



ONE PENNY.

Then fear not, man, evil in or out of the body—you can smile over man's puny ridicule—you can laugh at his puny vanities—you can pity his materialistic incredulity; but withhold you must help him to raise his eyes, his heart, his head, above the ground, in which the worm alone may be left to grovel. As to the general view of our future prospects, we only say "persevere," and abide God's will. We want not to establish a separate sect in religion. Our objects are higher and nobler. It is, first, to realize to ourselves the power and sweetness of intercommunion with the happy Spirit-world, not only as a matter of belief, but as a matter of knowledge—a matter of fact; and next, to make others happy in the like experience. By and by these truths will permeate the Christian Church. Almost all intelligent Christians believe in the two main truths of Spiritualism, viz. "the ministration of angels" or good spirits, and the everlasting progression of the soul. The difference is principally in this, the narrow-minded confine it within narrow bounds. They confine the terms of "heirs of salvation," to the elect of their sect or church; we enlarge its application to the true followers of Christ everywhere. They may call us names—but we can best afford to bear it; for Spiritualists teach simply "The example of Jesus Christ is the only true religion," whilst they (sectarian Christians) are tied and fast bound in dogmatic theology, and in mere sect doctrines. They believe—we know; they put bounds to God's law and mercy—we say it is boundless as humanity, and the law and love of God is universal. The sectarian Christian says, believe in certain doctrines and be saved; the Spiritualist says, there is good and evil everywhere, and in everything that belongs to finite man, but "whosoever seeketh, findeth," and to man everywhere "that knocketh, the door of mercy shall be opened;" Therefore seek earnestly after God and goodness, and we must progress the nearer to him. 'Tis thus quietly and perseveringly Spiritualists must hold on their way, being careful never to be led into the bye paths of superstition, but ever seek the union of science and religion, and the unfolding of man's higher and spiritual nature—so that we may meet in happier spheres, and make the earth more like heaven, and so fulfil the will and prayer of Christ.

S. WILKS, Secretary to the Hoxton Spiritual Society.

VEGETARIANISM.

DEAR SIR,—Having replied to Mr. Andrade's letter of Dec. 18, on Vegetarianism, I expected to have received an answer to those questions which I put, and am certainly astonished at Mr. A. not doing so. He being a butcher, I expected he knew his business and something about the articles he sold. He speaks of Vegetarians being beat and of the cowardice and ignorance they betray, but, if I don't receive a reply to my plain questions, which I put to him through the medium of the *TWO WORLDS*, of Jan. 4, I shall certainly consider him a great coward and most contemptibly ignorant. Hoping to hear from him in your next, as I consider this a most important subject to the labouring classes, I remain, Dear Sir,—

COMMON SENSE.

DEAR SIR,—I have observed in the *TWO WORLDS*, the last three weeks, a few answers to me upon Vegetarianism, and the only one which seems to have anything like common sense in it, is the one by "Vir," as for the other, which is styled "Common sense," it positively appears entirely without common sense or argument. In the first place the gentleman asks Mr. Andrade for his opinion respecting the amount of nutrition in beef, and wishes to know if he is acquainted with a common place fact. To please the gentleman, I will say, *there is not half the nutrition in beef that there is in beans*, and yet my belief still exists that beef is good as an article of food; what will please a horse will not always please a man. There is a deal of nutrition in many kinds of fodder which might suit the quadruped but not the biped. Such an argument is not at all convincing, but on the contrary, appears perfectly ridiculous. Common Sense says he always thought if a man wished to build a house that would stand well, it would not be wise to buy second hand material. Tell Common Sense to have a conversation with a builder, and he will find he has made a mistake for once in his life. Common Sense says that all flesh is grass, and mutton and beef are made from grass, so why not have it first hand. Did you ever hear such real trashy argument? I never did before; but I will answer him in his own coin. Why does Common Sense eat butter? why drink milk? why eat pudding? why not eat grain or grass? and then he would be practising what he is preaching. I tell Common Sense that at the present time man is civilized, and has to live, not naturally, but artificially; why wear clothes, they are artificial? why wear grass, all clothes are grass. Stuff, Mr. Common Sense, you have made a sad mistake. Again, if it is right to have everything first-hand, instead of artificially, good-bye refinement, good-bye decency, good-bye modesty, good-bye virtue, all is lost now. Common Sense has much to learn, and a small piece of sound argument from W. Horsell, Esq., would do more to convert me, or a sensible letter from respected "Vir," than all the sophisms that could be uttered by Common Sense in a life time. But though I respect the style of "Vir," yet I certainly think he is wrong, for I believe that the great God that put man on English soil and provided him with food, put the lower man on Arctic soil, and taught him to live in the best manner that man could live in such a frozen region. I do not believe but that the land was sent for man to dwell on, and the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, all were sent to be made useful to man, to be his servants and to feed him. With all respect to "Vir" I think he is wrong; it would be impossible for a man to dig roots in the Arctic regions, sufficient for him to live on, and if it would, then it would take up all his time. But enough of this. In my heart I have faith in Vegetarianism, but it is only in certain seasons of the year, and then only for a certain class of folks, who do not live by the sweat of their brow, or those who have been trained to do without flesh from infancy. At present I shall say adieu, and hope that this letter may call forth some genuine argument, that shall convince the wrong one that he is wrong, Yours, &c., A. ANDRADE.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SUBJECT—CONTINUED.

A *third organic law*, applicable to man, as stated by Mr. Claridge, is, that he shall duly exercise his organs, this condition being an indispensable prerequisite of health. The reward of obedience to this law, is enjoyment in the very act of exercising the functions, a pleasing consciousness of existence, and the acquisition of numberless gratifications of which labour, or the exercise of our powers, is the procuring means. Disobedience is punished with derangement and sluggishness of the functions, with general uneasiness or positive pain, and the denial of gratification to numerous faculties.

Health and longevity, in the wide and physiological acceptation, consist in all the actions of which living is capable, not only the internal action, as of the heart, vessels, etc., but also of the external action of the limbs, in running, leaping, etc. All physiologists agree that life consists in the constant wasting and reproduction of the body, particle by particle, by a per-

petual pulling down of the old materials, and a perpetual replacement of them by new; by perpetual disorganization, and perpetual reorganization. The first process therefore is, What? Eating? No: it is the wasting, the pulling down. You must waste before you can nourish it. Does not the appetite precede the act of eating? And what is appetite but a sensation that the body has suffered waste, and calling upon us to repair it? The natural means by which the body is disorganized are, the exhalations from the lungs, of the several secretions required for the assimilation of our food, as the gastric juice, bile, etc. The natural law, therefore, appears to be, that every one, who desires to enjoy the pleasures of health must expend in labour the energy which the Creator has infused into his limbs, which he may do in various ways. The penalty for neglecting this law of nature is imperfect digestion and disturbed sleep; debility of body and mental lassitude; and if carried to a certain length, confirmed bad health and early death. Thus thousands are daily tampering with their health; aggravating human depravity; creating or increasing disease; and then, laying the blame to Providence, they malign the character of the ever-blessed God. He merely maintains the law of his throne, that *cause* (the violation of his laws) shall produce *effect* (disease and early death). As society has not obeyed this law, the consequences are, the higher orders despise labour, and suffer as above; and the lower orders are oppressed with harder living, and more work than their masters' horses, etc., and hence suffer exhaustion; a desire is created for stimulants, such as alcoholic drinks, tea, spices, etc., which produce disease and shorten life. In this we discover the chief sources of disease and premature death. In this we discover the chief sources of the enormous inequality of the distribution of property—one living, a mass of bloated disease, on, perhaps, 300,000*l.* per annum, while another is doomed to a life of squalid misery, and drags out a wretched existence on some few pounds. And yet we are told these things are *ordained* by a merciful Providence! Impossible! Believe it who can; I will not try! Why not? Because God never could design that his creatures should live a short and miserable life, and then die a violent and unnatural death. The above evils produce these effects, and lead to this result; therefore, they are not of divine appointment. To say they are, is a reflection upon the Deity, of which no rightly constituted mind will be guilty. Is there not more propriety in the noble sentiment of Rumbold: "The Creator does not intend that the greater part of mankind should come into the world with saddles upon their backs, and bridles in their mouths, and a few, ready hooted and spurred, to ride the rest to death." God is always consistent with himself; his laws, physical and moral, do not clash. There is a glorious uniformity in all his works and ways; and all his truths are as connected as an undivided chain. But there seems to be a sort of consolation in being able to saddle the blame of any wrong course we have taken upon others—after the example of Adam and Eve. Hence, if the lady cannot please herself with the goods sent home, she visits the shopkeeper with a gentle scolding, and returns the articles upon his hands; the shopkeeper is vexed, reprimands the journeyman, and mulcts him in his wages; the poor journeyman is enraged, and flies, perhaps, to exciting liquors, goes home and plays the *hero* over his wife, or boxes the ears of the errand boy, who, aroused in his turn, has no resource than to kick the dog, or worry some less valiant animal. It is just the same in the political and social world. The executive is blamed, taxes are heavy, there is too much monopoly, etc., all of which are true; but the parties forget that "true genius rises above circumstances." There are some awkward things, for which we can blame neither the government nor society at large, nor any individual in it, except ourselves; this we are anxious to avoid, therefore we attribute it to Providence. If parents are afflicted with disease, it is a visitation of Providence; if they have a long train of children wallowing under scrofula, blindness, etc., it is quite orthodoxly and complacently set down to the account of Providence; and on they proceed, in self-congratulation, filling the world with such objects, asserting that there is no help for it—such being the will of Providence. What but ignorance and superstition could have produced such unphilosophic and God-dishonouring views? Surely it ought never to be thought, that while wild animals, who live according to nature in obedience to organic laws, are free from contagious distempers and premature decay; an exception has been made with regard to man, the masterpiece of Creative goodness. And we never hear of their lying dead in numbers through the fields. Nor is there any reason to believe they are subject to debility, except the failure of strength consequent on their having reached the period of existence appointed to their kind by the Creator. And if we reason analogically, and consider how definitive nature is in her operations—with how much exactness she apportions the substance which forms the bones, muscles, hair,

nails, etc., it can hardly be denied that the astonishing deviation from such laws, of which human disease is an instance, must be attributed to some extraneous cause acting powerfully in contravention of the order of nature. If a man rises at a late hour in the morning, with a brain-hammering headache, he soon consciously refers it to the previous night's excess either in eating or drinking, or both; and knows it is a natural consequence of his own error; yet it is as much the work of Providence as blindness in a new-born child. Nay, further; if the result of a public dinner is only indigestion, or a headache, it is a natural consequence, but if the victim of sensuality drops down dead in the street, or more quietly dies in his bed during the night, then it is a visitation of Providence, and the coroner's jury gives a verdict accordingly. The undertaker's fees being paid, and other accounts settled, without one useful lesson, on they go again, to open a new case, like spendthrifts of life, regardless of the reducing store, saying, "To-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant." We will not characterize such mental and moral delinquency by any hard names, but it does appear to us, that men have frequently been denounced and punished for opinions much less dishonourable to God, and less detrimental to human happiness.

From the whole, then, there resulteth this general conclusion: that man is an organized being subjected to organic laws; that there is no such thing as perfect health where those laws are not obeyed; that it would be contrary to the scheme of man's existence; that the philosophy of life and health, the light of science, the testimony of all ages, and the force of argument prove it to be impossible. On the other hand, we maintain that there is nothing unreasonable in supposing it possible, with respect to the organization and vital force of man, that the one may endure and the other act, during 150 or even 200 years. One fact which gives weight to this theory, is the connexion which is known to exist between the period for arriving at maturity, and the duration of human life. This deduction is based upon the principle, that animals, in general, live eight times as long as they are in growing to maturity. The elephant and camel are, perhaps, amongst the longest lived; the former often attains to 100 years, and arrives at maturity about the twelfth year; the latter lives from seventy to ninety, and arrives at maturity about the ninth year. The horse, the mule, and the ass seldom live more than forty years, and arrive at maturity about the fifth year. They may, however, ascribe their short life, in some degree, to the improper and unnatural manner in which they are treated by man. Thus, in an ordinary state, i. e., when nature is not forced on by art, man requires twenty-five years to attain to maturity, which would, according to the above reasoning, assign to him a life of 200 years; whereas, all that we contend for is, that "his days shall be an hundred and twenty years."

A GHOST STORY.

A RESPECTABLE tradesman and his wife, who reside at Reading, and carry on an extensive business, about three weeks or a month ago were awoke from their peaceful repose by a most singular noise, of which they took no particular notice at the time. However, a few nights afterwards they were again disturbed in a similar way, and they were naturally seized with alarm, which was considerably increased by the noise returning twice ere the light of morning had entered their apartment. They were willing to attribute this disturbance to some natural cause, but after an absence of one night the same sound returned shortly after midnight, and it was heard distinctly three times in the course of an hour, on each occasion appearing to arise between the parties as they lay in bed, and is comparable to nothing but a death gasp, which continues a few seconds, and nothing is heard until the lapse of a quarter of an hour, when a deep groaning sound runs through the room. Another silence follows, but after an interval of perhaps half an hour, it is broken by a loud, shrill shriek, which startles those who had by this time become frightened to a fearful extent. A minister was sent for, and he slept in the house two nights; the second night the noise was heard, but the cause was still a secret. In order that they might be perfectly satisfied that this strange sound was not caused by rats, or any animal of that kind, the floor of the room was taken up, and the chimneys were examined, with a view of ascertaining if any member of the feathered tribe had secreted itself in them. Various measures were adopted to discover the cause of this mystery, but all proved of no avail, and it was determined that on the night of Sunday week last Mrs. ——— should sleep at the house of a friend residing at a village a short distance from Reading. She accordingly retired to rest in an apartment occupied by two of her friends, but, most extraordinary to relate, she, and the two persons who bore her company, were alarmed by the same strange noise in the dead of the night. It is painful to be obliged to record the fact that Mr. ———, was compelled to take to his bed, and is now constantly attended by Dr. C——, who has pronounced his condition to be such that it would be dangerous that he should be visited by any of his friends.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BRETHERS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LIGHTS AND SHADES, AND SOME FEW DIFFICULTIES—TINY AND LIZZY ON THEIR TRAVELS.

"Repress such worldly thoughts, nor hope to find
A friend but what has found a friend in thee;
And like the purchase, few the price will pay,
And this makes friends such miracles below,"
Zimmerman.

As we have before observed, the time of Lizzy's accompaniment was fast approaching. And encumbered with a sleeping boy of near two years of age, and a bucket board dangling on her fingers, on which was braced a favourite little redpole, they, with hearts full to weeping, stepped out of the inhospitable inn, and took the road to Hodnet.

"Here," said Tiny, with a choked voice, "is the place where I saw the lanterns dangling in the hands of those who were running after me, and calling me by name, when my brother George came to meet me a few months since; and that is the spot where he embraced me, and called me his brother—his mother's son, and led me by the hand like one who really loved me."

"I wish I was dead," he exclaimed.

"And what would become of me on this lonely road?" asked Lizzy, and as the pale cold moon beamed on her face through the tall trees at the side of the road, she stopped and looked beseechingly in his face. He felt the reproach, and took the sleeping child from her tired arms; and then Lizzy took his arm, and they walked on silently together. In after years they walked together in paths more thorny than this one; but they loved, and lived for each other. Now they felt forsaken and friendless; then they walked under the eye of the "Father of Lights, in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning,"—a friend, that, better experience taught them, "Sticketh closer than a brother." By eleven o'clock at night they had cleared seven, to them long and weary miles. At every snug, tree-embosomed cottage door on the way, from whose latticed window a light gleamed across their path, they had knocked, and begged for lodgings, for rest, or for refreshment. They could pay for it, they would pay the money first; they had but four shillings, they would give all that. But the wary country folk eyed them, hesitated, and hinted about tramps, and strangers, and made-up tales, and declined to accede to the earnest appeal made to their sympathy, and referred them to a public house, called the "Three Loggerheads," situate at the cross roads, at Black Brook, a mile further on. Tiny began to loose temper; but Lizzy calmed him down, by saying, "We are strangers, dear; the people don't know but we are thieves, or something very bad, so we must not blame them."

"These are your Christians," muttered Tiny.

"Every body ain't Christians," replied Lizzy, meekly.

"I ain't," said Tiny.

"No," said Lizzy, "I wish you was, dear. You're very good-hearted now; but you'd be a much better man then."

"But I'm not a bad man to you, nor yet to our children," said Tiny, choking with emotion.

"No, no," said Lizzy, eagerly, "you are good to me; I couldn't live without you. But you don't understand me, dear."

"I don't," said Tiny.

"But you will some day, dear," said she.

"I hope so," said Tiny.

"I'm sure you will," replied Lizzy, and they walked on toward Blackbrook. The wind blew sharp and cold; and they heard an old sign-board swinging to and fro with a harsh grating noise in front of a dilapidated-looking house, on which, by the light of the moon, Tiny read, "The Three Loggerheads;" but as he only saw two of those creatures represented on the sign, he shrewdly calculated that he who looked on the two represented the third. He looked through the window into a room, and saw two men sitting in the wide chimney corner, smoking over their ale, and a young woman sitting at a table stocking knitting, by the light of a tall yellow candle. Tiny knocked, and the door was opened but a few inches, and that timidly, by the young woman whom he had seen knitting. In a few words, he explained their wants. The young woman cast a kindly glance at Lizzy, beaming with confidence and good-will, and opening the door wide, bid them come in. In a few minutes the table was spread with country bread and butter, and hot coffee. The young woman untied the strings of Lizzy's bonnet, and removed her shawl, and laid them carefully aside. The two guests had gone to their home, and a matronly-looking female, the young woman's mother, who had made her appearance as soon as they entered the house, had disencumbered the baby of his clothing, and was carefully rubbing the little fellow's legs in front of the fire; and he, as if appreciating her tenderness, kicked and laughed with delight, exerting all his muscular strength to play tricks with the curls which hung pendant from the old lady's wig. And as the two kind women joined with Lizzy in condemning the landlady, at the inn, and the cottagers on the road for their unchristian conduct, Tiny declared (in his own hearing only,) "that these two women were the first and only Christians he had ever met with."

They retired to a comfortable bed room. Lizzy's first act was to kneel at the bed side to pray. Tiny was deeply touched by the kindness of their hostess, and once or twice said a hearty "Thank God."

They slept soundly till eight o'clock the following morning. Their toilet was supplied with all that could be desired. They descended to the breakfast room, and were introduced to the old lady's husband, and two grown up sons. They partook of an ample breakfast of hot bread and bacon, and coffee with cream in it, and the whole supply, including supper and lodgings, cost them tenpence. At the request of their young friend, Lizzy stayed at the house whilst Tiny walked down the road toward Whitmore. He met the waggoner, and found all his luggage safe. The waggoner drew up at the "Three Loggerheads," and partook of some ale, and bread and cheese. Then crack went the whip, and away went the horses; Lizzy comfortably housed inside, whilst Tiny walked in company with the driver.

As a visitor in Hodnet, Tiny's presence had proved acceptable to not a few. But the fact having oozed out that he was very poor, and with his wife and child, was coming to take up a permanent residence in the village, had given rise to a great deal of gossip, which had caused much anxiety to George's wife and her relations; some of whom said that "Tiny was too lively. He comes from London, you know, and he may be unsteady. Country life won't suit him." Others said, "His wife, too, she may be some madam, and not used to their ways, and would be introducing all manner of London ways, and oddities. Besides, what right had they to come there to take work away from others." Unfortunately, Tiny committed himself in a manner which heightened the impressions formed, and the end was disastrous.

Tiny had just reached the high road leading from Market Drayton, when he was met by his brother John. A happy meeting it was too. John invited him to return with him to Drayton, and take tea with a friend, whilst Lizzy went on to Hodnet to join George and some friends who were waiting anxiously for their arrival.

He consented readily, but unwisely—as it turned out. Having submitted his chin to the barber, he went and took tea with John's friend, a blind fiddler; after which, with other friends, they adjourned to a tavern at which a grand party had dined that day. A resident from Hodnet, who on this occasion had acted as cook, heard Tiny singing songs to please the company; and being well filled with country ale, he became witty, and carried his imprudence beyond the bounds of decorum by dancing hornpipes to the sprightly tunes of a hand piano played by a travelling German girl, accompanied with a tamborine beat by another.

Tiny and John reached Hodnet by eleven o'clock at night, but the news of Tiny's London tricks had arrived several hours earlier, and had been freely discussed by the gossips. John deeply deplored this—the greatest, if not the first really indiscreet act he had ever committed. Tiny felt sorry on Lizzy's account, but could not see so much harm in what he had done.

They went to their new lodgings, for which Tiny was to pay two shillings a week. An old garret which had been used as a lumber room was furnished with a stump bedstead, a chaff bed, a table, and two chairs, a small skellet stove in one corner, and a narrow latticed window at the other, out of which only one at a time could look. There was no door to the room; it led into the landlord's bedroom; and the interstices in the boards, roof, and wooden walls, set all doubt as to a sufficiency of ventilation out of the question.

Tiny went to work the following day for his new employer. The workshop, a miserably cold place, was built in the centre of a large vegetable garden. The work was of the most heavy kind, and Tiny's hands, unused to it, were soon bleeding and sore. At this class of work, and by fourteen hours' close application, he could earn only two shillings and twopence a day. The master kept one best hand, who lived four miles away, and had done the best work for many years, but Tiny being a good London hand was promised this best work in six months' time, at which decent wages could be earned. The system in this part was to have and to give credit the year through, and to settle at Christmas. The country folks, who had a cottage and a stock of potatoes and bacon stored from last year's growth, a pig or two in the sty, and a good potato patch for the next, required but little money, and that little could be drawn of an employer on account.

But Tiny had no such store to fall back upon—no money, no furniture, and retailed goods were dearer here than in London. However, credit was opened for him on John's security.

Tiny and Lizzy were very unhappy. The former was constantly annoyed by both relations and neighbours because the latter did not visit them. He replied, generally, "That his wife nor himself never intruded anywhere uninvited." And the invariable answer to this excuse was, "All doors here have a latch, and we walk into each other's houses without asking or knocking, so your London ways won't do here."

Lizzy was confined; and at that time of suffering, and for the month which succeeded it, no female face peered into that chamber of pain, want, and loneliness. Lizzy pined in silence. The doctor came often, and charged heavily for each visit. John came often, too, and thus broke the monotony of the day, whilst Tiny was out at work. He also hired a woman to come in occasionally to attend to Lizzy, with a promise of seeing her paid for her trouble.

A strong and deep rooted prejudice existed in the minds of several persons toward our young friends, but in none more so than those who were related to George by marriage. If they took an occasional walk, a cool nod was given to them by both relations and acquaintances, which was returned as stiffly by Tiny. John grieved over the unkindness evinced in ways most marked toward himself, but he remained true and pious in his espousal of Tiny's cause; but it was obvious that his health was affected in consequence. Tiny, too, became morose, and no longer attended the class formed for the practice of church singing, held one evening in each week. His average earnings was nine shillings a week, and his expenditure over fifteen; and by the machinations of some folks his credit at the store was stopped; and the bill, a three months' one for several pounds, was sent in to John. The doctor, too, sent in a heavy bill to John, and the nurse whom John had employed did the same. Tiny now seldom spoke to anyone, and his evenings at home were dull and sorrowful, having but a small allowance of coals and candles, and scraping together but a scanty supply of bread and coffee. Lizzy continued to pine and grow thin and careworn, and would sit for hours in the old churchyard with her two little ones, thinking of home and friends far

away. Tiny and Lizzy often wished they were in London, but Lizzy declared that she should not live long enough to go to London again. At these times Tiny soothed her as best he could, and pondered over ways and means by which to leave that dull and unfriendly spot. Dull, because the only break to the sameness of outward things was the bustle occasioned by the old stage coach passing and repassing through the village, morning and evening, and which everybody ran out to see, or the creaking of the pump at the head of the village, when people went out to procure water; and unfriendly on account of the treatment they received at the hands of those whom they had most trusted in.

(To be continued in our next.)

MESMERIC DEMONSTRATION.—In our last we noticed the interest which Captain Hudson occasioned in the town by his demonstrations in connection with the science of Animal Magnetism. He has been continuing his demonstrations during the present week. The Institute on each evening has been well filled; on some occasions uncomfortably so. On Thursday evening he gave a special entertainment at advanced prices, to a large and fashionable audience. On that occasion he brought forward some tangible proofs of the truths of mesmerism, and exhibited its usefulness in its noblest and best aspects. We all possess kindred feelings and sympathies, and there are few who can continue emotionless and calm when they behold "men of like passions with themselves" freed from intense suffering, and the cause from whence it sprung. Philanthropy and benevolence could not but acknowledge it a sublime spectacle to see Captain Hudson surrounded by cripples whose joy-beaming countenances evinced the delight they felt at the progress they had made under his care—to hear a young man who had been born deaf and dumb, employing his unloosened tongue in answer to low-toned verbal questions, and thus to see the enactment of scenes which, perhaps, have not been surpassed since the Incarnate pursued his errand of mercy amongst the afflicted sons and daughters of Israel. So long as Captain Hudson can thus mitigate pain—so long as he has the power to strengthen the enervated frame, and to gladden the sorrowful, we advise him to persevere. With such a glorious effect he need not despair if, even with all his experience, he is unable to educe the mysterious cause. His demonstrations, thus given, are unanswerable arguments, and so long as he uses them, so long will he be impervious to the cavillings of immoveable sceptics, and so long will he receive that countenance and support which are the meed that a discerning public will award to those who go about doing good.—*Malton and Norton Gazette.*

POETRY.

NIGHT AND LIFE; A SOLILOQUY.

BY G. R. LANGLEY.

In solitude, observe the moon's bright beams
Reflected on the water's calm expanse;
The softened shadows, shadowed in the stream,
Th' unbroken stillness Nature to enhance.

Or wander on, 'longside the margin's flow,
To where, with sparkling and impetuous rush,
The whirling waters onward—onward go
O'er stony bed, with youthlike sudden gush.

And such is life;—to some, a current smooth,
Oft sooth'd with genial sunbeams to beguile;
To others stormy, ruggedly uncouth,
To sparkle, when lit up by Fortune's smile.

Still over all there hangs the web of night,
Impending cloud of fate has yet to break;
Oh! when will time unfold those visions bright,
Humanity to purer bliss awake.

Though man o'er man, exerts his puny sway,
And despots rule the earth with iron rod;
Yet tyrants know—the night will pass away,
And souls unfettered stand before their God.

AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.—We have never done laughing (and likely as not we never shall, while we have the capacity of thinking), at that awful satire of Charles Lamb's upon a "pompous" young ass in the English Navy, who mainly monopolised the conversation at an hospitable table of a friend in Camden-town, where Lamb was an honoured guest. "That is a most extraordinary circumstance, which you mention," said Lamb: "I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist." "Oh, no-o-o, not at all; a mere bullet-wound, don't you see; but a ball, a cannon-ball, don't you observe, is a different matter. Once, on board the Terrific Johannesbull (478 gun-ship ye know), there was a sailaw who mounted the swawouds; a hawl came and took off his hands and hamus; he d'wopped, of caws; but w'ile he was d'wopping, don't you see, there came another cannon-ball, which struck him abaft, and took off both of his legs. It couldn't possibly 'ave appened, you observe, in ten cases out of five in the most te-wifie engagement." "Wonderful!" "I saw it as plain (perhaps on the ole plainer) than what I see you at this mo-moment!" "Ah! I was the seaman saved? You say he dropped a 'blipless' ulk into the ocean;" but was he, ultimately saved?" "Good Ged, no?—harmus gone—legs shot haff, don't you see?—ow could he s'vim? Lost, of course?" "What a pity?" said Lamb, musingly; "if that man had been saved he might have become an ornament to society."

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