

I heard again a noise, as if he had flung himself heavily into a chair: and then there was a long silence again. I sat listening for any sound, and wondering at the strange words that I had heard; but, when the church-clocks had twice chimed the quarters, the room was still quiet. Looking at the key hole, the light was gone; but, on observing again, I thought I saw a faint glimmer, as if the candle were still burning, with the shade down. After awhile, however, I resolved to retire to bed; taking first the precaution to place a chair against the door, in such a manner that it would fall and awaken me, if he attempted again to enter my room; besides which, I placed my sword-stick within reach. I tried to persuade myself that this was some trick of my fellow-students to alarm me, or that my neighbour was a harmless madman, personating the great republican, although I felt uneasy at remembering that he was in possession of the key of the door opening into my room. Resolved, however, at any rate, to shake off my alarm, I strove to rally myself upon the subject. "If M. Robespierre," said I, aloud, "takes a fancy to walk through my room again, he will be kind enough to shut the doors with less noise, if I am sleeping."

Instantly, I heard the footsteps again; the handle of the lock turned; the chair, with some articles that I had designedly placed upon it, fell with a loud clatter; the door opened wide; and the same figure that I had seen before stood in the doorway.

"Keep off!" I exclaimed, seizing my sword-stick, and planting myself, like Roderick Dhu, with my back to the wall.

"I beg your pardon!" said my disturber, with a low bow.

"Who are you? What do you do here? I demanded, waxing bolder.

"M. Hector Favart—at your service; student of the Ecole de Medecine; having the honor to do duty in the Third Legion of the Garde Nationale—an honor that will take me out of doors at daylight this frosty morning."

"What!" said I, letting my sword-stick fall from my hand—"the cousin of my Eugenie?"

"Eugenie de la Tour?"

"Eugenie de la Tour."

"The same!"

"But how do you find yourself in that room? I asked, still somewhat incredulous.

"I took this little place to-day," said he, "as a quiet room to read in, and to sleep in at night. By the way, I have to apologise for coming through your apartment in your absence, for the porter had not yet given me the key of the other door upon the landing."

"I saw you," said I, "but how did you contrive to lock your door again without my hearing it?"

"Do you not know that when this door is once shut, it cannot be opened again, from your side, without a key?"

"I understand," said I, advancing, with the light, to shake hands with him. But his unaccountable resemblance, in dress and features, to Robespierre himself (which I had almost forgotten,) his pale face, and sunken eyes, struck me again so forcibly, as the light shone upon him, that I started back. "I hope you will not think me unpolite," said I, "if I observe, before coming closer, that I am struck very forcibly with the remarkable resemblance that you bear to a certain historical personage."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, in a tone that sounded strangely hollow. "To whom, now? Tell me. To Louis Seize, or the Cardinal Richelieu; Jean Jacques Rousseau, or the Emperor Napoleon; the Jean Frederick of Prussia, or the pithy Mirabeau?"

"To none of those," said I.

"To a man of the Revolution—eh? A Girondin, or a Cordelier; a Feuillant, or a Jacobin?"

"To a Jacobin!" said I, "without any of fence."

"No doubt!" he replied; "but to which of them? Not to Marat, the blackguard, I hope! nor little Camille Desmoulins! nor the jolly Danton! Something more of the Robespierre look about me—isn't there?" Holding the nosegay in one hand, he placed himself exactly in the attitude of Robespierre in the portraits.

"I certainly," said I, "did have such an impression when I first saw you, and now that you stand in that position, I cannot help being struck with the similarity between you."

He laughed again, in the husky tone of a man afflicted with a severe cold. "The day I was born, my nurse—who never before, in her life, admitted a child to have the slightest resemblance with anybody but his own father—could not help exclaiming, 'Ah, le petit Robespierre!' for she had seen the great man when a girl. Everybody said I resembled him exactly; everybody was right. Faith! to-night, at the fancy ball at the Chaumiere, I make my appearance in this style, with nosegay complete, and everybody recognises me in a moment."

"Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, laughing in my turn. "The mystery is unravelled! Pray, step in; I will light my fire in a moment. I think I have materials for a bowl of punch."

"With all my heart," said he, "I dare not go to bed, lest I should oversleep myself, and forget my engagement."

"To your fair cousin, Eugenie!" said I, when the bowl stood smoking on the table, while we struck our glasses together, in ratification of the toast.

"To one not less fair!" said he, filling again, "whose name I need not tell."

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## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

### CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

How rapidly do the events of time crowd upon us, while running our daily ample round, and how submissively does the mind by its pliancy and versatility endeavour to accommodate itself to the prevailing circumstance, however, untoward it may seem. Some new scene in which the perfection of nature's works or the developments of art are displayed for our gratification, may elevate the mind above the monotony of the passing moment, and in a brief space it may be depressed far beyond the depths of a reasonable reaction, and rendered gloomy and morose, by a stern and inevitable fate whose ominous shadows darken our pathway. One moment surrounded by gaiety the mind is light and evanescent, conforming in its elasticity to the peculiar characteristics of the scene,—in another some sudden news heralded on the wings of the lightning may ensbroud it in terror and dismay. How suddenly, and unexpectedly, for example, did the fearful account of the Montreal fire burst upon us. One brief sentence from the telegraph declared the awful fact, that thousands of our fellow beings, as unthinking, as ill prepared as we ourselves would have been for

such a circumstance, had been rudely hurried from their homes by the desolating scourge of fire. Scarcely had the dying embers of one desolating conflagration been removed, ere another, still more dreadful, more appalling, more desolating, had succeeded. The poor man's castle is rudely broken in upon, the sacredness of the family altar is scorned, and all the fond associations of home, which make it ever cheering, and give a zest to life, are rudely torn asunder, and thousands of homeless woe-begone sufferers, are content to be cooped up in an emigrant shed, or some other such contrivance, where the comforts, the privacy the sacredness of home, are unknown. We never interfere with abstract speculations, such as, for example, whether man is a child of circumstance, or whether he himself creates the circumstances that give a variance to his life. Such questions are most fitly left to minds of a more ample range, we wish to deal with plain realities.

God made the country, and man made the town.

is a remark of Copwer's, and we willingly assent to its truth, without weighing the awful import of its statement. Man, in his social capacity, is impelled to the construction of a town for the gratification of his wants, his caprice or desires, and if he consents to shut himself up in a little cabin, from which he has carefully excluded the free air and the light of heaven, and makes no provision whereby the water which distills from the clouds may be prevented from stagnating around his dwelling, and thus by breathing an impure air shortens his existence,—he has had a hand in his death as veritably as the suicide. And if ten men or ten thousand men act in a similar way, the position of affairs is not altered one iota. Such is too generally the town which "man makes," and in this it is evident he makes the circumstance by which he suffers. Then again, in a country where the summer heat is so great, it is not only necessary in providing a home, to see that it be of such a construction as to give free admission to light and air, but also that it be constructed of such materials,—so far as they can be procured,—that will not readily ignite, and that every precaution be taken to provide means for the counteraction of this ignition, should it take place. We have no personal knowledge of the water facilities of Montreal; but it is a current remark in the papers of that city, when a fire occurs,—that there was, as usual, no water,—a remark which would imply, at least, that the water is not very abundant when it is most needed. Now, whether Phillips is correct in his theory,—that "water tends to feed the flame," it matters not for our present purpose, as water is the only counteracting agent used by us yet, and we can answer for Toronto, that many of its suburban streets have no more water communication for protective purposes than if they were built in the Great Sahara. We have witnessed several fires in these streets during the night, where they burned till the fuel was all done, the efforts of the firemen being so far nullified. The last fire in the rear of the Bay Horse Inn Yonge St. was well supplied with water, and but for that, great damage might have been done; but we are sadly deficient of any means of extinguishing fire if it be at a distance from the lake, and would be just as helpless as they seem to have been in Montreal. We do not allude, of course, to the exertions of the firemen and other parties there, for they seem to have worked nobly; but to the fact that we would be helpless as to any power to extinguish the flames. We would simply ask, if in this semi-selfish—semi-social state in which we live, it is not incumbent as a first principle to provide against such an occurrence. The lessons we have received have been so painfully severe, and so frequently repeated, as to keep them ever on the memory, yet each succeeding day passes over as the preceding one has passed, and we resemble in every possible way, that state, so brief, yet, impressively de-