

his mortification. So he remained immovable, when the chances were they would not notice him.

Though flowing between steep, rugged banks, the stream was but a narrow one; and Walter could see their countenances distinctly as they approached, and mark the earnestness of Green's manner; the intonement with which he marked the effect of every word he uttered—the countless indications, in short, that it was a lover's hopes and fears that were being breathed so near to the discarded one. Walter noted all this with an indignation he could scarce control, and in his fierce jealousy he longed to dash his envious rival from the top of the steep bank along which he was so leisurely advancing.

That wild savage feeling had still possession of Lloyd; when, absorbed in what he was saying, Green trod too near the edge and stepping heedlessly on a spot of loose earth, struggled for a moment to recover his lost balance, then fell headlong into the stream which moaned and fretted many yards below. As Kate's cry of terror rang in his ears, Walter sprang to his feet; yet he stood for an instant with a cold and scornful curl of the lip, fully expecting that Green would soon extricate himself without hurt or difficulty. But now he appeared floating helplessly down the current; and, all revenged feelings vanishing instantaneously, Walter leaped down the bank, and plunged into the water, and in a few minutes more he had succeeded in dragging his half-insensible rival to the shelving bank a little way down the stream. Green had been stunned by the fall, but regained consciousness immediately after being brought to land; having had all along some conception of what was passing, and the mode of his escape from the fatal consequences which might have attended the accident. He eagerly expressed his thanks to Lloyd, who, as soon as he perceived that Green was capable of taking care of himself, cut them short by an abrupt departure.

Springing up the bank, Walter Lloyd had gone but a few yards along the top, when he perceived Kate, who, having witnessed the rescue of her late companion, was now pursuing the shortest way home. His only choice was to turn back or meet her; and deciding on the latter course, he went on with a resolute step, but sinking heart. When she came near, Kate looked at him calmly, but Walter saw that she was deadly pale. He stopped and hesitated; but, with a distant bow Kate passed him by. Walter turned, and was at her side in an instant.

"And is it thus that you meet me?—thus that you would part with me, Kate?" he exclaimed reproachfully. "Another week will see me far from Villerhampton, and we shall never meet again."

"It were as well we should not," replied Kate, coldly, but her voice trembled despite her efforts.

"Kate, Kate!" said Walter bitterly, "I did not think you could have treated me so unjustly—so heartlessly. Even my having been the means, however accidentally, of prolonging a life so dear to you, might for once have won a kinder look and word."

"Dear to me!" repeated Kate, scornfully. "Possibly the lives of both were equally dear to themselves."

"I spoke of your lover, Miss Bassett," said Walter, stung by her contemptuous manner, "of your last lover on whose protestations you smiled so lately."

"I am sick of protestations," said Kate carelessly. "I have plenty of written ones at home, to which you are welcome should you wish to repeat them for another's benefit."

"I have letters also," retorted Walter, "telling a very different tale to that which I hear to day."

"I wish my letters back," said Kate, quickly. "It is inconsistent with your present circumstances to retain them."

"You shall have them within the hour, if you so please," replied Walter in great irritation.

"Then let me have them. The garden wall down by the lane, you know, at least you once knew it well. I shall be waiting for those letters which I little thought to so repent having written."

"I shall be there!" interrupted Lloyd indignantly, and bowing as haughtily as she had done, he hurried away; and, though taking a longer path to the village, his fiery haste had carried him thither before Kate Bassett reached it.

The latest sunbeams were lingering on the boughs of the old ash which overhung the garden wall,—and which could have told a thousand tales of the vows it had heard whispered in by-gone hours—when Lloyd stood in the lonely lane beyond, watching, as of old, but with what widely different feelings, for the light step of one who was still as dear—dearer, perhaps—than ever. He had not long to wait; then, without a word, for he dared not trust himself to speak, Walter placed in her hand the letters it had been such happiness to receive, and was such anguish to relinquish.

"And here," said Kate, "are yours. There is one I might have kept, as it suits the present moment; but I return it that you may not imagine I doubted whence it came."

At this moment Walter's eye fell on the valentine from which he had hoped so much; and he caught her hand, as he exclaimed— "How can you taunt one whom you know is so devoted to you? Let me hear one word of kind farewell before I leave you! Even that hapless valentine which you scorn so much, might plead for me if you would let it."

He tore it open and held it out to her. Kate's laugh of bitter derision made the blood rush to his very temples—but it retreated as

suddenly, as his angry glance rested on the page he had believed long ago in Mrs Holloway's possession. The truth flashed on him on the instant; and, springing over the garden wall, he intercepted Kate, who was making a precipitate retreat; and, flinging himself on his knees before the terrified girl, Walter poured forth with breathless eagerness, the recital of his love, his folly, and the fatal mistake which had obviously, through his confused haste when interrupted, consigned the valentines to wrong enclosures, and while the record of love and truth won the undesired smile of the fair widow Holloway, the poisoned shaft of satire had sunk deep into the loving heart of Katharine Bassett.

But the tale now told was believed, as those who love believe the loved one in whose truth years have taught them confidence; and Kate's fast falling tears showed how severely she had suffered, though she had borne herself so proudly. And vows were again exchanged, and words were spoken such as the old ash was wont to hear in former days.

"All very sentimental and very tender," observed a voice which neither of them expected or desired to hear at that moment. "Very pretty conversation indeed, for my daughter to be holding with the sworn adorer of another woman."

"I know not what you may have overheard, Mr Bassett," began Walter, firmly, while Kate shrunk to her father's side.

"A good deal more more than you expected to have two listeners for," interrupted Bassett with a laugh of dubious import. "Why, what are you afraid of, Kate? I am not going to insist on you forgiving any sender of saucy valentines. However, young man, he continued, in a grave tone, 'it seems true enough that those who play with sharp tools are apt to cut their fingers. But all I have to say in the matter is, that I have been thinking this short while past, that, if you were all Mrs Holloway used to call you, she need not have been civil to you herself. So, as far as I am concerned, you may in future walk in by the street door, instead of over the garden wall, which is more troublesome, though more romantic.'

How rejoiced was Lloyd to find his hand once more in the grasp of the worthy man who for more than half his life had seemed almost to fill the place of his lost father. Happiness is never so valued as when it has been torn away; yet Walter thought there needed no temporary loss to make him prize the unlooked for blessings which now surrounded him; while Mrs Lloyd owned she should never have felt so thankful for remaining in her quiet home in Villerhampton, but for the now banished fear of quitting it for ever.

"Walter, when are you going to send me another valentine?" saucily demanded the pretty Kate, when the changing months had brought back Valentine's eve.

"Ah, Walter," said Mrs Lloyd, senior, as she had become, "I told you that five words of plain, straightforward meaning were worth all the nonsense in the world."

Walter, manlike, bore up in confused silence against the united raillery of his wife and mother.

"Never mind, Walter," said the former, quickly deserting to his aid, "never mind. Much grief though it cost us, if it had not been for that lucky mistake, you might never have won back my father's friendship."

"And though you did knock your own head against the wall, as belligerent people are apt to do," commented Bassett, "you have the satisfaction of knowing that the blow was not wrongfully intended."

"And yet I am punished, for the widow has her revenge in part, hasn't she Kate?" said Walter laughing, half in mirth, half vexation; "for she tells all the world that you took me only when she rejected me. I tell you what it is, Kate, in future I'll send but one Valentine at a time."

"Then let the single shaft be dipped in honey," said Kate, smiling, "nor desecrate the sweetest festival of loving hearts by the malice which is but too ready to find an opportunity to work its evil will, the whole year round."

LACK OF TURKISH HOSPITALITY.

Wherever I expected most attention, I met with the least; and wherever a Turk had been the object of unusual hospitality and kindness on the banks of the Thames, he was pretty sure not to make the least return to an Englishman on the banks of the Bosphorus. I was forewarned by old English residents that this would be the case, and so I certainly found it, without one exception. If these Turks had risen rapidly in the world, they did not like to be reminded of their former humble stations; and if their *kismet* had not been favorable, they did not like to exhibit their present humiliation. Those who treated me with the most politeness and gave me most of the information I wanted were Turks I had never seen before, to whom I brought no letters, and to whom I introduced myself as an English traveller. But the exercise of hospitality, beyond the giving of a cup of coffee with the pipes, seemed to be utterly unknown to all of them except two or three. *Turkey and its Destiny.*

A REASON FOR CLEANLINESS.

Mahomet knew that he could never get good Mussulmen unless he kept their bodies in a fit condition, and, therefore, his Koran recommends water copiously, and tersely declares to his followers, 'God loveth the clean.' It is difficult to believe in a dirty Christian. To convert a filthy sinner, it is necessary to begin by washing him.

Communications.

PROOFS OF PHRENOLOGY:

Being the first of two Lectures delivered by JOHN M. JOHNSON, Jun., Esq., before the Miramichi Mechanics' Institute, January 16th and 23rd, 1851.

As it will be expected that Lectures delivered before a popular institution like this, should be upon subjects which are not alone interesting, but instructively useful, some persons may ask why I should introduce Phrenology, which they consider unsuited to the practical purposes of life; and if not quite untrue, at least of very doubtful authenticity.

To such persons I might reply, that at one time or other, similar objections had been started to almost every science or discovery of importance, to the motions of the Heavenly bodies, to the circulation of the blood; that transatlantic steam navigation, and the distinct functions of the nerves, were ridiculed as absurd impossibilities, and that were such objections suffered to prevail, the Scientific could never assume its present elevated position.

I shall not, however, avail myself of a very common, but very unsound argument; or contend that because the truth has so often been opposed by the obstinate, and ridiculed by the witty, it therefore follows, that all which the ignorant resist, or the brilliant ridicule, must of necessity be true.

I would, however, submit, if the frequent unfounded opposition to truth should not make us less hasty in condemning all which we do not understand, and won't take the trouble to investigate.

The fact is, that of two classes, the one who eagerly seize upon all that is novel; and the other, who deny everything new, we may boldly say there is little choice. The credulous and incredulous—when blindly so—are equally opposed to Scientific advancement. The former are led away from the path of truth by every *ignis fatuus* which the darkness of their own understanding renders visible to themselves only; and the latter doggedly close their eyes to the light of heaven, simply because it is too dazzling for their weak vision.

The very fact, therefore, that Phrenology is denied by many who will not take the trouble to enquire for themselves, is one of the strongest inducements to my choice of the subject; and while I assent to the doctrine, that if either untrue, or useless in practice, no time should be wasted upon it, I at the same time believe that the duty of a Lecturer is rather to drag unwilling attention to those useful subjects which are most neglected by Society, than to seize upon those popular topics, which would most gain applause to himself.

I shall in this and the following lecture address myself chiefly to two points, viz:

- 1st.—The *Truth* of Phrenology as a Science; and
- 2d.—Its *Utility* as such.

In the course of enquiry I may have to notice something of the history of Phrenology; or allude to the effect of particular organizations of Brain; but this will be done with reference to the objects above stated, and not for the purpose of teaching the Science.

I have on other occasions, and in other places, spoken on this subject, but my present mode of arrangement is different from any former one; and that my argument may be more consecutive, it has been committed to paper.

First, then—Is Phrenology true?

In order to establish this, I will take up its fundamental principles, and prove each separately.

Phrenology insists, first, "that the Brain is the corporeal organization through which the Mind manifests itself in this world." This may be called the ground-work, or foundation, of the science; and it is admitted by many who, acknowledging the basis, deny that which rests upon it as firmly as stands Dumbarton Castle upon its rock, and more securely than stands the Eddystone Lighthouse; and, like the latter edifice, though the basis be essential to its stability, 'tis the superstructure which is the really useful part. 'Tis the light which it has thrown, and is yet throwing over the surrounding world, directing man how he should steer in order to avoid those shoals of ignorance, and breakers of evil, upon which the stormy winds of his animal propensities would drive him, and enables him to guide his course on the smooth tide of reason, under the canvass of the moral and religious sentiments; 'tis this the light of Phrenology, and not the basis upon which it stands, which is the really useful, because the only practical part of it.

Of what use would it be for a man to know that the brain was the organ of mind, if he should stop there with his enquiries. To make such knowledge useful, he must examine the structure of that organ, enquire into the various effects produced by difference in size, form, and the condition in which he finds it; the various effects of disease and injuries, when such disease or injury be general, or confined to one or more parts; and whether the sound or unhealthy state of any given part affects all, or merely particular operations of mind. In short, to understand the working of this organ, and thus, by understanding the machinery of Mind, to understand and regulate the Mind itself with more philosophic skill and moral safety.

Of what service would it be to inform the youthful engineer that the Engine was the organ or machine through which the steam performed its work, if you did not enable him

to go further, and examine its whole structure, the nature and effects of its parts, and through this, the mode of directing it, setting it in motion, regulating that motion, and applying it to the various purposes for which it had been constructed. And this is the purpose of Phrenology, and the power which it gives to man, under God, to direct and apply his own faculties, and those of pliant youth, when under his charge.

My first proposition was, that "the Brain is the corporeal organization through which the Mind manifests itself in this world," and I said you would admit this. You would therefore expect me to proceed without further remark upon this point. I however intend nothing of the kind; but purpose, by your belief in this, to show that 'tis wrong in you to deny what follows, in the proofs of Phrenology.

May I ask why you admit or believe this proposition? You perhaps reply that you have always heard so. Then you are credulous, because you believe without investigating. You ask if you are to deny everything unless you have time and talent to enquire into and comprehend it? Certainly not; but you have no more right to deny Phrenology without investigation, than the other doctrine of the Brain. Persons should not, certainly, deny the Copernican system, or the Circulation of the Blood, because they have not studied, or cannot comprehend them; but they should deal impartially, and display the same liberality towards the subject now before them.

What would you think of a Judge, who finding two criminals on the calendar, against one of whom there was a popular prejudice, while an unmeaning sympathy existed in favor of the other, if such Judge should order the latter to be discharged without trial, and yet condemn to execution the former, refusing to hear evidence. You would certainly call him an unjust Judge, and attribute his misconduct to the disgraceful fear of offending the ignorant populace, by hearing evidence against their favorite, or daring to hazard the proofs of the others' innocence.

But such is just the position of every person who condemns Phrenology without investigation. Prejudice, or the fear of being scoffed at by the thoughtless, prevents such persons from examining, and want of examination precludes the justice of a trial. Phrenology demands either that you acquit it of absurdity, or that you hear the evidence in its favor. It fears not the prejudice of preconceived opinions; examine, and you will be convinced even against your will—search the whole animal creation from man downwards—search even with a view of finding one instance, in the whole creation, to contradict or contravene its doctrine; and when you may fancy you have found one, Phrenology will prove its own truth, and support its every principle by the very evidence you may summon to convict it. This may be considered bold language; but it is the language of every phrenologist since the famous Gall, and it has been responded to by the conversion or silence of every one who has been induced to take up the challenge.

If therefore, you say, that you believe the Brain to be the organ of Mind, from the evidence of physiologists and leading anatomists—I will give you as many and as great names in favor of Phrenology. If you say that leading medical men have denied that Phrenology—I can name as many such who denied Harvey's theory of the Circulation, or Sir Charles Bell's discovery of the Nervous system. If you contend that none now deny these—I reply, that none who have investigated now deny the other. Here then, we stand upon equal footing as to the proposition admitted by you, and Phrenology asserted by me; and here I would mention a saying of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, who reminded those who disbelieved what they could not understand—"That the point reached by their sounding line was not necessarily the bottom of the ocean;" and though I would not presume to apply this quotation to any here, I would say, that if they refuse to throw the lead it does not therefore follow that there are no soundings; and let those who have been accustomed to navigate broader and deeper waters than myself, not think me presumptuous in throwing the lead, and expecting that the soundings shall be satisfactory to some, at least, who are no mean voyagers on the waters of science.

I am to be sure, but a Jack before the mast but have been on the look-out; and Jack at the mast-head may see land which to the Commander on the quarter-deck is invisible.

But to be plain, I shall give better proof of the doctrines of Phrenology than most persons have sought to convince them that the Brain is the organ of Mind. Indeed, the only difference between such persons and myself is, that while they say Organ, I say Organs of Mind. In one little letter consists the difference between Phrenologists and anti-Phrenologists; it is a crooked, cranky little letter, to be sure, and for some time produced much controversy.

The brain is the organ of mind, because while all anatomists and philosophers have failed to assign any other use for it, it has been proved that the nerves of sensation and volition proceed to, and take their rise from the brain—that it is the seat of all sensation, and the director of all motion. That by removing a piece of the skull, and pressing on the brain, you destroy for the time all sensation and volition; that a person in the very act of speaking, and in the middle of a sentence, can be thus made to stop, and when the pressure is removed, will go on again as if nothing had happened. I would ask you Ladies and Gentlemen, to remember this