

COMMUNITY'S

Or, Standard

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



JOURNAL;

Of Truth.

MORAL, SPIRITUAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PHYSICAL
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INTELLIGENCE, ETC.

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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).

At length the storm abated, the clouds broke, and the stars and moon once more shed their silvery light upon the earth. The morning broke clear and cloudless, and displayed the whole face of nature adorned in robes of dazzling whiteness. No sooner had daylight appeared than numbers of persons flocked to the inn anxious to get a glimpse of the broken coach, the dead body of the guard, or the coachman and passengers. It was nine o'clock in the morning before the authorities of the town arrived at the inn, at which place the greatest bustle and confusion were manifest. The authorities consisted of one Squire L., the principal magistrate of the district; the clergyman, who was also a magistrate; the two churchwardens, parish overseer, and several others, who followed each other about the premises as a kind of procession, the two magistrates headed by the chief constable leading the way. After a careful examination of the coach, and viewing the body of the murdered man in the stable, the officials entered the large room of the inn, where they held a consultation as to what steps should be taken. The result was that a coroner's jury was at once warned, and the coroner, a Mr. B., who resided in the town and was coroner of the district, was summoned to attend; where, upon his arrival, the jury was sworn, went and viewed the body, and re-entered the room where the inquest was to be held. The coroner accordingly took his seat, and after a brief address to the jury, the enquiry was opened and the first witness called. But before describing the proceedings which followed, we must return to the old Hut on the Heath, where it will be remembered we left Bill the herdsman, asleep on the floor, and the affectionate Emily weeping and watching over him. The poor girl did not leave her father's side, but deeply grieved at the sufferings he appeared to endure, his heavy breathing and occasional deep groans alarmed her; and as he lay upon the floor of the cottage, she supported his head as she sat; while at every breath a thick foam emanated from his mouth. She believed that the agonies of death were upon him,

and she sobbed loud, long, and bitterly; no one being with her to console her, and nothing could be seen from the hut, nor sound heard, but the howling of the storm, which had the effect of increasing her fears and bewildering her imagination. Several hours were passed in this melancholy mood without any apparent change taking place in the appearance of her father, till at length the storm had abated and the silvery rays of the moon shed her light into the window, which caused Emily to raise her head, when she, for the first time, ascertained that the storm was over. Placing a cushion from a chair under the head of her father, she arose, opened the door of the hut, and gazed out upon the cold, chilly, and wild-looking heath. The night was perfectly clear and still, no sound could be heard but the occasional barking of the watch dogs in the distance at the neighbouring farms. She then re-entered and resumed her station by her father, who now began to show symptoms of sensibility. Smoothing his long hair upon his temples, which appeared damp with cold perspiration, she said, "Father! what ails you?—speak, my father, and tell me if you are better?" He then opened his eyes and looked wonderingly around, as well as the dim light of the fire and moon would permit; and rising upon his elbow, he exclaimed, "Am I at home? Where is my Emily? Can it be possible I am here?" "My father," said Emily, interrupting him; "you are at home in our own hut; and do you feel better?" she said, as she threw her arms affectionately about his neck. "Yes!" he said, "I am better child; but has any one been here? It seems like a dream, and yet I can remember the things which I cannot see here: and I know it was not here; and how did I come?" "Father, father," said Emily, "you alarm me, you look so frightened. You came home yourself and dropped upon your seat, fell upon the floor in a fit, and was unable to speak until now. I could not carry you to your bed, so you have laid there with your head on my knee, till a few minutes since." The herdsman made no reply to these remarks, but rising to a sitting position, he bent his head forward upon his knees, and remained silent for several minutes apparently in moody reflection. Emily did not interrupt him before silence was broken. Grey dawn of day showed itself above the tops of the distant hills and woods. At length the herdsman, as if having called to his memory all the proceedings of the previous evening, sprang to his feet, and turning to Emily, said, "I remember it all now. It was not illness, it was the brandy which unnerved me and took my senses; but, how did I get here? I do not remember." Where did

you get the brandy, father," said Emily imploringly, "did you go into the town?" "No, child, no," said the herdsman, "I can now see that I have taken a rash step by going to the cave in the thicket on the ditch." "Where did you go," said Emily, "or to what cave do you allude to?" The herdsman then seated himself and related his whole adventure to his daughter, to which she listened with profound attention, the circumstances of which the reader has already been made acquainted with. "And do you say you have invited those bad men to come here, father?" said Emily. "I hardly knew what I did at the time, my child," said he, "for the sight I witnessed bewildered me, and they behaved so kind; and some of them must have brought me home, I can remember them starting with me, but do not remember reaching my hut." "Oh, father," said Emily, "I wish you had not followed them, for I fear something bad will come on you through making such an acquaintance." The herdsman sighed heavily at his daughter's remarks, but said nothing; and, as it was now nearly eight o'clock in the morning, Emily set about preparing their morning's repast; not that Emily felt sufficiently composed to partake of any herself, for she had had no rest; but her father she knew would be wanting his warm breakfast, which she soon prepared; and, no sooner were they seated at their humble meal, than heavy footsteps were heard outside the hut, as they stepped from the snow upon the fresh swept ground, which Emily had only a short time before cleared of the snow. The next moment a gentle tap upon the door of the hut brought the herdsman to his feet, and as he opened the door, the two men whom he had followed to the cave on the previous day, entered, each of them having a short gun in his hand, and pistols could be seen under their huge mantles. "Good morning, neighbour, we are glad to find you up and stirring, there will be strange news in Newmarket to-day, so we thought we would come and put you on your guard, so that no words may be dropped, should any interrogations be put to you." "I know nothing," said Bill, "and cannot say anything, whatever I may be asked." Emily gazed with wonder and astonishment at the two strangers, and their very words caused a shudder to pass through her frame. And, as she turned to look at them, she found one of them had his keen eyes fixed upon her. She evaded his gaze, and appeared to take no notice, though she listened attentively to their conversation, which assumed a somewhat serious nature, for they related the whole adventure to the herdsman, as it occurred on the previous night, and offered him gold to pledge himself to secrecy, which the herdsman, though somewhat reluctantly, at length accepted, and their conversation turned on other topics. The morning was now far advanced, and the two men, after obtaining renewed promises from the herdsman, arose to depart, one of them seizing Emily rudely by the hand, while her father was deeply absorbed in conversation with the elder of the two men.

CHAPTER V.

The opening of the Inquest—the Constable and his Assistant's visit to the hut and the heath—the arrest of one of the gang of the cave, and the herdsman, and the escape of the other outlaw.

Though innocent of crime, unless we crime forsake,
We in the guilt of others, and sufferings shall partake.

In our preceding chapter we had left the coroner and jury beginning the inquest, and the first witness called was the young man who first entered the inn yard upon the horse, which had been separated from the coach by having his traces cut. He was a young stripling, who gave his age as seventeen, and who had a somewhat singular and peculiar appearance; his dress appeared countrified, so were also his manners and conversation, from which the general belief amongst the bystanders was, that his intellect was deficient, and his speech had a peculiar nasal twang. On being asked his name, he said it was Tom Edwards, and that he lived at Bury, and had booked himself from London to Newmarket by the Norwich coach. The coroner then asked him to describe what happened upon the heath, when the witness, after rubbing his eyes and looking fearfully around, said, "Oh dear, yes, there was five on 'em, I seed 'em all, four on 'em, stopped osses, cut 'em loose: one fired a gun, and I slipped off and ran along the ditch, cotched the oss which I brought here, and galloped off, and heard the folks on the coach a shoutin and screamin, but I didn't stop." "And did anything else occur to your own personal notice," observed the coroner. "Yes, sir," said the witness. "What did you observe?" said the coroner. "I seed the gun fired and the man fall under the snow," continued he. "Any thing else," enquired the coroner. "Yes," said the witness, "I seed tother two osses a kicking one another." At this, all the persons present laughed heartily, and the coroner again interrogated him, telling him only to relate the particular events connected with the circumstances of the case. "Yes," said Tom the witness, "I'll tell you all I know." "Did anything else particular occur?" said the coroner. "I think there was," replied Tom. "What was it? come speak quick, you are delaying the proceedings," said the coroner, raising his voice and speaking sharply. "Well, I think it was nothing else," said Tom, "cos I didn't stop," and another roar of laughter followed, and Tom was ordered to be removed.

The next witness called was the coachman, who gave his evidence straightforward and satisfactory, and the case proceeded with a degree of promptitude which, at its opening, was not anticipated. While the inquest is going on, we will conduct the reader's attention to other circumstances.

Almost as soon as the body of the murdered man had been viewed by the jury, Mr. Howard, the constable, collected several men, some of whom accompanied him on the previous night, and set out for the purpose of searching about the heath in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Ditch. On arriving at that part of the heath where the coach was stopped on the previous night, they observed that on the right hand side of the road the

snow had been beaten off the rails, and the marks of the footsteps of two men could be traced from the furze over the rails and along the road, for some twenty yards, the snow in other respects being undisturbed. Mr. Howard at once directed four of the men to follow the direction from which the footsteps had come on the road, leaving some in the road to await a given signal, while he and the rest of the party followed the track of the footsteps, which turned from the road through an opening in the fence, and thence through one of the winding avenues towards the centre of the heath; still following the print of the footsteps, they soon discovered that the path led to the herdsman's hut, and thinking that some one had accompanied him on his morning round, they were about to retrace their steps, when the constable said, "Let us go and tell him what has happened, and know if they have heard anything about it." They accordingly pushed on, and a few minutes brought them to the hut, where they without ceremony entered, just as the two ruffians were about to start, as described in our last chapter. There being six men beside the constable, who entered first, the others blocking up the door, which was the only outlet, egress was for a time impossible. The constable eyed the two strangers suspiciously, as he said to the herdsman, "Good morning, Bill, we have come to know whether you heard anything of the murder, and the robbery of the Norwich coach last night, on the road just above here?" At the word murder, the herdsman looked aghast, fixing his eyes upon the two first visitors, but was unable to speak. "What does this mean?" said the constable, looking suspiciously at the two men, saying, "I arrest you in the king's name," advancing towards them; but they both instantly levelled their short guns, saying, they would shoot the first man who should attempt to close on them. As they raised their guns, the constable's assistants who were standing in the doorway rushed out, fearing being shot, and one of the robbers availing himself of this confusion, rushed out and made his escape; the other tried to do the same, but was seized by the constable and two of his followers who remained in the house. A scuffle ensued, during which the robber's gun was discharged, without doing any further mischief than misfiguring the wall. He was, however, overpowered and bound hand and foot, and left on the floor. Two pistols were found in his possession, with a long clasp knife, and a quantity of guineas and papers, with powder and ball. The constable then addressing the herdsman, said, "How is this? No wonder there are robberies, when your hut is the harbour of the perpetrators. I must take you into custody, and you must answer before a magistrate for having these men in your house." As he uttered these words, Emily rushed forward, saying, "Oh, Mr. Howard, my father is innocent, he knows nothing of what you say, he was ill all night, and I sat watching him. It is those men," she continued, pointing towards him who lay bound upon the floor; "it is him and his companions who committed the murder, I heard them tell my father all about it," and she continued crying, "oh, father, I wish you had never visited their cave, I told you that I feared they were bad, wicked men." "Oh," said Howard, addressing the herdsman, "you

have visited their cave, have you? this begins to look black." The herdsman was about to reply, but the constable informed him that what he had to say must be said before a magistrate, and without further hesitation put the handcuffs upon him, and untying the legs of the other man, he ordered three men to conduct him to the town, while he himself followed with the herdsman in his custody, Emily following through the snow almost distracted. The party arrived at the Three Brewers just as the coroner was addressing the jury, before their verdict was delivered, and the arrival of the new evidence caused the inquest to be adjourned for a short time only. As soon as Howard had made his announcement of the arrest of the herdsman and an armed ruffian at the hut on the heath, the greatest excitement prevailed, and the number of spectators increased, and various were the opinions which passed relative to the herdsman. Some did not hesitate to say that they had always suspected him of being no better than he should be; while others contended that he was incapable of committing any act of violence or other depredation. At length, the officers who conducted the business of the inquest, announced that the fresh evidence should be adduced, and Howard, the constable, related his journey to the heath, discovery of the footsteps, tracing them to the hut, where he found the two prisoners in conversation with another, who by force effected his escape. The man who was present was not arrested without great violence, a loaded gun was discharged, fortunately without injury. He also related how they conducted themselves upon his entrance, and that the herdsman and the two men appeared to be on familiar terms, but omitted what he had heard the herdsman's daughter say. "Bring in this herdsman," said the coroner, "and let the jury hear his statement." Bill, the herdsman, was accordingly conducted into the presence of the coroner and jury, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to obtain a glimpse of him by the crowded spectators. The coroner then asked him what he knew of the affair of the preceding night with the Norwich coach on crossing the heath. "I know nothing," said Bill, in a cool collected voice, "only what I have heard this morning." "And what did you hear this morning?" enquired the coroner. "That the Norwich coach was stopped, passengers robbed, and the guard murdered," said the herdsman in a firm tone of voice. "From whom did you hear this statement? again enquired the coroner. "From two men who visited my hut early this morning," replied Bill, "and one of them was brought here with me." After further interrogation, the herdsman related his whole adventure connected with the visit to the cave, which has already been described, and which appeared satisfactory to all parties present. The other man was then ordered in, and to all enquiries he maintained a dogged silence. The witness Tom was called upon to identify the prisoner, and when asked if he could recollect seeing the prisoner amongst those who attacked the coach, he replied, "Oh dear, no, I never seed him, I never stopt to look at 'em but com'd here as quick as I could." This elicited fresh mirth from the spectators. Tom was ordered to be removed. The old gentleman and lady, and coach-

man, all swore that they saw this particular individual, for he was one who demanded their property, and who assisted in fastening the coachman to the wheel. Here the inquiry closed, and the jury returned a verdict of highway robbery and wilful murder against the stranger and other persons not in custody, and recommended that the conduct of the herdsman should be further investigated before a magistrate, though he was liberated on his own recognizance, and the stranger was fully committed to take his trial at the next Cambridge assizes, on the coroner's warrant, for the wilful murder of the guard of the London and Norwich coach.

CHAPTER VI.

The detention and bribery of the Constable's party by the Robbers at their Cave—their flight, and abduction of the Herdsman's Daughter.

Bereft of parents, consolation, peace,
This maiden's sorrows really now increase.

It will be remembered that on the arrival of Mr. Howard and his party upon the heath on the morning referred to, and discovering the print of footsteps upon the snow, he despatched four men in the direction from whence the footsteps had come; while himself and the rest of the party went in the direction of the hut, as already related. We therefore follow the four men through the zig-zag path amongst the furze, until they arrived at the extremity, at the bank of the Devil's Ditch. Still tracking the footprints, they soon arrived at the entrance to the thicket, up which they immediately advanced; and before they were aware of their position, they found themselves completely surrounded in the thicket by four or five men, who covered their bodies with their carbines, and declared that if they attempted to stir they would be shot. The Newmarket men were so completely surprised and unprepared, that they offered no resistance; and having no arms, with the exception of stout sticks, they dare not provoke their antagonists, who coolly ordered them to enter the cave. They accordingly readily obeyed.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE LAWS OF NATURE AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

There is no honest, candid, or unprejudiced person who can deny that, "These truths are written on the heart of man: that all men are by nature equal; that civil society can never have arisen from any motive other than that of the *benefit of the whole*; that whenever civil society makes the greater part of the people *worse off* than they were under the law of nature, the civil compact is in conscience dissolved, and all the rights of nature return; that, in civil society, *the rights and the duties go hand in hand*; and that when the former are taken away the latter cease to exist.

In order to act well our part as citizens, or members of the community, we ought clearly to understand *what*

our rights are, for on our enjoyment of these depend our duties; rights going before duties, as value received goes before payment.

Our rights in society are numerous;—the right of enjoying life and property; the right of exerting our physical and mental powers in an innocent manner: but the great right of all, and, without which, there is in fact *no right*, is the right of *taking a part in the making of the laws by which we are governed*.

This right is founded on that law of nature spoken of above: it springs out of the very principle of civil society:—for what *compact*, what *agreement*, what *common assent*, can be imagined by which men would give up all the rights of nature, all the free enjoyment of their bodies and their minds in order to subject themselves to rules and laws in the making of which they should have nothing to say, and which should be enforced upon them without their assent?

The great right of *every man* is the right of having a share in the making of the laws to which the good of the whole makes it his duty to submit."—*Wm. Cobbett*.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

France.—The Paris election has decided that the French government has met with an overwhelming defeat; for, out of eight seats in the legislative assembly for Paris, five are now occupied by members opposed to the government; and the newspaper reports and other information gleaned from authentic sources, do not hesitate to affirm that the late election has given the French government a *lesson* which it will not readily forget.

Spain.—The Madrid journals contain an account of another insurrectionary outbreak in the town of Utrera, in the province of Seville, where the insurgents, who were mounted and armed with new carbines, have overpowered the gendarmerie, burned their barracks, and committed much destruction in the town; and the whole province of Seville has been declared in a state of siege. In fact royalty is nowhere treated with much respect in Spain, and the late enforced ceremonies on the Queen's present condition of pregnancy have been received with marked symptoms of disgust; and the people generally have not attempted to disguise their feelings; for tracts, pamphlets and caricatures of the grossest nature are freely circulated upon the subject, and the queen's popularity is now almost extinct, and revolution appears inevitable.

India.—Every telegraphic message or despatch from India conveys the melancholy intelligence that the disaffection of the native troops is still gradually but surely spreading; and in the face of this intelligence, the home government has decided to send reinforcements to India in sailing vessels, when every day's delay may be the cause of thousands of lives being sacrificed. Why not convey the troops in steamers and prevent such unnecessary delays? We confess that we are at a loss to conjecture why such a conclusion has been come to by the government when nothing but the promptest and most active measures could only ensure success.

Italy—A Female Democrat.—Miss Jessie Merritt White, a young lady whose advocacy of Italian democracy is well known, has been ordered to quit Genoa, it being alleged that she is one of Mazzini's most earnest partizans, and was an active agent in the late Italian outbreak.

Tunis.—News from Tunis to the first instant has arrived. A Jew at Tunis having been insulted by the Moors, and having replied with blasphemies against the religion of Mohammed, was thrown into prison, and was afterwards beheaded, and his corpse abandoned to the insults of the mob. The consuls unanimously protested against these outrages, and Mr. Crowe, the English vice-consul, has arrived at Marseilles, the bearer of a protest against the conduct of the Bey.

How Bailiffs are treated in London.—A sheriff's officer in company with an assistant, visited a remote spot called Castle Alley, in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, on Tuesday sennight, for the purpose of executing an ejection, but met with a somewhat warm reception. For, at one of the houses occupied by two persons named Sullivan and Carroll, while the officers were standing outside Carroll emptied a pail of hot water upon the bailiff, and the other received a similar deluge of cold water. They however effected an entrance, and the prisoners were with difficulty secured, and conveyed to Worship-street police court, where the case was investigated by Mr. D'Eyncourt, who, on learning that the prisoners had behaved in the most violent manner, and attempted to throw a child down the stairs which one of the prisoners had with her, and who said the officer did not show his warrant, he then asked whether they had anything to say, when Sullivan said,—"Please your worship, I've got this here to say—I've no more to say than what I've said." Amidst laughter the prisoners were fined ten shillings each, or in default eight days imprisonment.

America.—The "New York Herald" states that the American government is now taking steps to instal the new governor in his position over the Mormon territory of Utah, and in a few days the troops will have reached their destination for the purpose of assisting him in his important duties.

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].

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir—In my last letter which concluded the description of the experience of death and in the first spheres of immortality, I mentioned at its conclusion that I intended, with your permission, to lay before your readers a series of startling prophecies of modern origin, as contained in the work from which my other letters have been extracted; and as the said prophecies contain subjects of the greatest vital importance to all the human race, I, in this number of your journal, lay the first of the series before

your readers. It is evident from the nature of the lines which the spirit who revealed the prophecy displayed, for the purpose of being inserted at the head, that he was well aware that the solemn but sacred language would be treated with derision or contempt; for the revelation contained in the chapter from which this prophecy is extracted thus opens:—

"Although mankind may scoff and jeer,
Their wrath and contempt shew;
These prophecies both far and near,
Shall forth in triumph go."

A short introduction then follows, after which the following extraordinary language is revealed upon the scroll, as the author of the work alluded to has copied it.

Prophecy 1st.—"Behold! I am commanded from the highest power to declare unto thee, and say; 'Thus saith the Lord God; Get thee up thou man of the earth and son of redemption, and prophecy to the kings, rulers, princes and authorities of the earth, and say unto them;—Behold! thus saith the Lord God Almighty; forasmuch as I have watched over thine iniquities, and have heard my people groan beneath the chains of their taskmasters; behold! I will bring ye forth to judgment, and thine acts shall bear witness of thy transgressions; and I will bring my people against thee with the sword, that they shall pluck thee out from the power in which thou hast set thyself up in defiance of my will; and they shall break down thy churches; thine institutions of worldly laws; and all the aggrandisement of which thou hast plundered them; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. And, again, thus saith the Lord! Thy laws and thy rules of government, which thou wagest with thy worldly arms, shall crush thee beneath that which thou hast laid up in store for my people; and when the hour arrives that my wrath shall fall upon thee, thou wilt be in thy palaces and synagogues, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. For all thine institutions shall be overthrown, thou and thy houses shall be scattered throughout the length and breadth of thy lands; and thou shalt henceforth live by thy labours; and thou and thy people shall worship me with one accord. For the time is at hand when, after my decrees are spread, my vengeance shall follow; and all the earth shall acknowledge my power; and my glory shall be established; and all men will then be happy. Thus saith the Lord!"

Sir—The language contained in the above important assertions is of too holy, sacred and solemn a nature to be scoffed at or treated lightly; for whatever the general opinions of the people may be, they bespeak events which will sooner or later assuredly fall upon the earth; for the people have so long suffered beneath the tyranny and oppression of their rulers, and have cried unto heaven; and, if there be any Divine Justice, the cries of the people have reached His ears who is the only wise dispenser of justice; and those who have usurped His power, and deprived the people of that which He created for them to enjoy will assuredly suffer.

Thanking you for this space, I will next week lay before your readers the second of this important series of prophecies, trusting that the perusers of your columns will receive these timely

warnings sent forth from heaven for that purpose; and with many thanks

I remain, dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

W. W.

Birmingham, July 18, 1857.

[We thank our correspondents for their untiring zeal in furnishing matter of so much interest and importance, and feel happy in giving such communications publicity.]

DIVINE REVELATIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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

a cloak of religion, yea, have burned their victims of bigotry at the stake, and, like Saul of old, have been led to believe that they were doing God service. How has all this been brought about? I answer, by ambition. Thus, the ministers or teachers of the people have no sooner rallied round them a sufficient number of the wealthy, than they have sought to become possessors of the land and the riches it produces, and to gain this object have waded through human blood and ashes. Ambition for wealth and power has caused streams of blood to flow, and the smoke of Smithfield to ascend to heaven, where their deeds of blood have been registered against them; and all this has been done in the name of him who freely sacrificed his life for all. When will the people's eyes be opened, to see that the present systems of religion are upheld by the rulers and teachers, that they may trample on their liberty and rob them of their rights which God has sent for all equally to enjoy? Look around you, and see how the laws are made to uphold them in their oppression, and spurn from you those who will tell you it is the will of God that you should be in the midst of poverty and degradation, labouring day after day to uphold in luxuries and idleness the men who are receiving forty, nay even sixty thousand pounds per year; and for what is this sum received? For nothing but because they are called bishops. Compare them with Christ and his apostles, and, if they follow out their examples, love and respect them as the ambassadors of Christ; if they do not go from house to house, teaching the people and comforting both body and mind, then treat them as you would any other of God's creatures; let them labour as you have to labour for your daily bread, for, "By their fruits shall ye know them." The apostle Paul declared, "Without works your faith is vain." He laboured with his hands lest he should be burdensome to the churches. But some may say this is uncharitable. I ask, is it charity to sit down quietly and know that thousands of your fellow countrymen are starving for the want of the common necessities of life, while there are millions, every year squandered in luxuries and extravagance, wrung from the working man, under the name of religion, and not cry out against it, and not raise your voice in behalf of the starving masses? It would be no crime for man to be rich, if his neighbour was enjoying the comforts and blessings

sent for all. But, if our neighbours are starving for want, then it is a crime to be rich. What said Christ on this subject to the rich young man? "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." But we are told he went away sorrowful, because he was rich. If the poor were raised from their poverty and enabled to get their bread by the sweat of their brow, then there would be no need for the rich to give to them. But some may ask, what has all this to do with divine revelation? It has everything to do with it. Until the last few years it has been an understood thing, that it was God's will that society should be in its present state, and even scripture has been made to sanction it in all its bearings. If we turn to American slavery, and ask why it is that it exists, they would point you to the 25th chapter of Leviticus, verses 44, 45, and 46, where God is made to sanction slavery. It positively declares that God sanctioned the Jews in buying bondmen and bondmaids from amongst the heathen that surrounded them, and that they should be the possessions of them and their children for ever. If we turn to the Mormons and condemn them for their adultery, or plurality of wives, they point us to Jacob, David, and Solomon, for sanction from the scriptures. If we are in search of truth, and go to the Romish church, they tell us of purgatory, and from which, they say, the priests, by their prayers, can deliver us out of that state. If we go to the English church, we find a mixture of the above doctrine, with one which condemns to hell for ever, for the disobeying of any of the laws of the church, many of which are too ridiculous to name. If we look around amongst all the different sects and denominations that surround us, we find they all differ, and each believes the other to be wrong. Then, I ask, in the midst of all this confusion and contradiction, all being founded on the same book, is it not necessary that divine revelation should be given to lead men in the right path? or, how is he to know which is right and which is wrong? Without revelation it is impossible. But we are told on every hand that there is sufficient to lead us right, if we will believe it; but how are we to distinguish between the right and the wrong? It is acknowledged, generally, that a fresh translation is necessary. Now, if there is any error in it, and one person interprets it one way, and another interprets it his own way, how shall we distinguish between the wrong and the right? or what guarantee have we that the original from which they translate, is not corrupt? The Romish church say they have the only original now in existence. If that be the case, what guarantee have we that their so-called original has not been corrupted? We find that in king Josiah's time only one copy was left of the ancient scriptures, how do we know that the one found was not corrupted? Thus we see the necessity of divine revelation in these our days, and especially when we consider the many revisions and translations through which it has passed, down to the present time. If it was to undergo another translation, the same as it has in America, what guarantee should we have of its being any more correct than it is now, as it most certainly would have to be done by those whose interest it is to keep it enwrapped in mystery, and thus it would be prevented from being as it originally was, so that the wayfaring man, though a

fool, need not err therein. But some would make us believe that God is so changed towards his creatures that he will not send his holy angels to unravel these mysteries and show to man the right path, as in former times, and yet they will declare that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and will declare in the words of sacred writ, "Are not all these ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them which are heirs to salvation?" Yea, they will declare that God would not reveal his will through a poor man, and that mankind have become so impure, that God has ceased to use men for such purposes. Then more shame for the pretended ministers of Christ to say so, as they have been preaching and teaching for eighteen hundred years, and are now receiving as much for teaching the people, every year, as would be sufficient to raise the poor to comparative comfort, and yet the masses are ignorant of the truths of the gospel. But we find in past days, that God did not despise the poor and despised amongst men, of the human race, but often made them instruments in spreading his will abroad, and often chose men from amongst the humblest classes to execute his will. Thus it was when Christ came to the earth. He did not go and search out for the priests and great men of the land, but chose as his followers the poor fishermen of Galilee to spread about the glad tidings, throughout the length and breadth of Judea, and went about amongst the poor and despised of God's creatures. Thus the Jews would not believe him, because he ate and drank with publicans and sinners; and who were more despised amongst the Jews than the publicans, or, more properly speaking, the tax-gatherers? If Christ had gone to the rich and great of the land, they would have believed him; but, instead of this, we find him denouncing the rich and great for their oppression and tyranny. Now, if those who pretend to teach his truths, preach not and teach not in the same way and the same doctrine, they are usurpers of the title of ambassadors of Christ. But let us return to modern prophecy, or divine revelation. And to those who are not willing to believe that God has again restored prophecy, I would refer them to the twenty-eighth and following verses of the second chapter of the prophecy by Joel, where it is declared, previous to the sign of the sun and the moon being darkened, that prophecy should be restored. For he declares that, "It shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams: your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit." Then follows a description of that day of the Lord before alluded to.

Now let the reader study well the numerous revelations received daily and hourly in America, Switzerland, France and England, yea, the greatest materialists of the present day have been convinced of a spiritual existence beyond the grave, and are receiving communications as to the great change being at hand. Even Mr. Owen, who has spent a fortune in advocating the rights of man and materialism, has been convinced, beyond all doubt, of spiritual communication, and has, like all other seekers for truth, who have examined and searched the

truths of spiritualism, been led to embrace the doctrines taught by them, and thousands are testing its truths and embracing the doctrines taught through the numerous spirit mediums. But, as it was in the days of old, men are chosen by God to make known his decrees to the inhabitants of the earth, and the medium through which divine revelation was originally given will be shown in the succeeding part of my letter. Then let us look around on every hand for truth. Let us prove all things, holding fast all that which is good, giving up the delusive doctrines of men and embracing the sacred truths of divine revelation. And, what does divine revelation in our day prove? First, that the scriptures have been corrupted by persons whose interests it were to do so. The question may arise, whose interest was it to alter the divine truths revealed for the guidance of man? Let us look into this matter for a moment, and we shall find that even in the apostles' days error had been introduced into the church, and the apostles had frequently to warn their followers to resist the delusions mixed up with truth, even in their days. Thus we find them warning the people to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the apostles, and not to heed those who, for the sake of gain or ambition, would lead them astray; yea, they even declare that, before the coming of Christ, a falling away from the truth should take place. And this every honest minded man must acknowledge to have been fulfilled. And, why has this falling away taken place? Because ambition has found its way into the midst of what is now called the Christian church. They have become worshippers of mammon, instead of worshippers of God. Their God is become so powerful, that its influence has not only reached the hearts of the people, but also the hearts and heads of the ministry; and instead of being content with that which the people would joyfully give for their support, they must be purchasers of lands and heapers up of treasures; yea, and even usurers, forgetting, or not believing, the words of the apostle James, "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped up treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." How beautifully these prophetic words of the apostle confirm the words revealed in a poem from on high, which appeared in the former pages of this Journal, commencing with these words: "The Lord hears the cries which ascend from each nation," &c. Thus, the ministers of the present day are become like Demetrius of old, the silversmith, who raised an uproar against Paul, because his craft was in danger, and will cry out against any person who is so bold as to expose their conduct. But the time is fast approaching when that Jesus whom they profess to serve, will come and reign supreme to all eternity. Then will those who have professed to serve him, be astonished to find themselves rejected, and those whom they least

thought of will be found to be accepted by him, while many who have made great professions of friendship towards him, will find themselves rejected by him, and he will declare that he never knew them. I do not wish to blame the ministers of the present day for the corrupt state of the scriptures, as it is well known that an original copy of the ancient scriptures, or the apostolic writings, has long ceased to exist, so that the scriptures which are translated out of their original tongues, cannot be right, as even they have been altered and revised, so that much of their beauty and simplicity is destroyed, and doctrines introduced which were not originally given or believed. One of the basest corruptious is the doctrine of eternal torment in hell fire, amidst the devil and his angels. Christ declared that all must suffer according to the deeds done in the body; now, how can a man suffer according to the deeds done in the body, if for one sin he is condemned to hell for ever, since to fulfil the first words he must sin for ever, or he could not suffer according to the deeds done in the body. Thus, a man must commit an eternal or unpardonable sin to merit everlasting hell fire, according to the doctrine taught. Is it right to suppose that God would send to hell for ever the millions who have never heard the name of Jesus, and therefore cannot believe on him as a sacrifice for sin? Would it be considered justice, if an earthly prince was to send out a proclamation to the people, under whose rule they were governed, and declare that all who would not obey his command should suffer imprisonment and death. In due time one of his subjects is brought before him and examined, and found to be guilty of not obeying his command. The man declares that he never saw or heard the proclamation that was sent out, therefore he could not obey his commands. But the prince in his stern determination to carry out his decrees, condemns to death the man, who, if he had heard the decree, would have obeyed its mandate. Should we not turn from such a man and despise him for

[To be continued in our next.]

To the Editor of the Community's Journal.

Sir—Allow me through the medium of your columns to address a few words to the Members of the Community of the Great Organization, as follows:—

The enrolled members are respectfully informed that since the issue of the number of this journal containing the account of receipts and expenditure of the funds contributed, that a man has been despatched to Chesterfield and Sheffield, and is now in Manchester, with a supply of books exceeding £9 in value at the published price, which he is distributing gratuitously amongst the poor in the several districts, and that, in a few weeks hence, a detailed account will appear in these columns describing all the minutes as before.

Trusting that each member will use his or her exertions to increase their numbers so as to add strength to the cause, by diffusing the truths it advocates; and feeling thankful for an opportunity of publishing these notices at intervals, with many

thanks to the Editor and kindest feelings of charity and affection to all men, we, in combination of faith in the service of God, subscribe ourselves,

J. G. H. BROWN, *Medium.*

T. P. SLEATH, *Secretary.*

In behalf of the Spiritual Circle, Walker street, Sneinton, Nottingham.

A curious but cruel fact during a period of wretchedness and starvation.—It is well known that the fireworks in Edinburgh alone, at the conclusion of the disgraceful peace, amounted in cost to £2,424, and in almost every town in the empire an aggregate proportion was so wantonly expended for similar occurrences; when at the same time it is universally known that hundreds and thousands of poor wretched creatures were at that very time perishing for want; and yet those who are possessed of wealth and affluence could squander away these enormous sums of money in idle buffoonery and pompous mockery, but would not stretch forth a hand or give a single coin to relieve suffering humanity from absolute starvation; when public facts have since demonstrated beyond all doubt that the object of this useless extravagance and spoliation was nothing more than a mere farce played off upon the incredulity of the people by the men in power, who well knew that peace under such circumstances could neither prove honorable nor lasting, and the result has shewn that neither peace, plenty, nor prosperity has shed its beneficial influence upon this land, nor in fact on Europe; for war and bloodshed has hitherto been the order of the day since that period; work scarce, wages low, and provisions high; truly we have had no great reasons for such rejoicing.

The Community's Journal;

OR,

STANDARD OF TRUTH.

Saturday, July 18, 1857.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW;

OR,

JUSTICE THWARTED.

If capital punishment is to continue to be enforced upon criminals who are convicted of murder, and the people are to believe that death is a fit and proper penalty to be inflicted, why, in the name of all that is great and good, should not strict justice be the guide of those men who are entrusted with the power of taking life by law? We are aware that justice is made the plea upon which such heinous and brutal exhibitions are enacted; though, at the same time, we are certain that justice is only

mocked or thwarted by taking life under sanction of the law. Within the last two months two striking instances have transpired, proving to the world the uncertainty and partiality of the administration of the law on capital offences. We refer to the cases of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, and Miss Smith, of Glasgow. Both these criminals were arraigned at the bar under circumstantial evidence. Palmer, for murdering with strichnine; and notwithstanding that there was no evidence of strichnine being found in the body, as proved by the most eminent chemical professors, and the other evidence only badly supported, yet Lord Campbell, in summing up, so impressed upon the minds of the jury the necessity for a conviction, that those gentlemen, notwithstanding that no strichnine was found in the body, found a verdict of wilful murder, and Palmer suffered the full penalty of the law accordingly. On glancing at the Glasgow case, we find Miss Smith indicted for wilful murder by the administration of arsenic; and medical evidence proves beyond doubt that sufficient arsenic was found in the body of the deceased to kill forty, and a number of proofs testifying to her frequently purchasing quantities of that deadly drug, with a long chain of other circumstantial evidence against her, but the judge who tried her was not what is called a hanging judge, as Lord Campbell is, therefore he, in summing up, minutely related every particle of evidence adduced in her favour, and enlarged thereon, shewing to the jury the improbability of the prisoner having any design upon his life; also describing every circumstance connected with the evidence, which tended to show that the deceased caused his own death; so that, in defiance of all the conclusive evidence against her, with the partial address of the judge, the jury found a verdict of not guilty. From these two cases it is evident, whatever may be said to the contrary, that the minds of even jurymen can, under the existing administration of the law, be prejudiced; or, if not prejudiced, at least, biased in a variety of ways. In the first place, it is generally several weeks, and sometimes months, from the time when a person is committed to the date of his trial, whether for murder or any other offence; but in

cases of murder, this delay is more injurious to the cause of justice than in any other. During the whole period which elapses between the committal and the trial, the jury are at large, and have an opportunity of hearing all the controversy of opinions, both by newspaper reports and otherwise, which in almost every instance, are prejudiced one way or the other. Thus, when the trial comes on, and the jurymen are assembled, their minds are not free to hear the evidence impartially on both sides; so that in nine cases out of ten, whichever way the current of popular feeling or opinion flows outside, the verdict of the jury is certain to follow, and the criminal is frequently sacrificed to popular prejudice, though the judge or counsel may caution the judge against it. To remedy the evil, there is only one way by which it may be accomplished, which is this. Let the law be so framed, that whenever a person's guilt is sufficiently proved before a magistrate to warrant such person being tried by a jury, twenty-four hours should not elapse before he is brought to trial, and then the jurymen should be brought from distant parts, and know nothing of the case; but try the man in exact accordance with the evidence produced on both sides, allowing no counsel or persons to give evidence who were not eye-witnesses, or who had no immediate connection with either of the parties concerned in the prosecution or defence, and then justice would have its course. The jury would hear the circumstances as they transpired without exaggeration, and their minds free from prejudice, would give their verdict accordingly. But while ever counsellors are allowed to interfere, and judges allowed to make partial or individual observations, justice will be thwarted, and the law continue an oppressive mockery and an impediment to the moral progress of the human race.

It must not be understood from these remarks that we differ with the verdict of the jury in either of the cases referred to; on the contrary we are rejoiced to find that Miss Smith is acquitted; and, though we believe that Palmer was guilty, yet we detest the horrible practice of committing murder by law, and advocate the principles that would

uproot the cause of crime, and permit justice, humanity, love, and friendship, to walk hand in hand without molestation.

JUVENILE TREACHERY OR REVENGE.

A short time since two boys, one about ten and the other not more than twelve years of age, living in a remote village in the county of Suffolk were passing a lone barn, with pigsheds attached, some distance from the village. At the end of the barn was a lofty elm tree, on which they observed a bird's nest, but they could not ascend the tree. Taking up a short plank which lay close by, they mounted the shed, and from thence on to the thatch to the roof or ridge of the barn, the plank would just reach to a branch of the tree. The eldest, being strongest, held the end upon the ridge of the barn, the youngest ventured to cross the plank and got safely to the tree, took the nest, which he exultingly exclaimed had got five young ones in. The boy on the barn said, he should have three of them, but the young one said he should keep the three for getting them, and the other might have two. But he would not agree to this, and said, if he did not let him have the three, he would leave hold of the plank. The other boy still persisted, and the mischievous and treacherous youth on the barn loosed the plank, and, in his exertion to push it off, fell himself to the ground and broke his leg; the other boy having on a brown holland pinafore tight to the neck, the wind which was brisk, filled it, buoyed him up and carried him several yards, and landed him in safety; and he carried home his evil minded companion on his back with great difficulty.

THE OUTCAST FAMILY; OR, THE VICTIMS OF TREACHERY; (Continued from our last).

(In the first line of the sixth chapter, read Mr. K. instead of Mr. H.)

No sooner had farmer C. received this information than he at once ordered his sheep to be examined; one was accordingly missing, and this fiendish specimen of an English Christian secretly exulted at the prospect of becoming the prosecutor of these unfortunate victims of his treachery. When the melancholy intelligence was communicated to Smith's wife, her agony may be better imagined than described. Poor woman, she had passed a restless night for the absence of her husband betokened to her that something had befallen him, or he would not have remained absent so long. It was nine o'clock when the news of his situation reached her, when she sunk upon her seat exclaiming, "Good heavens, what will become of me and my poor children?" and though she doubted her husband's guilt, yet she knew no mercy would be shown by farmer C., therefore her worst hopes were realized, and all energy and strength seemed to leave her, and consolation to her, offered by her neighbours, was in vain, for she feared

that, for the offence for which he was charged, her husband's life was in jeopardy; for about that period, or very recently before it, sheepstealing was a capital offence, and such crimes were expiated on the scaffold, and it was some time before the alteration of that disgraceful law was fully known in the rural districts, hence Mrs. Smith's alarm. She however awaited the result with fearful anxiety, subject to the greatest privation and wretchedness.

Leaving Mrs. Smith thus situated, we follow the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of Seargent and Smith. It was decided that they should be examined before a bench of magistrates, who would assemble at Newmarket on Saturday, being market day, and in the mean time, during Monday, farmer C. was seen riding about on horseback in different directions; first visiting the White Hart, from thence to the alehouse at Brinkley, where it will be remembered Dick had put up his pony and cart on the previous Saturday; from thence farmer C. proceeded to Newmarket, where, after leaving his horse at the inn which he usually frequented, he repaired to the house of Dick, his dastardly accomplice in this nefarious plot. No sooner were they alone together than Dick interrogated Farmer C. as to whether any one had mentioned as having seen him at B. Green, said, "It is all right, no one has mentioned your name, and you were not known at Brinkley, only to the landlord, and he will keep quiet." "Are you sure of this?" enquired Dick. "Quite sure; there is no suspicion afloat as to your object," said the farmer. "But how about K., the constable, can he be trusted?" enquired the farmer. "He knows nothing more than was necessary that he should know," said Dick, "and he has promised not to know anything which occurred before the arrest of the two men, and me fetching him for that purpose. But I will fetch him, and you can pass your own opinion." Mr. C. assented, and Dick accordingly proceeded to Mr. K., and found that the prisoners were in safe custody in the town lock-up, and shortly returned to farmer C., bringing the constable with him. As soon as he entered he said, addressing the farmer, "I suppose you are the owner of the sheep which these fellows wanted to sell this gentleman here," turning towards Dick. The farmer answered in the affirmative, adding that, "he was glad the fellows were safe, that he was satisfied they had fallen into such hands, and hoped that the law would rid the neighbourhood of their presence in future." "There is no fear of that," the constable replied, "if all Mr. J. has told me be correct, and he was not seen in their company." "That you may depend upon," said the farmer, who, feeling satisfied that he could trust to the constable's sagacity, threw down a sovereign upon the table, saying, "That will suffice for you to spend between you," meaning Dick and the constable, "until they are safely lodged in Cambridge gaol to await their trial," and telling them the necessity of keeping sober and being upon their guard, and that he, with his shepherd, would be at Newmarket in good time in the morning, he bade his confederates good night, repaired to the inn, procured his horse, and returned to B. Green.

The next day being market-day, several of the villagers repaired thither for the purpose of hearing the fate

of Smith and Seargent; and, from what had yet transpired, it was generally believed they were guilty, so conclusive did the evidence yet adduced appear.

The gate which led to the College Field, from which the sheep had been stolen, farmer C. had visited on the Sunday, with his horse and gig, and had driven it carefully two or three times upon the same track left by Dick's cart, so that this should baffle any scruples which might arise from what the prisoners might say upon the subject; and this, as will be seen, proved successful, though another difficulty arose which the plotters overlooked, and which, for a time, cast a doubt upon the genuineness of the evidence adduced, but it had no effect in the end. At eleven o'clock the magistrates assembled, four in number, and when the arrangements were concluded the prisoners were ushered in and arraigned at the bar, the charge read over, and the evidence proceeded with. Farmer C. swore to the sheep being his property, having brought the brand from which the letters W. C. B. G., impressed upon the hide of the sheep, had been taken. The next witness sworn, was a man named G., shepherd to farmer C., who swore to having seen the sheep safe in the fold in the College Field at half-past four o'clock on the Saturday night. The next witness sworn, was Dick, the butcher, who said as follows:—"As I was seated at home on Saturday night, about half-past nine o'clock, the man Smith came to my house, and as I had drank with him before in Newmarket, I asked him to sit down, but he said he could not stay, but wanted to speak with me. I asked him his errand, and when satisfied that no one else could hear him, he told me that himself and Seargent had accidentally fallen over a sheep, and as they wanted money, if I thought well to have it, it should be a bargain. But how shall I get it, I asked, and Smith said, we have got it part of the way, and if you bring your pony and cart, it can be here in less than no time.

Smith here interrupted the witness, but was ordered to be silent until asked for his defence.

Dick then said, "I at once suspected a robbery had been committed, and agreed to accompany him with my pony and cart, and accordingly proceeded at a brisk rate until Smith directed me to stop; he then entered a field, from whence Seargent and himself returned with a sheep, put it into the cart, and mounted, and I drove off at a brisk rate to my house, where, after securing the sheep and leaving them, to procure some beer, I fetched constable K., told him what had happened, and gave them into custody."

"It is all a lie," said Seargent and Smith, in a breath; "it is all false, only hear us speak, and you will know the truth," said they, in an excited manner, foaming with rage. They were, however, again ordered to be silent, and were not allowed to speak.

The constable was then sworn, and his statement merely corroborated that of Dick's, as to his having been informed that two men were at Mr. J.'s house, who had brought a sheep which they offered him for sale, and that, through the instrumentality of Mr. J., he arrested them. This concluded the evidence for the prosecution, and the prisoners were then asked whether they had anything to say in their defence, when Smith related all the

circumstances which have already been described, as to the visit of Dick to his house and to the White Hart, where they joined him; his visit to Brinkley, where he had left his horse and cart, with the other circumstances before described, which were confirmed by Seargent.

"Have you any witnesses?" enquired the chairman, and they both looked around, but saw no one who had seen them together, and then answered:

"No, your worship, but the landlord saw us together, and furnished all three of us with eating and drinking."

"Is he here?" enquired the magistrate, and the gentleman alluded to, who had come for the purpose, as he said, of watching the proceedings of so serious a case from his own village, made his way to the witness-box. He was then sworn, and asked on his oath, whether he had seen Mr. J. the butcher, at his house, in company with the prisoners, or the night in question?"—and be it to his shame—he swore positively he had not; nor could any persons be found who could swear to having seen the man J. in B. Green, for several days prior to that occasion,

The two unfortunate men being poor and without friends, could not employ counsel, and Smith's wife's evidence would not be taken; therefore, being undefended, their own assertions were useless, any further than that they were turned against them, as a plea to make their own case good, and implicate others to cover their own guilt. Therefore, the depositions were made out, the prisoners Seargent and Smith were fully committed to take their trial at the next Cambridge assizes, and the witnesses bound over to appear and prosecute, and, the same night, the two unfortunate men were conveyed to Cambridge and lodged in the county gaol to await their trial.

CHAPTER VII.

Gossip of the Village—scandal—sufferings of Mrs. Smith.

On the day upon which the examination and committal of Seargent and Smith occurred, all the inhabitants of the village of B. Green and the neighbouring hamlets were on the tiptoe of anxiety, awaiting the return of some of the persons from Newmarket, to hear the result of the magistrates' investigation. And, although the weather was extremely cold, groups of men might be seen standing at different places in the village about dinner time, discussing the circumstances connected with the sheepstealing affair of Saturday night, and various were the opinions and conjectures of the different individuals. Some who were friendly disposed, could not be prevailed upon to believe that Smith and Seargent had turned sheepstealers, although they knew they were poachers, still they contended that they always believed both Seargent and Smith to be honest in other respects; but those who expressed such opinions were considered by others who professed to be more knowing, to be fools or idiots. For, said they, they had got the sheep when taken, and the constable, and Dick too, cannot both be liars; and thus arguments and contention increased until it was time for the labourers to return to their afternoon's work. No news had yet arrived, but the general belief

was, that the prisoners were guilty, and would ultimately be hanged or transported for life; and so, amongst the men, the matter ended, until the proper news should arrive.

Poor Mrs. Smith was too ill and feeble to go to Newmarket, for she well knew that, whatever the result might be, her feelings could not withstand the shock of seeing her husband arraigned as a felon at the bar, with none but enemies around him; therefore, she wisely resolved to spare both herself and her husband the pain of an interview or meeting under such circumstances, and accordingly remained in her cottage anxiously waiting the arrival of some person who would communicate to her the fate of her husband, whatever it might be. In the course of the morning, several women with whom she was acquainted visited her, under pretence of consoling her, but, in reality, to give vent to their feelings of dislike against the two notorious poachers, and though they affected to pity the condition of Mrs. Smith, they said, "Well, it is no more than we could expect, after all, for poaching never leads to any good, there is nothing like a man who will do his regular work and let the game alone."

Mrs. Smith felt these remarks keenly, and though she was satisfied of their truth, yet she felt but ill prepared to listen to such remarks, and accordingly requested them not to taunt her, as her sufferings were sufficient and quite as much as she was able to bear, and that she would much rather, in her present state of mind, be left alone. At these words, her busy neighbours left in a huff, saying as they closed the door after them, "Well, it's no credit to visit a thief's house, and it is less to give its occupants an opportunity to order us out," and the news of Mrs. Smith's conduct, exaggerated a hundred fold, spread through the village like wildfire, and all her neighbours, through what had been said, became prejudiced against her, and did not hesitate to say that she encouraged her husband to steal. Poor woman, little did they know the true heart-felt sorrow she experienced in consequence of the degradation into which her husband had plunged himself and family. Seargent's case was otherwise, he having only two sisters living, who were grown up, and who did not take his apparent fate much to heart.

At length news arrived from Newmarket that the two men were committed for trial, and the gossips might then be seen going from house to house, as if thankful of being the bearers of some joyous intelligence; in fact, it would be difficult to conceal with what abhorrence the villagers looked upon such a crime; for sheepstealing was, in their eyes, next to murder, as, at that period, it had hitherto met with the same punishment, and they actually appeared to fear contamination by coming in contact with the house where Smith's wife and family resided.

The poor woman was now disconsolate and almost heart-broken, for the decision of the magistrates had counterbalanced every favourable opinion which had manifested itself in the minds of any of her neighbours, and they now all believed the two men guilty; for, said they, the magistrates think so, and have sent them to prison, and they know better than anybody else here.

The next day farmer C. and the clergyman, and two or three other of the parish authorities, visited Mrs. Smith, and after remonstrating some time upon the conduct of her husband with brutal harshness and sarcastic irony, they coolly informed her that the parish would only allow her eighteen pence per week for each of her two children, and she herself must go to work, "What can I do with these little children, one of which is not three years old?" "Why that we have nothing to do with," replied the overseer, "you must get your own living in the best manner you can," and they abruptly left the house. Had the other farmers known of the brutal and fiendish plot by which Smith had been entrapped, or had they understood the smile of fiendish triumph which played upon the dark features of farmer C., bad as they were, they would have spurned him from amongst them, and would not have witnessed his brutal conduct towards the poor woman without remonstrance. The winter was now severe and outdoor labour had entirely ceased, and the wants and sufferings of this poor woman and her children cannot be adequately described. Thus days and weeks passed away with now and then a day's work, which some of the farmers would find her, in assisting in the barn to untie sheaves for the thrashing machine, and for such day's work she would receive sixpence. By some means, which she herself could not explain, she managed to keep life and soul together during the winter, feeling inwardly a conviction that her husband was innocent; and hoped that the assizes would be the means of unravelling the mystery, and place the guilt on the right person; for she felt certain that the robbery was not committed at her husband's instigation.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trial—Conviction—and Sentence of Seargent and Smith.

At length the month of March arrived, and the day for opening the court of assize was appointed, and Smith and Seargent anxiously looked forward to the trial, not because they had any counsel of their own to rely upon, or any friend whom they expected would intercede in their behalf; but because they believed they would be allowed to say all they knew before the lord judge, and that the king's counsel would see justice done them; for they, poor ignorant men, believed that even their words would be taken when they told the truth, and that the king's counsel would know when they did speak the truth. Certain it is that the counsel for the crown said, that some parts of the evidence were incomplete, as will be hereafter seen. This inspired the men with hopes at the time, but whether the hopes were realised or not will shortly be shown.

The day of assize was about the middle of March—a bright, clear, cold and windy day, and about ten o'clock in the morning the bells of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, pealed forth a merry sound which notified that the lord judge had arrived within the precincts of Cambridge, and the streets might be seen crowded with persons anxious to obtain a view of his lordship's carriage as is a usual custom on such occasions. We however

will pass over further description of the procession and opening of the court, and at once conduct our readers to the trial of Seargent and Smith, which took place on the second day after the opening of the court. It was about eleven o'clock in the day, amidst a crowded court, when the two men were arraigned at the bar, and as they looked around, several familiar faces from their own village were observed. As soon as silence

To be continued.

OUR GLOOMY PROSPECTS OF THE FUTURE, OR UNIVERSAL CONVULSION.

THE long stifled voice of revolution is now breaking forth through the dark clouds of despotic tyranny, and the voice of the enslaved masses can be heard in almost every land, as they give vent to their feelings of abhorrence and disgust towards those who have long trampled upon their rights and privileges with their iron heels of oppression. And in almost every nation where monarchy exists, the greatest watchfulness and precaution has to be observed, to keep down the popular feeling in anything like subjection; and though laws of the most oppressive nature are enforced, and troops are called into requisition to compel the execution of this law, yet all force and all precaution fail in totally smothering the universal burst of indignation. In France conspiracies are rife, and arrests frequent, so that every day we expect to hear of the assassination of their despotic ruler, or that the barricades are raised, and revolution, with bloodshed, is raging. In Spain insurrection and rebellion rages with all its malignant horrors, and it is there demonstrated, by these dangerous circumstances, that monarchy has reached its climax, and the people only await a favourable opportunity to assuage their vengeance in its overthrow. Italy is likewise convulsed from end to end, and its bloodthirsty monarch with his throne and all appendages of royalty stands as it were on a volcano, which at any moment may explode and bury him with all his parasites in the deep chasm of eternal oblivion. In fact, all continental Europe is liable at any moment to ignite and participate in the one great conflagration of revolution. For its people groan beneath the chains of their despotic rulers, and Poland, Hungary, and the other states which have suffered at the hands of royal despots, will assuredly be avenged; for if we turn our eyes to the east, or to the west, or even to the north, convulsion and rebellion are manifest, and bloodshed and strife are the order of the day. In America, hostilities are raging in different

parts, and preparations for the same end are still progressing; while in Russia every exertion is being made in the war departments, both naval and military; and, in fact, that country is now engaged in active warfare against the freeborn Circassians, who are still struggling in the cause of liberty. And, can we, the people of England, look around and listen to this universal cry for liberty from the people to their tyrants, and say we are free from this convulsion and this contention? Can we say we are happy and contented, and that the voices of our oppressed neighbours crying for liberty do not alarm us? We may say so, and in many instances believe there is no cause for alarm; but, if we will calmly watch the progress in the rise and fall of nations, and study the climax this nation has reached, and consider the revolutionary convulsion which assails us on every side with their causes, and then study our internal position and condition as a nation, how we are governed, and with what oppression and cruelty we are treated, and see or hear of the thousands who are daily perishing for want, whilst royalty is revelling in the greatest luxury, which is plundered by fraud from the people, and then listen to the alarming intelligence from India, which shows that, even now, England, with all her vaunted power and skill, is now contending with revolution. For that harmless but hardy race of people have so long groaned beneath the cruel torture of their captors, until finding themselves unable any longer to bear the galling yoke of Britain, they have listened to the tuition of England's most deadly foe, until the sparks of revolution have kindled a flame which will cost England much life and much treasure to quench. But, will our rulers be enabled to quench this deadly flame; or, will their cruel tyranny ignite this terrible conflagration on her own shores? this of course cannot at present be decisively answered; but after glancing at the internal condition of almost every nation, in every quarter of the globe, we have truly cause to fear that this nation cannot escape the just vengeance of heaven. Let our readers compare the present aspects of the affairs of the nations of the earth with the language of ancient scriptural prophecy, and they will see that in the latter days signs and wonders shall manifest themselves in the heavens, and there shall be wars and rumours of wars; nation shall rise against nation, people against people, and kindred against kindred, and the whole universe shall be shaken from one end to the other. Truly the present state of the world presents an aspect which lite-

rally fulfils these sacred assertions. Can it be possible that England, that once mightiest of nations, who has raised herself above all other nations of the earth, by craft, selfish ambition, fraud, duplicity, and oppression, will escape from these approaching calamities? It is unreasonable even to anticipate such an event if tyranny be the cause for which the said calamities are sent. And when the electric shock of revolution has run its rapid progress throughout the continent, most assuredly will its shock reach these shores, and then will the great seats of earthly power be overthrown, and the people of this nation, with all other nations, will enjoy universal liberty, and the people become happy, and contented to live by honest industry.

J. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The new Commander-in-Chief for India.—Sir Collin Campbell, accompanied by several staff-officers, passed through Paris on Monday, on his way to Marseilles, where the *Vectis* is waiting to carry him to Alexandria. The general should reach Calcutta, about the 16th of next month.

Prince Napoleon in Manchester.—His Royal Highness Prince Napoleon, arrived at Manchester on Monday. The mayor, and the general commanding the forces in the northern and midland district, with his staff, welcomed the prince, who seemed much gratified with his reception.

India, Delhi.—By the latest accounts, the ancient capital, Delhi, has not yet fallen from the insurgents, though we daily expect that news, when this centre of revolt has received that blow it will annihilate the increase of revolution. Two days after the outbreak, being the 13th May, upwards of fifty Europeans, of all ages and sex, were discovered in their hiding places and massacred by the rebels. In fact, the news up to the latest date, is both melancholy and alarming; for more than twenty-eight regiments are lost to this government, much property destroyed, and the European inhabitants who are left are in continual excitement, and all hopes of tranquility appear to depend on the re-capture of Delhi. It is stated that the government troops have engaged the rebels under the walls of the town, and drove them with much loss dispirited into the town, and we are now in possession of all the heights surrounding it, and ready to commence siege operations at once, and its fall is hourly anticipated. But the same despatch states, in defiance of the assertions that the government troops have surrounded the town, that large bodies of the mutineers keep joining their confederates in Delhi. The news is strange and mysterious, but this we must expect; for warfare in all cases is always shown to the best advantage by the government, to prevent alarm; and in this instance, we are fearful that the people will never be permitted to know the full extent of the disaster con-

nected with the mutiny amongst the native troops of India, unless by private letters from friends who reside in the actual scene of the strife.

America.—Another tremendous hailstorm has visited the vicinity of Washington. The destruction of crops and trees is enormous.

The Militia.—The order for calling out the militia regiments is for the present suspended; therefore, the Nottingham, Derby, Lancashire, and Cambridgeshire, with many others, will have no training for the present, though we do not anticipate that the delay will be of long duration.

Paris.—The *Constitutionnel*, a leading French paper, expresses astonishment, and even indignation, against England, for affording an asylum to an Italian exile who, it is declared, threatens with danger every civilized nation. The *Presse* also states that several continental governments intend to profit by recent events, in demanding the expulsion from England of Mazzini and other revolutionary exiles.

THE ILL EFFECTS OF BAD EXAMPLES, OR ENCOURAGING CRIME.

[Concluded from our Last.]

go and fetch it, Father says it is too late now for young birds, for I wanted to go and look for some yesterday," said Joseph.

"It's not too late for young jays," said the other, with a crafty look, as he took hold of his companion and led him unwillingly into the wood.

"How far have we to go?" enquired the innocent boy, as if dubious of his companion's object.

"Oh, it is not far, we shall be there directly, I know the tree and can easily get up it."

They travelled in this manner about one hundred yards into the wood, far away from either sight or sound from the foot path, until the lad Joseph said he should go no farther. They had arrived at the foot of a huge oak, and a clear space was around it for some two or three yards. The leaves laid thick upon the ground and the wood was intensely thick and high on all sides, when the eldest youth, stopping short, said "We shall go no further, why can't you find it?" said the other looking somewhat frightened and disappointed.

"I don't want to find anything now," said the young ruffian, but I am going to have that money which Mr. H. gave you." As he said this, he seized upon his companion, and threw him upon the ground after a struggle; but George being strongest, overpowered his companion, and seated himself across his body. Our readers are informed that, what transpired since the time they left the farm and entered the wood was related by the boy George in his own confession. While seated across the body of little Joseph, who was crying bitterly and fighting with his hands, the other youth deliberately took his shut knife from his pocket, and was about to open it, when Joseph seized his hand, and asked through his tears what he was going to do?

"I am going to kill you," he said, with cool deliberation and stern countenance, "and cover you with these leaves, and have the money."

"Oh, pray don't kill me, George," said the weeping boy, "pray don't kill me, I will give you my shut-knife, my new cap, and my smock, and the money, and all, if you won't kill me."

"Ah, but I must kill you, or you will tell that I took the money, and I shall be sent to prison, but if I cover you and leave you here, nobody will know."

As he said this, he wrenched his hands from the grasp of Joseph, and placing his legs over his arms, with one hand upon his head, opened the knife with his teeth. But Joseph again struggled violently and screamed aloud, and his voice echoed through the wood, but the weight of the other sitting across his breast exhausted him, and he lay quite still, begging imploringly that George would not kill him. And, while yet begging, the cold-blooded young ruffian again seized him by the hair of the head with the left hand, and with a sudden jerk drew the knife across the unfortunate Joseph's throat while at full stretch through the hand pushing back the head. The knife was exceedingly sharp, and with the one peculiar drag made from right to left, the head was nearly severed. He then took the paper from the dying youth's pocket, turned his body over while yet quivering in the last agonies of death, covered over the body with boughs and dried leaves, and left his poor victim and that terrible scene of his guilt and made his way through the wood in an opposite direction, and, by a long circuit entered the village by a different route, and was at his own home before Joseph's parents anticipated their son's return. No notice was therefore taken of George, for their parents did not know they set out together. But, when the afternoon had far advanced, Mr. and Mrs. G. began to feel alarmed, and wondered as to the cause of Joseph's long absence. The widow did not interrogate her son, but when he returned he gave her half-a-crown, which he said a gentleman had given him for taking care of two horses, and his mother did not question his somewhat suspicious tale.

At length, Joseph not returning, several enquiries were set on foot, and Mrs. G. set out to farmer H.'s, whom she met, and he informed her that her boy and widow L.'s son had been to his house, and her lad had got the money and returned before dinner-time. And a man who was at plough in a field adjoining the wood, and who saw the two boys enter it, and hearing that one was missing, also informed Mr. G. that he saw them enter the wood. The widow's son was accordingly sought, found, and questioned; he at first denied ever seeing Joseph, but by this time things began to look suspicious, and the news soon spread through the village till it reached the ears of the parish constable, who arrived at G.'s cottage just as the widow's son was making his denial. On seeing the constable, his bravado forsook him and he began to cry, but still denied any knowledge of Joseph. The constable examined his clothes and found blood on his jacket sleeves, and five shillings in his pocket, when he then admitted that he did go with Joseph, and Joseph had given him part of the money to bring home, but they did not come home together. The constable however talked to him sternly, feeling convinced that something was wrong, and the guilty youth at length confessed, took the constable, with other

persons to the place where he had left the body, which was then brought home, an inquest held over it in due time, and the youth was found guilty of wilful murder, by the jury's verdict, and committed to the county gaol for trial; where, in consequence of his tender age, he was ordered to be sent to a penal settlement for life, and all the vicious habits of his mother were exposed, and she became the scoff and disgust of the village, and was treated with every species of insult by all who knew her, and no one in the village showed her compassion or sympathy, for to her, her wretched son owed his crimes and his punishment. G. shortly after died from the sudden shock, in his weak state, and Mrs. G. was still living a few years since, enjoying the sympathy and respect of all. Old widow L. was driven to misery and destitution, and having no friends to console her, she became melancholy, and at length her senses entirely left her, and, during the next few years of her existence, she was known in the village and its vicinity as Old Mad Nance.

(From a Sunday School Reward Book.)

A NEGRO'S OPINION OF A WHITE MAN'S HAPPINESS AFTER DEATH.

A planter living near Kingstone, in the island of Jamaica, West Indies, being on his deathbed, after a long illness, sent for his attorney to make his will, and after bequeathing the bulk of his property to his family, he left several small legacies to his domestics, amongst whom was an old negro called Jerry, who had been in the family for a number of years, and to whom the planter was very partial on account of his fidelity, and willed that he should be kept in the family and victual in the house while he lived, and when he died to be buried in the family grave-yard, out of respect. The planter shortly after died, the will was read over, and on coming to Jerry's legacy, he turned up his eyes, snapped his fingers, gave a long whistle, and shook his head.

"What's the matter, Jerry," enquired the persons present, "are you not satisfied?"

"O ees, massa," said Jerry, "me am satisfied, but not zactly so."

"Why? Jerry," they again enquired.

"Cos," said he, "dar am too much."

"How too much?" they again enquired eagerly.

"Why," said Jerry, "me sabba lib in de house bery good, but me no sabba de grabe yard." (Meaning that he did not mind living in the house, but did not like the idea of the grave-yard.)

"Why, would you not like to be buried by the side of your master, Jerry?" they again enquired.

"No," said Jerry, "me no sabba de grabe-yard, cos if de debil comes for massa, in de dark, he might mistake and take poor Jerry, and Jerry no like to go wid him dar."

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