

twenty years, because it is at that age that the development of the bones ceases, and consequently the increase of the body in length. I prolong youth up to the age of forty, because it is only at that age that the increase of the body in bulk terminates. After forty the body does not grow, properly speaking; the augmentation of its volume, which then takes place, is not a veritable increase of development, but a simple accumulation of fat. After the growth or more exactly speaking, the development in length and bulk has terminated, man enters into what I call the period of invigoration, that is—when all our parts become more complete and firmer, our functions more assured, and the whole organism more perfect. The period lasts to sixty-five or seventy years; and then begins old age, which lasts for thirty years." But though M. Flourens thus lengthens man's days, he warns him, more than once, that the prolongation of them can only be obtained on one rigorous condition, "that of good conduct, of existence always occupied, of labour, of study, of moderation, of sobriety in all things." To those who may be disposed to ask why it is, that of men destined to live a hundred years so few do so, M. Flourens answers triumphantly—"with our manners, our passions, our torments man does not die, he kills himself!" and he speaks at great length of Corneille, of Lescaut, and mentions Larr and others, to show that, by prudence and above all, sobriety, life can easily be extended to a century or more. Such is an outline of M. Flourens' singular argument.

**A SECRET AGAINST CANCERS.**—The fact was recently stated by us that Dr. Painchaud, of Quebec, had made public his successful mode of treating cancers, and procured from the Ladies of the Hotel Dieu the account of a secret remedy which they had used for more than fifty years in the treatment of that disease.

A correspondent requests us for the good of humanity to publish what these remedies are, and we comply, promising, however, that we merely convey that piece of information without endorsing it in any way, and that the endeavoring to cure cancers through these or any other remedies, without proper medical advice, may be followed by the most disastrous consequences. Dr. Painchaud has hitherto made use of a paste invented by the celebrated Dr. Dupuytren, and which consists of ninety-six parts of calomel with four of powdered arsenic, well mixed together and kept in a glass of crystal. Mix a very little of that powder with one or two drops of cold water and make it of the thickness of cream. Then a light application should be made daily and should cover the entire cancerous part, and even the borders of the wholesome flesh. Dr. Painchaud thinks, however, the cure by the knife the only one perfectly safe, and uses the paste only in cases where the scalpel will not do. He thus cured in Quebec, one of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church, whose name he does not give. His cancer was on the face, and an operation would have entirely disfigured him, while the paste cured him radically in forty days.

A cure under similar but more dangerous circumstances was effected upon Miss Dumoulin, of Thros Rivers.

The secret left by the Rev. Mr. Compain to the Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu, consists of two different treatments. The first, which is to be used only when the disease is not inveterate, consists of a mixture of  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of cream, and a tea-spoonful of honey, beaten together with wheat or rye flour. The application to be renewed every four hours,—a remedy much used for sore breasts. The second consists in bleeding and purging, as a preparation, and then in the application of fine powdered arsenic diluted in a few drops of water, after which the wound is to be covered by a thick cob-web. The application to be made but once, and left until it falls off itself. The patient to diet on soup, a little meat, and no spirituous beverage.

Dr. Painchaud considers the latter remedy as very dangerous, which the Sisters have also found out, and thinks the paste of Dr. Dupuytren equally efficacious, and comparatively free from the danger of poisoning the patient.

The above recipes, it will be seen, with the exception of the perfectly harmless one of cream and honey, include poisons of the most active kind, and, we repeat, they should never be used in any way except under medical superintendence, which should always be called in on the first symptoms of cancer.—*Montreal Witness.*

**THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.**—Jamaica, or Xaymaca, signifying "the land of springs," was, as we all know, discovered by Columbus in the year 1494, on his second voyage of discovery; and not being success-

ful in landing at the town now known as Port Maria, owing to the fierceness of the waters, he pushed further northward, and landed at the little town called Ora Cabeza. The Indians numbered, on the first discovery of the island, some 80,000 or 100,000, but owing to the barbarous cruelty of the Spaniards, they soon became extinct.

In 1655 the island was subjugated by Cromwell, and since that period has belonged to England. A few years after this it was that Morgan, the great buccaneer, was made Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica, in honor of his filibustering exploits, and shortly after knighted and made full Governor.

Port Royal, which had for a long time been the resort of these buccaneers, and become very wealthy in consequence, was, in 1702, with 3,000 of its inhabitants, suddenly immersed by a terrible earthquake, and entirely destroyed, together with all the public documents relating to the island. It is said that the sunken houses are to this day discernible beneath the waters of the ocean.

From these frequent earthquakes the island has assumed that bold appearance in its lofty mountains, deep everglades, abrupt precipices, smiling valleys, rushing cataracts, that often reaches to the highest point of grandeur.

In 1762 Lord Rodney defeated Count de Grasse in an attempt on the part of France and Spain to retake the island, and to commemorate the event, a splendid marble statue of Rodney now stands in the public square of Spanish Town. So much for the early history of Jamaica.

The traveller as he approaches by sea is first struck with the fine appearance of the blue mountains, rising in the distance from the sea, their tops covered with beautiful white fleecy clouds, and clothed from the base to their summits with the most luxuriant vegetation. As he reaches nearer, he beholds the sea shore lined with immense numbers of cocoanut trees, whose tall and graceful appearance when bending to the sea-breeze has the most pleasing effect.

**MAGIC MIRRORS.**—M. Villette used often to talk about his father's mirror, which was fully described in the *Journal des Savans* for the year 1679. He made four of the kind. The first was brought for presentation to the King of Prussia; the second was sold to the King of Denmark; the third was presented to the King of France; and the fourth was that which brought its maker into trouble. These mirrors, of which the last was 43 inches in diameter, concentrated the sun's rays into so powerful a focus that they vitrified bricks and flint, consumed instantly the greenest wood, and melted iron. They had also their optical effects. The figure reflected by any concave mirror apparently stands out from its surface, just as a figure reflected from a convex mirror seems to be contained within it. When one of those instruments was presented to the King of France—Louis Quatorze—his Majesty was requested to draw his sword, and thrust it towards the burnished surface. He did so; and because at the same instant his image appeared to leap forward and direct a thrust at his own face, the great monarch recoiled in alarm, and was so much ashamed of himself directly afterwards, that he would see no more of the mirror for that day. Now it happened that while the last of M. Villette's mirrors was in his house at Liege, the autumn set in very rainy, and there was a great difficulty about getting in the harvest, so that bread—the supply of which, in the improvident times, always became scanty as the season for a new harvest drew near—became very dear. The populace was soon convinced that M. Villette's mirror caused the rain which spoiled the harvest. It was said in M. Villette's family that certain Jesuits suggested this idea. At any rate there were soon riots on the subject, and M. Villette's house was surrounded by an angry mob, determined upon cheap bread and no optics. They proposed lowering the price of corn by breaking up the handwork of the optician. A sensible prelate governed Liege, who put down the rioters by force of arms, and afterwards, as neither the rain nor the superstition as to the cause of it showed signs of abatement, issued this proclamation: "We declare, therefore, that this mirror produces, and can produce, only effects purely natural and very curious, and that to believe that it can attract and begot the rains, and so to attribute to it the power of opening or shutting heaven, which can only belong to God, would be a very blameable superstition. And we command the curates and the preachers in all parts of our diocese, into which such an error may have crept, that they use what power lies in them for its removal."—*Dickens's Household Words.*

**EFFEMINACY AMONGST THE CINGALESE.**—On landing, which you do possibly with considerable uneasiness in one of the canoes, you are beset by a nondescript and anomalous crowd, attired in scanty petticoats, reaching to the ankles, parasols in their hands, and their long hair drawn off the forehead, and turned up behind with a high tortoiseshell. These peculiarities of dress, together with their full busts and effeminate features, and the waddling gait caused by the restraint of the petticoats, impress the traveller with the idea that he has landed among a nation of women: but

when assured of their masculine gender, the similarity amongst them all is so great that he immediately jumps to the conclusion that, on the other hand, there are no women at all, and it is not till he has had some day's experience that he begins with any success to discriminate between the male and female portion of the community. The only visible distinction between the sexes consist in the women wearing rather shorter jackets than the men, enjoying generally rather coarser features, and dispensing with the masculine appendage of combs and parasols.

**THE SMALL VICES OF LEGISLATORS.**—It would seem by the following from the Boston Atlas, that the Massachusetts House of Representatives has gone a step further than our Legislators in raking the Parliamentary "diggings" of their concomitant "small vices." The Indian weed continues to disturb the souls of members. Yesterday, on motion of Mr. Hazdon, of Blackstone, the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to use all his force, might, power, and ability to prevent the smoking of cigars or pipes within the State House. He was also ordered "forthwith" to remove the official boxes for snuff and tobacco from the House.

"O now, forever, Farewell the tranquil quill! Farewell the puff. Farewell the dilly cus and the big plugs That made nibblin' easy! O 'farewell, Farewell the neighing sneeze, and the shrill trump" &c

**AMERICAN SETTLERS IN PALESTINE.**—About two years ago, eight American Christians conceived, and carried out the novel idea of planting an American colony in the Holy Land. They first located near Jerusalem, but subsequently removed to a place near Joppa, in the plain of Sharon. Here they devoted themselves to the arts of agriculture, and the cultivation of friendly relations with the Arabs. The *N. Y. Sun* says they procured American Agricultural implements from the city, and adds:—"The emigrants in their letters home, give the most glowing and attractive description of the fertility of the soil. They are able to raise three crops in the year—two in the summer by means of irrigation, and one in winter, when they have had the aid of winter rains. The crops grow luxuriantly, and yield more abundantly than in the United States; and nearly every kind of vegetable, fruit or grain, raised in this country, can be produced in Palestine."

**THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS.**—The plan for raising a church in memory of the martyrs was matured on Wednesday, and the subscription commenced. All differences of opinion are now adjusted, and the work will go forward with perfect unanimity. Several munificent donations were announced. It is properly a national tribute; and it would be far better that the church should be erected by the contributions of 10,000 persons sending one guinea each, than by £100 donations of one hundred. At the same time there is ample scope for all, the more or the less wealthy.—The district to be supplied is a very poor one, and it will be far better that the incumbent should find an income of £300 a year attached to the church, than that he should have to subsist on £100.—*English pap.*

**DEAD!**—In Ryle's sermon entitled "Living or Dead," thus he comments upon the word "dead."

"Dead" is a strong word, but it is not my own coining and invention. I did not choose it. The Holy Ghost told Paul to write it down about the Ephesians: "You hath he quickened who were dead." (Eph. ii. 1.) The Lord Jesus Christ made use of it in the parable of the Prodigal Son: "This my son was dead, and is alive again." (Luke xv. 24-32.) You will read it also in the Epistle to the Corinthians. "One died for all, then were all dead." (2 Cor. v. 14.) Shall a mortal man be wise above that which is written? Must I not take heed to speak that which I find in the Bible, and neither less nor more?

"Dead" is an awful idea, and one that man is most unwilling to receive. He does not like to allow the whole extent of his soul's disease. He shuts his eyes to the real amount of his danger. Many a one will allow me to say, that naturally most people "are not quite what they ought to be; they are thoughtless—they are unsteady—they are gay—they are not serious enough." But dead! Oh, no! I must not mention it. It is going too far to say that. The idea is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence."

LET us adore the judgments of God, and, instead of searching into the particular reasons and end of them, let us say, with St. Paul, (Romans xi. 23.) "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" If he who was taken up into the third heaven, and had such a multitude of revelations, and was admitted so much nearer to the secrets of God than we are, durst not search into them, how much less should we, who only converse here below.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

THERE is a time, even before we commence the active business of life when we are led to hold question with ourselves, and to ask what we are living for, and to what we are tending. We commune with our own hearts, and think of "and death, and ask ourselves what will be our condition when sixty years are over; whether, indeed, we shall then have died for ever, or whether we shall have but fallen asleep in Christ, to be awakened by him when the number of his redeemed is full.