imagined my mirth displeased you, and I used to try to be grave when you were here; but all in vain.'

'And did you actually imagine I disliked you.'

'No, not *disliked*; I knew you had too good a heart for that.'

'And how did you know I had a good heart Mary? It must have been your own good heart that led you to suppose so.'

'No Charles; I know your heart better than you think.'

My distress was for a moment inconceivable, and I was not a little astonished that Mary should think of alluding to such a subject—it seemed unlike her usual delicacy. I was therefore almost relieved when, opening a drawer she produced several numbers of a magazine to which I had long been a contributor.

'I have read your heart in your writings,' she said.

'My writings!' I cried, blushing like a maiden accused of love. 'How did you know —how'——

'I had long suspected you of being literary; and I chanced one day to meet with an article in this magazine which, in language and sentiment, reminded me so forcibly of something I had once heard you say, that I was convinced it must be yours. I became a subscriber to the magazine; and both from what I read, and from watching your proceedings, I was confirmed in my opinion. I admire your talents, Charles; still more your principles.—Often and often have I derived pleasure and improvement from your writings. I have felt proud of my brother I can assure you.'

'Did my brother know?' I inquired at that moment, more deeply gratified than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before.

'No, I thought it might vex him to think you had not told him, and I almost felt that I was bound in honour to keep the secret I had discovered; though I was mortified that you should think us so illiterate, or so tasteless, or so wanting in affection, as not to deserve your confidence.'

'Ah, Mary, how you have misunderstood me.'

'I feel I have so most completely; and I fear that all this time, when I imagined you so placidly contented you have not been happy. I wish you would confide in me, Charles, as I have confided in you. I am sure you can have nothing to tell that will not do you honour, and I long to understand you thoroughly.'

She spoke with innocent, affectionate earnestness. At that moment I made a desperate resolution to obtain for myself for the first time the luxury of sympathy. Without permitting myself a moment for reflection, which I felt intuitively would only be to bring back the nightmare of shyness to seal my lips for ever, I plunged at once into a somewhat incoherent recital. I laid bare the arcana of my nature. I even told her of the mad love I had once—long ago now—felt for herself. I told her it was this which had first kept me from her society, and afterwards the fear that I would but cast a gloom over their happiness—a fear which was doubtless increased by the gravity she had so kindly assumed with the hope of pleasing me. I told her that I had felt for her now the affection of a brother and the esteem of a friend; and that no one on earth could ever have upon me a claim so strong as herself and her children.—Mary was evidently deeply touched, and wept several times during my narrative. When I had finished speaking, she took both my hands and pressed them between hers, while she said, 'I always thought well of you my dear brother Charles; but only now am I able to do you justice, and love you as you deserve. God bless you for all your goodness to me and mine! Make what arrangements you please for the boys: I leave them all to you.'

'And yourself and little Mary?'

She returned no answer; but she must have read a wish in my eyes, for a sweet kind smile gave me courage to say, though in faltering accents, 'Mary, if you do not agree to what I propose I shall not feel at all hurt. You must leave this house; and if you would come to mine, I should not be much in your way. I am at chambers in the morning and at night'——

'Ah, Charles, you are far, far too kind! But we shall try to make your house as cheerful and comfortable as we can: it is all we can do to show our gratitude. Little Mary will be so glad to try to amuse you of an evening, dear, kind uncle Charles!' and Mary burst into tears and I wept with her.

It is now some years since Mary took up her abode in my house; they have been the happiest years of my life; and though a shade of sadness will occasionally steal over the placid brow of my widowed sister, and a gentle sigh bear witness that her thoughts are occupied with the memories of other and brighter days, she appears content, is always cheerful, and has even moments of mirth, which seem to bring her before me once more in all the pride and joy of her girlish beauty and vivacity. As in former days, I pass my mornings at chambers, but in the evening I read to Mary, or she and her daughter, my niece Mary (now a blooming, sweet tempered girl of fifteen, of whom I am very fond, and very proud), play and sing to me; or we consult together as to what is to be done with the boys, for I have the cares of a family on my shoulders now.

I am still a shy man, and shall, I fear, continue so to the end of the chapter: but I am no longer alone on the earth; and when I look back on the seasons of suffering past long ago, I feel in the peace of the present, with its calm enjoyments, sufficient cause for thankfulness and happiness.

And now, I fear, you will think I have been describing a very undignified character. You will say that my miseries have proceeded from a morbid sensitiveness about the opinions of others, which I ought to have checked: you will say that a noble mind ought to proceed onwards in the path of rectitude and benevolence, satified with the approbation of the still small voice, and undisturbed by the anxious solicitude for the suffrages of men, which has in my case been the reason I have never obtained them. And it is all true. But in saying this, you will only say what I have said to myself without avail a thousand and a thousand times. No: I write not in the expectation that you are to hold my character in veneration. It is but your pity I have sought to win, that through this pity you may be induced to be tender to others afflicted as I am—to be cautious of hurting their feelings by a thoughtless jest; and never, for the sake of appearing witty, inflict a wound of which you can little guess the anguish. Had those by whom my own youth was surrounded, sympathised with and encouraged me, instead of neglecting me or laughing at me, I believe I might have been a different man; for ere I was aware of the nature of my disease, it had taken too firm a hold of my character ever to be eradicated. But if I can persuade only a few to observe the golden rule in their behaviour towards the shy and the sensitive, I shall neither have suffered nor confessed in vain.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

The morning light of the good time coming is everywhere breaking upon the eyes of those who are looking and longing for its appearing. Everywhere new hearts and new hopes are gained to our cause. Everywhere new agencies and tendencies are combining to propel it forward. The great necessities and interests of the age unite to make Peace the first want and predilection of the nations. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men are coming to be recognised by civilisation and science as well as by Christianity. This great central principle of Divine revelation is taking effect upon the peoples of the world. The bristling barriers of nationality which once divided and estranged them, are gradually disappearing, and they are beginning to fraternise across the boundaries that once made them enemies. The great transactions of nations, the mightiest works of human skill and energy, are becoming international in origin, operation, and ownership. Is it a canal that is proposed? Is it a great channel for the ships of all nations across the Isthmus of Panama, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to shorten the passage to India by 6,000 miles. Is it a railway that is projected? Is it one 4,000 miles in length, across the continent of North America, to open to all the nations of Europe a north-west passage to China of thirty days from London. Is it an electric telegraph? It is one to reach round the globe, crossing Behring's Straits and the English Channel, and stringing on its nerve of wire all the capitals of the civilised world between London and Washington. Is it a grand display of the works of art and industry, for the encouragement and development of mechanical skill and genius? It is a magnificent exhibition opened, without the slightest distinction, to the artists and artizans of all nations, just as if they belonged to one and the same, nation, and were equally entitled to its patronage and support. Is it an act effecting navigation? It is to place all the ships that plough the ocean upon the same footing as if owned by one and the same nation. Is it a proposition to cheapen and extend the facilities of correspondence between individuals and communities? It is to give the world an ocean-penny postage, to make home everywhere, and all nations neighbors.—*Elihu Burritt at the Peace Congress.*

THE GREAT SNOW STORM OF 1620.

The snow fell during thirteen days and nights with very little intermission, accompanied with great cold and a keen biting wind. About the fifth and sixth days the young sheep fell into a torpid state and died, and about the ninth and tenth days the shepherds began to build up large semi-circular walls of the dead, in order to afford some shelter for the living; but the protection was of little service. Impelled by hunger, the sheep were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth. On the 14th day there was on many a high-lying farm, not a survivor of extensive flocks to be found. Large misshapen walls of dead, surrounding a small prostrate group, likewise dead and stiffly frozen in their lairs, met the eye of the forlorn shepherd and his master. Of upwards of 20,000 sheep maintained in the extensive pastoral district of Eskdale Moor, only about 45 were left alive. —*Gallery of Nature.*

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but it is the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime, and the endurance of misery. The man who lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable and independent. He who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal harrassed with debts, and perhaps unable to obtain the necessary means of life.

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.

Let it be remembered that it is not contended that a large head indicates more mental activity than is to be found in smaller heads, because though the *power* be greater if equally excited and exerted, yet power no more indicates *energy* of mind than does strength of muscle in a horse indicate speed or swiftness. A man of large head may be of dull lymphatic temperment, not easily aroused to mental activity, as a man of athletic frame and muscle may be lazy and inanimate; but the power is not the less there because dormant; and let it be understood also that we do not say that a large head and great talents are always combined, because different portions of the brain perform different functions of mind, viz:

The frontal region—the Intellectual.

The coronal—that of the Moral and Religious Sentiments.

The back and base of the brain—the Animal Propensities and Selfish Feelings.

A head may therefore be large in the wrong place for intellect; but if large, and the brain not deceased, the power is there—though of the wrong kind or in the wrong direction—or, as before stated, not easily aroused to action.

On the other hand we have no instances of a small brain manifesting great power or achieving greatness, while many such have been quick, brilliant and useful—this arising from the quality of the brain and a nervous bilious temperment. The distinction is just what we find in speed of the racer and the strength or power of the dray horse.

And, as a further proof in the same line, we may add the fact that all heads below a certain size have been idiotic.

Take next the evidence of all the old busts, statues and paintings, among the Grecians, Romans, and other nations of antiquity. When the head of Jupiter or other great personages, real or ideal, are represented, they are in strict accordance with this doctrine of form and size.

Refer next to the writings of great men anterior to Phrenology being promulgated by Gall or Spurzhiem. Shakespere, the great delineator of character was a Phrenologist without knowing it. He says:

"I will have none on't, we shall loose our time
And all be turned to barnacles or apes
With foreheads villainously low."

Try another poet, equally ignorant that he was supporting an unborn science, yet equally correct in his description of nature in reference to it. Try Milton:

"His fair large front, and eye sublime declare
Absolute rule."

It is indeed remarkable that the ancient artists and authors should not only agree with each other as to size, but as to form of head also.

Let us try this question by the only correct rules of inductive reesoning.—The Baconian system as it is called.—These rules are three in number, viz:

1st—Invariable *connection* of cause and effect.

2nd—Invariable *negation* of the effect with absence of the cause. and

3rd—Increase or diminution of the effect with increased or diminished intensity of the cause.

Take for example an idea suggested by Combe, though not exactly the same in the manner of its application:—

Suppose you had observed a black circle on the foreheads of all men who were poetical; that this circle was not found on the foreheads of any who were not poetic, and that the circle was always larger or smaller as the talent for poetry was greater or less, and this in exact proportion as the ability increased or diminished. In this case the three tests of inductive reasoning would be found, viz: The invariable connection of the circle and the poetical talent. 2nd—Invariable negation—the talent never existing where the circle is wanting. 3d—The talent always found increased or diminished as the circle.

Now, absurd as this proposition might appear, yet, if the facts were clearly established, no philosophic mind would refuse to acknowledge that one of these was the cause and the other the effect or consequence. That is, either the circle produced the talent or the talent the circle.

But investigation and experience have established the fact, that all men who manifest any peculiar ability have a peculiar form of head; that where the talent corresponds in two or more persons, the heads of those persons correspond in one particular region; that this region is larger or smaller in proportion as the ability in that particular way is greater or less, and that the absence of development is always followed by the want of the talent or mental faculty, and, *vice versa*. Thus the organ of Causality is wanting in all animals but reasoning man and in man when born idiotic.

Now, the principles above stated are exactly those adopted by Gall in his discoveries. He did not invent a theory and seek for proofs to support it, but he observed the facts. The formation of the heads of his fellow students in connection with the manifestations of mind, and to those facts applied the Baconian tests. His was not a metaphysical but an inductive science, and if a single exception can be found in nature, then may the science be shaken, but until then let the unthinking ridicule as they please,—they are ridiculing nature, not science, and reviling the Creator, not the Phrenologist.

Let those, too, who falsely urge against Phrenology that it has an irreligious tendency, beware, "if it is truth, it is God's truth," who never contradicts the revealed by the natural laws nor the natural by the revealed; when rightly understood and properly applied they will ever be found strengthening each other, and every doctrine of this science will be found supporting scripture or perhaps I had rather say agreeing with it. Astronomy, Geology, Natural History and even Chemistry are occasionally made the scape-goats of Atheism, and sometimes the bug bear of the timid among believers; and this arises not from the sciences but from ignorance and misapplication of their principles.

From the proof that size and form of head are indicative of power and direction of mind, the next step would be simple, viz:

"That the brain is not one, but a collection of organs, for the manifestation of different mental faculties."

I could easily produce sufficient authorities to support this doctrine against any opposition which could be raised in this half fledged colony. I mean the authority of many great men, and skilful anatomists of Great Britain, and Continental Europe, as also those of the neighboring States. But I prefer the authority of sound reason in the first place, reserving the testimony of undoubted evidence to convince those who not think it worth while to follow link by link the arguments of a lecturer.

Let us compare the different powers or functions of mind as manifested through the brain, with the separate functions of the body, as performed by distinct members or parts.

The human body consists of many parts or members, each performing separate offices. Thus, the feet and the hands are differently constructed, and their form, position and powers are equally distinct. The functions of the heart and lungs could not be performed by the same organ, nor could the muscles perform the work of the nerves, nor the nerves that of the muscles. Nay! the muscles are themselves differently formed and situated, for the production of various kinds of motion and power.

But, of all the human system, the nerves present the fittest illustration for the present subject, because they are more immediately connected with the brain, and because, like it, they were long considered as one in kind, yet performing the several offices of sensation, volition and involuntary motion.

Sir Charles Bell, by dissection and experiment, proved that this was not the case, but that Nature in this, as in all other instances, was true to her own laws, though man would not always understand her workings. He shewed that the spinal cord was not one, but a collection of nerves passing through one sheath, but performing separate offices. That the nerve of sensation conveyed to the brain (as the seat or organ of mind) intelligence from the muscles and organs of sense; that the sense of touch was carried by this nerve to the brain, and gave information whether the object touched was rough or smooth, hot or cold; that the optic nerve conveyed information from the eye of the color, size, form, &c., of the object looked upon; while the nerve of volition carries back directions to the organ of sense or the muscle.

Thus, for instance, should a person stand on my toes, the nerve of sensation would immediately inform the brain, or, through it, the mind of that fact, and the nerve of volition would as instantly carry directions to the foot to withdraw itself. Or, in other words, there is an electric telegraph communication from the seat of Government—the head, conveying information to and from the whole system. Sir Charles also discovered another nerve or set of nerves which did not take their rise from the brain proper, but from the *medula oblongata*, situate at the base of the brain, and that these extended to the heart, lungs, &c. This set he termed the nerves of involuntary motion; and here we have a remarkable instance of the economy of nature: the heart, lungs, &c, require to perform their offices without the directions of mind or the aid of volition, because the blood must circulate and respiration proceed during sleep, and when the mind or rather the brain is at rest, and therefore it is that these nerves do not unnecessarily continue to that part of the brain whence volition proceeds.

This thoory of Sir Charles Bell was long and strenuously opposed and bitterly ridiculed, not only by the ignorant but by the leading medical men of the day. But, as in Phrenology, truth ultimately prevailed, and the redcuile returned with tenfold force upon those who uttered it. Sir Charles dissected or severed the nerve of sensation leading from the nose of an ass, and showed that while the power of motion remained all sensation of the parts was gone, and there was no symptom of pain though the nose was punctured or cut. He then reversed the experiment, and in another of these animals severed the nerve of motion, when it was manifest that while the sensation of pain remained the power of motion in the nose was gone and thus, the scoffers who had ridiculed the discoveries of science and philosophy, were forced to yield the point and receive unwilling in-formation from an ass.

Think me not presumptuous, therefore, if while claiming no pretensions to philosophy, nor kindred with the long-eared anotomical or physiological instruction, I should yet