



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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THE HEAD AND THE HEART

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

The Head is stately, calm, and wise,
And bears a princely part,
And down below in secret lies
The warm, impulsive heart.

The lofty Head that sits above,
The Heart that beats below,
Their several office plainly prove
Their true relation show.

The Head, erect, serene, and cool,
Endowed with reason's art,
Was set aloft, to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward Heart.

And from the Head, as from the higher,
Comes all directing thought;
And in the Heart's transforming fire
All nobler deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite
To make a man complete—
What were the heat without the light?
The light without the heat?

ROBERT BRUCE—A PEN AND INK
PORTRAIT.

Robert Bruce, the greatest of Scottish kings, was according to Major the historian, "of a fair, graceful, and active body, with broad shoulders, and a beautiful countenance; his hair, like the northern being yellow, and his eyes blue and sparkling." His stature, as it was ascertained by the disinterment of his remains in the year 1818—when Scotland after five centuries again beheld her great deliverer—was between five feet ten and six feet. From the measurement of the thigh bone Dr. Gregory calculated that he was from five feet ten to five feet eleven; while others thought the skeleton that of a man of six feet. His head was of the middle size and well formed, such as is usually seen found in men of the highest ability.

The coins of King Robert represent him with his locks long and curled. The lower jaw was found to be remarkably strong and deep. The eye of Sir Robert Liston, in his anatomical remarks on the skeleton, has been considered as indicative of great strength; and hence the ancient sculptor in their figures of the divinities combined depth of this bone with the shortness peculiar to youth. The ramus (the bone proceeding upwards from the back part of the jaw) he adds, rises almost perpendicular from the base of the bone.

It appears, that as in the instances of Julius Cæsar and the illustrious Sobieski, the hardships and toils of his early years brought upon Robert Bruce a premature old age. The disease of which he died is attributed by Barbour, who in this point is followed by Bishop Leslie, to his out-door life during the days of his adversity.

In the character of this man there was a singularly harmonious and beautiful union of the best moral and intellectual gifts. His intellect was at once vigorous, refined, and subtle. With all his heroism as a warrior and wisdom as a politician he could not have done what he did, if he had not added to his heroism and wisdom the rarest patience in affliction, and the most unwavering reliance on Providence. What he really achieved, and

with inferior numbers against armies and leaders who were the terror of all Europe, and yet this extraordinary feat was completely successful.

If Poland or Hungary, in their struggles for nationality in modern days, had had a head like that of Robert Bruce to guide them they would at this hour have been completely independent nations—An Englishman, if he had not been a great warrior and a profound politician, and called on to exercise all his high and varied gifts for the noblest national purposes, would have shone as Cæsar and Alexander would have shone in private life. He was as his recorded sayings prove, a man of poetical mind, and of gentle and graceful wit. He had those soft parts of conversation which wins the favor of the other sex. He resembled in all their good points Henry II. of England, and Henry IV. of France; and as a man being in man must be imperfect, there is reason to believe that in some measure, though to a less degree, he also resembled those great kings in their too warm admiration of female beauty.

However this may be, it is certain that it was in the depth of difficulties and dangers, out of which no genius less splendid and no virtues less obstinate than his could have delivered him, that a woman, gifted perhaps with a presentiment that a bright day of triumph was about to dawn on so much heroism and so much goodness, placed with her own hands the crown on the brows of the most illustrious of Scotland's monarchs.—*Classic and Historic Portraits.*

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ARARAT IN
1840.

The village of Arguri, which was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Ararat in 1840, was according to the traditions of the country people of unquestionable authenticity, having been founded by no less a person than Noah himself, immediately after coming out of the ark.

Arguri was one of the largest and handsomest villages of Armenia. It lay in a ravine of Mount Ararat, about 2500 feet above the level of the Araxes, and had an intelligent population of nearly 1600, independently of the Kurds, who worked as day labourers for the Armenians. It was a flourishing place, wheat and barley thrived well, notwithstanding its elevated position; in the gardens most of the fruits of Europe prospered well, and the flocks and herds found good pasture from April to October. A spring furnished the inhabitants with good water for drinking, and in sufficient quantity for the irrigation of the garden.

At the melting of the snows, this brook became a considerable stream, and poured down into the Karasu. According to tradition, Arguri was the oldest village in the world, and the first vine was planted here by the hands of Noah. Half a mile above Arguri stood the Convent of St. James, where the traveller, Parrot, resided during his stay on Mount Ararat. The gardens, planted with fruit trees, reached still higher, and by the operation of the water, the crumbling of the volcanic rock had here advanced further than elsewhere on the mountains. Near to the upper end of the ravine, were great hollows, containing masses of ice and snow, which in the heat of summer melted, and

for centuries, however, the existence of these slumbering volcanic forces had only been indicated by occasional tremblings. But the tranquility in which for ages this vast subterranean furnace had repose, was on the 20th June 1840 suddenly broken by a terrible and devastating eruption.

About half an hour after sunset, when the atmosphere was perfectly clear, the inhabitants of Armenia were startled by a loud explosion, which was the loudest and most fearful in the vicinity of Ararat. This was followed by an undulation of the ground, in a direction eastward and south-eastward from the mountain; and at the same time a chasm yawned open about three miles above Arguri, at the end of the Dark Ravine; and there burst from it volumes of gas and steam, while stones and masses of earth were hurled with enormous force down the declivities towards the plain. The clouds of steam that arose from the abyss probably caused the heavy rain that fell about the mountain in the same night—as watery deposits are, in these regions very rare in the summer. At its first breaking forth the steam was tinged, sometimes of a blue, but more frequently of a red color; but whether there had been flames or not the witnesses could not undertake to say. The blue and red colors soon passed into a deep black, and at the same time the air was filled with a sulphurous smell. The mountain roared and the earth shook without ceasing, and besides a subterraneous noise of cracking and bellowing there was a whistling sound, like that of cannon balls, from the stone thrown through the air. The size of some of the masses of rock will scarcely be credited. One I observed which could not have weighed less than several tons. Whenever these masses fell, they mostly remained lying as the inclination of the ground at the foot of the hill is too gentle to enable them to roll on.

The eruption lasted a full hour; and when the steam and smoke rolled away, and the shower of stones and mud ceased, neither the great rich village of Arguri, nor the renowned convent, was any longer to be seen, and the fields, and the blooming gardens, and the harmless population, which for many peaceful years had found in their occupation and subsistence, had now found in them a grave. Not a stone and mud. Of the monks and servants of the convent, of the 1500 villagers and 400 Kurd laborers, only 111 individuals were left alive, and these had been on journeys, or otherwise absent. These poor people were when I was at Ararat, scattered about among the villages of the plain, suffering the bitterest poverty; and Noah's mountain was again as solitary as on the morning after the Deluge.

It has been observed of many volcanoes that they have long periods of rest, that they have remained for centuries inactive and then suddenly burst forth again, with all their tremendous energy. Thus Vesuvius, up to the year 79, appeared to be completely extinguished, and was covered with trees to its very summit. Strabo indeed concluded from the general character of the mountain that it might at some time have vented fire, but he could find no historical fact to prove his assertion. Anselmus Victor, speaking of Vesuvius, says that in 79 it began to burn. The case was the same with Etna before the year 40; and the great volcanoes of America have seldom more than one

ton have with many volcanoes an intermittent character; and this effect ceases as soon as the channel is closed by which the communication of the atmosphere with the interior of the earth has been kept up.

Thus the activity of the long silent volcanoes of Armenia may be destined again to awaken and this remarkable eruption of Ararat to but the messenger and the forerunner of future outbreaks. It does not appear probable that so long a period has elapsed from the formation of the Allaghanies to the present time, as between the activity of the ancient crater of Vesuvius to the eruption in 79. The Titanic force which upheaved the vast piles of Caucasus and Ararat "is not dead but sleeping."—*Dr Wagner's Journey to Ararat.*

A CENTURY OF RUSSIAN EMPERORS

Such a list as the following cannot be prepared from the annals of any European kingdom, and scarcely from any Asiatic monarchy.

- 1718. Alexis, son and heir of Peter the Great put to death by order of his own father.
- 1730. Peter the Second, son of Alexis, "died suddenly, deposed and murdered," with him ends the male branch of the house of Romanoff.
- 1740. Ivan Antonovitch, an infant, succeeded his aunt Anna in 1740. In a year he was deposed by his cousin, the Empress Elizabeth, who confined him in various prisons. In 1761 he was privately put to death by Catharine the Second, during an insurrection.
- 1762. Peter the Third murdered by his wife, the Empress Catherine the Second.
- 1801. Alexander, son, murdered by a conspiracy of his nobles.
- 1825. Alexander, supposed to have been made away with by the conspiracy which broke out on his death, but later discovered—found Russian sources, however—throw doubt on this rumour.

THE RICHES OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Samuel Hainston, of Pittsfield, is the gentleman. When I was in his seat a year or two ago he was the owner of between 1500 and 1700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a census. He also has a prospective right to about 1000 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother-in-law, Mrs. R. Hainston, he having married her only child. He now has the management of them, which makes the number of his slaves reach near three thousand. They increase at the rate of near one hundred every year. He has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick counties, Virginia. He has large estates in North Carolina. His landed property in Stokes alone is assessed at \$600,000. His wealth is differently estimated at from \$300,000 to \$5,000,000, and I should think it was nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot, but I assure you Mr. Hainston manages all his matters as easy as most persons would an estate of \$10,000. He has lawyers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what has been made and spent on each plantation, and his taxes are all clothed