Superintendents for them, and not to the Department. Those for Grammar Schools will be sent direct to the head Masters.

### PENSIONS—SPECIAL NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

Public notice is hereby given to all Teachers of Common Schools in Upper Canada, who may wish to avail themselves at any future time of the advantages of the Superannuated Common School Teachers' Fund, that it will be necessary for them to transmit to the Chief Superintendent without delay, if they have not already done so, their annual subscription of \$4, commencing with 1854. The law authorizing the establishment of this fund provides, “*that no teacher shall be entitled to share in the said fund who shall not contribute to such fund at least at the rate of one pound per annum.*”

SCHOOL SECTION SEALS, as required by the Education Office, Engraved and transmitted by Post (free) on receipt of \$2. Address  
A. M. BARR, Engraver, Yonge Street, Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in the *Journal of Education* for three cents per word, which may be remitted in postage stamps, or otherwise.

TERMS: For a single copy of the *Journal of Education*, \$1 per annum; back vols., neatly stitched, supplied on the same terms. All subscriptions to commence with the January Number, and payment in advance must in all cases accompany the order. Single numbers, 12½ cents each.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. J. GEORGE HODGINS, Education Office, Toronto.

TORONTO: Printed by LOVELL & GIBSON, corner of Yonge and Melinda Streets.