

## SIGNS OF CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.

Jet-black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine hair and dark skin indicate strength of character, along with purity and goodness. Stiff, black hair indicate a coarse strong, rigid straight forward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Harsh upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit, a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, glossy hair denotes strength, harmony evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talents. Fine silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crispy, curly hair indicates a hasty somewhat impetuous, and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution, and we may add that beside all these qualities, there are chemical properties, in the coloring matter of the hair tubes, which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus red haired people are notoriously passionate. Now, red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at a man or woman's character by only seeing the back of their heads.

## TALL WOMEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

Grace Darling, the lighthouse heroine, was tall. So was the countess Isabella, who stoutly held her castle against the besiegers and forswore the ministrations of all washer-women until her beleagued stronghold was relieved. Marie Antoinette, if we are to trust Paul Dearsche's picture, was tall; so was Mary Queen of Scots, and they both died heroically. Elizabeth had pluck enough for the whole 88th regiment, and I have no doubt would have fought Philip II. and the Duke of Alva single handed, had they landed at Tilbury fort. Flora Macdonald was a lassie of considerable inches; the electioneering Duchess of Devonshire was tall; so was Queen Caroline, who, whatever may have been her morals, certainly fought a good fight against George IV. But tall heroines are exceptional; and when we have all humanity to deal with, the exceptions are relatively numerous. I adhere to the little women. Boadicea, you may depend upon it was short. Zenobia was not of exorbitant stature. Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, is no giantess. The Princess of Wales is not colossal. Patti is diminutive. Lucca quite a Liliputian. So was Jenny Lind; and Madam Goldsmidt. Miss Nightingale is slight and slender. For every ten tall heroines I bring me I will cap them with a hundred little ones.

(Continued from page 3)

who had composed it were either flying or involved in confusion, or else—for several of the Russian Hussars made bold to do this—were valorously advancing and making their way round the flank of the advancing English; but meanwhile, by all this confusion, the inner or left remnant of the Russian wing was so far covered from the attack, and even, it would seem from the sight of the Royals, that it went on with the execution of the orders received, and continued to wheel inwards.

The English regiment carried on its attack to a point at which it was just brought into contact with the broken extremity of the enemy's deployed line; and a few sabre-cuts were exchanged; but farther than this the Royals did not push their advantage; for the discomfiture of a part of the wing did not visibly involve the great column; and considering the disordered state of the regiment, Colonel Yorke judged it prudent to rally his men before they were thrown into contact with a huge mass of troops still preserving their thickest formation. Accordingly, and at a time when only a few of its pursuing troopers had as yet ridden in amongst the retreating horsemen, the regiment was halted and ordered to re-form.

At the part of the column thus assailed by the 5th Dragoon Guards there was a change in the bearing of the combatants—a change brought about, it would seem, by exceeding weariness of the sword-arm, but in part too by another cause. After three or four minutes of a new experience, it proved that a man can grow accustomed, as it were, to the condition of being in a throng of assailants, and take his revel of battle in a spirit as fond as at the beginning, yet by this time less anxious, less fierce, less diligent. Those truculent Scots, who had cut their way in without speaking, were now, whilst they fought, hurrahing. The din of their fighting had swelled into the roar of a tumult.

Alexander Miller, the acting adjutant of the Greys, was famous in his regiment for the mighty volume of sound which he drove through the air when he gave the word of command. Over all the clangour of arms, and all the multitudinous uproar, his single voice got dominion. It thundered out, "Rally!" Then, still louder, it thundered, "The Greys!"

The adjutant, as it chanced, was so mounted that his vast, superb form rose higher over the men of even his own regiment, and rose higher still over the throng of the Russians. Seized at once by the mighty sound, and turning to whence it came, numbers of the Scots saw their towering adjutant with his reeking sword high in the air, and again they heard him cry, "Rally!"—again hurl his voice at "The Greys!"

He did not speak in mere vehemence, like one who, although he cry, "Rally!" means only a war-cry or cheer. He spoke as an officer delivering the word of command. But to rally?—the Greys to rally? It well might seem a desperate task to attempt what troops call a "rally" in the midst of the enemy's thickest squadrons, but the greater height of the Scots Greys and their chargers as compared with the invaded mass, made it possible for the fallen horsemen, now seeing one of their officers and hearing his word of command, to begin to act together. And the notion of using the lessons of the barrack-yard in the midst of the Russian host was carried yet farther. When the troop-officers were forming and dressing a line, they, of course, front towards their men; and since it was difficult for a man in the melee to know which might be

the front and which might be the rear, there was the more need of guidance. The Adjutant deliberately fronted down the slope in the direction by which the Russians had advanced, and threw into his closing monosyllable the giant strength of his voice when he shouted, "Face—me!" By many of the men of his regiment he was seen. By many more he was heard. And now, also, on the right of the Adjutant, the young Cornet Prendergast, raised high above the ground by the great height of his charger, and on the other side Clarke, the leader of the 1st squadron—Clarke still rode bareheaded and streaming with blood—could be seen with their swords in the air, undertaking to rally the Greys. Men under this guidance tried to gather together the best way they could in a throng; and, by facing toward the Adjutant (as the thunder of his voice had enjoined), they began to show the rudiments of a front.

Less and less obstructed, and less closely locked than before, the melee or throng that had been jammed into a closely locked mass by the last charge of the Inniskillings continued to heave slowly upwards against the slope of the hill. Presently the Russians, who had hitherto maintained their array, caused or suffered their horses to back a little. The movement was slight, but close followed by surer signs. The ranks visibly loosened. In the next instant the whole column was breaking. In the next, all the horsemen composing it had dispersed into one immense herd, and—still hanging together as closely as they could without hindrance to their flight—were galloping up the hillside and retreating by the way they had come.

I suppose one is bound to say a word about Prince Napoleon. I believe he would make the very king of whom Spain is in want; but that the next best to him would be the Duke of Edinburgh. The advent of Monseigneur to the throne would most astonish me. If such an advent should happen, do not imagine that the Prince, who has studied very closely the Governmental systems everywhere existing, would be the President of a Republic. Not many months ago he said "No; the Republic is a failure. The French were in love with it—pursued it, carressed it, and finally married it. *Helas! mon ami!*—many people after marriage find they were married to a devil instead of an angel. France found it so and got a divorce." If Spain be wise in and for her generation, she will ask Prince Napoleon to be her Sovereign; but I am far from supposing she will do so, nor have I the least idea that the Prince would accept the offered throne.—*Paris Cor.*

Lieutenant Prince Arthur will commence his military career during this month. It is expected that he will join the Woolwich garrison on or about the 15th instant, and be attached to the 4th brigade of royal artillery.

38TH BRANT BATTALION.—No. 5 COMPANY VOLUNTEERS.—On Wednesday evening the members of this fine company met at the Drill Shed. Captain Lemmon explained to the men under his command the changes affected by the recent Militia Act. Nearly the whole of the men—to the number of 50—are re-enrolled, and have taken the necessary oath prescribed by the new Militia Act. The most harmonious feeling exists between Captain Lemmon and his men, and they are much attached to him. This is the first company in the 38th Battalion that has re-enlisted. Well done number 5.—*Courier.*