

THE CURE OF BLINDNESS.

(From the London Literary Gazette.)

It has often been the province of this journal, during more than the quarter of a century of its existence, and during a period of unparalleled cultivation and progress of almost every science, to lend its best influence toward the knowledge and success of discoveries which promised to promote the well-being of mankind. Among other efforts of this description, the cure for stammering, by Mr. Hunt, obtained its warmest commendations; and the result has at length arrived when, after a few years' struggle, amid all the conflicting claims to mastery over this affliction, the simple and natural system of that gentleman has been called into full practice; and his pupils from every part of the kingdom can bear viva voce testimony to the entire efficacy of his instructions in removing the impediments to perfect speech.

To have a faculty improved or restored is of inappreciable value to man, and especially in all the principal professions and pursuits of civilized life: but even throughout all the grades of society the most important events may hinge upon the possession or non-possession of some common human power. Thus, the other day, the very preservation of our young and interesting Queen did, to a certain extent, depend on the want of ready utterance in the boy Pearson, when agitated by the threatened act of the assassin. And this has afforded a remarkable illustration of the nature of the affection itself, and of the excellence of Mr. Hunt's practice. Young Pearson has attended his lessons since the event alluded to: and with such effect, that when produced to give evidence on the trial of Francis, we have no doubt in saying he will be able to utter his testimony without the slightest hesitation of any kind, or remaining disorder in the organs of speech.

A fact like this is preferable to volumes of testimonials, however high, and of arguments, however well supported; but we have only adduced it here for the sake of introducing to notice another momentous discovery, touching another sense, with experiments in which we last week felt it to be our duty to make ourselves acquainted.

Three weeks ago, (Literary Gazette, 1322.) in a notice to correspondents, we mentioned that we had "heard of Mr. (Dr.) Turnbull's cure of blindness, by the fumes of prussic acid, but had no personal knowledge of the process;" which notice immediately procured us an invitation from Dr. Turnbull to examine the cases of several patients, from five or six to above twenty years of age, who were under his treatment for this sad calamity. We accordingly attended, and it is not easy to express our astonishment and gratification at what we saw. The various stages of cure, advanced in our presence, by the simple application, for about half a minute, or until a little warmth was felt by the patient, of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid, in a small phial, held up to the eye, with an aperture fitting the form of that organ; the various nature of the diseases so assailed—opacities of the cornea, inflammation, cataract, amaurosis, iritis, &c. &c.; the various stages of relief which the patients had reached, with sometimes one eye opened to sight and pleasurable to look upon, and the other left nearly blind and in its pristine deformity, to show what had been achieved; the various appearances of films removing, cataracts breaking up, and being gradually re-absorbed, pupils being re-developed, and other altogether extraordinary symptoms of remedy and regeneration, filled us, we repeat, with wonder and delight.

One child had been totally blind from six days old; had been taught to read on the raised letters by the humane system taught in the blind school; but it could now see these letters, and it was a curious phenomenon to behold—could equally read them by touch and by sight! The only difference was a singular alteration in the tone of voice and pronunciation when reading in the two ways—that by the eye being far more natural, and like the usual reading to which we are accustomed, than the other, which was monotonous, and with an air of difficulty, even amid the singular readiness acquired by this method.

Other cases there were of the wonderful production of the power of vision to those born blind; but we select the case of a girl twenty-two years of age, and therefore fully capable to comprehend and to answer any question put to her. In utter darkness for thirteen years previous to her coming under Dr. Turnbull's treatment, she now can see her way, and can distinguish countenances and colours.

If possible, a more marked instance of the efficacy of the curative process was exhibited in a young man, who had worked for many years at bookbinding. Inflammation, and subsequent eminent treatment, lancing, &c., had rendered him so totally blind, that for some time before, and during the first two or three attendances for the application of the prussic acid vapour, he was obliged to be led. But he told us that now he could safely dispense with such aid, and readily discern objects. Soon, we have little doubt, he will be restored to his calling and to independence.

Another most interesting example of the value of this discovery was that of a gentleman from Canada. He had been afflicted in one eye with cataract and blindness for ten years. His remark to us was, that when he first came to England he could not, with the diseased eye, distinguish a cow from a horse. He now with it could mark and recognize countenances, and could appreciate the visible distinctions of a sovereign and a shilling. This he did in our presence, but much more readily after the vapour of the highly concentrated acid had diluted the pupil, and, to a certain degree, even in the short space of time occupied by the action of the vapour, attenuated or dispersed the cloudy coats of the cataract.

Having assured ourselves of the reality of these things, we sought the rationale, the source of the discovery, and the cause of the effects. Dr. Turnbull's answer was, that what suggested the first experiments to him was the evidence afforded in all cases of death from poisoning with prussic acid; it was recorded, in every instance, that the eye of the corpse was observed for days as clear and lucid as if still in life. This led him to conceive that the acid exerted a specific action on the eye. He argued that any medicament which produced such a symptom after decease, must possess certain powers over the living subject; and he ventured upon his course of investigation accordingly. The principle was speedily developed. The eye and all round it soon dilated and reddened. It was evident that the red arterial blood rushed into the minutest fibres of the veins, and excited a strong action throughout the whole of the capillary processes. Not the slightest pain arose; a sedative influence appeared to be exercised on the nerves of sensation, and even if inflammation existed, it was rapidly removed. The eye, however, presented all the symptoms of violent inflammation, which is the truly natural curative process, yet without the suffering of the struggle between nature and disease. The humours became quickly and singularly active; by degrees, the seat of the disease was assaulted, and a healthful tendency created, either to supply deficiencies or to remove obstructions. By repeating the application, the cures were completed.

The first thought that suggested itself to us, having no near or dear relative so heavily afflicted, was the restoration to the blessings of the faculty of vision of an amiable and much beloved Prince. Painful operations have been tried with little or no success. Here was, then, a treatment involving no suffering, entailing no distressing consequence, endangering no other faculty; but, to our conviction, ensuring relief and restoration. "Why not at once make known this discovery to the Prince of Hanover?" we exclaimed. In answer, we were pleased to be informed that on that very morning four gentlemen had been, equally with us, delighted with the wonders of the hydrocyanic vapour, and with the hope of cure for the illustrious scion of our royal family,

* Had it not been for the information conveyed from this boy, Pearson, to Sir Peter Laurie, and by him promptly communicated to the Court, it is a fearful probability that the Queen would have perished. To the appointment of equerries (Cols. Wylie and Arbuthnot.) to ride on each side of the carriage, so as to cover her Majesty's person, on the Monday, we firmly believe it is, under Providence, owing that the nation have to bless Heaven for the failure of the assassin's blow.—Ed. L. G.

† When he endeavoured to tell Sir Peter Laurie what had happened, he could not utter a word; and now, after a few lessons, we have heard him repeat Mrs. Norton's touching lines on the former attempt of Oxford, without stumbling at a single syllable.—Ed. L. G.

one of them, personally intimate with the King, had expressed his intention forthwith to communicate what he had observed to Prince George of Hanover.

On inquiring what the results might be on old or short sights, Dr. Turnbull laughingly replied, that hydrocyanic acid would soon supersede spectacles; it so altered and helped the vision in either case, that no doubt could exist of its applicability to their relief and restoration. Be this as it may, we hesitate not strongly to recommend the wonderful discovery of the cure for blindness.

THE LIGHTNING OF THE WATERS.

(From Graham's Magazine, for July.)

THERE are few phenomena observable on the ocean, more striking than the phosphorescence of the water, when seen in high perfection. It has forcibly attracted the attention of poets and philosophers in all ages, and many and curious have been the speculations of those who have endeavored to explain the brilliant apparition. In later times, however, the progress of natural science has dissipated the mystery to a considerable extent, destroying a portion of its romantic interest, without, thereby, diminishing its exquisite beauty.

We are well informed, at present, that all the brilliant pyrotechny of Neptune is the effect of animal secretion, not differing essentially in cause from that which ornaments our groves and meadows, when the glow-worms of Europe, the fire flies of North America, or the fulgoure of the Indies are lighting their fairy love lanterns beneath the cool, green leaves, or filling the air with mimic meteors.

To those who are not familiar with microscopic researches, it may seem almost impossible that animal life can be multiplied to such success in the transparent waters, where not a mote was visible by daylight, as to give rise to the broad and bright illumination of the sea, so frequently observed within the lower latitudes; and many, for this reason, have attributed these night fires of the deep to the impurity and occasional fermentation of the ocean,—a cause which they esteem more nearly commensurate with the magnificence of the result. Such theorists regard the phosphorescence as similar to that so constantly produced by putrifying fish and decaying wood.

These ideas, as I have stated, are no longer tenable, and the real origin of the phenomenon is better understood. But even now, the few who have witnessed it in full extent, variety and grandeur—a privilege rarely enjoyed, except by those who have made long voyages, and have become familiar with many seas—are lost in wonder; and unless professionally devoted to the study of natural history, they find it difficult to credit the assertion, that all these vast displays are mere results of living action.

It may prove interesting, then, to those who are fond of such investigations, to offer some remarks on the multitudinous character of those tribes of simple and transparent beings, which swarm about the surface of the ocean, and may be found continually changing in race and habits, with almost every degree of latitude we traverse.

If you will take the trouble, on some suitable occasion during the month of November or December, to descend into a fashionable oyster cellar, and ask admission to the pile of freshly opened shells stowed in the usual receptacle, which is in some dark vault or closet about the premises, you may chance to witness, on a diminutive scale, the far-famed phosphorescence of the sea, without enduring the heavy immigration tax levied, with unrelenting severity, by the old trident-bearing upon all novices, except, perhaps, a few fortunate favorites.

Take up the shovel that leans against the wall, order the light to be removed, and the door closed, and then proceed to disturb the shells. If they have been taken from the water where it is purely salt,—and still more certainly if gathered from the beds of blue marine mud that are the favorite resort of the finest oysters—the moment you throw a shovel upon the top of the pile, the whole mass, jarred by the blow, will become spangled with hundreds of brilliant stars—not in this case pale and silvery, but of the richest golden green or blue. None of these stars may equal in size the head of the finest pin; but so intense is the light emitted by them, that a single, and scarcely visible point, will sometimes illuminate an inch of the surrounding surface, even casting shadows from the little spears of sea-grass growing in its neighbourhood.

Choose one of the most conspicuous of these diminutive tapers, and without removing it from the shell, carry it towards the gas lamp. As you approach, the brilliancy of the star declines; and when the full flood of light is thrown upon the shell, it nearly, or entirely disappears. If you press your finger rudely upon the spot, you will again perceive the luminous matter diffused, like a fluid, over the surrounding surface, and shining, for an instant, more brightly than ever, even under the immediate glare of the gas. Then all is over. You have crushed one of the glow-worms of the deep—an animal, once probably as vain of his golden flame as you are of your brilliant endowments—perhaps some sentinel there stationed to alarm his sleeping brethren of the approach of danger—perhaps an animalcule hero, trimming his solitary lamp to guide his chosen one, through more than Leander's dangers, along the briary path to her rocky bower, beset by all the microscopic monsters of the coralines! At all events, despise it as you may, this little being was possessed of life, susceptible of happiness, and endowed with power to outline, with inborn lustre, the richest gem in Europe's proudest diadem!

The sea is filled in many regions, and at various seasons, with incalculable multitudes of living creatures, in structure much resembling this little parasite, but often vastly more imposing in dimensions. The smallest tribes that are able to call attention to their individual existence generally wander, like erratic stars, beneath the waves. They may be seen by thousands shooting past the vessel, on evenings when the moon is absent or obscured, suddenly lighting their torches when the motion of the bow produces a few curling swells and breakers on either hand, and whirling from eddy to eddy, as they sweep along the side and are lost in the wake. From time to time the vessel, in her progress disturbs some large being of similar powers, who instantly ejects a train of luminous fluid, which, twining, and waving about among contending currents, assumes the semblance of a silver snake. But the most surprising of all proofs of the infinity of life is furnished by those inconceivably numerous bands of shining animalcules, too small for human vision, which in their aggregate effect perform, perhaps, the grandest part in beautifying the night scene on the ocean.

The crest of every wave emits a pale and milky light, and every ripple that, urged onward too rapidly before the breeze, expires in spreading its little patch of foam upon the water, increases the mysterious brightness. On a starless evening the novice may find it very difficult to account for the distinctness with which even the distant billows may be traced by their whitened summits, while every other object is thrown into the deepest shade. The gentle radiation from within the foam deceives the eye—it seems a mere reflection from the surface; and he turns again and again towards the heavens, with the constantly renewed impression, that the moon has found some transient opening in the cloudy canopy through which descends a thin pencil of rays, to be thrown back from the edges of the waves.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The Boston Times says, "that some one lately attempted to murder a sleeping woman by pouring hot lead into her ear, and that so shocking a circumstance was never heard of before." This is a mistake. A more remarkable instance occurred some years ago in Virginia. We personally knew all parties intimately. Col. F., a gentleman of high respectability, a representative of this county, died, leaving his wife, some sons, and a very beautiful daughter, about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself destitute, opened a boarding house at the county seat, and among her boarders was Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, in the meridian of life, and a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family, gave employment to the sons, furnished means to educate the daughter in the most fashionable manner, and conceived for her a most violent passion. On her return from school, he addressed her, but she resisted alike his appeals and the importunities of her mother and friends. She had indeed formed an attachment for a "nice young man" in the same town, but he was

not to be put in competition with the rich merchant, in the estimation of the family. The young lady, perhaps, thought otherwise. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W., and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution of the family, the fair girl stood before the altar and became his wife. The next morning a large party was given them, and, in the midst of the dance, Mr. W., being attacked and, in the midst of sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion. She poured out a wineglass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it without knowing its nature. From some cause, it acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. His senses receded. One moment he would lay motionless and composed, as if on the borders of the spirit world, and then he would shriek and leap convulsively, like a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a gentle slumber—approached the bed, and, holding a heated ladle in her hand, calmly prepared to pour a stream of melted wax into his ear. At that instant he moved; and the hissing liquid, intended to penetrate to and seal out the brain, and thus cause his death without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shouted in excruciating pain, and the revellers, mother, brothers and friends, rushed in. There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep in his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife—her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand, and an empty phial, labelled "Laudanum," lying on the floor. The fearful reality of the case rushed upon every one, and in the confusion of the moment she disappeared, and was hurried forth with out of the commonwealth to a distant State. On searching the room, an old French magazine was found, containing the death-bed confession of a woman who had murdered nine husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she had procured from the store of Mr. —, a few days before their marriage, and the ladle used was part of the bridal present. The Grand Jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the Legislature, being in session, immediately decreed a final and absolute divorce. What renders this case the more singular is, that Miss T. — was proverbial for the blandness of her manner, and the uniform softness of her temper. She was blonde. The rose faintly tinted her lily cheek as a sunbeam glows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably, beautifully sweet, and her golden hair floated like gossamer around a form more perfect and voluptuous than ever Raphael dreamed of, or Petrarch sung. Often have we gazed, as she stood the cynosure of every circle, and wondered if angels could be so fair.

But the sequel of this romance is more singular still. Years rolled by, and Mr. W. continued a wretched and solitary man; but the spell of the enchantment was still upon his soul. He closed his stores—sold his estates—collected his ample means, and followed her to her distant abode, to make her a new offer of his hand! She had just married a man of high standing, aware of all the circumstances, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W. —! Then, indeed, did the iron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quivered in his side." His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his triumph, and the tragedy it occasioned—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion—and now its disappointment, final and forever—came rushing over him, like an avalanche, in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death! Whether this prayer was answered, we know not. He may yet wander, broken-hearted, over the earth; but one thing we do know—if he be dead, a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to heaven.—Natchez Free Trader.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF RECOVERY FROM SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—One of the most extraordinary cases of restoring animation in a human being, after it had been suspended for nearly four hours, was mentioned to Mr. Baker, the coroner, at an inquest held before that gentleman on Thursday. A few evenings since a young gentleman, named Henry Stanhope, was amusing himself by angling in one of the basins of the West India Docks, when by some means he fell into the water, and immediately sank. A cry was raised of "A man overboard," and the drags were soon in requisition, but ten minutes elapsed before the body was recovered, life appearing quite extinct. Mr. Bloomfield, of High-street, Poplar, surgeon, was in attendance when the body was recovered. He immediately had it conveyed to the receiving-house in the docks, and placed in a warm bath. He was then taken out, wrapped in blankets, and bottles of hot water applied to his chest and soles of his feet. Several of the dock labourers were then called in and were ordered to rub him. This they did for about a quarter of an hour, when the body appeared to get colder and more livid about the face. By their pressure and rubbing a great quantity of black mud began to ooze from his mouth, upon seeing which Mr. Bloomfield ordered them to continue their exertions. In half an hour the muscles began to lose their rigidity, and a slight vibration of them was observed. This stimulated them to continue their exertions, and after four hours' indefatigable exertion, animation was so far restored that he was able to articulate. Mr. Bloomfield then applied a dozen leeches to his temples, and four hours afterwards bled him. Stimulants were afterwards applied, and he was restored, but remains in a very weak state. The coroner, after paying a compliment to Mr. Bloomfield, for his praiseworthy exertions, said the case was one of the most extraordinary he had ever known, but thought the best things to be used in cases of drowning were vapor baths.—London paper.

GENEALOGY OF EMINENT LAWYERS.—The present Attorney General of England (Sir F. Pollock) is the son of a saddler. The shop (known to sporting characters) at Charing Cross, now kept by Messrs. Cuff, belonged to Pollock, pere, who disposed of his business to its present proprietors. The father of Sir Wm. Pollett (Solicitor General) still keeps a timber yard near Exeter. Sir John Williams, of the Queen's Bench in England, is the son of a Yorkshire horse dealer. The Chancellor of Ireland (Sugden) is the son of a barber. It is only fair to say that this profounded lawyer glories in his origin. At the Cambridge Election, when Lord Montague beat him by a majority of 28, Sir Edward was assailed, while speaking from the hustings, with a cry from a Whig snarler of "Off, off, you barber's son!" Sir Edward, not at all disconcerted, said at once, "The difference between the person who thus assailed me and myself is simply this—had he been born the son of a barber he would have remained in the same condition during all his life: I was born one, and have risen from that humble sphere." When presiding, some few years since, at an Operative Conservative Society at Lambeth, he voluntarily alluded to his origin. Sir Edward was formerly a clerk to Mr. Groom, the conveyancer. His admission to the bar was opposed on the ground that he had been a clerk; and the opposition would have been successful but for the strenuous exertions of that amiable and most learned person, the late Francis Hardgrave, who contended for his admission, on the ground of the candidate's ability, as displayed in his legal writings. The father of Mr. Platt, Queen's Counsel, one of the most eminent of the English Common-law Bar, was a clerk to the late Lord Ellenborough. Baron Gurney's mother kept a small shop for political pamphlets. Mr. Petersdorf's father was a furrier. Lord Kenyon, who was successively Attorney General (under Lord Rockingham's second administration), a Baronet, and Master of the Rolls in 1784, and in 1788 Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in succession to the Earl of Mansfield, and who died worth £300,000, was clerk to an Attorney. Lord Hardwicke, who was an Attorney-General in the 34th year of his age, was son of an attorney at Dover, who, according to some persons, was hanged for forgery. Lord Eldon was the son of a coal fitter at Newcastle-on-Tyne; and his brother (afterwards Lord Stowell) borrowed forty pounds in order to enable him to go his first circuit. Lord Tenterden's father was a barber at Canterbury. Lord Langdale was formerly an accoucheur. Lord Campbell, and Sergeants Talfourd and Spankie, were formerly reporters on the Morning Chronicle.—Dublin Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.—Law is like a fire; and those who meddle with it may chance to "burn their fingers."

Law is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money are very like to lose it.

Law is like a lance, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant; doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

Law is like a sieve, you may see through it; but you will be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

Law is like the plowman who the plowman is to the goose; the plowman, unlike the goose, never gets trust (trussed) although he may be roasted and dished.

Law is like an ignis fatuus, or Jack o' Lantern; those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog or quagmire.

Law is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

Law is like justice, even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

Law is like an eel-trap, very easy to get into, but very difficult to get out of.

Law is like a razor, which requires a "strong back" keenness, and an excellent temper.

N. B.—Many of those who get once "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

Law is like a flight of rockets; there is a great expense of "powder," the cases are usually well "got up," the reports are excellent; but, after all, the sticks (q. d. the clients) are sure to come to the ground.

Law is like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.

CHANGE.—Constant change is the first law of society. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes of a pantomime. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and mothers, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. Twenty years convert infants into lovers, and fathers and mothers, render youth the operative generation, decide men's fortunes and distinction, convert active men into crawling drivellers, and bury all the preceding generation. Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into merely beauteous old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and grandmothers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. Forty years, alas! change the face of all society; infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names so cherished are forgotten, and unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. Fifty years! Why should any desire to retain their affections from infancy for fifty years? It is to behold a world which they do not know, and to which they are unknown; it is to live to weep for the generations passed away; for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave: it is to see every thing turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute despotism of time; it is, in a word, to behold the vanity of human life in all its varieties of display.

TORONTO AS IT WAS AND IS.—One or more persons are now living who remember what is now Toronto having only three houses in it—one tavern and two log houses. In a statistical work of Upper Canada, written in 1817, the writer, in describing what was then Little York, (now the City of Toronto,) says—"Its population is 1200 souls; for five miles round the Capital of Upper Canada scarcely one improved farm can be seen in contact with another. The only connected settlement is about five miles to the north of Yonge Street; in other directions, so far as the district goes, you might travel to its utmost limits and not find more than one farm house for every 3 miles." Such was Little York, by which name it was called, till about 1835; some sarcastic people indeed prefixed to its cognomen the word dirty, and in muddy weather not very inaptly so. In 1817 it had no brick houses, no tinned roofs, no planked sidewalks—the streets remained in the streets, and nothing was more common than to see teams mired in them, requiring all the aid which could be obtained to liberate them;—what is now the market was a bog, and the fish market the resort of wild fowls—unhealthy—liable to fever and agues, and all the distressing catalogue of intermittents. No banks, no market, a very mean building for a church, no common sewers, scarcely a schooner belonging to it, and few frequenting it; no wharf; not a single importer of British goods; a few, and very few, insignificant stores, and a few taverns offering the worst accommodations. Such was dirty Little York in 1817, now the celebrated City of Toronto. Look now at its 14 or 15,000 inhabitants; its rows of splendid brick built, tin covered houses; its magnificent churches, and number of places of worship; its banks, its floating palaces, its beautiful schooners; its magnificent stores, some of them rivaling those of the first city of the world, with their plate glass windows, their spacious areas, and the splendid contents; its hundreds of thousands of annually imported goods; its mechanics' institute; its Board of Trade; its common sewers; its macadamised steets; its planked sidewalks, above a mile, or nearly two, from its magnificent Market and City Hall, in every street, and leading almost to every house. Look at its export trade, its wharves loaded with produce, and crowded with steamboats and schooners, the daily conveyances of the riches of the neighbourhood; and last of all look at its gas lighted streets at night, and it is now progressing to that greatest of all luxuries, an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water. This is Toronto now, in 1842; compare it with what it was in 1817, and let the inhabitants of London ask, to what is Toronto indebted for all this wealth?—London Paper.

A MAJESTIC FLOWER.—In a late number of the Petersburgh Statesman, we find a description of a flower tree, which is found in the interior of Ceylon, and may be considered as a wonderful curiosity, excelling in beauty and grandeur all other plants in the vegetable kingdom. The body of the tree is sixty feet high, and straight as a ship's mast, without limb or leaf; but supporting at the top an immense tuft of leaves, each of which is ten to twelve feet long. The stalks of these leaves clasp the body of the tree and incline outward, the long leaves bending over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreens is of itself very grand, but when the tree is about fifty years old, there rises from its centre a cane several feet in height, which gradually enlarges, until at length it bursts with a loud explosion, and a vast, brilliant, golden coloured flower, twelve feet in diameter, appears over the elevated tuft of leaves, as a gorgeous diadem on the head of this queen of the forest. The tree never blooms but once, and does not long survive this grand display of magnificence.

AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.—Children should be taught to shun all sports and pleasures that are connected with sin. Pleasure fairs, as they are called, and horse races, though sanctioned by some persons of decent character, are sources of numberless evils. Their true character are evidenced by the fact, that they draw together crowds of the drunken, the lewd, and the most profligate. A child should be taught to look upon these scenes as scenes of wickedness, with which it would pollute and disgrace him to intermingle. It should be inculcated upon him, that the playhouse is the nursery for vice, and is the place where "Satan's seat is." Whatever partakes of the nature of gambling should be forbidden. The child that covets his playmates' money, when gambling for half-pence, is displaying, and strengthening, a disposition that, in after life, may lead him to the gaming table, and to those dwellings of wickedness which are correctly denominated "hells," as they are places where many are allured to temporal and eternal perdition.

The best way of banishing rats and mice from mows or bins of grain, and all similar places, we ever heard of, was scattering the branches of menthan viridis, or common spear-mint, about in the mows when packing away grain, or strewing it over bins of grain, casks, or apples, &c. exposed to their depredations. We have tried it, so have our neighbours, and found it to be effectual.—New Genesee Farmer.

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