

the copper boulders of this ragged country, now giving its wealth anew to civilization, and answering with such rich return the enterprise of our people? Whence came they and whither have they gone? Have they passed away without a record of their origin or their destiny, and are these exhumed instruments and these excavated caverns, the only evidences that they ever existed? Are there no footprints marking the path of their advancement or the trail of their retreat? Is the book of their history closed for ever, and shall no line be given to the world that shall reveal their progress or their fate, from amidst the deep oblivion that has gathered over them? Are they the forefathers, the remote ancestral stock of the countless tribes scattered over this continent, when it was first opened up to the view of the civilization of Europe, and which have perished utterly or been driven back by its resistless wave in its onward progress? If so, whence their deterioration, and why did the arts, which those instruments, now after the lapse of centuries gathered from the vaults they excavated, prove existed among them, become utterly lost to them? Why is the voice of tradition silent, and why does no whisper come down along the line of generations telling of the olden time, and of those that wrought in the metals of these rugged regions? Why is it, that the descendent of the ancient miner, whose earning was one of labor and one of peace, should have lain down his tools, ceased from his peaceful industry, and taking up the bow and the spear, become at once a hunter and a savage warrior? These questions can never be answered. Monuments, if they had any, have crumbled into dust. Books, if they had any, have perished. Time, with its "effacing finger," has swept away their history, and these dumb unspeaking evidences of their existence alone remain. Curiosity may gather them in its unsatisfied hand. Speculation may theorize over them. But they tell no tale, save the melancholy one, that a people once lived that have ceased to be, that are blotted from the face of the world, and that oblivion has settled forever over their name, their habits, their origin and their destiny.

IS IT ANIMAL MAGNETISM?—The "moving table" phenomenon appears to be exciting general attention just now. Our contemporary, the Editor of the *English Churchman*, speaks from his own personal success in trying experiments. He says:—

"We know nothing of the science or the philosophy of the subject, nor of the purpose to which it may be eventually applied. We speak simply of what we have done, and seen done, and it is in the power of any half-dozen or dozen persons in the world to advance as far as we have in a practical knowledge of the matter. The table which we saw most powerfully acted upon was of mahogany, solid, not veneered nor inlaid, about three or four feet long, and two feet wide; without castors, and standing on a carpet, in a room with a fire. About six persons, standing, placed the palms of their hands flat upon the table, rather near the edge; every person's two thumbs touched each other, and the finger of each one's hand touched the little finger of his or her neighbour, for a complete chain. In this position all remained for about twenty minutes, some occasionally kneeling down for relief from a stooping position, but no one else coming in contact with them. At the end of that time, the table visibly and tangibly began slowly to move; before this, however, it was agreed, but this we feel more hesitation in recording as a positive condition of the experiment, that some of the party should join in forming a fixed determination as to the direction in which the table should move. However this may be, the table moved from one room to another, and, after a short pause, back again, at a moderate pace; it also turned round several times, at a more rapid pace, and, apparently, at the will of two or three of the party, who appeared more powerful than the rest. After these experiments had been performed some time, one or two new hands being introduced to increase the power, the table moved with only a single pair of hands laid upon one end of it. As we apprehend that the primary cause of motion is the electricity of the human body passing into the table (and possibly making it subject to the will in somewhat the same way, though not in the same degree, as our limbs are) it may be well to avoid long or frequent practice of this very remarkable experiment. We are inclined to believe that a dry atmosphere, a warm room and warm hands, are most favourable for the experiment; and it is supposed that much metallic ornament about the person is a hindrance.

The *Leader* denies that the motive power is either supernatural, or even from mesmeric or electric in-

fluences, but describes it as 'unconscious muscular action':—

"In standing or sitting round a table for many minutes with the hands lightly resting on it, and the mind *completely expectant*, the fatigue of the muscles causes you to rest with your weight on one leg if standing—on one side if sitting—and this gives a stress to the table (unless you are vigilant,) which may cause it slightly to move; no sooner does the movement begin than all the expectant circle, now gratified at the result, unconsciously aid in the movement (in a way hereafter to be explained,) and thus, although no one is conscious of effort, but fancy the table moves without his co-operation, yet, in fact, all or most of the persons forming the chain do really co-operate in moving it."

An incident at Copenhagen, however, has the appearance of mesmerism. The *Elksire Aids* relates:—

"That a lady in that town who had taken part in a 'moving table' sitting was suddenly seized with a violent headache. Two other ladies, who had also assisted at the table, put their hands to her head, when she immediately fell into a deep and magnetic sleep, from which no one could wake her. While in this state she answered all questions put to her, even to the absent persons and their employments, and announced how she was to be recovered—namely, by the use of vinegar. When this was applied, after a sleep of half an hour from her first attack, she suddenly awoke, but remembered nothing of what had taken place during the magnetic trance."

DEATH OF A SLAVE.—The following account is given by the *Filiciana Louisiana Whig*, of a recent date, of the manner of the death of a negro, who refused to allow himself to be made a prisoner of.—"On Saturday last, a runaway negro was killed in the Parish of East Baton Rouge, just below the line of this parish, under the following circumstances: Two citizens of Port Hudson, learning that a negro was at work on a flat boat, loaded with sand, just below that place, who was suspected as being a runaway, went down in a skiff, for the purpose of arresting him. Having seized him and put him into the skiff, they started back, but had not proceeded far when the negro who was at the oars, seized a batchot, and assailed one of them, wounding him very seriously. A scuffle ensued, in which both parties fell overboard. They were both rescued by the citizens pulling to them with the skiff. Finding him so unmanageable, the negro was put ashore, and the parties returned to Port Hudson for arms and a pack of negro dogs, and started again with the intention to capture him. They soon got on his trail, and when found again, he was standing at bay upon the outer edge of a large raft of wood, armed with a club and pistol. In this position he bade defiance to men and dogs—knocking the latter into the water with his club, and resolutely threatening death to any man who approached him. Finding him obstinately determined not to surrender, one of his pursuers shot him. He fell at the third fire, and so determined was he not to be captured, that when an effort was made to rescue him from drowning, he made battle with his club, and sunk waving his weapon in angry defiance at his pursuers. He refused to give the name of his owner."

TREATMENT OF DEAFNESS.—One of the latest efforts to restore to a deaf ear its original functions consists in applying a cup and fits closely to the side of the head, round the outer ear, and exhausting with an air-pump. A common cupping apparatus answers every purpose, provided the glass will fit so well as to prevent the ingress of atmospheric air under the edge. In a variety of cases, the simple process of carrying on this exhaustion till a new sensation is felt, something like extreme tension in the lining membranes of the meatus externus, is represented to restore the organ to its normal state. Under such circumstances, the theory of the remedy is, that deafness results from an impoverished flow of cerumen in consequence of the inertia of the excretory ducts; and by taking off the atmospheric pressure their proper fluid oozes upon the tube, and instantly modifies the condition of the mechanism exterior to the drum. Having thus been roused from a state of torpor and suspended activity, they continue afterwards to act with energy. If they subsequently fall partially back to their abnormal condition, the pump must be reapplied, as occasion may suggest. As there is no witchcraft about it, and almost every practitioner has a breast-pump or similar contrivance by which an experiment could be made, and there being no hazard attending it, it would be worth a trial, and it is very possible that one out of a dozen

cases might be essentially benefitted by this simple co-operation.

THE HUNGRY ARE FILLED WITH GOOD THINGS.—A man that comes hungry to his meal, feeds heartily on the meat set before him, not regarding the metal or form of the platter wherein it is served; who, afterwards, when his stomach is satisfied, begins to play with his dish, or read sentences on his trencher. Those auditors who can find nothing to do, note elegant words and phrases, or rhetorical colors, or perhaps an ill grace of gesture in a pithy and material speech, argue themselves full ere they come to the feast; and therefore, go away with but little pleasure, and no profit. In hearing others, my only intention shall be to feed my mind with solid matter; if my ear can get ought by the way, I will not grudge it, but I will not intend it.—*Bishop Hall*.

A DISQUALIFICATION FOR CURATES.—The Rev Hugh Stowell, in the course of a lecture on habits which he gave to the members of the Manchester Young Men's Christian Association on Tuesday night, denounced the practice of tobacco smoking in unmeasured terms. He said, never myself will I hire a curate who indulges in it. I never now make inquiries for a curate but I invariably inquire, is he a smoker of tobacco; if he is, I instantly reject his application.—(*Good—and so may it be in Nova Scotia.*)

SELF-GOVERNMENT.—The task of self-government is not easy. To repress a harsh word, or answer, to confess a fault, and to stop, right, or wrong, in the midst of self-defence in gentle submission, sometimes requires a struggle like life and death. But these three efforts are the golden thread with which domestic happiness is woven; once begin the fabric with this wool, and trials shall not break, or sorrow tarnish it.

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.—If a man will but glance over his yesterdays, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret oneself about the time to come, for he will find in every yesterday a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness.—Men slight the good they have in the anxiety for the good to come; they waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting He who replenishes the cresset is inexhaustible.

A SMILE.—A smile is as the dew; whence it riseth, and how it cometh must be known, ere its value be appreciated. As the dew of the bituminous swamps of the Amazon, pregnant with rank vegetation, is infectious and destructive to life, so is the smile of the seared heart and guilty soul poison to all around; but as the dew rising from healthy soils is surcharged with qualities favorable to life, so is the smile of the pure and good delightful to the observer.

DUTY AND COMFORT.—These go abreast; neither are to be neglected. Many are willing to separate them. They love, with Ephraim, to tread out the corn; but not, with Judah, to plough, and with Jacob to break the clods. They love to hear of comforts, these are smooth things, but not to hear of duty.—What, however, God has joined, let us not think to separate.

WASHINGTON IRVING, while at Mount Vernon the other day, remarked that he remembered seeing Gen. Washington in New York; when he was a child five years of age, and while the General was passing through the street, accompanied by a crowd, young Irving was attended by his nurse, an honest Scotch woman. The woman forced her way up to the General, leading her child by the hand, and approaching, addressed him:—"Yere honor, here is a bairn that is called after you." The General paused, and placing his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing. Mr. Irving states that he has a distinct recollection of the whole scene, which occurred in the year 1787.—*Alexandria (Va.) Gazette*.

Some errors never would have thriven had it not been for learned reputation.—*Coleridge*.

Envy is like a sore eye, offended at every thing that is light.

Preferring the study of men to books, is choosing milk in preference to cream.

"Happy and wise is the man to whose thinking there existeth not a trifle."