

Come, let us have our game,' interposed Dubarle.

The play began, and— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the presage of the absorbing gag which still remained in my mouth. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment. 'This man down below,' she said, 'is getting insolent. He has taken into his head that you mean to murder your prisoner. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and see him yourself.'

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, 'Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here.'

As soon as they were gone the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to me, said in a low voice:

'Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released.'

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could, made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table, on which the wine was standing. She understood me. 'If,' said she, 'you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag.'

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was instantly removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I eagerly drank.

'You are deceived,' I said, in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. 'They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice.'

'Nonsense,' she replied. 'They have been frightening you, that's all.'

I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours.'

'Hark,' she exclaimed. 'They are coming.'

'Bring down a couple of bottles of wine,' said Levasseur, from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and shortly returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

'It is vain talking,' said the woman. 'I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three parts intoxicated; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery.'

It was in vain to urge her. She grew silent and menacing, and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

'Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not?'

'Do not trouble yourself about my name,' she replied; 'that is my affair, not yours.'

'Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne-alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something.'

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. 'I am that Marie Duquesne!' she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

'Then I have to inform you that the child no long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago.'

The woman fairly leapt toward me, clasping me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, 'You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so long since.'

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

'If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry-street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?'

'True—true,' she muttered: 'how else should he know? Where is she?' added the woman, in tones of agonised entreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. 'Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child!'

'Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies me.'

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me in eager haste. 'Another draught of wine,' she said, in the same hurried, almost insane manner. 'You have work to do! Now, while I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints. The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me toward a window, which she softly opened. 'It is useless,' she whispered, to attempt a struggle with the men below.

You must descend by this,' and she placed her hand upon a lead water pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

'And you,' I said; 'how are you to escape?'

'I will tell you. Do you hasten on toward Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help and return as quickly as possible.—The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me!'

'Be assured I will not.' The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed toward Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of horse's feet coming at a slow trot toward me caught my ear. I paused to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. 'Hallo!' exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. 'Do you know where these screams come from?'

It was the horse patrol who thus providentially came up. I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. Then for God's sake jump up behind me! exclaimed the patrol. 'We shall be there in a couple of minutes.' I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and at a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had lately escaped.

Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall, and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undressed the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania among liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life.

The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter of the 'Times,' 'Herald,' 'Chronicle,' 'Post,' and 'Advertiser,' gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of 'Old Bailey Sessions':—Alphonse Dubarle, and Sebastian Levasseur, were identified as unlawfully returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate robbery in Portman square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed.

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's-court, Leicester square.

SOCIETY.—How beautifully it is ordered that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole. The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens.

A man may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a great mind.

Communications.

PHRENOLOGY—ITS PRACTICAL UTILITY.

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

I have somewhat departed from the direct line of the subject, because I have been frequently asked, in what part of the head the organs of Memory, Judgment, &c., were situated, and could not make the persons believe me serious, when I replied, in all parts; and yet in each distinct head, that which would be considered his memory, would be found differently situated from that of others. The largest and most active mental faculty possessed by an individual, will be the one in whose line or function he will display most memory.

If Memory were a separate organ, or a distinct mental function, it must be obvious that a man would possess the power of retaining on his mind, with equal facility, names, dates, faces, colors, airs, places, &c., and we know that this is not the fact; but the memory, as we find it on these subjects, is in proportion as the organs of language, number, form, colour, tune, locality, &c., are prominent and active.

But to return to Education. It is the mother who should mould and temper the minds of infants, and to such Phrenology is vastly important. Because then are the talents and dispositions capable of more indelible impressions, and more lasting and easy formation. They are then the natural talents and dispositions, which, by proper culture and training, may be as much improved, as by injudicious mismanagement or misdirection, they will assuredly be injured for life.

The Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, in a work called the 'Genius and Designs of the Domestic Constitution,' says—

'Parents are heard to say, "Oh, what will, what can best educate these children?" I reply, look to yourselves and your circumstances. Your example will educate them; your conversation with your friends; the business they see you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate them. The society you live in will educate them. Your domestics will educate them; and whatever be your rank or situation in life, your house, your table, and your behavior there—these will educate them.'

Now, we all admit the truth of this; and if so, is it not equally true that at present the instruction given, is ignorantly given, because it is given by example and circumstances irrespective of any known principles: in ignorance of the nature of the mind so instructed, and consequently in ignorance of the effects of such ignorance.

Now, take an instance of phrenological treatment. Suppose a child display anger; this arises from Combativeness and Destructiveness. It is too young to appeal to its intellect. Phrenology informs us that this is an animal feeling, and that such must be taught to obey the moral and religious sentiments through the direction of the intellect, and we cannot bring it under these at such an age; we can only guard against these animal propensities, or their combined feeling, being increased, or we can take steps to diminish their power. Now, how would you proceed to diminish the power of a limb or muscle? not by exerting it, surely, but by inactivity.

Then we must so proceed with the animal propensities in young children, if we do not want to increase their power. Let them be never called into action, and if they are, let them be quieted as soon as possible. You cannot force them down, because if you alarm the child to silence, he is not convinced, but you arouse another feeling, Caution or Fear, which, while it prevents the expression or utterance of anger, yet increases the excitement of the organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness (which here signify opposition and revenge), and the feeling of anger is actually increased, though not displayed. When the child, however, can be made to understand, this feeling of anger may be governed by appeals to the understanding, and to the organs of benevolence, &c.

But I here mention one instance by way of illustration, and refer those who wish to inform themselves on the subject to a work which caught my eye about two years ago, and has since been transferred to my meagre library. It is entitled 'Phrenology in the Family'—by the Rev. Joseph A. Warner, of Brookline, near Boston, U.S., and has been reprinted in Edinburgh. It is published in a cheap form, and is well worthy of perusal by those who do not intend to make phrenology a study.

In this lecture I have proved by the authority of anatomists, by illustration and argument, that phrenology may be practically applied in the examination of living heads; that it is useful in the medical or surgical treatment for injuries to, or diseases of the Brain; in the cure and cure of insanity; in the classification and treatment of criminals; in the education at Schools and Universities, and particularly useful in the first training or education of children at home. And if any are yet inclined to ridicule me for turning my attention to this subject as the Science of Mind, I am content rather to bear their smile of incredulity, while I remain in the company of the great and good names I have produced as authorities throughout these lectures, than abandon at once such company and my own convictions, to join the ranks of those who will not examine the proofs, or take the evidence of those who have examined.

I have read Locke, and other writers on the human mind, and while I admit that much

information is to be gained from such, and that they will long remain as standard works in metaphysical science, I confess I could not find in their systems any certain clue to the secret springs of mental action, or any rules whereby their motions could be regulated, while, on the contrary, the phrenological theory (without reference to its practical application in the examination of heads) gave me the same instruction in reference to Mind, that the physical sciences gave respecting Matter. It taught me first the elements of Mind, and has, I am convinced, started me at the right end, while all the other theories attempt to teach without any certain foundation or principles. They seek, as it were, to educate in an unknown tongue, without furnishing or discovering the alphabet in which it is written.

To a person who has studied no more than myself the principles of this science—for instance, the distinctions of the mental faculties as classes, the propensities, the sentiments, and the intellectual faculties, and then the separate organs of each—there is a constant pleasure in reflecting upon and comparing the difference of character and talent around us, which none but a phrenological student can experience; and this pleasure arises from the fact, that all the difference of character becomes to him but the arrangement and combination of the mental elements, in varied power and activity, which he knows would as necessarily produce the distinctions of natural character and intellect, as different proportions of the same similar elements in chemistry must produce the varied compounds and results which so astonish and confound the ignorant in that branch of science.

Phrenology teaches that man is born with animal propensities, intellectual faculties, and moral and religious sentiments. Now a little reflection will show that the propensities require no teaching or cultivating, because they act instinctively, but they require training to act correctly. They require, in short, to be at once guided and governed. The intellectual faculties, on the contrary, do not act instinctively, but require education and culture, and then become guiding or directing faculties as well to the propensities as to the moral and religious sentiments; and these sentiments again, when acting under the directions of cultivated intellect, assume what is clearly their office, as well from their respective functions, as from their position in the human head, viz: to rule over and govern the whole man, his thoughts, words, and actions.

Phrenology proves by physical demonstration that man was made to worship. Byron has said, 'There never was, and never will be a country without a religion,' and he said truly. The organ of Veneration has been placed in the human head by the Creator. This furnishes a feeling or desire to worship, but furnishes no directions as to the object. Thus heathen nations, acting under this as a blind impulse, worshipped stocks and stones, fishes, beasts, and reptiles. Yet a little, and man observes all that surrounds him in nature. He views the changes of seasons, day and night, and he is induced to appropriate a Deity to each of these, as in heathen mythology. But man's reflecting organs are employed. He observes all nature working in harmony under certain fixed laws. He next traces cause and effect to their respective connections, and concludes that the laws must have been given by a superior power, and he worships a Creator. Thus one poet says—

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind, Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind.'

And another says—

'We look through nature up to nature's God. But Revelation, or the Old Testament, teaches how and by whom these things were made,—how man sinned and fell. Thus the intellect becomes further instructed. Conscientiousness is appealed to by man's transgression, and he worships the Creator, and that worship, through the aid of conscientiousness, becomes prayer, or seeking pardon. But again, the New Testament is given—man is informed of a mode by which he can obtain that pardon, and that he is destined for immortality—and at once another of the religious sentiments is appealed to, and lends its aid in support of the work—in short, completes the christian feeling. This organ is Hope, which till now had never been exercised in aught but earthly wishes, but now looks further, producing Faith. Here, then, we have Veneration, or desire to worship; Intellect, by the aid of Revelation, directing that desire; Conscientiousness, producing the feeling of unworthiness, and the necessity for pardon; and Hope supplying Faith at once in the existence, power, and mercy of God; and under this combination another poet exclaims,

'When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,

Transported by the view, I'm lost

In wonder, love, and praise.'

The above illustration of the effect of the combined influence of several organs, or separate mental faculties, is not selected, but given as the first which offered to my mind, and as it is given from the little knowledge I possess of the Science, may not be complete in all its parts, because other organs may in cases lend their aid; for instance, Wonder, Caution or Fear, Firmness, Benevolence, &c., which we frequently find combined in the christian feeling; yet the combination given would in the main be correct, and furnish the result stated.

Phrenology teaches that man is made up of many parts—hopes, fears, desires, feelings, &c., and that it is not possible to judge of his