

or soul, in passing outward, being concentrated by the lenses. Whenever, therefore, two persons of different sex are in each others' company, their mental atmospheres mingle and form an explosive mixture, as takes place when hydrogen and atmospheric air are mixed; and it only requires a glance of the eye, passing through this mixture of minds, to produce conflagration, just as an electric spark explodes the gases above alluded to.

It was some time before the explosive nature of mixtures of hydrogen and common air was well known, or any preventive discovered, and accordingly the history of the early mines is full of dreadful accidents. Similar explosions of mental mixtures must have been frequent in early times. But the innocent causes of all this misery set themselves to discover a preventive; for they are naturally compassionate, and, besides, they themselves were dreadfully scorched by the flames which they excited. Being well versed in the science of chemistry, seeing their grandmother Pandora had been educated in the laboratory of Vulcan, they soon found out that silk is a non-conductor of mental influence; they accordingly took to wearing veils of silk net, which being interposed before the eyes, prevent the communication of the flame to the surrounding atmosphere.

Who does not see that this is the prototype of Sir Humphry Davy's Safety Lamp? That philosopher had only to observe that wire-gauze has the same relation to an explosive mixture of gases and common flame, that silk has to a mental atmosphere and a glance of the eye, and the preventive of the explosion of fire damp was discovered.

How he came to notice the coincidence, we have not the means of knowing. Probably he had personally experienced the incendiary nature of the female eye when the veil is removed, and thus been led to conclude that there was a virtue in that covering, which would naturally suggest wire-gauze for the fire-damp. And perhaps he did not think it necessary to acknowledge himself indebted to the ladies for the discovery, as he had found it as easy to elicit secrets from dame Nature herself, as from her favourite children.

However this may be, I have endeavoured to vindicate the principle of *cuique suum*; and notwithstanding it was a duty of justice, yet as there were different ways in which I might have performed it, I doubt not the ladies will be grateful for the ready and gallant manner in which I have asserted their right, and will acknowledge themselves so, in the way which they may deem the most acceptable. In expectation of which acknowledgment, I remain their devoted servant,

A CRITIC.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BRIDE OF EVERY DAY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

There are tears in the sparkling bowl,
That foams, young bride, for thee;
And grief shall consume thy soul,
In far lands beyond the sea.
There's a blight in the budding flower,
That binds thy beauteous brow;
There's dross in the princely dower,
That brings thy fatal vow.
The youth, who loved thee well,
In solitude hides a part;
The anguish no words can tell,
The grief of a broken heart—
Bid the stricken deer go weep,"
Thy cheek will wear its bloom;
Thy lip its bright smile keep,
Though thy love were in the tomb.
Farewell, young victim of pride,
I can shed no tear for thee;
In the world's gay scenes go hide
Thy splendid misery.
Go, laugh with the heartless throng,
With the careless, thy revels keep;
Thou shalt wake from thy dream ere long,
Alone and unpitied to weep.

Belleville, U. C.

CHILLON.

VICTOR HUGO has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*:

"Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood-work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell: in one, I was shown the dungeons placed one above the other, closed by trap-doors which were shut on the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and found on the stone floor a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The captive in this cell could see through his grating a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower, after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring, which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned, through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle, which were taken up, and flung in a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf."