

measure, or enumerate—who could never be intrusted to finish any thing of themselves, in a work-man like manner? And who, in fact, could never be brought to see straight, or do any thing with what we call a straight eye? and who, in fact, have had their patience exhausted by lads who could not learn their trade at all. Upon all this Phrenology has a practical bearing.

When we look again to the most unfortunate of men—the Insane—what a feeling of hope and gratification does Phrenology here enable us to enjoy! It is here no speculation—no theory. It has been reduced to practise, and it has already brought health, and reason, and happiness, to hundreds. On this interesting subject, Phrenology teaches us how to manage and cure the unfortunate objects of disease: first, by ascertaining the predominance of certain faculties, the abuse of these, and the cause of their derangement. By the accuracy and discrimination which it enables the medical attendant to assert; not only are the faculties disturbed ascertained, but the very organs or localities of the brain, through which they are manifested. Applications are hence made to the very parts themselves affected, and as one or more faculties are only deranged,—for madness is almost always partial—the whole treatment it devoted to these; thus too, other organs that are in health and are known to exercise an influence over those disordered, are brought to aid the exertions of the Physician, and to bring back the diseased to healthy action. Thus too the lunatics are classified and associated, so that the one has a sanitary influence over the other, and thus their happiness and comfort, even as lunatics, greatly promoted. Under Sir W. Ellis 454 out of 600 lunatics are at perfect liberty, and kept in continual employment, and so managed, that only 30 attendants are required for the whole. The success of this mode of treatment over that followed before Spurzheim's visit to Great Britain, is remarkably striking—the number of cases being nearly tripled. Owing to some interference of the Doctors, Sir W. Ellis has been induced to resign his situation, and another Physician, not a Phrenologist, appointed; but the consequence very soon became apparent, by the resignation of the successor to Sir William, after a very short trial. Of the importance of Phrenology Sir William writes thus:

"In connexion with insanity I should strongly recommend the study of Phrenology; the tendency which it gives carefully to note, and the facility with which it enables us easily to distinguish variations in conduct, which, though minute, and apparently of little consequence, are, in reality, the marks of important changes of action in the brain, will alone be sufficient to recommend it to our most serious attention. But I have no hesitation in saying, that in addition to its being indirectly useful, in thus helping us to a more accurate acquaintance with the state of the patient, it may be applied directly to most valuable purposes. One instance of its use has already been detailed: I could mention others, where the mere examination of the head, without any previous knowledge or examination whatever, to the habits of the patient, has suggested the trial of a particular course of moral treatment, which subsequent events have fully proved to be correct. Nor will this be a matter of surprise, when we remember that those organs, through the actions of which the grand distinctions of character are produced, form large masses of brain, and that to distinguish their relative size and natural operation, it is not necessary to have recourse to callipers, or to determine their extent to a hair's breadth. A single glance will shew to a person in the habit of observing, whether the formation of the head indicates a naturally bold and passionate, or a timid and retiring man; will enable us to distinguish betwixt one highly gifted with the intellectual and nobler faculties,—and consequently proportionally responsible for their active and continued employment, with direct reference to the glory of God,—and his neighbour less liberally endowed, who has to struggle against a constitutional tendency towards mere animal gratification."

This is the testimony of a man led to Phrenology by its practical effects,—and it strongly confirms the observation of half a dozen other medical gentlemen at the head of Lunatic Asylums, who have all given their testimony to its paramount importance in such institutions.

MILLER, THE BASKET-MAKER.

Our readers have not forgotten Thomas Miller, the sometime humble basket-maker, of England, whose "Day in the Woods" and other productions have been noticed in these pages. He has recently published a work entitled "Rural Sketches," and judging from extracts in the London Medicals, we infer that he is going on from strength to strength in his literary career. "Home Revisited" would do honor to any pen in England. A passage or two will evince the justice of our encomium. The basket-maker has left London, to place his foot on the very hearth-stone where he sat when a boy.—*Anti-Spectator*

"Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the heavy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago. There was no

change, saving that they appeared to look older—somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more in myself than in the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp, clear clicking, with which it had greeted my ears when a child, and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years.—The gilt balls, which decorated the tall case, were tarnished; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjured them, were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foothold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked upon those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my play-fellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields."

We need not ask the reader to admire the deep feeling, the clusters of rustic imagery, and the pictures of sylvan scenery, which animate the subjoined passage:

"And have I forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And oh! pardon me, if for a moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions I had gathered in those lovely solitudes had been wasted to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city; and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have 'blessed them unaware.' From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the wood-pecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue winged jay, as she went screaming aloft through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the gray rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch among the trees. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine at the side of the forest.—Then up flew the lark, carrying his 'tira lirra' heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody.—Sometimes a bell came chiming solemnly over the distant river, glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees, until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill 'chit-chit' of the grasshopper fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighboring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud 'whirr,' the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage, as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf, with a pleasant sound, or the wind arose from its fitful slumberings, muffling its roar at first as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep wood-lands alone that all these sweet sounds float; hill and valley, and outstretched plain sent forth their melodies, until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of laborers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman, as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud 'rasp, rasp,' and leaned upon his scythe to wipe his brow or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the bay of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert with the rank sedge. When the village was near'd, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the threshers' flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamor of some neighboring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear, when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by—of companions who are now dead—of happy hours that can never return."

"If you and I should suspend specie payments," said Bass to a phrenologist, "what should we be like?" Give it up? A pair of suspenders.

LIFE OF BRANT, THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

This is the title of a very valuable work, published about a year since. To the native American, and we now refer particularly to the British American, what knowledge can be sought for, thirsted after, with greater avidity, and curiosity, than the well-authenticated history and description of the Indian,—the denizen of our forests before the keels of Europe touched the American strand. How changed this Continent since then! A few roving tribes of red-men enjoyed the whole of it: one vast wilderness, where the busy beaver, or the gregarious bison, had it all their own way; for then, the white-man had not fixed a value on their fur, and the gushing abundance of nature left the Aborigines no wants. How changed since then!—and, in one sense, how melancholy is the change. The European surveys America, and proudly points to the monuments of his skill, and enterprize, and perseverance, but, his proud form crouches with conscious shame, under the stinging reproach of virtue, generosity, and humanity, as they direct towards him the finger of scorn, for his treatment of the wild native.—That is a page of history which man would fain tear from out the volume; but, no! it must remain, the red and disfigured page of blood and violence. Perhaps, of all the Indian warriors whose names are familiar to us, not even excepting that renowned one, Tecumseh, none command our wonder and admiration more than Brant.—Brave as a warrior—chief of a warlike race, may be supposed to be, he was wise in council. He partook of the character of Achilles and Nestor. The theatre of his action, is now ground familiar to most of us, familiar even as a household word; yet, was it, in his day, and it is but as yesterday his son was living, as little known to the white-man, as are now the hunting-grounds of the Osages, or the Camanches.—The western part of the state of New York and Pennsylvania, it was, where the Mohawk ruled. This book is almost as a fairy tale, for it tells of things which have now no existence; and it tells them, beautifully. These volumes are rich in interest to the British Canadian, for Brant may be considered as Canadian property. The Niagara Frontier was the favoured land of the Six-Nations, and, there, are still to be found the remnant of the Mohawk race. His descendants are still the chiefs of the tribe, and are distinguished for all the virtues of the red-man, ere he was defiled by contact with the white,—*Montreal Courier*.

MILTON.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

The portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable—his eyes of extraordinary clearness; no defect could be perceived in them; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind? But let us thank this abominable hate—we owe to it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness.

"In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine Presence shines the more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion, because I can see naught but him. The divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but to render me more sacred, not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assidues of my friends; and their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behaviour."

Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth; studied till noon, dined frugally; walked with a guide; and, in the evening, sang, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by Paradise Lost, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers; he supped off five or six olives and a little water; retired to rest at nine, and composed at night in bed. When he had made some verses, he rang, and dictated to his wife or daughters.

MEDICAL ADMONITIONS OF THE CHINESE.—Be virtuous; govern your passions; restrain your appetite. Avoid excess and high seasoned food, eat slowly, and chew your food well. Do not eat it to satiety. Breakfast betimes; it is not wholesome to go out fasting. Sup betimes and sparingly. Sleep not until two hours after eating. If in the spring there should be two or three hot days, do not be in haste to put off your winter clothes.

Not one in ten thousand die by poison; yet the bare mention of it strikes with horror; what multitudes by intemperance! Yet how little it is feared! See that moth, which flies incessantly round the candle—it is consumed! Man of pleasure, behold thine own image. Temperance is the best physic. The life of a man is a fever, in which very cold fits are followed by others equally hot. The man who hath never been sick doth not know the value of health.