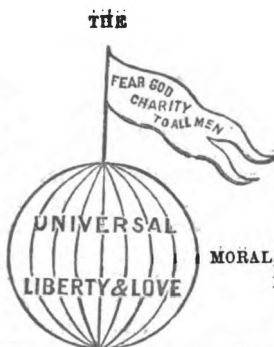


COMMUNITY'S

Or, Standard

A PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL,
CONDITIONS OF MEN; CONTAINING
AND DOMESTIC



JOURNAL;

Of Truth.

MORAL, SPIRITUAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PHYSICAL
HISTORY, SCIENCE, ARTS, FOREIGN
INTELLIGENCE, ETC.

PART 12.—VOL. 1]

For the week ending Saturday, Sept. 5th, 1857.

[PRICE 1D.]

A NEW HISTORICAL TALE.

THE HUT ON THE HEATH;

OR,

THE OUTLAWED GANG OF THE DEVIL'S DITCH AND THE HERDSMAN'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from our last).

Whereupon the clerk of the court read over the indictment, charging him with the wilful murder of John Morley, at the conclusion of which he enquired, "Are you, Thomas Harrison, guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty," was the firm reply. As soon as the prisoner had pleaded, the counsel for the prosecution opened the case in a very able address, minutely describing all the circumstances connected with the brutal and cold-blooded murder, as gathered from the facts adduced before the coroner's jury and other important matters which had come to light, after which, the evidence was called for, and the first witness was sworn, who, being the son of the deceased, proved that his father had visited Newmarket on the day in question, and that some time previous to the murder, the prisoner Harrison had been employed by his father, and through some unimportant disagreement in reference to the price for which the prisoner engaged to do the work, he abruptly left his father's employ, and that some little difference had continued to exist between them, his father being somewhat indebted to the prisoner, who, however, had never to his (the son's) recollection, called upon his father for settlement, and he (the son) had never seen the prisoner from that time up to the day succeeding his father's death. The next witnesses called were the two men and the constable, who swore to having seen the prisoner and the deceased in company at Newmarket on the afternoon preceding the evening of the murder. So far the evidence adduced made the prisoner's guilt more apparent. The next witness called was the Herdsman, who stated the same words as he had before spoken at the inquest, and to whose evidence the most profound attention was paid by the whole assemblage. But as his statements made at the inquest have already been related, we shall not here detain the reader with their recapitulation. The constable and the two men were recalled, and gave evidence as to the arrest of the prisoner, and their visit to the heath in search of the murdered man. The evidence for the prosecution was completed, and thus far appeared

satisfactory and conclusive against the prisoner, who was then called upon for his defence, but being undefended by counsel, and asked by the court if he had anything to say, he stoutly denied the whole charge in toto, declaring that until after he had entered the constable's house he did not know that a murder had been committed; and in answer to a question, why he had visited the heath, he stated that it was to shoot a hare, and that hearing some one amongst the furze, he ran to avoid being seen; and on hearing before the constable that he was accused of murder, the shock was so sudden and unexpected that the thoughts of so terrible a crime being laid to his charge almost deprived him of his senses. Several other questions were asked by the court, in reference to what part of the heath the murder was committed; how near to the footpath; or whether the deceased was compelled to cross the heath to his home; or whether any traces could be observed as to his having been carried or dragged to the place where the body was found? But to these enquiries no satisfactory reply was obtained, excepting that the constable, the herdsman, and the other witnesses, who removed the body, said, "That from the blood upon the ground, it was evident that the murder had been committed on that spot. Harrison, however, in the most affecting manner still protested his innocence, but was ordered to be silent—and the learned judge summed up the evidence, making some lengthy remarks, and enlarging on the heinousness of the offence, showing to the jury that no eye but that of heaven saw the murder committed, but that the prisoner was proved to have had a grievance against the deceased, and that he had been proved to have been on the heath near to the place where the murder was committed; and that he could have no lawful purpose in being there. He had also been seen in company with the deceased on that day; therefore it was for the jury to decide whether they believed that the evidence adduced against the prisoner, combined with the circumstances of the case in connection with the prisoner and the deceased, were sufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty; if so, their duty was obvious to give such verdict, and if not it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner. The jury accordingly retired to consider their verdict, and the spectators remained with their eyes fixed upon the prisoner in breathless anxiety. So conclusive had the evidence appeared, and so atrocious and cold-blooded was the offence, that the whole assemblage displayed symptoms, by their manners and looks towards each other and at the prisoner, that they felt satisfied of his guilt. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when the jury

returned into court, and after the noise and shuffling of feet which is usual on such occasions, and silence was restored, the clerk of the court in a loud voice addressed the jury, saying, "What say you, gentlemen, is your verdict guilty or not guilty?" The foreman replied, "We find the prisoner guilty of the charge of wilful murder." The verdict was evidently received with applause by the crowded spectators, but the unhappy man dropped his head upon his arms, which rested upon the bar in front of him, and appeared panic-stricken and motionless. The judge arose, put on the black cap, and after a short address to the prisoner on the heinousness of his offence, he, in the usual words, pronounced upon the prisoner the awful sentence of death; and further that, after his body had been hung till it was dead, it should be removed and hung in gibbets on the nearest public way to where the murder was committed." The wretched man never raised his head while the address and the sentence was being delivered; but as the judge concluded, Harrison, with a loud groan, fell senseless upon the floor and was removed from the dock in an unconscious state to the condemned cell, where he remained till the day of execution, which took place a few days after, and in accordance with the sentence the body was removed to Newmarket heath, and gibbeted within a few yards of the spot where the villainous herdsman had decoyed over the water-course the poor old man. We will not detail the disgusting scenes of a public execution, and worse the scenes which at that period occurred during the process of hanging a malefactor in gibbets, but will pass over and proceed with other matters connected with our narrative. Therefore suffice it to say that the unfortunate Harrison, the innocent victim of the unsuspecting herdsman, was suspended in the air at a place so situated that the frightful spectacle was at all times visible to the eyes of its murderer, and it served as a just reproach to the wicked herdsman, who, from that very moment saw the enormity of his guilt, and became more wretched and more miserable day by day; for the spectres of his two victims haunted him, but still his sanity was preserved as if by special directions from heaven, that his anguish, remorse, and guilty conscience might sting his crime-steeped soul the more acutely. Here we will leave him for a time, and return once more to London.

CHAPTER XXI.

Returns to Emily—brighter prospects are before her—she is offered marriage by a wealthy merchant's son, but honorably declines, resolving first to visit the Hut on the Heath.

Though brighter hopes are wakened in her heart,
The sting of sorrow dims her sunny days;
To none her secret anguish she imparts,
Yet she resolves to walk in virtue's ways.

It will be remembered that we left poor Emily, the herdsman's daughter, under the care and protection of the kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, in whose service she continued for a full year, entirely secluding her-

self from all society, seldom if ever going out, except on special business for her master or mistress. However, at the expiration of the first year, she, with her wages and with presents, had furnished herself with comfortable clothing, and was thus enabled to disguise her former country appearance, and being now fully accustomed to the manners and customs of London, she felt and experienced more comfort and pleasure in taking exercise and recreation, in which her kind master and mistress indulged her, whenever opportunity offered. and her melancholy and sadness at intervals had quite disappeared, and she exhibited a degree of cheerfulness which astonished even herself. Still, the one thought and the one hope never thoroughly left her breast; that thought was her father and the hopes of shortly being enabled to once more throw her arms around his neck. Poor girl, little did she imagine what terrible circumstances had transpired since the morning when she was dragged away from the locality of her lonely hut by the lawless ruffians, to whom she was indebted for all her past sufferings; and it was well she did not know, for the few happy moments which she did now enjoy in ignorance of the circumstances at home would have been utterly erased; but in ignorance of these things, considering the circumstances under which she was placed, she was tolerably happy, having no fear as to her father's welfare, except the grief he might experience at her long absence, and his ignorance of her whereabouts, and of this she hoped at no very distant period to give him an agreeable surprise. Thus the time sped and Emily in her frequent walks and visits gained acquaintance, and became more cheerful, and about the middle of the summer which followed the circumstances related in our last chapter, a prosperous occurrence for her future welfare opened itself to her, and was looked upon both by her master and mistress as a happy and prosperous event; for amongst the numerous acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, was a family whose name was Bennett, who carried on an extensive grocery business in the city, belonging to a firm of wealthy merchants, who had several large vessels employed in the tea trade, and on a visit paid by Mr. Bennett and his son, a young man some twenty-five years of age, to the house of Mr. Burrows in Clerkenwell, the innocence, beauty, and simplicity of Emily attracted the attention of the young man, who, up to this period, had supposed her to be a relative of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, and at the first convenient opportunity he enquired of Mrs. Burrows concerning her, and telling her without reserve that, from the moment he had first seen her, he had been struck with admiration, and that her form was ever present to his mind. Mrs. Burrows kindly but truthfully related to him all which she knew of Emily, and under what circumstances she had taken to her, speaking, however, in the kindest and most affectionate terms of Emily, whom she said she believed to be a girl worthy the esteem and admiration of any one, but she had no knowledge as to her origin and birth; still the young man, on hearing her singular narrative, as described by Mrs. Burrows, did not appear in any way to alter his ideas previously formed of her. But the character and remarks the good woman had made had the effect of increasing the interest he already

felt, and he resolved to speak with her himself; and the same evening before leaving, an opportunity offered itself, and young Mr. Bennett in the kindest and most affectionate manner asked Emily several questions respecting herself, her home, and her parents, to which Emily respectfully and modestly replied that she had no mother, and that circumstances which she could not explain had separated her from her father, the secrets of which she could never divulge, only to her father, and him she hoped in a few months to be enabled to see. "You know where he is then?" observed the young man, with an enquiring glance. "Perfectly well," she replied. "Then why burthen both yourself and him through a secret which, if divulged, might re-unite you at once, or even without divulging it, you could return to your father," said Mr. Bennett, soothingly. "I could do so, I know," said Emily, but why I do not I cannot explain to any one, at least until after I have seen him." The firm and candid manner in which she expressed herself, had the effect of increasing the already fast growing attachment he felt towards her; still he deemed it prudent to forbear further interrogation, and promising her that he should feel happy in rendering her any assistance in dissolving the mysteries in which she appeared voluntarily enwrapped, he shook her by the hand, which he warmly pressed, and in the most affectionate manner hoped he should have another interview a short time hence, and, bidding her good evening, returned to the sitting room where he had left his father and sister, a girl some fifteen years of age, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Borrowes. As soon as he was seated, he related in presence of them all what had passed between Emily and himself, and what his thoughts had been from the first moment he had seen her, adding, that he had then thought and hoped her to be a relative of Mr. Borrowes, but found that she was not, and he had been unable to ascertain anything respecting her birth-place or her parents, excepting that her mother was dead. "Why are you so interested in the girl?" enquired his father, looking curiously at the young man, who for a moment appeared confused. Mrs. Borrowes answered for him, saying, "He has told me several times of the interest and attachment he felt towards her, but I tell him that though she is a good and worthy girl, to all appearance, yet she is a stranger, though her friends may be respectable; but as she refuses explaining who she is, I, myself, do not question her, and I advise him not to say or think anything about her; but she is a good girl and I should like to see her do well." The old gentleman listened somewhat attentively to Mrs. Borrowes' statements, and, after a few moments, remarked that it was somewhat singular, for he himself liked the appearance of the girl from the first, and she reminded him much of his own wife, who had been a kind-hearted, ill-used creature, as he believed this girl to have been, and such women invariably made good wives; and if Thomas, meaning his son, really felt an attachment for the girl, he would not advise him to study her inferior position in circumstances, for wealth does not create happiness, for both he and his wife were poor when they married, and his wife destitute of friends, but with perseverance and industry they had prospered, and if his son married a woman without a

penny he would not have to begin the world without being provided with means to enable him to embark respectably in life, and he would never interfere with the choice either his son or daughter might make. As he said this, the countenance of his son flushed with delight; he could not conceal the satisfaction he felt at the honest candour with which his father alluded to his early life, and Mr. and Mrs. Borrowes concurred in Mr. Bennett's remarks, who, seeing the course which circumstances were likely to take, declared that Emily was a girl with whom they should ever regret to part, and spoke loudly and largely upon her good qualities and virtues. The evening was now late, and the Bennetts took their leave and returned to the city, and, on their way, the father and son talked seriously upon the matter, and the young man, after promising his father not to attempt to extort the secret from the girl, the father assured him that whenever she found she could place confidence in him, she would entrust him even with her life; and the son, thanking his father for this counsel, declared that he would embrace the first opportunity in making her an offer of marriage, the secrets of her past life should not interfere with his honourable intentions towards her, and accordingly the next afternoon the young man, in high spirits, again repaired to Mrs. Borrowes's, and sought an interview with Emily, and in the briefest manner possible related to her his past and present thoughts concerning her, with his intention of making her his wife, with his father's consent, and throwing all his fortune at her feet; when, to his surprise, Emily, though deeply affected with gratitude and even affection, which she could not conceal, with a firm tone of voice declined, saying, she could become the wife of no man until she had unburthened her heart to her father. She accordingly communicated her resolve to leave London for that purpose in a few weeks hence, assuring him of the gratitude and affection she felt for him for his kind and generous offer.

CHAPTER XXII.

Emily and Mr. Bennett pledge themselves to each other—her resolve to return to the Heath—her journey, recapture and escape

Her troubles now, which seemed at an end,
Still crowd upon her, filling her with grief.

BEFORE the interview, as described in the preceding chapter, had ended, Emily and Mr. Bennett had pledged themselves as lovers, vowing before God that nothing but death should effectually mar their

(To be continued in our next).

Nottingham, Sept. 5th, 1857.

In laying this article before our readers, we sincerely hope that the subscribers we have already ensured will bear with us when we inform them of the disagreeable necessity to which we are unavoidably compelled to comply. It will be remembered that, with the third part of

this journal we, in consequence of its increasing demand, and a sincere wish to give our readers matter for their money, increased the size of the journal from eight to sixteen pages, with a promise to still further enlarge it as soon as its circulation warranted such a proceeding. But we now find that, after ten weeks issue, that its circulation does not reach two thousand copies, and still we have endeavoured to compete with the London periodicals in size and quality, whose circulation exceeds a hundred thousand copies weekly; but we find this impossible. In the first place, the publication of two thousand copies costs the proprietors seven pounds fifteen shillings. Now, if every copy was sold, and the proprietors received one penny for each copy, they would only realize eight pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence, if every copy were sold at a penny each. But, instead of this, the trade is supplied at ninepence for thirteen, and carriage paid, which reduces the money received for each thousand to two pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence, there being thirteen to the dozen allowed to the trade, and the proprietors send all goods carriage free; thus, if every copy had been sold, the proprietors are losing every week, at the trade's price, one pound nineteen shillings and eightpence. But they are not all sold, the proprietors keep a stock on hand—so do the booksellers, hence we find that the circulation does not reach two thousand, so that the outlay of bringing out the journal weekly, and the expenses of advertisements, postage, carriage, &c., we find that an average weekly loss exceeding three pounds is resulting from our weekly labours. Still we have no wish to gain anything, though we cannot afford to sink quite so much, or to incur loss so rapidly, hence we beg leave, as an apology for our decreasing the sacrifice, to submit to our subscribers the following plan, for with their permission, we intend that the "Community's Journal" should still continue as an organ of truth and justice, advocating the rights of the down-trodden classes, and spreading the truths and supporting the cause of spiritualism; therefore, that we may decrease our loss and our weekly expenditure, and still keep the "Community's Journal" afloat, we must decrease its present size from sixteen to eight pages, until its circulation shall defray its expenses sufficiently, without gain to the proprietors, to again increase its size. At the same time, we pledge ourselves that every care and attention shall be devoted to its compilation, and that it shall be again increased as soon as its circulation has sufficiently increased, but were we to continue sinking or losing over three pounds a week, we should soon waste or destroy sufficient capital which would keep the journal afloat against all obstacles by which it might be opposed. Therefore, trusting that our subscribers, who have hitherto rendered us their support, will not desert us because our capital will no longer admit of so great a weekly loss, and hoping they will continue to rally round the Standard of Truth, and by their support endeavour to raise it from its drooping and declining position, so that the eight pages may relieve its proprietors from the burden of losing over three pounds per week, by expending an outlay of four pounds instead of seven pounds, and thus, with the circulation we now possess, the journal will be kept afloat. It is

not the wish or the intention of the proprietors of this journal to make money by its issue, as their past conduct proves, but, on the contrary, they do not mind a small weekly loss, as their sole desire is that the great masses of the people should possess an organ through which their grievances can be made public, and their rights advocated; and also that the cause of spiritualism, with all its sacred and holy truths, should be made public, and the people warned of the great change which is near at hand. Hence we trust that our readers and subscribers will look with the same feelings of charity and compassion upon us as we feel for them, and that they will continue to promote the circulation of this journal, notwithstanding its decreased size, bearing in mind that the sole cause of its diminution is, that we have not means to support so great a loss any longer. Therefore, the next number, or part 13 of this journal, will be issued on the 5th of September, containing eight pages, price one penny, same shape and form, so as to bind with the preceding numbers, and relying upon the friendship of our subscribers in the behalf of the cause we advocate, and trusting to their generosity in responding to our call, I on behalf of the proprietors, subscribe myself

THE EDITOR.

THE OUTCAST FAMILY;

OR,

THE VICTIMS OF TREACHERY;

(Concluded from our last).

As the flesh of the murdered woman was burning, the inhuman monsters danced around the fire, hooting and yelling in a manner impossible to be conceived, unless witnessed, and they continued their dancing until all traces of the body were consumed. After heaping on fresh fuel, at intervals, and by the time the consumption of the body of poor Margaret was completed, the savages, after a short consultation, divided themselves into two parties, leaving nine with Smith and Seargent, the others descended the hill in the direction of the river which their unfortunate victims had crossed. The nine left, were armed with spears, bludgeons, and long knives, or things with sharp edges, and a hook with a sharp point at the end; three of them, however, only carried that species of weapon, and no sooner were they left, than the legs of Seargent and Smith were unbound, and they were motioned to rise upon their feet, and the three savages with the sharp hooked weapons leading the way, Smith and Seargent, with their hands tied, were driven after them, while the six other savages followed close upon them, with their spears and clubs, and the whole proceeded at a rapid rate along the top of the mountains, in a direction contrary to that which Smith and Seargent intended to have travelled. To relate all the circumstances connected with this horrible journey, as described by the only survivor while at the fisherman's hut after his escape and arrival in Ireland, would be impossible, for so horrible is its narration, that our blood

chills as we read it; therefore, we will not unnecessarily horrify our readers by its relation, but merely and briefly state that, after Smith and Seargent had been driven off in the manner described, they travelled for several hours in a state of nudity, exposed to the chilly night air and sharp bushes through which they passed. At length they arrived at a place which appeared to be a general abode for the natives, but at that period there were only few in the locality, and after the party who had conducted Smith and Seargent had halted for a time, the other party joined them, and again the whole set out in the same direction, and in this manner they travelled all night and the next day, and at night the savages had kindled a fire, and to the indescribable horror of Smith, after a short examination of the body of Seargent, he was separated from him and killed in the most brutal manner before his face, his legs and thighs separated from his body; a hole was made in the ground, filled with the fire, and when sufficiently hot, the limbs of poor Seargent were cut in pieces, put in the hole, which served as an oven, roasted, and afterwards eaten, tendering some to poor Smith, which they compelled him to eat, or to be cut with the hooked knives, which the fiends brandished over him. It would be impossible to describe what he felt, but he was helpless, expecting that each moment would be his last. Their next movements are also horrible to describe, for they took out the entrails of Seargent and threw them upon the fire, and after they had finished their unnatural repast, they bound the dead body of Seargent upon the back of Smith, and compelled him to carry it, as they again drove him through the bush. At each halt, a part of Seargent was devoured in a similar manner; and Smith, who amidst his greatest trials, cherished the hopes of escape, was compelled to submit to eat the flesh of his friend and companion in misfortune, as the only means of sustaining life. In this manner several days and nights were spent, and the last remains of Seargent had been devoured and no chance of escape, as yet, had offered itself, until after they had halted on the evening of the last day's journey Smith had with them. They had, by some unforeseen neglect, omitted to bind him, or otherwise, his docile and quiet conduct had allured them to think he was safe in their hands without. Thus being stretched upon the grass, as they believed asleep, although he was naked and suffering from the cold so that he could not sleep, yet they did not know or appear to notice his sufferings, or that he was really awake. He was therefore enabled to watch their movements, and as they were crouched around the fire at a short distance, and appeared to be absorbed in some consultation, he resolved to make an effort, if he perished in the attempt, and accordingly rising first upon his knees, and finding that he was unobserved, he sprang to his feet and rushed into the bush at headlong speed, heedless of the scratches upon the legs and other parts of his body, as he passed the different shrubs. He continued to run for a considerable distance, until almost exhausted, when he paused and listened, and could distinctly hear the savages hooting and yelling as if in pursuit. His heart sank within him, till hearing that their voices became less distinct, and that they finally could not be heard at all, he again

breathed freely; but then, though he had got his liberty, yet he was alone in the woods, destitute of food or clothing, with nothing to protect himself with, and fearful of being pounced upon at any moment by wild beasts; at length, being exhausted, he gathered some dried grass, and, heedless of danger, he threw himself upon the ground, covered himself with the grass and fell into a sound sleep. How long he slept he could not tell, but when he awoke he found that the morning had broke, and as he lay reflecting upon his awful position, he could distinctly hear a distant roaring like that of wind amongst the trees, but he observed that the air was still, and that the sound could not proceed from the trees. He arose upon his feet, and satisfying himself of the direction from whence the sound came, he at once struck off in that direction. Immediately before him was a steep hill, covered with trees, which extended for a considerable distance, but he with difficulty soon reached the top, when, to his astonishment and delight, at not more than half a mile distant from the foot of the mountain, he could observe the broad expanse of the wide and silvery ocean, whose waves continually rolling themselves upon the rocky beach, produced the sound which Smith had heard in the wood on the other side of the hill. At the sight of the ocean, Smith felt rejoiced, though why he should do so he knew not, for he was still without food and clothing, or means of procuring any, still he hoped and prayed within himself for deliverance, and continued his journey across the tolerably level space which intervened between the wood and the sea coast; here he found that the water could be reached by a gradual descent amidst huge stones and projecting rocks, the tops of which could be seen at a considerable distance, even in the sea above its surface, the tide appeared at its highest pitch, as no recent traces of water was apparent above its present level. Smith, although hungry and exhausted with fatigue, entered the water and washed himself, and although the salt water caused the several scratches and wounds upon him to smart severely, yet he felt refreshed and invigorated, and eat heartily from an abundant supply of shell fish which he found amongst the rocks. After he had rested a considerable time, the heat of the day fast increased, and the large flies, which were numerous, tormented him severely. He accordingly left the sea-side, and with some long grass, which was plentiful, in a few hours platted himself a kind of mat, which served as a sort of mantle; after which, he again resumed his walk by the sea side, and found that the tide was much lower, but not a sight of any habitation or living creature of any kind could he see in any direction, and as the thoughts of his situation flashed across his mind, his heart sunk within him with overwhelming despair.

CHAPTER XXI.

Smith discovers portions of a wreck amongst the rocks, and on further search discovers a boat driven into a narrow creek, having two barrels, sails, ropes, &c.—he embarks in the boat, puts to sea, and in four days is picked up by a Dutch vessel homeward bound. The wreck—his arrival at the fisherman's hut on the Irish coast—his death, and conclusion.

Poor Smith being now somewhat protected from the rays of the scorching sun, still pushes on, following the direction of the jagged rocky coast. The tide being now low, the rocks appeared more abundant, and after travelling a short distance, he was not a little surprised at seeing, lying between the rocks partially covered with sand, something black, which, upon examination, proved to be part of a broken spar with a large sail attached, as though it had belonged to the mizen mast of a schooner. On looking about, several other fragments of rope and rigging, spars, &c., were found, which plainly told the fate which some unfortunate vessel had experienced. Smith, unfastening the sail from the spar, spread it upon the beach to dry, and selected the other fragments of the wreck in a heap above where he knew the tide would reach, and leaving the sail to dry, he proceeded further along the beach, until he found a narrow creek which opened amongst the rocks, and extended inwards like a small bay; proceeding to follow the direction of the creek, he was not a little surprised at discovering a boat which appeared to have been driven up by the tide and stuck fast amongst the rocks, but now out of water and imbedded in sand. He accordingly got into the boat, which contained much water in the bottom, but which he discovered had washed over the side and stern at high water, but, finding a small wooden tub, he soon bailed out the water, and found the boat contained two barrels, which were full and heavy, and a tub or barrel cut in two, containing salt beef. He soon found materials in the boat to open the other barrels, which he found to his joy and surprise contained biscuits, though apparently old and much decayed. There were also sails, masts, and oars, in the boat, which had been lashed to the gun-whale on each side, and, on the stern of the boat was written, in English, the words "Caroline of Swansea," which was, no doubt, the name of the ship to which the boat had belonged. He found in one of the lockers, two pistols, a powder-flask, with powder, balls, and a cutlas; in a small box standing lashed under the stern-sheets, a suit of clothes and several other articles of value; there were other boxes, but he did not then waste time in examining them, but dressed himself, and once more resembled something like the appearance of a christian. He then, with a hatchet, set about clearing the sand from the boat, and was shortly enabled, by his own strength, to pull it clear of the rocks. By this time the tide was fast rising, but he despaired of its reaching the boat, and he returned to the place where he had left the sail to dry, and brought it to the boat, and arranged everything in proper order in the boat to the best of his knowledge, and in a short time the tide had reached within a few feet of the stern of the boat. He then pulled with all

his might, and being down hill, the weight of the boat assisted him, and to his infinite joy he was enabled, by again taking off his trousers, to push it through the surf, sometimes aground and sometimes afloat, until the boat glided on the surface and over the tops of the rolling surf without difficulty, and so reached deep water without danger, and Smith, though no sailor, and unaccustomed to the sea, yet he was enabled to row, and pulled manfully in a direct line from the land, standing out for the wide and open sea.

The sun was now on its decline, the day was far advanced, and the sea was calm and smooth, and had the appearance of the surface of an immense mirror, which reflected the beams of the declining sun in majestic grandeur. A fresh breeze was blowing from the land, which appeared now at a considerable distance, and Smith feeling safe even in this precarious condition, rested his oars and secured them, took refreshment consisting of biscuit and raw salt beef, and he for the first time discovered he had no water, but he was not thirsty then, and though the thought greatly depressed him, he endeavoured to shake it off, and after finishing eating, he with the hatchet broke open the other boxes, in one of which, to his infinite joy and surprise, he found a flat stone jug or bottle holding about two quarts, and which on drawing the cork, he found to be nearly full of rum. At this discovery his joy was unbounded, and he felt certain that the hand of providence was over him; and finding that a fresh wind was still blowing, he resolved to hoist the sail, but was not perfectly aware how to fix it; but seeing the hole in the centre of the boat in which the mast should be fixed, he at once unlashed it, set it up, and spread out the sail to the wind, which was so contrived that it could not be misplaced. Whichever way the boat went was unimportant to him so as it kept clear of the land; therefore, committing his frail bark to the wind and waves, and himself to the protection of heaven, seating himself in the boat and watching the sail, holding the small helm straight so that the boat would keep before the wind, she continued to skim the ocean at a rapid rate, running before the wind until after the sun had set, and being still calm, the sky clear, and the breeze had died away, Smith took in his sail, lashed it to the gunwale, as before, and being much exhausted, wrapped himself up in the sail he had brought with him, and lying down in the boat, offered up a short prayer to heaven, he soon fell into a sound sleep. How long he slept he was unable to say, but on waking he felt rested and refreshed. The moon and stars shone brightly, the sea calm and smooth, and the atmosphere clear and cloudless, and the boat appeared to lie still on the bosom of the boundless ocean; and Smith, after refreshing himself, plied the oars, still keeping the boat as he believed in the same direction, and for four nights and days he was journeying over the surface of the troubled ocean in that frail boat without interruption or obstacle, suffering only from want of water, and that suffering was greatly diminished by possessing the rum, so that Providence smiled upon him in all his troubles. About noon on the fourth day he could observe right a-head a something white, which appeared like a speck on the ocean, or like a bird floating on its surface. He however

kept his eyes upon it, and soon perceived it got larger, and in a very short time could trace the outlines of a vessel, which gradually neared him, and in less than an hour scarcely a mile appeared between them. And as they got nearer he could distinguish persons crowding the ship sides, looking towards him, and with a shirt he found in one of the boxes, he waved as if to acquaint them of his distress, and shortly after he saw a boat leave the ship and was pulling rapidly towards him. His heart leaped for joy, and for a time he forgot all his past miseries in the joyful anticipation of at last being rescued from so perilous a situation. The boat was soon alongside containing half a dozen sturdy seamen, but Smith could not understand them, neither could they understand him, but they assisted him into their boat, while two of them entered his boat, bringing with them a flask of cold gin and water, as if they anticipated his wants, and with which, when Smith had drunk heartily, he felt refreshed. The boats soon reached the ship's sides, and Smith was kindly received on board, and learnt from one of the crew who could speak English, that the ship was a Dutch barque, called the "Vandrydien," from Amsterdam, whither she was now making her homeward voyage. Smith related all his adventures and sufferings which the man who could speak English interpreted to the master of the ship, who, with the crew, expressed their warmest sympathy in Smith's behalf, and finding that he was not a sailor he was not called upon to perform a sailor's work on board: and thus some two months passed and the ship made great headway, until at length Smith learned that through the last few days contrary winds and a rough sea, they had been drifted upon the western coast of Ireland, at which time a terrible hurricane was blowing, increasing in fury for several hours, until the storm tore away her masts, yards, and riggings, and the ship in sight of land had become unmanageable, until she drifted with the heavy and raging surf upon the rocks where she became immovable, and was soon dashed to pieces. Five of the persons only on board were enabled to reach the shore, where, as it was yet daylight, several fishermen had assembled to render them assistance, and Smith being one of the five, in an exhausted state was carried to one of the fishermen's huts, where every care and attention which the circumstances of the kind-hearted people would admit of, was paid to him, and he, though greatly bruised and injured, was in a few days able to get about; and, by the assistance of the fisherman, procured pens, ink and paper, where with his own hands he wrote the outlines of this distressing narrative, describing many events however which are not here related, as we have only given the outlines of the most important occurrences. At the fisherman's hut poor Smith, from the injuries he had received, after a stay of some seven weeks, was again seized with a severe illness, and after enjoying the hospitality of these kind-hearted people for all that time, continuing very ill, he only survived a few days after the last attack, when he expired and was buried by the poor fisherman, who shortly after discovered the original MSS. of this mournful history; and knowing that Smith had written it there, and seeing that it was incomplete, although it contained the name of his birth

place, and the county in England from which he had been sent away, the honest fisherman being shortly after on a visit to a neighbouring seaport, despatched the package by an English collier vessel, requesting that it might be forwarded to the place inscribed upon it. Accordingly, the man who was entrusted with it, arrived safe at Bristol, and leaving his ship, came to London, still retaining the package, but the man being a native of Lynn in Norfolk, whose name was George Starling, had to pass through the county of Cambridge, on his way to his native place, when on reaching Chesterford, he bethought himself of the package, and being only thirteen miles distant, he resolved to visit B. Green, and endeavour to find the family of the Smiths. He accordingly did so, and handed the documents to Mrs. Smith's own hands, who was then comfortably settled, for nearly seven years had elapsed since Smith and Seargent's conviction; though only four years after Dick the Butcher confessed the whole of the plot, upon his death bed, farmer C. left the village of B. Green, constable K shortly after died, and the affair was discovered as related at the commencement of our narrative, and Mrs. Smith and her two sons, are still living, but prudence forbids her making known her abode, though in the county of Cambridgeshire, in almost every village within ten miles of Newmarket, every person over thirty years of age, possess a full knowledge of the sufferings of the Outcast Family, who were in reality the victims of treacherous revenge. (Written expressly for the "Community's Journal," by the Author, who is well acquainted with the facts, and who well knew the persons concerning whom they relate).

J. B.

(Concluded from our last.)

PRACTICAL BLUNDER OF AN IRISH FOOTPAD.

During a journey of the Bishop of Salisbury, the celebrated Gilbert Burnet, from his see to London, he had a sudden occasion to stop the carriage, which he desired might proceed at a slow pace, as he expected shortly to overtake it. Very few minutes had elapsed before his lordship was attacked by a robber, who, in the Irish brogue, demanded his watch and money. Remonstrance under such circumstances being unavailing, he complied with the best grace in his power, expecting no further molestation. The coat, however, of the bishop, happening to take the fancy of the thief, he insisted on its being exchanged for his own threadbare jerkin, in which the clerical dignitary was suffered to depart. - During this transaction, the bishop's coach had proceeded a considerable distance, and Mrs. Burnet, becoming uneasy at her husband's delay, put her head out of the window and saw him running towards her with all possible speed, in his new disguise, with the meaning of which she was soon made acquainted. The bishop, a short time afterwards, on putting his hand into one of the pockets of the jerkin, had the unexpected good fortune to find his own watch, and in the other, not only his own purse, but also another, containing upwards of fifty guineas.

J. G.

The Community's Journal ;

OR,

STANDARD OF TRUTH.

Saturday, Sept. 5th, 1857.

THE INDIAN REVOLT AND THE ENGLISH PRESS.

From all private letters or news which has arrived from India up to the present period, we learn that the mutiny is still spreading, and the greater portion of the English newspapers acknowledge this fact by inserting the letters which appear in their columns, and which the several editors unhesitatingly declare are derived from authentic sources, and every letter has some melancholy intelligence to communicate. Yet, in defiance of these facts, which are communicated from men of sound wisdom and understanding, many of them officers holding high rank and who are on the very spot, these editors, with so many facts of a disastrous nature sent forth in their own columns in the very same paper, in relating their own blind, bigoted, and ignorant ideas, endeavour to persuade the people that the crisis of the Indian revolt is past, and that no further danger may be apprehended ; while in the same columns these servile editors state that the only means by which our Indian possessions can be effectually secured are, that prompt and decisive measures should be taken by the government, a large and effective force established near to the seat of revolt, and that no other means will suffice to arrest the progress of the mutiny. Now let me ask if the crisis of the revolt is passed, and there is no further cause to apprehend danger. Why do these newspaper scribblers recommend such extraordinary measures on the part of the government as the only means of checking the spread of the mutiny ? Or why all the melancholy intelligence which they profess to receive from India ? Or why is Delhi still in possession of the rebels ? Or why are there so many other stations in open mutiny,

whose men are flocking to and swelling the ranks of the rebels ? Or, lastly, if all apprehension of danger for the safety of our Indian possessions is past, why are there recorded so many of the petty princes, with their brave followers joining the ranks of the mutineers ? Now unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, we shall not believe that the dangerous crisis in India, has as yet reached its height. But the *Times*, and its other servile contemporaries, who derive their principal support from the wealthy and governing classes, are aware, that plain truth given candidly and openly, on the actual state of affairs in India, would be obnoxious to their wealthy supporters, whose interests are to keep the great masses of the people, in ignorance of all which would produce a feeling of inquiry amongst them. Hence the above journals, after shewing by private letters that the mutiny continues to spread, and that the rebels are gaining strength, and that Delhi is not yet taken from them ; and further that Barnhard, only a few days before his death, declared that he felt himself and his forces equal in every way to the position of the British before Sebastopol ; but here, alas, he was single handed, and yet, as before observed, these journals in their leading articles upon the subject, blankly contradict the assertions contained in the private letters they insert, and endeavour to shew their readers, by the most ridiculous and audacious assertions, framed from their own bigoted and ignorant notions, that there is no danger, and that India will be more secure and under more submission than if the revolt had not occurred. We wish most sincerely, that the *Times* and its satellites, might not be mistaken ; but we must confess, that from the present aspect of affairs in India, there is great cause for doubt, as to the realization of so favourable an issue, as the generality of the English press would wish its readers to anticipate. It may be right for newspapers to smooth down the facts by concealing them ; but for our parts we think that the candid truth would be more liable to arouse the nation to energy, as falsehood and deception always fall to the ground.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[All letters will in future be inserted under this head, the Editor not being responsible for the principles such letters advocate, so long as they are of public interest and importance. And all letters intended to appear in the Saturday week's issue, should be forwarded by Tuesday at the latest.]

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir,—I this week find that the eighth of the series of prophecies, which I herewith enclose, is much longer than I anticipated, therefore, without infringing on your space unnecessarily, I herewith lay it before you, first giving the important lines affixed at the head of the chapter, as in former cases, and which I trust you will insert as follows:—

Let England know each nation's fate
Which she and they must all endure;
For they their crimes shall expiate
By wrath from God, so just and pure.

Under the lines is a short introduction as before; next follows the revelation, as hereunder copied;—

Prophecy 8th.—"Behold! again I am commanded to say unto thee: Thus saith the Lord! go forth to the cities and houses, call upon the inhabitants thereof, prophecy and say unto them: Thus saith the Lord God Almighty! Behold! O ye, my people, that for your negligence and disobedience shall these things come to pass. For I have watched over your rulers, have seen their oppressive laws, and have heard your groans, and though I have sent instructors amongst you, ye would not listen to my counsels. Therefore, thus saith the Lord! Behold! during the coming period of the sufferings of the nations of the earth, thou shalt be invaded by foreign foes, who will bring fire, pestilence, and devastation within their garment, and shall drive the terror-stricken people from their homes and habitations, who will seek shelter in the forests and woods, pursued by thousands of destructive missiles of warfare that shall destroy them in groups. Weeping mothers, screaming children, and bewildered maids, shall alike cry for help and mercy. But even their tears and supplications shall not stay the hand of the devastating foe. And, as they fly from place to place, destruction and pursuit shall follow their footsteps, till the neighbouring crowded and starving cities and towns shall be compelled to shut their gates upon them. And, friends and strangers, kindreds of all classes; mothers, wives, husbands, daughters, and sons, shall perish beneath the walls with famine and disease, and those who survive will only live to endure the fate of those from whom they fled. The bloodthirsty foe shall follow on their track, like even as the bloodhound followeth the footsteps of its prey. For, thus saith the Lord! even so will I purge all the lands of the iniquities which have hitherto been an abomination unto me; for the iniquities of the earth are grown so monstrous, that one portion of my people has become a prey to the other; so that tumult and

strife shall reign amongst them until the nation's foes shall take advantage of this confusion, and hurry to the plunder, which they will imagine can be obtained as thieves in the night. But, Behold! oh my people, though these foes shall commit ruin and devastation upon their track, by burning towns, cities, and villages, destroying and consuming the produce of the earth for their cattle, until vineyards and fields become desolate and bare. When at this juncture the island shall again experience symptoms of peace; for my leaders, whom I will appoint will organize the true followers of my commands, and will then cry aloud for that assistance which shall hurl the devastators from its shores. And when the two powers have become united as declared in other prophecies, their armies, under the banner of universal love and freedom, shall go forth, driving the oppressors of their own and other nations before them; gathering strength from my people as they proceed, until all are driven into that land where the last vial of my wrath shall be poured out upon them. Thus saith the Lord! Behold! O ye my people, I will then set counsellors amongst you, who shall conduct you unto the land from which ye came, wherein thou shalt dwell until I send Him who died for your transgressions, who shall henceforth and for ever reign with love and mercy over all the nations of the earth, when true peace, happiness, and contentment, shall be awarded to all my creatures, so that poverty, hatred, malice, crime, hypocrisy, ambition, and every other species of evil shall be driven from amongst you, and never again take root upon the soils of my lands. For, thus saith the Lord! I have declared what my vengeance shall be; and I have declared what the transgressions were which brought it upon thee. And I have sent my prophets amongst ye to diffuse that instruction which will guide you to my protection when the hour of struggle comes. Therefore, be prepared! for they only who disregard shall perish in the above calamities, while those who obey shall find succour in me in the days of tribulation. Thus saith the Lord! This island must suffer, east, west and south; nor can the north escape my wrath. Therefore, watch and pray, so that, though the evil may come upon you at midnight, ye may be prepared. Thus saith the Lord!"

Sir, as the above prophecy has occupied so much of your valuable space I will desist from making any comment thereon, but commit its careful perusal to your readers, and trust that they will prepare themselves for the awful period therein portrayed. For, although we may hope that the people will be saved from such terrible calamities; yet, from the general progress of the affairs in India at the present time, that people may surely say the days of tribulation have really come, and as the prophecy declares that such calamities and devastation shall fall upon each and every nation, the people of England may look forward with dreaded anticipation of a full realization in the participation of the horrors of rebellion, famine, pestilence, and warfare. And thanking you, sir, for this space,

I remain, yours very respectfully,

W. W.

Birmingham, Aug. 31, 1857.

ON THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL ELEVATION OF MAN, AND THE PECUNIARY ELEVATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir,—Having given our readers an outline of the plan we purpose to better the condition of all men, we shall now follow the plan of the romancists and turn to another part of the subject. In connection with any reform, three things are necessary to conquer—to explain, to convince, to arouse. Let one take ever such pains to explain, and let the mode be ever so excellent, there will yet remain many who cannot understand what is meant. This proceeds from two causes—a dullness of the intellect, and a corruptness of the heart, which inclines people not to wish to see anything that may in any way interfere with their received notions. Science in these days professes to show us that the heart is but a physical portion of the human being, and has no capacity for thinking. Admitting this, it does not in the least interfere with the saying, “The heart sees further than the head”—the heart is symbolical of the feelings, and the feelings are a powerful assistant to the intellect. Amongst those who can be made to understand, only some will be convinced of the righteousness and of the practicability of the thing proposed. Amongst those yet there will be only some that can be aroused to action, so that it would appear the latter are too few to carry out any measure. Yet there are, and have been, in all ages, the few that, once knowing a thing to be right, *never despair*. These give a working form to a movement, and then the masses who can see with their bodily eyes, flock to the standard, swell the stream, and carry it on to its future destiny, to be in time swept away with the eternal progress of ages. The few have ever been the motive power that worked society onward, and upward, towards the well-spring of unclouded truth. To arouse men from slumbering in a state as vile as the present, two things are necessary—first, to keep constantly before their eyes the injuries they have suffered, the injuries they are likely to suffer, and the injuries that are done to others; for man is so prone naturally to be happy, that with a small amount of comfort, he forgets his previous wrongs—second, to draw a picture of society so much better than the present state, that he will determine on toiling, that he may dwell therein. Our task is set, and we have our lifetime to accomplish it—so now to our head-line.

In our opinion, riches alone do not elevate mankind. We wish not to make this remark in the sense in which it is too often made—with a view to reconcile the degraded, hard-wrought sons and daughters of toil to their miserable condition—telling them the rich have cares as well as themselves, and that their troubles are sometimes *even* greater. If the rich have cares as well as the poor—if, as the poet sings:

“Oft pining cares in rich brocade are drest,

And diamonds glitter on an anxious breast,”

it is our business to investigate, that we may know whence these cares come, that their cares may be lessened as well as those of the poor. Must I be satisfied to grovel in the lying filth and nastiness of the present state of society, because I can see other

people besmeared and rolling in the cesspool as well as myself? Poor logic!

It has often been remarked, in consequence of the work people who are what is called well-paid, not making the best use of their means, or not making use of them in a manner pleasing to the inclinations of the *fault finders*, that many workpeople are paid too well. Do they who prattle thus, or the class for whom they prattle, always make a right use of their money?

A remark hinging upon this, yet not in this spirit, was made by Sergeant Talfourd, in his death-speech, at Stafford assizes. It was qualified by a remark showing that, with him, it was not altogether idle *cant*. Speaking particularly in reference to the Staffordshire iron districts, where, he said, “People were paid better wages than in most other parts of the country,” he remarked, “when trade was good and wages high, crime increased.” He attributed it to a want of sympathy in society—a want of sympathy between the rich, or the respectable; and the poor, or those we may call the *non-respectable*.

We know there are, in consequence of the violent distinctions in society, *growing out of enormous wealth on the one hand, and naked poverty on the other*, certain classes doomed to remain in the mire, in consequence of the ignorance forced upon them, on account of their energies being so exhausted by *over-toil*, that they cannot possibly find time to improve their minds. Though money is the god that lifts one man above another, in society, according to society's notions, to this rule we shall find some exceptions. Shall we? We shall find them in appearance only, when the matter comes to be investigated. A chemist, or an apothecary, is thought more of—more respected—though his yearly incomes average not more than thirty shillings a week, than a man who labours in the work-shop, the forge, the mine, or the factory, though his income averages more than fifty shillings weekly. But mark! Those who work in the factory, are put to work while young, their parents could not afford to keep them idle—that is, at school—those who make chemists are sent to school for many years—it costs more to learn to be an apothecary than a forger. Money then *always* draws the line of demarcation between man and man.

Well, though we believe riches do not necessarily elevate, and though we allow there may be some few people, who, though clothed in rags and hungered into disease, may be capable of reconciling themselves to their condition; who, in the midst of suffering, can surround themselves with a *halo* of glory, who, to speak after Paul, may consider themselves as “Having all things though having nothing,” we yet believe the greater portion of mankind are wholly influenced by the position of the moment. And this thing *poverty, on whose ribs the rich grow fat*, will ever render its victims unhappy, uncomfortable, degraded, and debased. *Goodness* alone can elevate, and temptations should be removed from the generality of mankind, rich and poor. In the present state, the rich are enabled to purchase moral degradation for themselves, and to purchase the souls of the poor. Then, since degradation and debasement are the almost invariable effects of poverty and riches, what follows but that all must be placed on a more equal footing. To talk about the elevation of the working classes, in moral sentiment and intelligence, while

thousands of females from their class are compelled to seek bread by prostitution—to live by vice—and whilst most of them, at least who live in large towns, are compelled to inhabit miserable dwellings, in filthy, narrow, back streets, where the sun never shines, where the smoke of factories, and the eternal buzzing of an over-working machinery ever reigns, may very well suit the sentimentalists who weep over things they care not to alter, but earnest and sensible people know it is all *rubbish*. We often hear the elevation of the working classes talked of, as though they were the only class that needed elevation, but they are not, unless money and lying elevate. I mean not that monied people are the only liars, but I maintain when men's livelihood depends on their lying, they are not morally elevated. To elevate the working classes they must be brought more in contact with the glories of nature as exhibited in the various change of seasons. And they must have cleaner and more comfortable dwellings. There is something about cleanliness that elevates and ennobles us. If it be said, why do not the glories of nature elevate and refine the agricultural population, who are ever surrounded by them? we answer in common parlance, for the same reason that gazing into a cook-shop window feeds not a hungry man. The labourer though in the midst of the fields has not time to look on them, to feast his eyes and his imagination. His occupation necessitates him to bend his eyes to the earth and remain in this position for twelve or thirteen hours daily, and sometimes more; and, besides, he has sometimes to walk several miles to his toil. Where, then, are there any moments for reflection? Besides, his intellect and fancy are not cultivated to appreciate nature's sublime beauties—the poetry of his nature is suppressed by incessant toil; he knows that the gorgon eye of the task-master is steadily fixed upon him; his neck and shoulders ache, but he must not straighten himself for one moment.

PHYSICALLY—What are the effects of poverty and wealth? The poor are necessitated to toil at employment known to be positively injurious to health, which force on them bad and discordant formations of the body, which cut off, to a certainty, several years of life. When thousands of work-people are robbed of several years of life, what is it? Let others call it what they like, we shall find no milder name for it than murder. Are those, then, who impose this certainty of short life morally elevated? Yes, if moral elevation implies skulking from duty, and forcing others to do our work. The rich can indulge in those health-giving exercises which impart health, elasticity, firmness, and spirit to the frame, and long life to its possessor. It is known that the aristocracy live longer than the middle class—the middle class longer than the working. One man should be allowed to live as long as another, but it is not so. What can be more plain, then, than that the middle class are murdered by the upper, and the working class by both the middle and the aristocracy combined? Say you this charge is outrageous to your reason and feelings, then the fault is not mine—the Christ whom you profess to follow has outraged your feelings before now, by saying, "Who offendeth in one point is *guilty of all*." And so it is; it is not difficult to trace the connection between robbery, and what are considered lesser crimes, and shortness of life.

We may notice, though the middle class are much better off

than the workers, and though their labour is not so hard, they are yet necessitated to labour most of their time, especially when they commence business and are striving to push their way in the world. But, under a well regulated state of society, in which none were allowed to idle, less than four hours daily labour would supply us with more than we could consume—food, clothes, furniture, musical instruments, pictures, and every imaginable necessary. And this we think we shall prove to many before we conclude, and this state must come if the prophecy, "He that will not work neither shall he eat," is ever to be fulfilled. And hoping it may soon come, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. L. STEPHENS.

Sheffield, Aug. 25, 1857.

[Mr. G. L. Stephens' letter continued from Part 10 of this Journal.]

THE TRUE KING.

Kings, and queens, and fools and knaves,
Rule a world of rogues and slaves,
But they who know life's greatest things
Are ruled by neither rogues nor kings:
For kings are they of greater might,
Who rule their lives by what is right,
Than crafty, wicked, sceptred fools,
At best accurs'd fierce passion's tools,
By tempests ever toss'd.

Yes, they are kings of high degree!
They only who on earth are free!
Who free from parchment walk through life
Scattering goodness in the strife;
For strife must be where knaves doth dwell,
Who good would hurl to lowest hell,
And good must be where true hearts bold
Pour forth the truths that should be told,
Though myriad knaves oppose.

WANDERER.

LABOUR'S EXODUS.

It is not for myself I weep,
Or that my heart doth anguish keep,
Not for myself I now despair,
Thou art, dear Mary, still my care.
My mother country slights my toil,
And we must quit our native soil,
Desert the land where we were born,
Where labour's but a *mark for scorn*!

I from kin and home must send thee,
Yet my soul's best love shall tend thee,
Shall still go with thee hand in hand,
And guard thee in a foreign land;
There our babes shall find a blessing,
Far from poverty's distressing;
Our heartless country throws aside
Those whom she should make her pride.

Oft have I sought for labour's bread,
And proud contempt have found instead,
For wealth it scorns the worker's face,
And with aristocrat's grimace
Sneers poverty to workhouse fare,
(Reward of industry and care),
The gaol, where sorrow sad doth creep,
And worn-out labour goes to weep.

I yet have hands, new wealth to raise,
I've resolution, which, nor stays
Where only poverty may be,
In place of wealth and liberty.
That wealth my country still might claim,
And so transmute her growing shame,
Shall yet be mine; why should I weep?
Or mutter curses loud and deep?

In that bright land beyond the sea,
There's room enough for you and me.
The brains our country drives away,
Will teach her freedom, yet, a day.
There, intellect grows clear and strong,
Where the outcast labourers throng;
And eyes will glisten, now that weep,
When they've crossed the Atlantic deep.

Then, Mary, let us tempt the sea—
Why comest thou all tremblingly?
Thy gentle lips were wont to smile,
Thy heart was ever void of guile,
Ah! thou hast suffered much, I know,
Then canst thou hesitate to go?
The laughing voices of the deep,
Will, Mary, bring refreshing sleep.

Thy dreams will be of yonder shore,
(Where only idleness is poor),
A cottage, shaded by a vine,
Tended by thy hands and mine,
A home, my darling, built by me,
More happy made, because with thee;
My eyes shall never know to weep,
Nor feel a poor man's sleepless sleep.

Then let us, Mary, dry our tears,
I own a heart which never fears,
Let's leave a land by riches curst,
Whose welfare in my prayers is first.
My patriot soul will scarce be still,
My country claims my right good-will,
But who would stay to starve or weep,
When good invites beyond the deep?

We'll pray that England yet may see
Her competitive slavery,
The wrongs compress'd in golden ore,
The pound which keeps the people poor,
Which cheats the labourer of his fee
By dirty low chicanery,
Which starves and makes the million weep,
That few may useleß thousands reap.

All full and round the sails out-swell
Above our vessel, typical

Her head it points Columbus' shore,
Farewell to England, evermore!
It matters little where we be,
With food, and health, and *Liberty*;
One parting tear, the last we'll weep
For our poor country ere we sleep.

Bring forth our children, let's depart,
One kiss to raise thy drooping heart,
One blessing for our native soil,
A brother's hope for all who toil.
My wish for England's land-lock'd isle—
"May Liberty yet o'er her smile;"
Ere that, I fear her sons will weep,
And wish themselves across the deep.

W. TURLEY.

(*Letter of Mrs. M. A. continued from our last.*)

Master Lilly tells an amusing story of how our John Scott, being on a visit in the country to old Master Hodges, a most learned adept, requested him to show him in the crystal the features of the woman he should marry. The mode of proceeding was this:—Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his feet to his, and after awhile bids him inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. The poor gentleman looked, and drew back aghast. "I see a ruddy complexioned wench," said he, "in a red waistcoat, drawing a cask of beer!" The apparel of the lower class of women at that time greatly resembled that of the Nassau broom-women; and the waistcoat, no less than the homely occupation of drawing beer, proved that the maiden had no claim to gentle birth.

"She must be your wife," said the seer. "Impossible!" persisted the bewildered enquirer, "for I am about to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," was the oracular reply. Away went Master Scott to London, when behold! as the stars or the crystal would have it, he found the "tall gentlewoman" was married! Well, two years passed away, and then, returning from Dover, he went into an Inn at Canterbury, and mistaking his way, proceeded to the kitchen, when behold! there was a maiden in the red waistcoat drawing a can of beer! The prophecy of the crystal was certainly at the point of accomplishment—so John Scott, doubtless influenced by the stars, yielded to his fate, became suitor unto the red waistcoat, and fulfilled his destiny by marrying her.

The reader will probably remember that in the interesting Exhibition of Ancient and Mediæval Art there was a Cup of this period, called the *Poison Cup*, composed of Venice glass, which was believed to possess the property of breaking if poison was poured into it, and which, in this case, was further guarded by a large crystal inserted in the lid. This was supposed to become cloudy at even the approach of poison; and thus, in those days of dark and fearful doings, when death might be present in the dish, the cup, even in the nosegay, no wonder that pure crystal was highly prized.

At this time also, many cunning men carried on a very

profitable trade in cheap rings of precious stones, such as agates, corneals, jaspers, and fine crystals, for by wondrous art in these adepts declared—they formed them into sigils or charms, which should guard them from sudden death, against infection of the dreaded plague or spotted fever, or against all that wide category of known or unknown evil, classed under the emphatic name of ill luck. It is astonishing what a trade was carried on in these charms. Court ladies, courtiers, ministers of the crown themselves, sought these vain appliances, and hung round their necks the jasper graven with quaint characters, or the perfect agate—nothing doubting that court favor would be secured by it; or they purchased, at large cost, pieces of crystal without a flaw, that with this talisman they might test the presence of poison.

But the common people were fain to be content with gold, even in the simple form of the Angel—this coin in Elizabeth's reign was of remarkably pure gold, if hung about the neck would greatly benefit the wearer; so a hole was drilled in it, and when thus fastened it was considered as the detector of, even if not the preserver against infection. The cunning men talked learnedly of the virtues of pure gold, but of the greater virtues of planetary influence, and showed how the Angels, if engraved with cabalistic signs, or with the fine-sounding word *tetragrammaton* would protect the wearer from sickness and sudden death.

It is astonishing how generally these charms were worn by men as well as women, and the unflinching faith with which they were regarded. The sigil was found on the breast of many a corpse, hurried by the plague to an untimely grave, or stretched in death on the battle field, but still belief in its protecting influence was unshaken, and throughout the whole period of the Parliamentary struggle, the royalist soldier sought among the sages of Moor Lane or Whitefriars for similar charms, and even the Parliament trooper, forgetful of the stern denunciation of his preacher against all such lying vanities, not unfrequently stealthily procured and stealthily wore the same forbidden appliance.

M. A.

Braintree, Aug. 21, 1857.

SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH AND SQUALID POVERTY, OR THE TWO EXTREMES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir—In no age has the English nation been enabled to produce so much wealth as during the present century, and in no age have the producers of that wealth suffered more from want. The wealthy classes who never toil, but who live in luxury and idleness on the hard earnings produced by the toiling millions, are wont to believe that extreme poverty and wretchedness do not exist, and I have heard it advocated that they never visit the localities in which poverty and wretchedness abound; and this I believe to be correct; for as the most wealthy classes seldom or never indeed leave their stately mansions on foot, their carriages are driven through the most gaudy thoroughfares, which are

generally occupied by apparently wealthy shopkeepers, and into these thoroughfares honest poverty never shows itself. But then, although the wealthy do not see these localities in which poverty and crime stalk with all their attendant horrors, yet I contend that the wealthy classes are aware that such really do exist; but as they content themselves with the idea that, not seeing it, they should not believe it, they fancy that in their superfluous riches they are safe and far beyond the reach of those poverty-stricken wretches, and care but little how they exist, or whether they exist or not; and when the wealthy squire, baron, lord, or any of their ladies peruse the columns of the newspapers, and read the accounts respecting the famishing poor parading the streets in search of employ, with their wives and families destitute at home, these wealthy persons shrug up their shoulders and say—What a pity it is that so much depravity should exist; why do they not get work or emigrate? such scenes are disgraceful to Englishmen! Do these noble or high favoured personages forget that it is from the production of the hands of the toiling masses that they derive their wealth and affluence; or do they know that without the combined efforts of the poverty-stricken population, that neither their rank, wealth, nor power, would ensure their safety? Know this they really must, although they endeavour to make the people believe that they are compelled to depend upon the wealthy for their miserable supplies, and the people in many instances are infatuated enough to believe that such is the case, forgetting that it is they alone who produce the wealth, and it is they who support the rich and idle in their superfluous luxury, whilst they, the people, after continual toiling from Monday morning till Saturday night, in many instances cannot furnish a sufficient supply of food of the commonest kind for their families for the ensuing week, while others for want of employment are totally destitute of everything. And if one of these unfortunates should visit the stately mansion or hall of the wealthy idler who is revelling in all the superfluity of abundant luxury, to crave charity or relief, he is without ceremony handed over to the law and incarcerated for asking alms of him whom he has assisted in supporting in idleness for the whole period of his life. But the wealthy classes say they have made provisions for the relief of the destitute poor; for when they can no longer find labour to support their families they can enter the bastille, where the poorlaw commissioners furnish them with lodging, food and clothing, which, in the estimation of the wealthy classes is a great boon indeed; but our wealthy idlers are empowered by the people to make the laws, and therefore the people must sanction whatever laws they make, at least the wealthy pacify themselves with this notion. So, on the inspired word of God, they made the marriage law, in which law it is declared that they whom God thus joins together, let no man put asunder—and the people in making this contract, are taught to believe that it is valid. But let them become poor and destitute, and go the bastille which the wealthy have provided for an asylum for the destitute poor, and they will find that the very rulers or wealthy persons who taught them to regard the marriage law as binding and inseparable, that the same rulers will cause that law to be broken, and separate man, wife, and children, without remorse, so that it is evident, not only in this case but in every other which exists

between the two extreme classes of society, that though the one class literally supports the other, yet that class which is so supported has no sympathy for the classes which support them.

In fact, the wealthy are utterly opposed to every thing which would appear likely to benefit or alleviate the condition of the poor, while the toiling classes, in their extreme ignorance, are continually working in the midst of poverty and degradation, that their hard earnings may support in luxury and idleness the very persons who deprive them of the commonest necessities of life. But, after all, who is to blame, the wealthy or the poor? The wealthy have a good right to be content with their situation, but as the poor are the strength and support of the nation, from whose hands all wealth is produced, it is they alone who can remedy the evil. This can be effected by unity, and unity is strength; and when strength is thus united all extreme wealth or extreme poverty will in future be prevented, and every man will labour for his living and be content to live by his labour.

J. G. H. BROWN.

Sept. 1, 1857.

DIVINE REVELATIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(*Letter of Mr. T. C. S. continued from our last.*)

Here we see, in this passage, how even the prophets or seers tampered with the truth, and, no doubt, prophesied to suit the king, because they were fed at his table. Thus, the messenger sent to fetch Micaiah, tried to persuade him to prophecy as the others had done, and though Micaiah, in the present version of the scriptures, is made to say the same as the other prophets, yet afterwards declares the vision as he saw it. [Now, though some of my readers may not be willing to take in preference to the Bible, the "History of the Jews," by Josephus, yet in this case his version of this passage appears more truthful, more in accordance with the justice of God, than to me the absurd account given in the chapter referred to; for, in it, we shall show that God is made the author of lies, and is made to appear that he could not accomplish his will without assembling together a number of spirits to consult with him, how he could bring about the death of Ahab; thus we will follow the Bible account through first, and then compare the account given by the learned Jewish historian, and then will leave my readers to judge which is the most likely to be truthful, and most in accordance with the justice and righteousness of God.] In the nineteenth verse, it stands thus: "Hear thou, therefore, the word of the Lord: I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith; and he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so. Now, therefore, be-

hold the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee." I would ask if any sensible man can believe that God assembled together the angelic host to find out a plan how to deceive Ahab and bring about his death, or to sanction the spirit, yea, even to command that spirit to do so: for he is made to say, "go forth and do so." Now let us examine Josephus's account, and when we consider that the Jewish historian had the same opportunity, and, in fact, had the original copies to guide him, it is quite as likely to be true as the present translated edition of our Bible, after passing through so many revisions, alterations, and so-called corrections, by men whose interest it was to enwrap it in mystery. It is very plain here, that this passage is a corruption, and a wilful one too, to make it appear that God would lie, or command lies to be revealed to his prophets, to bring about words spoken by his holy angels through Elijah; and, let me ask if it does not bear a lie on the face of it, or why did Jehoshaphat request the prophet of the Lord to be brought, and why did Micaiah contradict the other prophets when he came? The translators were not satisfied with making Micaiah appear to lie, but must make God to sanction that lie. Now Josephus says: "But Jehoshaphat understanding by their words that they were false prophets, asked Ahab whether there were not some other prophet, and he belonging to the true God, that we may have surer information concerning futurities. Hereupon Ahab said there was indeed such a one, but that he hated him, as having prophesied evil to him, and having foretold that he should be overcome and slain by the king of Syria, and that for this cause he had him now in prison, and that his name was Micaiah, the son of Imlah." Jehoshaphat on hearing this, desired him to be sent for. And Ahab dispatches an eunuch to fetch him, and we find this man endeavouring to persuade him to speak falsely, as the Bible declares. The Bible account says that he spake the same words as the other prophets. But Josephus's account says, "but he said that it was not lawful for him to lie against God, but that he must speak what he should say to him about the king, whatsoever it were. And after Ahab had adjured him to speak the truth, he told him at once that he saw the Israelites dispersed on the mountains as flocks of sheep, and the Syrians pursuing them, and he declared that the Israelites should return to their homes in peace, and the king only should be slain. Thus we find Micaiah confirming the very prophecy for which he was imprisoned, and Ahab turning to Jehoshaphat used similar words as declared in the Bible. Thus, we see, King Ahab did not like the truth, but would rather that Micaiah had prophesied the same as those who were willing to deceive him, even to his own destruction. But Micaiah replied, that he ought to hear all, whatsoever it be, that God foretels, and declares the others to be false prophets who were encouraging him to make war. But Zedekiah, one of the false prophets came near and requested the king not to harken to Micaiah, and brings the prophecy of Elijah to overthrow that of Micaiah, which declared that dogs should lick his blood in the field of Naboth, and Elijah being a greater prophet than Micaiah, it was plain that he was

a liar, as contradicting a greater prophet than himself, in saying that he should be slain at three days' journey distance. The false prophets took occasion to insult and smite the prophet of the Lord, because of this apparent discrepancy, forgetting that God works in a mysterious way his words to perform, and he has declared that one jot or one tittle of his word cannot fail, and thus we shall see, as we proceed, how the words of each of the prophets were fulfilled. Ahab sends the prophet to prison again, for declaring his death should take place, and we see Ahab takes every precaution to overthrow the prophecy, and even persuades Jehoshaphat to exchange dress with him, thinking to bring about the death of the King of Jerusalem instead of his own, and thus overthrow the word of God spoken by the mouths of his prophets. But we are told, though the king of Jerusalem was surrounded by the Syrians, yet his life was spared, and we find that an arrow, shot at random, found its way to the lungs of King Ahab, and though they fought all day, from morning light till late in the evening, Josephus tells us the Syrians had not slain any but Ahab. Thus the prophecy of Micaiah was fulfilled to the letter, and also the prophecy of Elijah, for we are told that he was slain as one prophet declared by the Syrians, but the king being shot in his lungs, as Josephus tells us, bled in his chariot, and when the king was buried, his servants went and washed his chariot in the fountain of Jezreel, and while doing so, the dogs came and licked his blood, and then they acknowledged that the word of the Lord had been fulfilled; for he was slain at Ramoth, and dogs licked his blood in the very garden or field which he had stolen from one of his subjects. And Josephus wisely remarks, "We ought thence to have high notions of God, and everywhere to honour and worship him, and never to suppose that what is pleasant and agreeable is worthy of belief before what is true; and to esteem nothing more advantageous than the gift of prophecy, and that foreknowledge of future events which is derived from it, since God shows men thereby what they ought to avoid." From this passage we may learn that there were false prophets, but we invariably find there is one, at least, who is called the prophet of the Lord. Here then we see, what we have before pointed out, the difference between the two sciences, as practised in ancient times. The prophet of the Lord held commune with high and holy angels, but these false prophets held commune only with departed spirits, or spirits which take a delight in deceiving men and leading them astray, who are willing to give

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir—Allow me through the medium of your columns to make a few remarks on the ancient prophetic words of Isaiah, as contained in the 66th chapter. Hoping they may be useful and instructive to your readers, though they may not meet the views and ideas of the sectarian, yet as they will be founded on scriptural authority, they may find it difficult to overturn. And as most of the advocates of sectarianism profess to found their arguments on the Word of God or the Bible, I shall endeavour to do the same; and in doing this I would refer the reader to the first and second verses of the above-named chapter. "Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all these things hath mine

hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Here then we see that it is the worship of the heart that God requires at the hands of his people, and not the outward profession which has become so prevalent in our day. It is not that sanctified look—that going with the drooping head or the sorrowful expression of the face—but a cheerful obedience to his will. Not that proud haughty spirit that despises and looks with contempt on his fellow man because he may be inferior in position to himself. But to him that is humble and of a contrite spirit, and who trembles when he is about to do the thing that his conscience forbids, remembering that the word of the Lord hath declared that all shall suffer according to the deeds done in the body. If this doctrine was universally believed what a different state society would be in, but instead of this they are deluded to believe that they may go on in their sin and wickedness, trampling on the most holy and sacred truths of his word, setting at nought those precepts given by Christ, who showed that all religion rested on a few simple words—"Love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself. Yet in spite of this, all the people are taught to believe that they may go on and trample the most holy truths of God and the most sacred rights of man under foot till the last moment of his existence, and then escape all punishment. Now if man knew that he would have to suffer for every injury he had done to his fellow man—for every act he committed in the flesh contrary to the divine and sacred truths of God's word, he would cease to oppress and learn to love his fellow man; yea, when he was about to do wrong, he would tremble at God's word and resist the evil. But so long as the people are taught these delusions, that by simple reliance on Christ at the last moment of their existence they can escape the penalty due to them for their transgressions. Now, if man is condemned to hell for ever for not believing in Christ, I would ask—Where are all the millions that died before Christ came? Where are all the millions that have died since Christ came who have never heard his name; they are creatures of God's creation who have never had the opportunity of hearing that Christ died for them? Are they in that horrible place as portrayed by the teachers of the present day, where the worm dieth not and the fire is never quenched. The burning lake of fire and brimstone, the bottomless pit. Can we reconcile this with the justice and mercy of God, who willeth not the death of any sinner, but wills that all men should be saved, and thus be accepted through the sacrifice of that Redeemer who saw that mankind had fallen, and that he had forfeited all right and title to heaven, and having compassion on them, he died that they might again attain to that happiness and rest, and gave himself a ransom for the spirits that had passed into immortality, and those that were still to pass into that state; and thus it was that our sufferings should not be eternal. Yet we must be purified and fitted for that place where nothing impure or unholy can enter; and thus can our Saviour's words be understood—"Except ye become as a little child, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Then instead of teaching the people these delusions, if the teachers of this day wish to see that time they so often pray for, when Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, they must cease to teach the people that the houses of pride and ambition they have erected are the habitations of him who Solomon declared at the opening of the temple did not dwell in houses made with hands; and they must also remember that his prophet had declared his words to be—"But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word." Thus we see that God does not look specially on the rich, but the poor are his peculiar people, and he looks on the oppression they have to endure with anger, and will punish oppression with his wrath. In the fifth of the same chapter the prophet says, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my names sake, said, 'Let the Lord be glorified:' but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." To those who are anxiously waiting for his coming I would say, take encouragement from these words, and remember that the signs of the end are fast passing away, and that the overthrow of all evils are at hand, and then may we look for the coming of him who died for our salvation.

T. C. S.

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