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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.] Virtue is True Happiness. [SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I. TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852. No. 32.

Poetry.

INWARD LIFE.

Let us only be in earnest;
Let us see things as they are;
Flee from sin a deceitful serpent,
Filled with trustful, heavenly care;
Then would He, the Friend of sinners,
Sup with us, and we with Him,
Raising all our better feelings
To their crystal fountain's brim;
And would break upon our vision
Glories not before conceived—
Glories could they be retired,
Too refined to be believed!
O'er a world of sin and sorrow,
Heavenly rainbows still would gleam
And the ancient seraph ladder
Would no longer be a dream!

THE DEAD.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soul is one of deathless dearth;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down, and makes their memory flower
With odors sweet tho' late.

The dead alone are fair!
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light; but *let* them pale and die,
And swell the stores of memory—
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all,
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest!
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow falls nip their May:
But when their tempest time is done,
The light and heat of heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest.

Literature.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

On a wintry afternoon in the month of February—carnival time—in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the College de France which I had been following, was suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the supposed privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasure for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for some months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon—being the third day of my voluntary confinement—I had returned from the *restaurant*, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other season. Mine was a retired street, and my room being *au sixieme*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I analysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings: and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scene from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed: but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I rose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbour, the daguerreotyper, who lived with his wife—a Norman woman—and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, no body had been on his roof to *pose* for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would take portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or in family groups, of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brison, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His roof was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savory smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of eleven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day six flights of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else to pay them a visit. The sun was feeble that day; and after "*posing*" *eight* times, and waiting while his wife gave an extra polish to the plate; and, finally, for the ninth time putting on that look of profound sagacity, mingled with good-humour, which all people try to get into their portraits, I was obliged to give it up. The time was not wholly lost; I had seen something of Monsieur Brison's home in the time that I had waited, and this was my chief object in going to him. Indeed a portrait would have been of no manner of use to me, and I half suspected myself of a secret design in choosing such a dull day. So I rose to go away; and, after remarking upon the trouble to which I had put him, held out two francs in my hand. Poverty was written on his walls, and on his patched blue blouse; but he resolutely refused my offer, with a speech that would have brought down an avalanche of applause on the stage of the Gymnase, if he had pronounced it there *in a tone* a trifle more tragic than that in which he then spoke, and had paused to take the sense of the house on the propriety of his sentiment. That man's cheerfulness puzzled me. I strove to account for it upon philosophical principles, and thought all daguerreotypers in Paris must be cheerful, because they live on the roofs, and are most subject "*to skyey* influences." So I fell meditating deeply upon this subject.

When I looked out again, it was getting darker, and there was a slight fog, which made some lights, a long way off, across the house tops, glimmer in a halo. Looking round my room, it had to me a drearier air than usual, with its scanty furniture, and floor of polished tiles. My fire was nearly out—if an Englishman could give the name of fire to a few chips of charcoal, shut up closely in a porcelain cylinder, standing out in the room, and communicating with the chimney by a rusty tin-pipe. I opened its little door; and kneeling down, was *just* in time to blow out the last remains of vitality. The weather was cold, but I did not care to light it again. It was becoming too dark to read, and I determined not to light my lamp. I sat down again, and wrapped my dressing-gown about me with a shiver. The great pipe, which my friend Louis Raynal gave me when he came back from *Africa*, hung upon the wall. I sat looking at its enormous bowl—carved into the face of an Arab, with a fierce grin and small black eyes—until I could scarcely see it; though now and then, I knew not why, it *suddenly* became more distinct. When I was tired, my eye wandered, and fixed itself upon the carving of the Crucifixion on the mantelpiece. This was of white wood, and consequently remain-

ed distinct, for a longer time, in the deepening twilight of the room. I was not sorry when I could see it no longer. I would have preferred that that carving had not been in the room alone with me that afternoon.

It was growing darker still, and, as the few objects near me faded away, and my attention was no longer occupied, I heard again the murmuring in the air, which had troubled me at first, but this time it was still more perplexing. Now and then, as I listened, it seemed about to become deeper; and then, with the utmost effort, I could not hear it at all. It was its monotony (while it lasted) that teased me. If any one of the multitudinous noises, of which I supposed it to be composed would have predominated for a moment I should have been content. If some clanging peal of bells would have broken out near me, or come from a distance upon a sudden shifting of the wind, I would have lighted my lamp and gone on with the perusal of my book. But it was still the same confusion of noises—so perfectly blended, that although sometimes it became louder, no distinct sound could be caught as if at a certain moment all its components increased, in exact proportion, in order to preserve a perfect monotony.

It is strange that this trifling fancy was gradually sapping the foundations of my resolution—holding me with so singular a fascination, that I was compelled to abandon my studies for that day. I began to suspect that the sudden change, from a life of pleasure, to one of solitary study had wrought some injury to my mind. I experienced a degree of timidity and irresolution that I had never known before. I had other strange fancies. Once, while walking to and fro, in my room, I had seen my features, darkly in the glass, and instinctively shrunk from looking there again. Afterwards, on reflecting, I could not divest myself of the notion that they were not my features that I had seen there, but a face wholly different. I sat down again, and thought of going out and wandering in the streets. I knew that during the cold weather, great wood fires were lighted at midnight, in certain open places in the city, that the houseless might not perish of the cold; and I thought of spending the night by one of these, and not returning to my room until day-light.

From this mood I was suddenly startled by a noise, as of something falling on the floor of the adjoining room. I was startled, because I had always known that room to be uninhabited; and as it communicated by a door with my room, I knew that I should have heard of any change in this respect. It was one of those rooms, often met with in the great houses of Paris (where each floor is divided into many apartments, or, as we should say in England, sets of chambers), into which it had been found impossible to admit sufficient daylight for a sitting room. In such a case, the usual course would have been to let it with my room as a sleeping-chamber; but I had declined it, and it had remained unoccupied during the several years of my residence there.

I listened attentively for a repetition of the noise, and now all my wild fancies were forgotten in this new feeling of curiosity. I had never been in that room, for the door had always been kept locked, and the key was in the possession of the porter below; but I recollected, now, having frequently heard noise in the night, which I had attributed to the wind out of doors, but which, I seemed now to remember, had come from the empty garret. I had once heard from the Concierge (though I had taken it for an idle story) that Danton—memorable among the tyrants of the Revolution—had lived in a room in that house. And now I thought I remembered that it was in a house in that quarter where he had spent the night (it was the night of the terrible butcheries at the prisons of La Force and the Conciergerie) in conversation with Camille Desmoulins, until, seeing the first glimmering of the dawn across the house-tops, he told Camille that a terrible blow had been struck at Royalism, even while they had been sitting there. It seemed to me remarkable that I had not thought of this before. I remembered now distinctly the words "across the house-top," in the account that I had read, and a superstitious conviction forced itself upon me, that it was in that very room that Danton (affecting, as it was common with the revolutionary leaders, an appearance of poverty) had dwelt.

My fancy had wandered away among the scenes of that terrible Revolution, when I was aroused again by a second noise. But this time it was the sound of a light foot ep walking in the room. I listened, and waited, with my eye fixed upon the door, and now for the first time I remarked a faint light shining through the keyhole. The footstep ceased for a moment, and then I saw by the long light in the crevice, that the door, which I had always supposed to be locked, was ajar. I had not heard any movement of the handle of the lock, but I felt convinced that it had only just been opened; for it was impossible, otherwise, that I should not have observed it. The door trembled for a moment, as if an undecided hand were upon the lock, and then, opening wide, I saw, to my surprise, the figure of a man standing in the doorway.

He held in one hand a thin candle, with a shade, which threw that part of the room in which I sat into darkness; but I could see him distinctly, as he stood there a moment, apparently hesitating whether to go on or turn back. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes, in the light that struck upward, through the aperture in the shade, were fixed and sunken. His dress was that which was worn by the old revolutionary leaders; but he bore no resemblance to the portrait of Danton. I recognised him at a glance. The prominent forehead, the short pointed nose, the scornful curl of the upper lip, the powdered hair, the frilled shirt, the broad sash, and even the nosegay in his hand—all, except the general faded look of his attire, identified him at once with the ideal indelibly fixed in mind, by portrait and tradition, of the great fanatical Jacobin, Maximilian Robespierre. The door closed sharply behind him, as if by the current of air, for his light was extinguished at the same moment. I heard his footstep across my room; the door closed behind him as he went out upon the landing. I listened but could hear no footstep descending the stairs. I walked to the door, and looked down into the darkness of the great staircase, and listened, but the house was quite still.

Was I to believe my senses? Here I sat, exactly as I had sat ten minutes before. My stove was cold; my room was dark: I was alone: my book was open before me. I saw the light still in the daguerreotyper's window, on the roof, and at other places, far off. I walked over, and tried the door of the room, but it was fast locked again. Everything was in its usual state. In a few minutes from the time with I first fancied that I heard the noise, the door had been unfastened, this strange apparition had passed through my room, the door was re-fastened, and no trace of what had happened remained. I was not dreaming? No. But how often, in sleep, had I questioned myself of the reality of my dream, and invariably ended by convincing myself that I was awake—sometimes even remembering that I had deceived myself before; but always, at last, conquering my own objection, and coming to the conclusion that this time, at least, I stood amid the real life of the daylight world. But I rubbed my eyelids, rose again, and walked to and fro, and convinced myself that I was really awake.

What could I think, but that my reason was becoming weakened? The life I had led for some time had been wild and reckless. I had become so accustomed to excitement, that it was almost necessary to my existence; so that when I applied myself to a steadier life, I experienced something of the depression of the drunkard in the first days of his reformation. The mood in which this vision had found me was favourable to such hallucinations. My mind had been unsettled. My fancies would not let me apply myself to my task. Whimsical, and filled with vague apprehensions, I knew that my mental state exactly coincided with the descriptions of those who have been visited by similar apparitions.

Smoking would, I thought, soothe me. I lighted some wood in my stove with a fusee, and taking down my pipe from the wall, filled it, and sat there smoking hour after hour. The great transparent bowl glowed in the darkness at every puff, so deeply, that I could watch the wreathes of smoke by the light that it gave. I strove to fix my mind upon cheerful images—thinking of an English home, where the fatted calf was ever ready to be killed when I should return, but chiefly of thee Eugenie, (of whom I knew myself unworthy,) lily-handed, lovelier than the loveliest of all flowers!

I dropped asleep, and awoke several times, always dreaming and waking up with the feeling, that my strange vision was a portion of my dream; but the burning embers in my stove recalled to me what had passed, and each time, putting on more fuel, I dropped asleep again.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping the last time. When I awakened, my fire was out, and I was in darkness. I knew, however, that it was past midnight the hour at which my ghostly visitor would probably have returned, if he had an intention of returning. My slumbers had transmitted me. Looking out of the window, it did strike me that a certain dark object, close upon the next roof, had somewhat the look of a monk, staring out of his cowl at me through my window; but I speedily recognized it for a portion of the daguerreotyper's apparatus for fixing his customers in the required position. The fog had cleared away. There were no lights on any of the roofs, or at any windows far and wide. In the distance rose the dusky towers of St. Sulpice; and the stars were shining.

I had determined to go to bed, and think no more of my apparition until the morning, when turning to light my lamp, my eye caught again a faint light through the key-hole of the adjoining room. This was stranger still; for I knew that no one, in the habit of shutting doors so noisily, could have passed through my room while I had been sleeping. I lighted my lamp and listened. I heard again a light footstep, and presently a voice as of some one talking to himself, though loud enough, sometimes, for me to distinguish his words:

"A good wind getting up, such a wind as blows sharp dust into the face on a frosty night. Whew! I wouldn't turn a dog out. This is cheerless; but better than that hot cursed place, full of shrieking, whining men, and women. How the dusky Satan took that girl, and, turned her till her brain was giddy, and she swooned! She had a pretty simple look; but she would not have been there if she were as innocent as her face. They knew me. The priest taunted me with my free use of the guillotine. No matter. That peasant girl did not shrink from the monster, nor look upon my hands to see if they were blood-stained, when we joined the others in their devilry. Oh, it was a pretty sight for them to see a man with some thousands of murders on his mind, looking so merry, and handling a nosegay so delicately—a nosegay that they knew so well in all my portraits! Well, well! enough of this for to-night. My feet can scarcely forget their habit. The fascination of that whirling multitude haunts me. I seem to have her still—my peasant girl. Steadily! Hold me firmly. Now then! Away!"

My mysterious neighbour seemed to be turning rapidly about the room, I heard the quick movement of his feet; and then a noise, as if a heavy body had come violently in contact with the wainscot. I walked on tiptoe to the door, and looked through the keyhole, but my sight only ranged over a small portion of the room, and I could see no one. There was a silence for some moments. Then I heard him talk—again:

"This kind of sport does not suit the middle of the night. I shall wake the whole floor. Let me see; how am I to amuse myself? No rest for me to-night. At daylight I must begone."

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 footstep 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 portly 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 offence."

"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 everbody 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 enshroud 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 wo-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 distils 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 Zahara. 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-

scribed by the sacred historian—"the people married and were given in marriage until the day that the flood came." It is gratifying to reflect, however, that in this appalling state of affairs in Montreal, the calls of humanity have been responded to. Toronto, Hamilton, and Quebec have come nobly forward, and New York, ever ready in such a case, has laid Canada under a deep debt of obligation, by the generous and spontaneous aid it has afforded. We rejoice to think that in this way the sufferings of the poor outcasts may be speedily alleviated, and a home and its comforts again restored.

Want of space to-day prevents us noticing at length the very fine Panoramic exhibition in the St. Lawrence Hall, at present. We would advise all our young folks to make a call.

MORE HASTE LESS SPEED.

Did ever I tell you, Tom, that I found forty dollars a few days ago.

I think not! I suppose you mean to say you lost forty dollars; that would be much more like the mark in your case, else fortune has at last begun to favour you.

Well, well! no matter, I found forty dollars at all events, and I was very much overjoyed at the circumstance.

I should think you would,—more particularly if you discovered their owner, and handed them over to him, with the caution to take better care of them in future;—for you know Honesty is the best Policy.

Well, I did hand them over, and the owner and I were both alike thankful.

Last time I was driving down from Hamilton, I was very desirous to reach Toronto early, and as I had a call to make by the way I started in good time, and prepared for the road. I had forty dollars of spare cash that I wished to get a bank check for, but on going to the bank I found that I was too soon by half an hour, and not in a mood to wait so long, I wrapped up the notes, and slipped them, carelessly, in my vest pocket. In putting on the horse's harness in the stable, it is possible I had ruffled up my vest, but I was unconscious of anything wrong, and started off full speed for Toronto. When about five miles on this side of Hamilton, I began to think of the money. The horse was brought to a dead halt. I searched my pockets, but in vain. What was to be done—the loss was more than I could stand without making some exertion to recover it; but the difficulty was, as to where it had occurred. In a few minutes more the horse was retracing his footsteps, and the inn from which we started was shortly reached. The loss was announced, but no spare cash had been seen. A search was instituted, and on reaching the stable, here lay the money, quietly nestling on the horse's bedding. I was delighted with its appearance, and, having given it a careful lodgement, resumed my journey, with the determination, that, at least in money matters, I would scrupulously keep in mind—that "the more haste the less speed." Now, I suppose I have satisfied you that I found forty dollars.

Yes, you have, and your experience may be turned to good account; for it is clear that you lost part of your time—gave yourself an uneasy mind—made the road from Hamilton to Toronto ten miles longer than it is naturally—and imposed on your pony a good deal of extra labour, all for want of putting things in their proper place at the proper time. P.

THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

Having retained the idea for some years past, that the human hair was merely a simple tube—indeed, optical deceptions have misled many well informed persons to suppose the same,—I therefore, undertook a series of microscopic observations, the result of which may be interesting to your readers. At first, I found it extremely difficult to demonstrate the nature of the internal structure of some hairs, even under a powerful magnifier, on account, I suppose, of the colour being equal throughout their whole length,—but I have detected three or four remarkable regular cells near the roots, resembling quills in their first stage. A quill, may in fact, be considered as a large hair, and no one doubts a continued power of development in feathers until they have reached the full size. Upon closer examination, I discover that each hair is more or less provided with a number of cells, very regular in their distribution, indeed, more so, than in some quills. I find also, that the shorter the hair is kept, the cells become more numerous, and the circulation of the fluid more freely taken up. When the hair is thick and of a light colour, its cellular structure can be easily seen under a good magnifier. A hair taken from the chin of a native of New Zealand, whose face was closely tatooed, and which hair was of a bright blue colour, from its having taken up some of the colouring matter used in tattooing, showed its cellular structure very distinctly under the microscope. No hair of any animal is a simple tube, but the interior of all is cellular, like that of a quill. The fine hairs of all Rodents and many other animals, such as the mole and ornithorynchus, are cellular, and considered very regular. In the last mentioned class, the colouring matter is confined strictly to the cells. The growth of the beautiful hairs of the hat tribe can hardly be explained without allowing them an independent power of development,—the hair of all animals must therefore, be attended with circulation of fluid—probably like that in the cells of plants, which are specifically intended for the secretion and retention of their colouring matter. I have mentioned before, that the shorter the hair of the head of man is kept, the cells increase, and with such an increase a more natural and easy circulation of the fluids. I minutely examined the long hair from the head of the female sex, and find nothing more than an equal colour throughout—still more or less cellular near the roots. I must, therefore, agree with M. Mandl in the following extract: He says, "he is inclined from some phenomena which he has observed in the growth of hair, to arrive at a different conclusion relative to this process from that generally received. He states, that, in individuals who have had their hair recently cut, each hair preserves its diameter to its free end which presents a truncated extremity, where the eye may distinguish the section both of the cortical part, and that of the internal canal. But if these hairs are examined after a long interval, each hair is found to be terminated by a pointed extremity, more or less long, but with its extremity closed. This change of form M. Mandl considers to be the result of a vital process, and as proving the possibility of a movement of fluids in the interior of the hairs. He thinks this opinion is still further supported by the fact, that when hair is kept long, instead of the formation of a pointed extremity, obliteration of the extremity of the canal alone takes place, which he supposes to be caused in all probability by the difficulty of the movements of the fluids." C.

LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The first of a course of six lectures, on "The laws of colour," was delivered at the Royal Institution, on the 27th ult. to a tolerably numerous audience, by Mr. F. Crace Calvert, F. C. S. M. R. A. I. He commenced his lecture by remarking that he had selected this subject because he believed that anything relating to colours must interest every one connected with that institution. The laws of colours would apply to the artist's picture, the display of manufacturer's goods, the ornamenting of houses, and the arrangement of ladies' dresses. The laws of colours have become of late years a subject of such deep interest on the continent, that in France, where good taste generally speaking, predominated, the government had appointed gentlemen to lecture on those laws in all the large manufacturing districts. Persons who were constantly handling colours gradually got into the habit of judging that such a colour would agree with another; and an artist, after many years' labour, ascertained that such and such a tint of colour would suit the effect of his picture; but this was the study of years, while by understanding the laws of colours, a person might in a few hours obtain the same information. Therefore, if they took it only on that point, his audience would perceive the advantages which would result to the manufacturers and artists who were called upon every day to employ colours, in producing the best effect they could. As the laws of colours entirely rested on the composition of light, it was impossible to arrive at a perfect understanding of those laws without a knowledge of the composition and laws of light. Newton was the first to give us a key to the composition of light, and he also demonstrated several of the laws which enable us to explain it. It was his (the lecturer's) master, M. Chevreul, who first obtained a knowledge of the laws of colours, and that not by pure induction or mere chance, but after ten years' labour. The passage of light from the sun was accounted for upon two theories. The first of these, which was promulgated by Newton, was, that light was an imponderable fluid, which left the sun and travelled to us at the rate of 195,000 miles per second. The other theory, which was that of Huggens, or Euler (for it was not known with which it originated), was, that the sun, or any other luminous body, caused the ether, which filled a space in everything, to vibrate, and that by means of this vibration, light was conveyed; the intensity of the light depending upon the intensity of this vibration of ether. The first law of light to which he thought it necessary to call their attention was that when a ray of light was reflected from a plane surface, the angle of reflection would be equal to that of incidence, or the angle at which the ray of light had struck the reflecting surface. Were the mirror concave or convex, different effects would be produced; and in all these respects the laws governing the reflection of light and heat were similar. When a ray of light passed from a rarer to a denser medium, it was refracted or bent towards the perpendicular; but the contrary was the effect if it passed from a denser to a rarer medium. It was upon these principles of refraction that depended all the effects produced by lenses, as exhibited in telescopes, microscopes, and other optical instruments. Newton discovered that when a ray of light was in its various colours, as in the case of prismatic spectrum. The reason why light was not seen in these different colours, but simply as white, was, reflected at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees as by a prism, the light was decomposed, and shown that, owing to the rapid passage of light, the retina of the eye had not time to receive an impression of each colour. Newton supposed that light was composed of seven colours, but four of these colours could be composed of three others, viz. red, blue, and yellow, he (the lecturer) thought it more rational that light was composed of but these three colours, which are called primitive ones; while the other four, which are called secondary, or complementary colours, because they completed the light, were formed by the mingling of the primary ones. If all the colours

of which light was composed were reflected, you had white light, while if they were all absorbed you had black. In a large and perfect spectrum, there could be seen many black marks which had not yet been explained. It had been found that all the rays of light did not fulfil the same object in nature; that the red did not fulfil that of the blue, nor the blue that of the yellow. It had been proved by experiment that the red was most efficient for heat, the yellow for light, and the blue for chemical action. There were rays of light which were invisible. A sculptor of the name of Rauch had a picture by Raphael, which was covered with a glass plate, and which he kept in a box; he was surprised to find, upon looking at it, after it had been shut up in the box for some time, that a perfect impression of the picture had been taken upon the glass. Moser made experiments and found that if he rubbed a pencil upon any kind of surface, and then breathed upon it, the breath condensed more rapidly upon the rest of the mirror. He then varied the experiment in such a manner as to prove that the condition of the surface had been modified by the contact of the other body. If he put two prints into a box, and excluded the light, he found that, at the end of a few days, one paper would have taken a perfect print of the other. For many years attempts had been made to fix the colours of the prism, the importance of which was; that if it could have been done, a picture of nature might have been taken in a camera obscura, which should have preserved all the tints of the object. Towards the achievement of this they were rapidly advancing. Mr. Edmond Berguird first discovered that a daguerreotype plate would take the colour of a piece of glass through which light was allowed to fall upon its surface. He persevered, and found that, if he obtained upon the plate a deposit of chloride of silver, by means of dipping the plate in weak muriatic acid, in which were wires connected with a weak electric battery, he could then, upon this plate, obtain an accurate representation of the spectrum. Still the representation was indistinct, but he remedied this by heating the plate to about 200 or 300 degrees, and by this means he obtained a distinct representation which he could preserve in a box for a period of six months. It was well known in chemistry that the same matter burning in different fluids would produce [illegible] ed flames, and M. Niepce de St. Victor, the son of the real inventor of daguerreotypes, conceived the idea that if he dipped his plate into these different fluids it would assume the different colours. It did so, and two or three months ago he exhibited a picture which represented all the colours of nature. The colours so obtained, however, only lasted for a few days, and some mode of fixing them was now the principal object sought to be achieved. The lecture was illustrated by experiments, and the lecturer warmly applauded.

Literary Notices.

ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Toronto: T. Maclear.

We hail the appearance of Mr. Maclear's New Monthly, and sincerely trust that it may meet a welcome reception throughout the province at large. We have only had time to glance it over, and therefore in preference to any remarks of our own we subjoin the following happily written welcome from the Hamilton Canadian, a Journalist in whose sound sense and keen discernment we place full confidence:

The first number of this magazine has come to hand, and we give it a hearty welcome. The influence of a national literature upon the character and prosperity of a country is too evident and too generally understood to require any explanation. It may be assumed that a people having no literature, that is, no books written and published in their own country may be placed far in the rear ranks of civilization. That Canada has no literature—not even a book of ballads, might be rather a rash and uncharitable assertion, and not strictly true. Some respectable works have been written in this country, and several creditable attempts to establish a periodical literature have been made; but, that there is nothing which can be recognised or talked of as the literature of Canada is a fact that may be regretted, but will not be contradicted. This fact, however, requires no apology, the reasons are so obvious, and at the same time so potent, that they tell their own tale in the most plausible and convincing manner. But the strugglings of the pioneers are happily closed, the hardships and privations of many of the adventurers are surmounted, and though business and money-making still continue to absorb the best portion of the Canadian mind, yet many are now disposed, and thousands are in circumstances, to cultivate a literary taste, and to patronize literary effort. And though former attempts to establish literary periodicals have failed, yet we cannot suppose that Mr. Maclear's is either premature or imprudent. If ever the thing is to be done, it must have a beginning, and we see no reason why it should not begin now. In considering that the past history of Canada has been one of toil, hardships, scramblings, and, to some extent, pauper emigration; that to the great majority it has been a continued process of striving to live, or at best, of striving to make homes for themselves and children, we cannot reasonably expect to find much first-rate or even second-rate literary talent lying rusting for want of exercise. Hence, we must not look for the best magazine in the world, or even on the American continent. To talk in this style is to talk humbl nonsense, which must of necessity be productive of evil to the cause which it is intended to support. We therefore do not say that the Anglo-American magazine is the best magazine in the world; but, considering the past history and present circumstances of Canada, we do say that Mr. Maclear has sent forth a magazine that is all that could reasonably be expected, which is creditable to himself and the country, and which is [illegible] Canada's prosperity.

Agriculture.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

Our readers who are curious to know something of the recent movements in relation to Agriculture in England, can get a very good general idea from the following address by Mr. Mechi. I propose, in this discourse, to take a general review of our agriculture, adverting to certain practical points of interest, and remarking on my own agricultural position. I confess that I have a very mean opinion of the present state of our general agriculture (I say general, for there are many brilliant exceptions) as compared with our other industrial occupations, and contrasted with what it ultimately must and will become. It is true that great advances have been made, and that we stand high in comparison with the past, and also relatively with many other nations; but we must not forget that formely, as now, the self-gratulation of supposed perfection has been annihilated by the necessity of providing food and employment for a trebled population. The prospect of a compound multiplication of mortal increase for the future should warn and forearm us for the impending crisis.

The physical and mental powers of a nation form its original capital. It is labor, directed by the mind, that feeds and clothes us, and procures for our social adjustment the metals which form the accepted standard of our currency.

Therefore the more numerous and concentrated the population, the more wealthy the nation, provided means are found for its employment. Can it be denied that we have yet in this United Kingdom a wide and unfilled field for agricultural labor and investment? Look at our statistics of moor lay and waste. Oh, but I am asked can these be profitably reclaimed?

Request your poor peasant squatter to show you his cottage garden or allotment on such soils, and conviction will at once reach you.

Carry your remembrance to the reclaimed rabbit warrens and quadrupled rentals of Norfolk and Lincolnshire; to the once soggy, swampy wilds and wastes of the great Bedford level, drained by mighty steam which even now is doomed to be superseded by a costly and enormous but profitable estuary. See the warps of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, the irrigation of the Edinburgh meadows, with its annual rental of from £15 to £30 the Scotch acre; the Portland water meadows, and watered wastes of Zealand. Take for instance the Woburn Sands, Chat Moss, Dartmoor, and endless other proofs, and then, can you doubt that human labor, well directed, is profitable in agricultural progression?

But I am bound to give reasons for my dissatisfaction with our present agriculture. Here they are:—The first and most direct evidence of the low scale of farming is the gross agreable produce of the United Kingdom. I have very good reason to believe that the very largest estimate per acre, taking into account the poor grass and arable lands, and leaving out market and other gardens, does not reach £4 per acre. A reference to Spackman's "Occupations of the people," to the agricultural reports of parliamentary committees, and other statiscal works, will show that the rental of the United Kingdom, (excluding towns) will certainly not reach 15 per acre. Taking, therefore, as a gross return, five rents (four would be nearer truth,) it is clears that £3 15s. worth of produce per acre is far too liberal an estimate. £3 15s. from one whole acre of land in the nineteenth century!

What each acre might produce by the application of more drainage, more manure, more labor, and deeper cultivation, more live stock, and better buildings, may be inferred by facts constantly obtruding themselves on our notice. As extreme cases, we may instance the production of eighty tons of mangold wurtzel per acre, sold at £1 per least £100 to £150 per acre, of six to nine quarters of wheat per acre, worth at only 40s. per qr., from £14 to £18.

Even this year some six and a half acres of my own potato land have yielded £15 per acre, at the low price of 1s. per bushel; and the average of my eighty acres of wheat will not be less (straw and chaff included) than £10 per acre, on a very miserable soil.

We see, by Spackman's tables, that there are in—

	Acres.	Rental per acre.
England and Wales	36,905,000	21s. 8½d.
Scotland	18,944,000	5s. 1½d.
Ireland	20,177,116	13s. 5½d.

(This estimate includes the rent of towns, and also all the bog and waste lands.)

Now it is quite clear that the mere increase of labor and production to the extent of only 10s. per acre would afford us all food and employment, without recourse to foreign imports. Is this so fearful an object to attain? I am quite aware that no act of Parliament can compel or control, in this free country, the application of capital to particular purposes. It must be done by the free will of a free people, and that free will must be inclined and stimulated by public discussion, comparison, and calculation. It is a good sign for agriculture that farming and landlordism are no longer secrets. It is a new but interesting feature that the discussions of our now numerous agricultural societies and farmer's clubs are submitted, through the mighty medium of the local and metropolitan press, to the test of public examination and criticism.

I am not one of those who think that scarcity and high prices are preferable to abundance and

cheapness. I hold it as a principle that a nation that can support itself abundantly with food and manufactures, and still have a large surplus of the necessaries and comforts of life to exchange with other nations for luxuries, is in a happy and prosperous condition. If you differ from me in opinion, test the proposition by its converse.

The multiplication of our industry by means of steam power, by machinery, and railway communication, is an important cause of the wealth of this country. It enables us to produce more than we require, and thus purchase with our surplusage the silver and gold of the world, the cotton of the West, the silk, tea, and spices of the East, the ivory and gums of the South, and, to our shame be it said, the grain in the North.

It is a disgrace to agriculture that it produces no superabundance—nay, not even abundance—but leaves us to the mercy of large foreign importations.

It is this that evidences and accounts for the poverty of agriculture. I venture to predict that agriculture will never be rich until it produces superabundantly. This can be done, will be done and must be done, for the concurrence of increased employment of food, with a multiplied population, can alone prevent anarchy and confusion.—It is impossible to avoid seeing, in every direction, the sluggishness, ignorance, and neglect of our national agriculture. Unlike our manufactures, it has neither availed itself of mighty steam, nor general science. Enshrouded by prejudice, ignorance, and self-sufficiency, isolated localism has been her curse. But better times are coming. She can no longer withstand the rays of intelligence, or facilities of intercourse. Without passing an opinion as to the policy of the late free trade measures, it is quite clear that foreign competition is arousing us from our lethargy. Landlords, and tenants too are aware that they must produce more food, and at a lower price. This can only be done by the removal of every impediment.

Our landlords will not permit the corn field to be encumbered with miserable pollards, and worthless timbers, which can be grown in the wastes of Canada at one-tenth the cost of producing them here. They will no longer find themselves able or willing to pay high rents for undrained lands, on which there are no conveniance or an abundance of live stock, there will be corn rents, liberal covenants, a just valuation to tenants' improvements, and an encouragement to permanent occupation by good and improving tenants. Tenants will have to keep more live stock make and buy more manure, and take more care of what they do make. There will be more labor employed, and less weeds grown. Deep and frequent cultivation, by improved implements will combine the utility of a fallow and growing crop.

Oriental Sayings.

One of the Arabian Kings once directed the officers of his treasury, to double the salary of one his officers, as an acknowledgment for his regular attendance on him, and for his readiness in carrying out his orders; for, added the King, whilst all my other officers are enjoying or diverting themselves, this good servant always attends to his duty. A good and holy man, who overheard what the King had said, heaved a heavy sigh, and groaned from the bottom of his heart. Those standing by, asked the good man what vision he had seen, that he sighed so heavily. The holy man, lifting his eyes towards heaven, replied, my friends, the exalted mansions of God's devoted servants will, in like manner, be portioned out at the judgment seat of a Most High and Mighty Deity, for if a person is thus rewarded by an earthly king for his assiduity, surely, the devoted servants of God, and the sincerely pious shall not depart disappointed from God's threshhold. The rank of a prince is the reward of obedience; disobedience to command is a proof of rejection. Whoever has the aspect of the good and upright will lay his face of duty at this threshhold. R.

Sadi, the Persian Moralist, says, whoever will argue with any one more learned than himself, that others may take him for a wise man, only confirms them in his being a fool. If a person superior than thou art, engages with thee in a conversation, do not contradict him, though thou mayest know better. R.

Miscellaneous.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF "THE DUKE" AT EDINBURGH.

The citizens of Edinburgh have this year appropriately commemorated the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo by the inauguration of a splendid Statue of its illustrious hero. This great work of art has just been placed in front of the Register House, Edinburgh, and forms one of the most striking objects in that romantic and beautiful city. The Statue is colossal in its dimensions, measuring nearly 14 feet in height; and, together, with the pedestal, which is of Aberdeen granite, rising from the ground about 26 feet. The bronze weighs nearly twelve tons. This is by far the most perfect sculptural work ever produced in Scotland, and will serve to extend and perpetuate the fame of the already eminent sculptor, Mr. John Steell. It also derives additional interest from its being the first bronze statue ever cast in Scotland, and from its having been executed in the artist's own studio under his immediate superintendence, as was the practice of the celebrated Chantrey.

Unlike most other bronze statues, in this the different parts are not riveted together, but *fused*, an improvement attended by considerable labour and difficulty. The only parts of the horse which touch the pedestal are the hind feet and the tail; great skill was required in apportioning exactly to each part its proper weight of metal. We believe, *the only other equestrian statue in a similar* posture is that of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburgh, where the difficulty is chiefly overcome by the not very appropriate introduction of a serpent, upon which the horse is trampling, and which not only strengthens the hind legs, but projects far behind, and serves as a balance.

The Statue represents the Duke mounted on his charger, and issuing orders; the reins lie loose on the neck of his plunging steed; in one hand he holds them and his plumed hat, and with the other points commandingly to a distant part of the field. The time of life selected by the sculptor is that at which the character and intellect of the Duke have stamped themselves in fullest vigour upon his countenance—apparently between forty-five and fifty, nearly approximating to the Duke's age at his crowning field of Waterloo. The head is uncovered; and the shortness of the somewhat crisp and wavy hair displays the well turned contour of the head and the bold firm features of the face. In his younger days, as Lady Hester Stanhope assures us, the Duke possessed the charm of beauty in no common degree; but the statue embodies rather the indomitable firmness of resolve, which so peculiarly characterised his maturity. The steed is in a rearing position, and in a state of high excitement; his dilated nostrils, expanded eye-balls, and startled mane embodying the description of the war horse in Job. The likeness of the Duke is admirable; the draping chaste and effective; and, while the habiliments and accoutrements of a Field-Marshal are faithfully depicted, the military cloak is arranged in a manner to secure a countinuance of flowing line, and to render the bald trimness of the modern costume less observable. We beg to congratulate the artist on his success, and the metropolis of Scotland on the possession of this noble memorial of the hero of Waterloo.

The Statue was inaugurated, with grand Masonic ceremony, on the 18th ult.; and the event was celebated by a public dinner at the Hopetoun Rooms.

"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a neighbouring farmer. "Squire" replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain, all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours."

Life.—What a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed. What a wretched insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not, as soon as possible, lend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him.—*Sterling's last Letter to his Son.*

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
July 18	1374	Petrarch, died.
	1643	Hampden, died.
	1720	Rev. Gilbert White, *born.*
	1792	Paul Jones, died.
" 19	1824	Iturbide, (ex-Emperor of Mexico,) shot.
" 20	1304	Petrarch, born.
	1453	Lord Talbot, killed.
	1680	Richard Cameron, killed,
	1819	Playfair, died.
" 21	1652	Inigo Jones, died.
	1661	Matthew Prior, born.
	1683	Lord Wm. Russell, beheaded.
	1796	Robert Burns, died.
" 22	1403	Percy, (Hotspur,) killed.
	1621	Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, born.
	1832	Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died.
" 23	1705	Francis Blomefield, F.S.A., born.
" 24	1816	Preserved Fish, (noted only for his singular name,) died.

Augustin Iturbide was born at Valladolid in New Spain, in 1784, and entered the army at the age of 17. In 1810 he was lieutenant, but his talents soon gave him promotion, and in 1816 he had risen to the command of the northern army which occupied his native province. Being suspected of infidelity to Spain, he retired from the service, but was recalled in 1819, and immediately after joined the party in favour of the independence of Mexico. He marched his army upon the capital, took possession of it in the name of the nation, and established a regency which was wholly under his own control. The republicans now saw that they had only changed despots, and began to oppose him, while he, by the aid of the army, in order to consolidate his power, got himself proclaimed emperor, May 18, 1822. Shortly finding that this stroke had lost him all his former friends, and that he was not safe on his throne, he abdicated the crown, March 20, 1823, after a reign of only 10 months. He was to have a large pension, on condition that he would immediately leave Mexico never to return. He accordingly embarked for Leghorn, in Tuscany, May 11, 1823. He might now have finished his days in peace and comfort, but, led by his insane ambition, he determined to attempt the recovery of his lost empire. He left Italy for England, and thence sailed for Mexico, and arrived at Soto la Marina, July 14, 1824. The existing government had meantime proclaimed him a traitor if he landed in the country, so he was at once seized, tried, and condemned to be shot, which sentence was carried into effect July 19, 1824.—*Aliquis.*

The Youths' Department.

MIND AND BODY.

Dr. James Johnson in his essay on "Indigestion" has the following excellent remarks on the influence which the condition of the body has on the mind and heart:

"Many a happy and lucky thought has sprung from an empty stomach. Many an important undertaking has been ruined by a bit of undigested pickle; many a well laid scheme has failed in execution from a drop of green bile; many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth inconsequence of an irritated gastric nerve. The character of men's minds has often suffered from temporary derangements of the body; and thus health may make the same man a hero in the field whom dyspepsia may render imbecile in the Cabinet."

Dr. J. illustrates his subject in the following manner:

"I lately saw a gentleman of brilliant talents and prolific genius who could sit down and write extemporaneously whole pages of superior poetical effusion with scarcely an effort of mind, and who would yet, from a sudden derangement of the digestive organs, be so completely and quickly prostrated in intellectual power as not to be able to write three lines on the most common subject. On a late occasion when he had merely to communicate an official transaction that required not more than half a dozen lines in the plainest language, he could not put pen to paper, though the attempt was made fifty times in the course of two days. At length he was forced to throw himself into a postchaise and perform a long journey, to deliver orally what might have been done in one minute with a pen.

"In half an hour after this task was performed he sat down and wrote an ode descriptive of his own state of nervous irritability, which would not have done discredit to the pen of Byron.

"The author of this essay has himself been so enervated by a fit of what is called indigestion as to be utterly incapable of breaking the seal of a letter for twenty-four hours, though to all appearance in good health at the time. Equally astonishing and unaccountable is the degree of timidity, terror, incapacity, or whatever other magic spell it is which annihilates for a time the whole energy of the mind, and renders the victim of dyspepsia afraid of his own shadow, or of things more unsubstantial, if possible, than shadows."

Again he says:

"It is under the influence of such paroxysms as these, I am thoroughly convinced, that nine-tenths of these melancholy instances of suicide which shock the ears of the public take place."

Well, Bob—I had a most delicious ice-cream last night.

I wish, Tom, I could appreciate the felicity of your enjoyment, for I never tasted ice-cream but once, and I don't know that I tasted it then after all.—*Ears Dropper.*

Advertisements.

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