

As regards the taking of poisons by this person, the "Morning Chronicle" account says, "Monsieur Chabert's first performance was the swallowing a quantity of phosphorus, which, we need not inform our readers, is one of the most violent poisons. Happening to stand near the exhibitor's table, he invited us to weigh out the phosphorus, and taste the pure water with which he washed down the aconite. We accordingly administered to the gentleman a dose of sixty-four grains, enough, we imagine, to have proved a quietus to even Chumy himself. We observed, however, that the pure water was strongly impregnated with an alkali (soda), and we need scarcely observe, that any of the fixed alkalies would have the effect of neutralising the phosphorus, and destroying its pernicious effects in the stomach. There was a similar exhibition of swallowing a quantity of arsenic, some of which was fused over charcoal, to convince the bystanders, by the smell, that it was the real poison. To us, however, it appeared that it was merely metallic arsenic, the swallowing of which might be done with impunity—at least, to the extent to which Monsieur Chabert received it into his stomach. We thought this part of the exhibition rather offensive and silly, for it was obvious that the quality of the drugs, professed to be poison, was submitted to no fair test; and there were several links deficient in the chain of reasoning necessary to convince an intelligent person that the professed feat was really performed." Supposing this statement correct, there is nothing surprising in Monsieur Chabert's trick.

"But," the same writer adds, "it was different with the pyrotechnic exhibition.—Monsieur Chabert first poured nitric acid upon metallic filings, mixed (we suppose) with sulphur, to form byrites; these he suffered fairly to ignite in the palm of his hand, and retained the burning mass some time, although a small quantity ignited in our hand quickly made us glad to plunge it into water. Monsieur Chabert then deliberately rubbed a hot shovel over his skin, through his hair, and finally upon the tongue. This was very fairly done. The next feat was that of swallowing boiling oil. We tried the thermometer in the oil, and found it rose to 340 degrees. Monsieur Chabert swallowed a few table spoonfuls of this burning liquid, which perhaps might have cooled to about 320 degrees, between the taking of the oil from the saucypan and the putting it into his mouth. A gentleman in the company came forward, dropping lighted sealing-wax upon M. Chabert's tongue, took the impression of his seal. This, we suppose, is what is called *sealing a man's mouth*."

As to M. Chabert, the "Morning Chronicle" account says, "But now came the grand and terrific exhibition—the entering the oven—for which expectation was excited to the highest pitch. We had the curiosity to apply the unerring test of the thermometer to the inside of the oven, and found the maximum of heat to be 220 degrees. M. Chabert, being dressed in a loose black linen robe, rendered, he assured us, as fireproof as asbestos, by a chemical solution, entered the oven amidst the applause of the spectators. He continued like a modern Shadrach in the fiery furnace, and after a suspense of about 12 minutes, again appeared to the anxious spectators, triumphantly bearing the beef-steak fully dressed, which he had taken into the oven with him raw. M. Chabert also exhibited to us the thermometer, which he had taken into the oven with him at 60 deg., and which was now up to 590 deg. We need not say that the bulb had been kept in the burning embers, of which it bore palpable signs. This was a mere trick, unworthy of the exhibition, for M. Chabert really bore the oven heated to 220 degrees for full twenty minutes. Whether we were emulous of Paul Pry, and peeped under the iron door of the oven, and beheld the beef-steak and leg of mutton cooking upon a heap of charcoal and embers concealed in the corner of the oven, we must not say, 'it were too curious to consider matters after

that manner." We are only doing justice to Monsieur Chabert in saying, that he is the best of all fire-eaters we have yet seen, and that his performance is truly wonderful, and highly worthy of the public patronage. A man so impervious to fire, may 'make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate.'

Stay, stay! Not quite so fast. M. Chabert is a man of tricks, but his only real trick failed to deceive: this was placing the bulb of the thermometer in burning embers, to get the mercury up to 590, while, in fact, the heat he really bore in the oven was only 220; which, as he bore that heat for "full twenty minutes," the writer quoted deems "really wonderful." That it was not wonderful for such an exhibitor to endure such a heat, will appear from the following statements:—

About the middle of January, 1774, Dr. Charles Blagden, F.R.S., received an invitation from Dr. George Fordyce, to observe the effects of air heated to a much higher degree than it was formerly thought any living creature could bear. Dr. Fordyce had himself proved the mistake of Dr. Boerhaave and most other authors, by supporting many times very high degrees of heat, in the course of a long train of important experiments. Dr. Cullen had long before suggested many arguments to show that life itself had a power of generating heat, independent of any common chemical or mechanical means. Governor Ellis, in the year 1758, had observed, that a man could live in air of a greater heat than that of his body; and that the body, in this situation, continues its own cold; and the abbé Chappe d'Auroche had written that the Russians used their baths heated to 60 degrees of Reaumur's thermometer, about 160 of Fahrenheit's. With a view to add further evidence to these extraordinary facts, and to ascertain the real effects of such great degrees of heat on the human body, Dr. Fordyce tried various experiments in heated chambers without chimneys, and from whence the external air was excluded.

THE GRACES.

Simplici myrto nihil affaboras
Sedulus cura. HON.

I lay upon a bank with harebells strown;
For now the ruddy Sun was growing pale;
And here and there a star was glittering lone,
And rich with odours from the blossomed vale
Came slowly as a sigh the evening gale.
Then all was hushed,—but where, with folded wing,
Above me, cooed the turtle-dove her tale,
And, through the grass, a little bubbling spring
Woo'd gentle Summer-sleep with its low murmuring.

But whether that sweet spot was haunted ground,
Or that the world-sick fancy loves to stray
Through regions on our weary Earth unfound;
No sooner sleep upon my eyelids lay,
Than seemed to light the East a lovelier day;
Came winged and rose-wreathed forms, that with fond
play,
Danced round and round a slow-descending car,
From which a radiance shone, richer than Sun or Star.

And from it stooped upon the flowery bank
Three shapes of beauty—yet they wore no plumes,
In reverent worship at their feet I sank:
"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume,
"We come, The Graces three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit and Wisdom with her sovereign beauty dwell!"