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NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

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TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheeks, And early pite, and merry eye, And arm and shoulders round and sleek, And soft and fair—thou urchin sly?

LITERARY.

From Blackwood's Magazine. SINGULAR PASSAGES IN THE Life of the late HENRY HARRIS, D. D. Communicated by the Rev. T. S. his friend and Executor.

[Continued from the Chronicle of 30th July.] The appearance of the surgeon confirmed their worst apprehensions; a vein was opened, but the blood refused to flow, and Mr. I— pronounced that the vital spark was indeed extinguished. The poor mother, whose attachment to her children was perhaps the more powerful, as they were the sole relatives or connexions she had in the world, was overwhelmed with a grief amounting almost to frenzy; it was with difficulty that she was removed to her own room, by the united strength of her daughter and medical adviser. Nearly an hour had elapsed in the endeavour at calming her transports; they had succeeded, however, to a certain extent, and Mr. I— had taken his leave, when Elizabeth, re-entering the bed-chamber in which her sister lay, in order to pay the last sad duties to her corpse, was horror-struck at seeing a rosy stream of blood running down the side of the counterpane to the floor.— Her exclamation brought the girl again to her side, when it was perceived, to their astonishment, that the sanguine stream proceeded from the arm of the body, which was now manifesting signs of returning life. The half frantic mother flew to the room, and it was with difficulty they could prevent her, in her agitation, from so acting as to extinguish for ever the hope which had begun to rise in their bosoms. A long drawn sigh, amounting almost to a groan, followed by several convulsive gaspings, was the prelude to the restoration of the animal functions in poor Mary; a shriek, almost preternaturally loud, considering her state of exhaustion, succeeded; but she did recover, and with the help of restoratives, was well enough towards morning to express a strong desire that I should be sent for—a desire the more readily complied with, inasmuch as the strange expressions and declarations she had made since her restoration to consciousness, had filled her sister with the most horrible suspicions. The nature of these suspicions was such as would at any other time, perhaps, have raised a smile upon my lips; but the distress and even agony of the poor girl, as she half hid and half expressed them, were such as entirely to preclude every sensation at all approaching to mirth.— Without endeavouring, therefore, to combat ideas, evidently too strong impressed upon her mind at the moment to admit of present refutation, I merely used a few encouraging words, and requested her to precede me to the sick-chamber.

to believe it the mere effect of a hideous dream, or what is vulgarly termed the nightmare; but this repetition, and the circumstances under which I was last summoned, at a time too when I had not composed myself to rest, fatally convinced me of the reality of what I have seen and suffered. "This is no time for concealments of any kind. It is now more than a twelvemonth since I was in the habit of occasionally encountering in my walks a young man of prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly deportment; he was always alone, generally reading, but I could not be long in doubt that these rencontres, which became every week more frequent, were not the effect of accident, or that his attention, when we did meet, was less directed to his book than to my sister and myself. He seemed to wish to address us, and I have no doubt would have taken some other opportunity of doing so, had not one been afforded him by a strange dog attacking us, one Sunday morning, on our way to church, which he beat off, and made use of this little service to promote an acquaintance. His name, he said, was Francis Somers, and that he was on a visit to a relation of the same name, resident a few miles from X—. He gave us to understand that he was himself studying surgery with the view to a medical appointment in one of the colonies. You are not to suppose, sir, that he had entered thus into his concerns at the first interview; it was not till our acquaintance had ripened, and he had visited our house more than once with my mother's sanction, that these particulars were elicited. He never disguised, from the first, that an attachment to myself was his object in originally introducing himself to our notice; as his prospects were comparatively flattering, my mother did not raise any impediment to his attentions, and I own I received them with pleasure. "Days and weeks elapsed, and altho' the distance at which his relation resided, prevented the possibility of an unintermitted intercourse, yet neither was it so great as to preclude his frequent visits. The interval of a day, or at most of two, was all that intervened, and these temporary absences certainly did not decrease the pleasure of the meetings with which they terminated. At length a pensive impression began to exhibit itself upon his countenance, and I could not but remark that at every visit he became more abstracted and reserved. The eye of affection is not slow to detect any symptom of uneasiness in a quarter dear to it. I spoke to him, questioned him on the subject; his answer was evasive, and I said no more. My mother, however, had marked the same appearance of melancholy, and pressed him more strongly. He at length admitted that his spirits were depressed, and that their depression was caused by the necessity of an early though but a temporary separation. His uncle, and only friend, he said, had long insisted on his spending some months on the Continent, with the view of completing his professional education, and that the time was now fast approaching when it would be necessary for him to commence his journey. A look made the enquiry which my tongue refused to utter. "Yes, dearest Mary," was his reply, "I have communicated our attachment to him, partially at least, and though I dare not say that the intimation was received as I could have wished, yet I have, perhaps, on the whole, no fair reason to be dissatisfied with his reply. "The completion of my studies, and my settlement in the world must, my uncle told me, be the first consideration; when these material points were achieved, he should not interfere with any arrangement that might be found essential to my happiness; at the same time he has positively refused to sanction any engagement at present, which may, he says, have a tendency to divert my attention from those studies, on the due prosecution of which my future situation in life must depend. A compromise between love and duty was eventually wrung from me, though reluctantly; I have pledged myself to proceed immediately to my destination abroad, with a full understanding that on my return, a twelvemonth hence, no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of what are, I trust, our mutual wishes. "I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, nor will it be necessary to say any thing of what passed at the few interviews which took place before Francis quitted X—. The evening immediately previous to that of his departure he passed in this house, and before we separated, renewed his protestations of an unchangeable affection, requiring a similar assurance from me in return. I did not hesitate to make it. "Be satisfied, my dear Francis," said I, "that no diminution in the regard I have avowed can ever take place, and, though absent in body, my heart and soul will still be with you." "Swear this," he cried, with a suddenness and energy which surprised and rather startled me; "promise that you will be with me in spirit at least when I am far away." I gave him my hand, but that was not sufficient. "One of these dark shining ringlets, my dear Mary," said he, "as a pledge that you will not forget your vow!" I suffered him to take the scissors from my work-box, and to sever a lock of my hair which he placed in his bosom. The next day he was pursuing his journey, and the waves were already bearing him from England. "I had letters from him repeatedly during the first three months of his absence; they spoke of his health, his prospects, and of his love, but by degrees the intervals between each arrival became longer, and I fancied I perceived some falling off from

that warmth of expression which at first characterized his communications. "One night I had retired to rest rather later than usual, having sat by the bedside, reading and comparing his last brief note with some of his earlier letters, and endeavouring to convince myself that my apprehensions of his fickleness were unfounded, when an undeniable sensation of restlessness and anxiety seized upon me. I cannot compare it to any thing I had ever experienced before; my pulse fluttered, my heart beat with a quickness and violence which alarmed me, and a strange tremour shook my whole frame. I retired hastily to bed, in hopes of getting rid of so unpleasant a sensation, but in vain; a vague apprehension of I knew not what, occupied my mind, and vainly did I endeavour to shake it off. I can compare my feelings to nothing but those which we sometimes experience when about to undertake a long and unpleasant journey, leaving those we love behind us. More than once did I raise myself in bed, and listen, fancying that I heard myself called, and on each of those occasions the fluttering of my heart increased. Twice I was on the point of calling to my sister, who then slept in an adjoining room, but she had gone to bed indisposed, and an unwillingness to disturb either her or my mother, checked me; the large clock in the room below at this moment began to strike the hour of twelve. I distinctly heard its vibrations, but ere its sounds had ceased, a burning heat, as if a hot iron had been applied to my temple, was succeeded by a dizziness, a swoon, a total loss of consciousness, as to where or in what situation I was. "A pain, violent, sharp, and piercing, as though my whole frame were lacerated by some keen-edged weapon, roused me from this stupor—but where was I? Every thing was strange around me—a shadowy dimness rendered every object indistinct and uncertain; methought, however, that I was seated in a large antique high-backed chair, several of which were near, their tall black carved frames and seats interwoven with a lattice work of cane. The apartment in which I sat was of moderate dimensions, and from its sloping roof seemed to be the upper story of the edifice, a fact confirmed by the moon shining without, in full effulgence, on a large round tower, which its light rendered plainly visible through the open casement, and the summit of which seemed but little superior in elevation to the room I occupied. Rather to the right, and in the distance, was visible, while sundry gable ends, and tops of houses, told me I was in the midst of a populous but unknown city. "The apartment itself had something strange in its appearance; and in the character of its furniture and appurtenances bore little or no resemblance to any I had ever seen before. The fireplace was large and wide, with a pair of what are sometimes called andirons, betokening that wood was the principal if not the only fuel consumed within its recess; a huge fire now blazing in it, the light from which rendered visible the remotest parts of the chamber. Over a lofty old-fashioned mantelpiece, carved heavily in imitation of fruits and flowers, hung a half-length portrait of a gentleman in a dark coloured habit, with a peaked beard and mustaches, one hand resting upon a table, the other supporting a sort of baton, or short military staff, the summit of which was surmounted by a silver dove. Several antique chairs similar in appearance to those already mentioned, surrounded a massive oak table, the length of which much exceeded its width. At the lower end of this piece of furniture, stood the chair I occupied; on the upper was placed a small chafing dish, filled with burning coals, and darting forth occasionally long flashes of various coloured fire, the brilliance of which made itself visible, even above the strong illumination emitted from the chimney. Two huge black-japaned cabinets, with claw feet, reflecting from their polished surfaces the effulgence of the flame, were placed one on each side the casement window to which I have alluded, and with a few shelves loaded with books, many of which were also strewn in disorder on the floor, completed the list of the furniture in the apartment. Some strange looking instrument, of unknown form and purpose, lay on the table near the chafing dish, on the other side of which a miniature portrait of myself hung, reflected by a small oval mirror in a dark coloured frame, while a large open volume traced with strange characters, of the colour of blood, lay in front; a goblet, containing a few drops of liquid of the same sanguineous hue, was by its side. "But of the objects which I have endeavoured to describe, none arrested my attention so forcibly as two others. These were the figures of two young men in the prime of life, only separated from me by the table. They were dressed alike, each in a long flowing gown, made of some sad coloured stuff, and confined at the waist by a crimson girdle; one of them, the shorter of the two, was occupied in feeding the embers of the chafing dish with a resinous powder, which produced and maintained a brilliant but flickering blaze, to the action of which his companion was exposing a long lock of dark chestnut hair, that shrank and shrivelled as it approached the flame. But, oh God! that hair, and the form of him who held it! that face! those features! not for one instant could I entertain a doubt it was He! Francis! the lock he grasped was mine, the very pledge of affection I had given him, and still, as it partially encountered the fire, a burning heat seemed to scorch the temple from which it had been taken, conveying a torturing sensation that affected my very brain.

MISCELLANIES. ROMANCE OF TRUTH.—The subject of the following article was well known to us, and we believe the character of the unfortunate "Hermit," is faithfully portrayed by the editor of the Lockport Balance. Mr. A. has left highly respectable connexions in England, who have long ago wished their friend to return; but he became so fascinated with the solitude by the Falls of Niagara, that no inducement could divert his thoughts or induce him to withdraw from the spot which had become so endeared to him. From the Lockport Balance. THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA FALLS. [The following particulars of the habits and death of Francis Abbot, who for the last two years has lived in a secluded and unhappy manner, on and near the Islands at the Falls of Niagara, were furnished us by the politeness of a gentleman residing at that place.] In the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1829, a tall, well built and handsome man, dressed in a long loose gown or cloak, of a chocolate color, was seen passing through the principal street of the village of Niagara Falls, on the American side. He had under his arm a roll of blankets, a flute, a port folio, and a large book; in his right hand he carried a small stick. He advanced towards the Eagle Hotel, attracting the gaze of the visitors and others about the Hotel by his eccentric appearance. With elastic step and animated motion, he passed the Hotel, heeded not the inquiring gaze of the idle multitude, but erect proudly bent his course to the small and lowly in of Ebenezer O'Kelly. He had once entered into stipulations with his host, that the room immediately situated, but lately his own; that he should have his table to himself, and only certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mrs. O'Kelly. He made the usual inquiries as to the localities of the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading room in the village.—On being informed that there was a library, he immediately repaired to the individual by whom it was kept, deposited three dollars and took a book; purchased a violin, borrowed music books, informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbot, that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He conversed with him on various subjects, and his language was delivered with great ease and ability. The next day he returned to the same person—expatiated largely upon the beautiful scenery of the Falls—the grand views of the cascades and cataracts, and of that most sublime spectacle, the Falls themselves. He all his travels, he said he had never met with any thing that would compare with it, for sublimity, except Mount Etna during an eruption. He said he should remain at least a week; observing that as well might a traveller in two days examine in detail the various museums and curiosities of Paris, as to become acquainted with the splendid scenery of Niagara in the same space of time. He was informed that visitors at the Falls frequently remained but a day or two, and he expressed his astonishment that they should be so little interested in the grand and beautiful works of nature, as to spend only so short a period. In a few days he called again, and again expatiated on the beauties of the Falls, and he had concluded to remain a month at least and perhaps six months. In a short time after this, he determined to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and were desirous of erecting a rustic hut, for the purpose of abstracting himself from all society, and becoming a solitary hermit. The proprietor of the island did not think proper to grant him the privilege of erecting a building for such a use; but permitted him to occupy a small room in the only house on the island. In the house there lived a family, who furnished him occasionally with bread and milk. But he generally dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles, and always doing his own cooking. This was his permanent residence for two and twenty months. Last winter the family removed, and to those few persons with whom he held any communication, he expressed his great satisfaction of having it in his power to live alone. For some months he seemed to enjoy himself very much, until another family entered the house. He then concluded to erect a cottage of his own, and as he could not do it on the island he determined to build it on the main shore. It yet stands about thirty rods from the main fall on the bank of the river. He occupied it about two months. On Friday, the 10th of June last, he went twice to the river to bathe, and was seen to go the third time; at that time the ferryman saw him in the water. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; the ferryman did not see him return, and his clothes were seen where he had deposited them. An examination was immediately made but his body could not be discovered. On the 21st it was taken up at Port Niagara, and the next day it was removed to, and interred decently at the burial ground at Niagara Falls. Thus has terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbot,—a fate indeed known to those near whom he has spent the last two years of his life. Some few gleanings can alone be given. He was an English gentleman, of a respectable family, of highly cultivated mind and manners. He had a finished education, was not only master of the languages and deeply read in the arts and sciences, but possessed all the minor accomplishments of a gentleman—colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Many years of his life had been spent in

travelling. He had visited Egypt, and Palestine, and had travelled through Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal and France, and had resided for considerable periods of time in Rome, Naples and Paris. While at the Falls, business brought him in contact with some of the inhabitants; with a few of those he would sometimes be sociable—to all others he was distant and reserved. At such times, his conversation would be of the most interesting kind, and his description of people and countries were highly glowing and animated. But at times even with those he would hold no conversation, but communicated his wishes on a slate, and would request that nothing would be said to him. Sometimes for three or four months together he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket—shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitude of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin; but destroyed his compositions almost as fast as he produced them. When his little cot was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his own composition, but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded his door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. His cot occupied the place appropriated as his bed. His guitar, his violin, his flutes, and music books, were scattered around in confusion.—There was a port folio, and the leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name was written in any of them. Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbot. On the upper end of the island he had established his walk; at one place it has become hard trod and well beaten, like that on which a sentinel performs his tour of duty. Between Iris Island and moss Isle, there is embowered in seclusion and shade, one of the most charming water falls on the coast, fit for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather even when there was snow on the ground and ice in the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara. At the lower extremity of the Island is a bridge leading to what is called the Terra-pin rocks; from this bridge extends a single piece of timber some twelve or fifteen feet over the precipice. On this bridge it was his daily practice to walk; with a quick step he would pass the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly on his heel and walk back; and continue thus to walk for hours together. Sometimes he would let himself down at the end of the timber, and hang under it by his hands and feet, over the terrific precipice for fifteen minutes at a time. To the inquiry why he would thus expose himself, he replied, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy perform far more perilous acts, and as he should probably again pass the sea himself, he wished to ensure himself to such dangers. If the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. In the wildest hours of the night, he was often found walking alone and unfearing in the most dangerous places near the Falls; and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man. He had a stipend allowed him of about \$5 a week. He always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully; was economical in the expenditure of money for his own immediate use; and was generous in paying for all favours and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of religious duty and decorum, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated. The charity he asked from others he extended to all mankind. What, it will be asked, could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as Francis Abbot's? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn—and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, shunning the association of his fellow men? The history of his misfortunes is not known, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion, will, undoubtedly, to us, be ever a mystery. He was about twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He was perfectly infatuated with the scenery of the Falls, and expressed himself in ecstasies with the romantic retreats of Iris Island. TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.—Travelling in ancient times was very different from what it is in the present day; coaches and carriages were not invented, and the only vehicles which went upon wheels were carts and wagons, and these so heavy and clumsy, that there is not a farmer in the country would use the like now-a-days.—When people wished to go any distance they were forced to ride all the way on horseback; so those who were sick or infirm could hardly ever leave their houses. You could not even change your horse at different stages; when the animal tired, you were obliged to stop till he had rested, and if he fell lame or died, then you were forced to buy another, that is, if you could; for sometimes the inhabitants would refuse to deal with you, and then you could not get on at all. Perhaps you would think, "Well, but at all events a strong healthy man, with a good horse, could travel very pleasantly, and go along way without encountering much difficulty." And so he might, provided he could always be sure of finding a good road; but that was not by any means certain. In those times there were very few roads upon which one could travel with safety. The wise Romans made excellent roads, extending through all parts of their empire; and some of them can yet be traced in England, running along as straight as an arrow; one of these is Watling Street, so often

mentioned in history; but after the fall of the Roman Empire their roads were neglected, and they fell into decay, and the traveller could hardly proceed without great danger, or at least without great fatigue. All at once your horse plunged into a marsh, or you came to a river, and the bridge was broken down, and when you tried to ford the stream, your horse might get out of his depth, and then he and his rider would be nearly drowned. Sometimes the traveller had to pass through a dark forest full of ravenous bears and wolves, and when he came to the end of his day's journey, instead of putting up at a comfortable inn, he was often compelled to stretch his cloak on the damp earth, in some wretched hut, or on the broken pavement of a haunted ruined temple, open to the starless sky. Such were the dangers of the land. Those of the sea were equally appalling, though of another kind. The ancient vessels were not fine large ships floating like castles in the sea, but small frail barks, with one deck, and incapable of containing any great stores. The navigators had no knowledge of geography; and if by any accident the voyage was of protracted length, the crew might be starved. But the chief difficulty arose from their ignorance of the compass. Although it was well known that the magnet attracted iron, yet the property which the magnetised needle possesses, of constantly turning towards the North, was not then discovered. The mariners, if they once lost sight of the coast, could only guide themselves by the position of the sun and of the fixed stars, and cloudy day, followed by a cloudy night, would utterly confound them in their path over the trackless ocean. Under such circumstances, the intercourse of the Anglo-Saxons with foreign nations was necessarily very limited, and countries to which we can now transport ourselves with great ease, could not then be visited, unless the traveller was prepared to encounter much hardship and peril.—Family Library. History of England. MEDICAL LAW IN DENMARK.—In Denmark, the nation's health is entrusted to 12 medical officers selected by the government, who constitute what is called the Council of Health. Six of these officers are surgeons belonging to the Academy of surgery, and six are physicians taken from the university. This council is invested with the authority of examining all candidates for the profession, of conferring upon them diplomas and degrees, and protecting them in the discharge of their professional duties. The government apply to it when their army or navy require medical officers, the people look to it as their authorised guardians of life and health, and no empiric can attempt to sell or administer his nostrums, without soliciting its permission. The liberality with which medical hospitals are endowed in that country and upon the continent generally, with which medical pupils are assisted in their education, and medical science is generally promoted, leave the faculty of England but little indebted to our government for the care which it fosters one of the most invaluable sciences which can occupy the attention of a philanthropic mind. The class rooms and hospital wards of Denmark are equally open to their pupils; and, whenever talent appears, it is not only encouraged at home, but, after it has acquired all the information it can collect from its native institutions, it is liberally pensioned and sent abroad, to enrich upon its return the parent state with all the new facts and known discoveries which can be obtained from other nations.—Westminster Review. RECOVERY FROM THE EFFECTS OF CARBONIC ACID GAS, or damp in wells.—The Ravenna papers contain an account of the restoration of two persons, who had been suffocated with this deadly vapour, by the effusion of cold water. The circumstances of this occurrence are in substance as follows:—A son of a Mr. Vial, of Copley, Medina county, in descending into a well, which his father was excavating, was observed to fall lifeless; his father attempted to rescue him, but he met with a similar fate; another man who was present, started in pursuit of assistance, but during his absence, a lady on a visit to the family, seized a pail of water and dashed it on the head of Mr. Vial. He immediately revived so as to be able to place himself and son in the tub, and they were drawn out together, by the exertions of the females. The son was also restored by a similar application of cold water, but was very ill for several hours. The experiment was afterwards tried on a chicken with similar success.—The knowledge of this remedy is not altogether new to medical science, though it has unfortunately been perhaps but little used in practice. A remarkable instance of the beneficial effects of this application occurred at the Grotto del Cane, in Italy—a cavern, which at all times contains a stratum of carbonic acid gas, rising a few inches above its floor. It has long been a custom among the guides, to gratify the curiosity of visitors, to take along a dog, and deprive him of animation by confining his head in the gas. After all signs of life have disappeared, the dog is plunged into a neighboring lake and quickly recovers.—Ohio Paper. Pandora's Box.—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Father) told him that all evils that afflict the human race were shut up in that fatal box; which Pandora, tempted with curiosity, opened, when they immediately flew out; and spread themselves over the surface of the earth. "What, Father!" said the young Prince, "were all the evils shut up in that box?" "Yes," answered the preceptor. "That cannot be," replied the Prince, "since Curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all."

(To be Continued.)