

does not solve the problem. We behold respectable and intelligent individuals who are above suspicion; men who have never suffered from any disease whatever; of strong will and iron nerve, in the possession of all their reasoning faculties; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, editors; men accustomed to literary and scientific pursuits, experiencing all the phenomena in their own persons, compelled at the will of the monologist, to shiver with cold, glow with warmth, sneeze with imaginary snuff; made to believe their seats burning hot; that they are some great personage, bishop or cardinal. The stronger mind is armed with authority and attributes, which, in old fairy tales, are possessed by magicians alone, surpassing the fabled exploits of the gods and seers; sensation, sight, touch, taste, idea, and impulse, are alike under the command of the usurping will. Audiences are convulsed with laughter at seeing their own friends absolutely intoxicated with drinking cold water, which they are persuaded to think is brandy; others flying in un-mistakeable terror from a chair transformed into a tiger; others following over every obstacle the omnipotent will of the lecturer, and others crawling about in the degraded posture of animal life, and actually BLEATING their conviction of the transformation; in these we only recognise those vivid illustrations eminently calculated to render popular, a power of an awful nature and extent. Indeed, little more than a century ago, had I performed the experiments which I have exhibited to crowded and delighted audiences, in every part of England, such doings would have rendered certain my sacrifice as a wizard, unless I had monologised my executioners.

"When the steamboat which first tried the experiment of sailing from New York to Albany succeeded, many sceptics declared that it was IMPOSSIBLE they had been conveyed a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by steam power; and that it must, after all, have been some power aside from steam, by which they had been enabled to reach Albany. This science actually staggers the belief of thousands who witness the experiments. It is magic-worship, devil-worship. Every romantic and cabalistic power is awarded the operator, and credit is given him of knowing more than he pretends, or concealing some tremendous and important secret, gleaned from worm-eaten parchments, or sacred cloistry. Science, however, is no stage trick, the philosopher is no conjurer; and without claiming any magical or preternatural agency, the whole is the result of predominant impression upon the mind which necessarily influences the actions of the susceptible individual. Impression is the great magician which works these wonders. We have too long made a great mistake, by supposing man to be a DUALITY, instead of a UNIT. However enigmatical it may appear, it is the invincible principle in man, whoever that man be, that controls the muscular force. It was not bone and muscle that built the city of London, the Egyptian pyramids, made the colossal archway through the lofty mountain, or changed the earth into fertile farms, or fruitful gardens. Bones and muscles are instrumentalities of a vital and superior principle, viz. electricity; the connecting link between mind and body. Suppose you lift a hundred pounds from the ground, do you not employ a power and substance superior to the weight? Do your muscles furnish that power? No! Why? Because a dead man, or rather a body without a spirit, cannot raise an ounce. This invisible agency under the sovereign mind is, therefore, the governing principle of all material existences. I do not believe, as some individuals erroneously imagine, that Hypnotism is the same thing as Electro-Monology. The disk system, though often repudiated, has never been proved to be fallacious. Nineteen out of twenty persons operated upon, declare that they feel a tingling sensation in the arm when holding the disk, which appears to me to be identical with electricity. Many ignorant professors buy the science for a price, as they would a puppet-show, and such, indeed, they make of it, to the no small detriment of individuals who can perform more experiments with their little finger, than they can with their whole body inflated with so much pretension. Others identify it with Phrenology, Mesmerism, &c., and the simple folks who pay their shilling, know no other than that they behold the veritable experiments of an experienced hand. Such individuals understand as much about this science, as a man born stone blind, of the colours of the rainbow.

"That the mind acts electrically upon the body is indisputable, and thus regulates physical action by the voluntary and involuntary nerves. Sudden joy elates, and sudden grief prostrates the animal spirits. Great public orators have fallen lifeless under the impassioned and thrilling sermon. Actors have died upon the stage when portraying scenes of intensest passion. Such occurrences are by no means uncommon. Obilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. Bad news and powerful emotion often kill the body at a stroke. The news of a defeat killed Philip V., and the elegant poet Keats fell sick and died, after reading an unjust criticism of his effusions. Many have been swept away into death-land by overwhelming and predominant impression. The voluntary and involuntary nerves

of the cerebrum and cerebellum are true and faithful daguerrotypes. The mother writes her image upon the child. Jacob's speckled rods was no fiction. An account is given by Father Malebranch of a French-woman in a state of pregnancy going to see a man broken on the wheel. She saw him faint, heard his limbs crack, and she sunk exhausted on the ground; when the child was born, its limbs were found to be broken in exactly the same place as those of the malefactor. In this respect, there is an intellectual and moral beauty in the science of electro-monology. Brilliant mothers make brilliant men, and no distinguished individual has yet lived who did not owe his greatness to his mother's exalted character. She who rocks the cradle, rules the world.

"Leaving the theoretical, which we cannot stop to amplify, we proceed at once to the practical. After the subject has gazed at the magnetic coin, electrically charged for a sufficient length of time, you may proceed as follows:—The requisite nerves of sensation being inducted, press your thumb firmly upon the median nerve; it is located in the centre of the UPPER PART of the palm of the hand, near where it joins the wrist. The astonishing nature of the impression can only be equalled by the result produced. Now assert to the subject in a decided tone, for instance, 'You cannot open your eyes;' and if his eyes were shut when you made the assertion, he cannot open them afterwards until you again say 'Now you can open them,' or something to that effect. Again, say to the subject, 'Put your hands together and you cannot separate them.' If now he puts his hands together, he will try in vain to separate them until you reverse the assertion. Say 'Your clothing is on fire,' and instantly it seems so. Assert that 'Yonder is a lion;' and he immediately believes it, and sees it; or tell him that he himself is a lion, and he instantly assumes the character, and begins to roar and show his teeth and claws.

"It is a fact capable of being easily demonstrated, that nearly all subjects can be made to believe anything, or to assume any character, or to conform to the wishes expressed or implied of the operator; and this can be done when they are affected in the very least degree, while they are wide awake and know what they are about. They cannot resist an assertion. It is easier to believe than to doubt. A child believes and acts upon the assertion of his parents, instinctively, and thus avails himself of their experience and knowledge.

"It has been alleged, that the whole of these extraordinary effects are mere deceptions; in fact, that the patient is acting. This cannot be, as we can produce sensations which cannot possibly be acted. Faces and muscles cannot lie, and the sudden jerk which follows the removal of the prohibition, demonstrates the reality. The effects themselves are certainly of a singular and mysterious character; and in those who are unaccustomed to think, excite only ridicule and unbelief. I admit that in this science truth is stranger than fiction; but no invention of the imagination is so exhilarating as the discoveries of science, provided the faculties which comprehend the one, are sufficiently developed to be able to comprehend the other. Amid the many marvels which science has yet to discover, the wonders of Aladdin's Lamp will lose their splendour, and posterity will look back upon those whose imaginations could rest satisfied with tales of Arabian Nights and stories of fairy land, with as much pity as we now look upon those savages whose highest ideas of regal adornment consist in beads of glass and jewellery of tin. The tricks of the conjuror, and the craft of the magician will die out, and man will seek for loftier novelties in the laboratory of the chemist, and the lecture-hall of the philosopher; where God, through Nature, works miracles with fire and water, attraction and repulsion, at once kindling devotion and dispensing knowledge.

THOUGHTS ON WINE.

The wine at Cans's marriage feast,
All men might freely take;
It would not turn men into beasts,
Nor cause their hearts to ache.

It never did a mocker prove,
But true cheer did impart;
It caused not those God made to love
To break each other's heart.

It gave no colour in the cup,
It moved not aright;
It did not like an adder sting,
Nor like a serpent bite:

Or, when those guests had all well drunk
And emptied their store;
He, who loved man as no man loved,
Would not have made them more.

None there had woes, no sorrows there,
Nor wounds without a cause;
None there were tempted by their God
To violate his laws.

No madman's babbling there was heard,
None there had reddened eyes;
All hearts were cheered, their mirth was pure,
And all their words were wise.

But that which men call wine to-day
A deadly mixture proves;
And fills with wretchedness and woe
The homes of those we love.

A rose would just as sweetly smell
Called by another name,
And poisonous drugs when called wine
Will poison just the same.

Then let us lay aside the cup
Which doth such ills produce;
For aught that turns men into brutes
Cannot be fit for use.

And though men speak in loudest praise
Of all that's called wine,
We'll neither handle, touch, or taste,
Such foes of human kind. G. C.

DEATH OF AN OLD WOMAN.—The *Derry Sentinel* says, there has died, at Newtownmadvay, Miss Amelia Ross, at the great age of 117 years, being born (as nearly as could be ascertained) in the year 1741, in the parish of Magilligan, where her ancestors and their descendants have resided for centuries. Her father, however, with his family, became residents in Newtownmadvay about 110 years ago, during which period she was never known to be absent from the same place for any length of time. Within the last year she could read and write without spectacles. She lived in the reigns of five sovereigns of Great Britain and Ireland, and was probably the oldest of all her Majesty's subjects.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XL.

TINY IN LEADING STRINGS—A RISE—A FALL.

"A man shall be commended according to his wisdom, but he that is of a pervert heart shall be despised."—Prov. xii. 8.

WE must hurry on. The little one was laid in its narrow resting place, and the lines inscribed on its mother's heart were,—"She will not return to me, but I shall go to her." The acts and doings of old Sam combined all that can be conceived of parent, brother, and friend. Tiny's health improved rapidly, and, with it, returned his indomitable perseverance. Lizzy's cheerfulness was restored, and her kindness was more vigorous than ever. Sam followed his occupation as cook on board an American liner, but, on each return trip, he evinced delight in doing good for Tiny and his family. His exhibitions of Christian worth have but few parallels. His every act was of unqualified disinterestedness; he cared nothing for money, and almost less for his own personal comfort. All he seemed to live for was to work, and to minister, from his own means, and with his own hands, to the wants of Tiny and his wife and children. Sam was a man, who, for honesty, worth, and strength of friendship, would have done honour to any, however great, who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of his companionship and counsel. He was a Christian, indeed.

With returning strength, Tiny applied himself vigorously to his work; so close, indeed, that Lizzy but seldom knew the hour he went to bed at night, or rose from it in the morning, and, in twelve months from the time of his recovery, his prospects had assumed an encouraging aspect.

Since Tiny's return to London, he had regularly wrote to his brothers in Shropshire, and had, in return, received from them several letters. George invariably abused him, but John comforted him, and exerted himself to pay off the debts that Tiny had unavoidably contracted whilst living at Hodnet.

At the expiration of two years John had accomplished his self-imposed but arduous task of paying his brother's liabilities, all the while subjected to much unkindness from George and others.

Tiny had conceived the idea of becoming a master. He had saved a few pounds by his unwearied application to business, and had written to John expressing a wish to repay him, but John declined to accept the money. He informed Tiny that he was very ill, but, as soon as he recovered, he should dispose of some valuable articles which he had by him, come to London, and become a partner with him in business.

Poor John; he had but little strength at best. Tiny had written several letters, but had received no answer to them.

Several months of intense anxiety passed away, and, no longer able to endure the suspense, he wrote to George, but his letter remained unnoticed till near another year, when he received a letter from George, informing him that John had been dead several months, and that his death was occasioned by his working to pay his (Tiny's) debts. Poor fellow! determinedly did he fight against his own bodily infirmity and the prejudice of his kinsman, and a heavy interest he paid—even his life—to secure the honour of his mother's son. George, in concluding his letter, boasted of his own success, stating that he had disposed of his business, and was, at the time he wrote, "landlord of the — inn."

Tiny persevered steadily, and, while working as a journeyman, had secured several private customers of his own, and had employed a man to do that portion of his trade, while he continued to work as a journeyman as closely as ever, hoping that, some day, he could retort on George, by informing him

that he, too, was a master. But while this gourd was growing up, a worm, unperceived by Tiny, was doing a silent, but sure and deadly work at the root of all his labours:—"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Tor three years Tiny had been in the employ of a Socialist, a man of Jesuitical keenness, and the main supporter of a branch of the social institution, holding the doctrines of Robert Owen. Many and frequent were the conversations between Tiny and his employer upon social and political economy. He, also, with unwearied assiduity, directed Tiny's attention to the religious institutions of men; the individual delinquencies of professing Christians, and the superstition, ignorance, and prostration of intellect in the masses, who were led by the craft and chicanery of the priesthood. Tiny's eyes were opened. He became wise, indeed, but not unto salvation. He read with avidity works of a controversial kind, and of a decidedly infidel character. He read the Bible, too, and soon saw that it was a "cunningly-devised fable." He attended lectures, parties, and soirees, on Sunday evenings, held in Socialist institutions; took part in discussions, and soon became an acknowledged member of the Socialist body, and, under the able tuition of his employer, hoped, ere long, to see the downfall of religion, the reign of Communism, and the world governed without the Christian's God!

Another year of success had elapsed; Tiny had taken a house and shop, and was now a master. He had a neat stock of goods, and had three men in his employ. He kept a list of infidel works and the advertising sheet of the "Reasoner" fixed in his window, and a programme of lectures at his door. He discussed with the district missionary when he called to see him, and could not help thinking that these Christians, with whom he met were, somehow, very nice people, and wondered he had never noticed it before; when reason suggested that he had only just assumed a position in the world, and his employer reminded him that the party they were opposing were the largest in this country; that they were wealthy and formidable; while their party was weak in numbers, and shallow in purse; but, as theirs was *truth* opposed to *error*, they would ultimately vanquish this great foe of mankind. Be it as it may, the party to which Tiny had attached himself were intelligent, and, some of them, very learned men, and as learning made men wise, and knowledge gave them *power*, and as many members of parliament were of the same class, and advocated, with their great knowledge and skill, the natural rights and privileges of the people, he thought that he could not be far wrong by putting on the breastplate of presumption and the helmet of reason, and draw his uneducated sword in defence of right, and, although he might never become a "Goliath of Gath," like some professed to be, and come forth on the platform or in the rostrum, and challenge Christian Israel to the combat, he could, like a little David, take his sling and stone, and help to effect a breach in the time and God-honoured bulwarks of Christianity.

Tiny's reasoning on the laws of Nature, in astronomy, geology, or natural Theology, had but little effect on those with whom he conversed, especially with Sam or Lizzy, but this he attributed to the *ignorance* of the one, and to the early impression received by the other from a weak and superstitious mother,—a mother who had taught her only child to put her tiny hands together, and patter any kind of nonsense to that Being whom she persuaded herself was pleased with any such performance, even in a child.

But time sped along, and Tiny, who was naturally of a kind disposition, fell into pecuniary difficulties, in consequence of becoming security for small sums of money for certain fraternizing friends, and by making small experiments with others, not so industrious as himself, in the "common property" question.

In concluding this chapter we will remark, that for all effects, whether good or bad, *there is a cause*. Tiny was in straitened circumstances, and why? First, as a cause, he left his business in the hands of his workpeople, and spent many precious days in company with his old employer, who could use his impressible tool to any extent. Second. He regularly left his home in the evening, at about seven o'clock, and rarely returned to it till one, or two, and sometimes three o'clock in the morning. Sad inroads were made in domestic happiness. Tiny was fairly ensnared and enslaved. What was the attraction; the lectures? No. The principles of Socialism? No. True, it was their novelty that first led him on; but any real relish, if any had ever existed, had long since subsided; but it was the gay assemblies, soirees, balls, and concerts,—these were the things in which he delighted, and, for this species of enjoyment, he sacrificed every other. Tiny saw not how much more of labour than pleasure he inflicted on himself, and how much of misery he caused at home. The hollow eye and careworn countenance of Lizzy could be seen by everybody but Tiny. As a consequence of neglect of home and business, Lizzy became irritable, and occasional mutual recrimination ensued, and, after much argument and persuasion on the part of Lizzy, Tiny doggedly assented that there was some truth in her reasoning, and that it was wrong to neglect his own, to whom he was bound by every tie of nature, to become the tool of those who had no stronger regard for him than to use him, and, when he was no longer of service, to cast him off. About this time the "Social Institution" became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the scenes that had attracted Tiny were no longer enacted. Tiny, too, became embarrassed by becoming security for two Social friends; he had, also, commenced extending and beautifying his business premises; the friends, for whom he had laboured so long and diligently, stood aloof, and, to avoid bankruptcy, he disposed of his stock and business to meet his liabilities, and retired to lodgings to work once more as a journeyman.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which Nature witnessed when she let us tears,
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize.
Who can all sense of others' ills escape
Is but a brute at best in human shape."

In the Providential order of things Tiny was expelled from the thralldom of infidelity, and when outside the camp he employed his mind in dissecting the plans and theories propounded by the no-God party, and finding their metaphysical intricacies to be either above or below his comprehension, he very wisely disposed of them, and occasionally occupied his mind upon matters (to him) more intelligible and reasonable. Past experience had fixed the notion in his mind that, had he not have possessed some amount of intelligence and usefulness, he would not have succeeded in establishing a business, neither would he have attracted the attention of the self-elected wise men of the world; so far so good. But now, as if by mutual consent, he and his infidel friends had abandoned each other. He felt strange, and could find no thing or subject with which to fill up the void made in his mind and his time, and in six months from the time he had given up mastership he had removed to the east end of London.

With the reader's leave, we will now introduce him to new scenes and characters. Want of remunerative employment had obliged our young friends to dispose of all surplus articles of clothing and of furniture. They had four little ones who must be fed. Work was plentiful, but at very low wages. In the basement of a mean house in a dingy thoroughfare in Bethnal Green, Tiny was "lord of all he surveyed," and that was little enough; his family composed the chief articles of furniture; and the room inhabited being ten feet square, and six feet from the floor to the ceiling, served for "parlour, workshop, and kitchen, and all." This room had but one small window, and at this Tiny sat to work. It was dark and damp; and the health of the family was affected by breathing an unwholesome atmosphere, and Tiny, succumbing to protracted hours of labour, intense anxiety of mind, and bad living, was reduced to a sick-bed, and during several weeks he was incapacitated from working. Lizzy and her children looked spare in body and pale-faced, and one by one little articles were disposed of to purchase bread. It was a wet season, and at such times the damp streamed down the walls of the room. Snails left their slimy track upon the floor, and centipedes and spiders abounded. It was an underground dungeon; but its door was unbarred, and the only change for the captives, had they availed themselves of smiling liberty, was the streets. They were at liberty to swell the ranks of the "homeless," and "no man cared for them."

Tiny was at length enabled to resume his work—weak, enfeebled, and emaciated, but so long as Lizzy could enjoy his presence and companionship she never murmured; but bravely bore up under sharp adversity. She had learned to use a shoemaker's awl, and she sat down to work with Tiny for several weeks on an average of fourteen hours daily. They had resolved to go to America. They had not heard of old Sam for many months, and they mourned for him as one long since dead. Their combined earnings amounted to three shillings a day, and out of that sum they regularly and resolutely put by one shilling a day for a period of two months in a vain effort to accumulate thirty pounds in nearly two years of labour, with which to emigrate to America. But at the expiration of two months Lizzy was prostrate on a bed of sickness, and the little means saved were used up to supply common necessities. The daily fare of the family had been two meals; butter and sugar being considered as luxuries, were not included in the bill of fare, and the price of meat was so high as not to be attainable.

The day that Lizzy rose from her sick bed, to enliven her little ones once more with her attention, saw Tiny out of employment.

The privations endured by our young friends were such that, did we take pains to extract an account of them from the records before us and insert them here, it is probable that the reader, unacquainted with such phases in real life, would pronounce them to be the creations of a novelist's imagination; we will, therefore, pass them over; but, as our eyes run over the manuscript, our hearts are full, and, almost unconsciously, we drop a tear in tribute to the memory of such dire woes and sorrows, and with reverence for that strength of mind and moral courage which could contend in reliance upon self against such a crushing weight of individual and domestic calamities.

One great result of experience was to cause Tiny to think for himself. Hitherto, such a mode of procedure had been an unknown element in him. He now thought for himself in the midst of woes inexpressible. Hitherto he had been led by others. He had now learned to distinguish between a *friend* and a *companion*, between a relation and a friend, and that the most long-lived plants are not those that grow the fastest; but he had yet to learn the *worth* of true friendship and companionship, and that the only things which can render them sure and lasting are virtue, purity of manners, an elevated soul, and a perfect integrity of heart.

In reflecting upon his own untiring exertions to secure a comfortable position among his fellows, Tiny arrived at the consoling conclusion that, were his striving qualities as well known to some of the wealthy as they were to himself, succour would come to his assistance, and, deluded by this phantom, he reared another of his famous visionary fabrics, and promised himself a speedy help, and, with this shadowy, but to him tangible, hope, he addressed letters to several of the nobility, including the Duchess of Kent. He was fortunate enough to receive replies from all whom he addressed,

but the poverty of the rich pleaded an excuse. None could help him.

Several letters were exchanged between Tiny and Lord Dartmouth, who, alone, expressed an interest in him and his family. His Lordship being, at this time deeply interested in the "Potters' Emigration Society," interested himself for Tiny to become a member; but he did not succeed. His Lordship also directed Tiny to several emigration schemes then on foot, but all to no purpose, and, during two months, our young friends and their four children were passing through a slow stage of *starvation*.

Still undaunted, Tiny sold the boots from off his feet, and with the money so obtained, had a quantity of circulars printed, setting forth his views. These with his own hands he delivered to about two hundred ministers and gentlemen; his plan being, if possible, to obtain one hundred donations of five shillings each, and, with such a sum, to emigrate to America. Tiny travelled the streets of the great metropolis in all weathers, hungry and faint. His testimonials were good, and his subscription list was headed with a *promise* of one pound from Lord Dartmouth, and the Rev. Mr. Parker, of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, promised another pound, and to become treasurer to the fund. Tiny had several interviews with ministers and other gentlemen, but could not add another name to his list; the prevailing counsel given was, "You had better go to the workhouse." Sorrow upon sorrow added a burden almost intolerable, and, more than once, the tempter whispered, steal! An inward monitor said, No. Something suggested, beg; but pride said, No. The tempter gloated over the downcast ones, and hinted, "Suicide, Suicide!" We will think over that, mentally ejaculated Tiny.

Tiny had borrowed a newspaper, and it met his eyes that a begging letter impostor was sent to prison for a few weeks, who, in the course of two years, had by his nefarious practices, secured upwards of two hundred pounds. His ire was raised, and he paced his dwelling with desperation. He sat down again and took up the newspaper. Now he came across a paragraph giving an account of some kind person who had sent out numbers of persons to America. Hope came again; and he at once resolved to trace out this good man, state his case, and ask his assistance. He succeeded in conveying a statement to this benevolent individual, and received an encouraging reply, and an appointment for an interview on the following Tuesday. The only objection Tiny had to the interview was that it must take place in a religious meeting-room.

The time of meeting arrived, and, with various hopes and fears agitating his breast, Tiny wended his way to the appointed place. Now he stood in front of the "Meeting-house." A strong light streamed from the windows, and many voices were raised in singing a hymn. Tiny ascended the stairs with a stealthy step, but, not having courage to enter the room, he seated himself on the top stair close to the room door. The singing ceased, and a voice was raised in prayer, the rich and earnest tones of which Tiny will never forget. He had been sitting there near an hour, when he rose up and ventured to peep through a window in the door, and, being seen, was invited to enter. The room was about seventy feet long and thirty in width. On an elevation, at the far end of the room, stood a man of pleasing countenance and impressive manners, addressing a number of poor people, who occupied the seats ranged in the centre of the room. A stove with a good fire in it was near to the rostrum, around which, and on the front form facing the speaker, sat about twenty scantily and filthily-attired creatures of both sexes. Tiny was so engaged in examining the faces and general appearance of these forlorn and wretched-looking individuals as, for a time, to forget his own misery and the errand on which he had come, but his astonishment, not to say indignation, was greatly increased when, from the manner in which the speaker addressed them, he learned that they were *thieves*, vagrants, and fallen women, under a reformatory process, and were candidates for emigration to the United States. At the close of the service, the reformer advanced towards Tiny, and, with a smiling face and extended hand, said, "Mr. Baxter, I presume."

"The same, Sir," replied Tiny, and returned the warm and hearty grasp of his hand.

"I am exceedingly interested in *your case*, Mr. Baxter, exceedingly, very much so," continued the reformer; "but it is too late to-night to enter into it. I am tired with the duties of the day, but I shall be happy, most happy, to have your company to breakfast at my house to-morrow morning."

Tiny returned home that night well pleased with his interview with the reformer. The general demeanour of the man, his gentlemanly bearing, and his candid and kindly address had won Tiny's confidence, and, with his usual tenderness of disposition, he forgave all those, (himself, too,) who in times past had deceived him, or caused him pain and anxiety. He talked to Lizzy with a volubility of tongue that both surprised and pleased her, and they retired to rest hungry yet full, and there Tiny lay till long after midnight, and with his apparently unalterable fertility of imagination, talked of the energy he would bring to bear upon his shattered fortunes when he arrived in the "Promised Land."

"I know," reiterated Tiny, again and again, "that the Americans admire and encourage industrious men, and, with all my follies, who dare say that idle blood flows in my veins? I shall yet set want and poverty at defiance. Lizzy, dear, you and your little ones shall yet be happy;" and with a multitude of loud-spoken expressions of future bliss, he fell asleep in a frame of mind more readily conceived than described.

(To be continued.)

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The Philosophy of Sleep; Mentally-Adult Infants; The Two Roads; Alcohol in Cold Climates; Willful Waste makes Woeful Want; Happy and Unhappy Marriages; Judge Crampton's Charge; What is Medicine? Homoeopathy and its Failures; Is Sulphur good for Medicine; Remarks on Diet; The Artificial of the Natural; The Spiritual Body; Apples for Human Food; Notices to Correspondents.

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