



"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

No. 10, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

TO OUR READERS.

The friends of truth and progress can aid the *Two Worlds* in three ways, First by circulating our window bills, prospectus, and small hand-bills among Booksellers, News Agents, and in letters, &c., to their own private friends.—Secondly, by sending us their business advertisements, and those of their friends; and thirdly, by procuring for us a *good list* of Subscribers for the first quarter, to aid them in obtaining which, blank forms may be had of W. HORSELL, 13, Paternoster Row, London, *post free*. By remitting, in advance, parcels will be sent as under:—

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THE "TWO WORLDS" LIVES!

THE TWO WORLDS is now fairly before its readers, and a small portion of the public. We have heard only favourable expressions of opinion, as to its merits, and several friends have exerted themselves nobly to get up our present circulation, but as we cannot afford to give eight pages of matter with a circulation of less than five thousand, we have reduced the size. Should the circulation increase sufficiently to justify, at the end of the quarter, we shall be happy to return to the original size. We thank our friends for their opinions and suggestions, and have formed our plans and arrangements in accordance therewith.

HEALTH IN THE COUNTRY.

How common it is among all classes of learned and unlearned people residing in the country to declaim against the healthfulness of city life! They talk, with a full degree of truthfulness, about the puny, white-livered dandies, and debilitated, ease-loving ladies, who form the *elite* of city society. Some, considering themselves "posted" in Physiology, having read Combe's or Comstock's brief treatise on that important subject, will discourse at length on the vitiated condition of the atmosphere, the many poisonous agents destructive to human life and happiness which must be generated from the secreted piles of filth and other forms of uncleanness arising from the compactness of human dwellings, and the consequent exclusion of nature's life-giving element, light. They will demonstrate to you, with logical clearness, the great superiority of country over city life to promote and insure longevity. They reason in this wise: "In the country, man has the opportunity of communing directly with his Maker. He can breathe the pure ethereal element *first-handed*—fresh from the organizing forces of the vegetable kingdom. The gentle day-breezes afford him a constant change and supply of air. Our homes are always open to the free diffusion of God's glorious sunlight. Those who are healthy and those who are diseased can take invigorating exercise in the majestic temple of nature. The health-seeking part of our people can walk the green and growing fields, or promenade the grassy lawn; can sit and rest their aching bones under the shadows of evergreens, or roam the shaded forests, and gather wild-flowers fragrant with life and beauty. They can ramble over hill-tops and climb upon rocky cliffs, or descend into deep ravines, where nature can be seen and studied in her most uncultivated state. Here they can recline on some moss-covered rock, and if they have any love of God and the sublime in their souls, be richly entertained by the melody of the feathered songsters, and the musical murmur of that sparkling beverage, as it rolls along through its rough and rocky path on its mission to the fertile valleys and plains beyond. In brief, the country affords every facility (especially in the milder seasons) for maintaining health, and restoring the invalid to his or her primitive condition." Every thinking mind is ready to acknowledge the facts in the foregoing; but, while we admit the justice of the claims of

the country to superiority in point of healthfulness, we are led to wonder why this evident superiority is not practically realized by the *people* of the country. That it is not, we presume, no intelligent physician of extensive observation will deny. The people of the rural districts are kept profoundly ignorant of the fundamental laws of life, and, as a natural consequence, they are cursed with vicious habits, which bring upon them forms of *chronic* diseases innumerable. There is nearly, if not quite, as much disease prevailing in the country as there is in the cities. It is true the diseases which most abound in the former are unlike those in the latter; but "remedial effort" is constantly being manifested in some form among our rural inhabitants. The most common afflictions which an observer meets in the country are *malignant colds*, producing divers manifestations, such as running at the ears, eyes, nose, foul expectoration from the lungs, &c. *Rheumatic* complaints prevail extensively; also *salt-rheum*, *jaundice*, *erysipelas*, *irritant ulcers*, *fevers* of different *types*, obstinate constipation. The women, generally, are troubled with diseases peculiar to their sex. Those who have not the *dyspepsia* have their *nutritive system* developed to such an extent as not to be superior in strengths to the *herbivora*. *Such are seldom, if ever, afflicted with "brain-fever."* The causes of these ever-present maladies the intelligent hygienist fully understands. That they are not to be found in the climate is obvious, from the fact that they can be traced directly back to the dietetical and other habits of the people. Let him who doubts the truth of this statement consider *how they eat and what they eat*. Their bread is made mostly of fine bolted flour; such an article as unleavened bread, to the most of them, is a great curiosity. Swine's flesh, a year old or more, is used extensively. Sweet-cake, into which butter and eggs enter largely, and richly-spiced pies, the crust of which is made of fine flour, compounded with "hog's grease," are among the common dainties. Most of their food—flesh not excepted—must be highly salted and peppered, and thickly spread with butter (sweet or rancid), before it can be admitted into the alimentary canal. They eat without system or regularity, and usually in "hot haste." Hot tea and clarified coffee are the common table beverages. There is scarcely an article of food taken fresh from the vegetable kingdom and eaten in its natural simplicity. Then, when we take into account the habits of dress, irregularity of exercise, and almost universal neglect of healthful bathing, we no longer wonder why the people of the rural districts are not as healthy and happy as it is their sacred privilege to be. Upon no other subject are the people so manifestly ignorant as they are upon the subject of health, and the best means of maintaining it. Said a friend to us, one day—a learned Dr. of an Allopathic school—after admitting the soundness of our logic in regard to the Hygienic system of medicine: "You can never practise your system successfully, because the people are *ignoramuses* in respect to the laws of life." Our brief reply was: "The *true* physician is not only a *curator*, but also an *educator*, of the people. If we are successful as educators—which you or any other opponent will not presume to question—then, according to admitted principles, we do away with the need of curators, and our success is perfectly triumphant." Health reformers have, truly, a great work to do. It rolls up with increased magnitude before the perceptive eye of the young hygienist, when he first leaves the college halls, and goes forth to mingle with the people, and become acquainted with their actual condition. "The work is great, but the labourers are few." How earnestly he would pray, if prayers would be of any avail, that there might be more labourers sent into the field to labour for the dissemination of *first principles* upon all subjects connected with the happiness and well-being of mankind! The demands of the age in this respect are too obvious to require further comment at this time.

D. A. G.

LIFE AND ITS OBJECTS.

In a certain ancient Book, perhaps more revered than perused, and as one of the earliest records of that book, we read that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Brief and grand as is this record of man's creation, and lofty as it is in regard to his origin, of the truth that "man became a *living soul*" we need no divine attestation. Yet, because of the *fact*, the record is beautiful; and notwithstanding the philosophy, so called, of those who have endeavoured to disprove the existence of material nature, and of man even, the world will never be persuaded that life is not a reality; and when the very memory of this false philosophy has perished, still will stand the inspired and inspiring record, "Man became a living soul." We live. We are conscious of the fact. Our existence is self-evident—it needs no proof—accepts none. We are not mere masses of matter; much less are we non-entities. We move, think, speak, act, at pleasure. And if that disordered brain in which originated the idea—if indeed as an idea proper it existed—that life is yet less than a dream, an illusion only, we, who know that we live, can form no conception. For the very fact of deception presupposes a being to be deceived. Hence, for man to be deceived as to his own existence—that is, for a man to believe that he lives, when in reality he does not live, is simply an absurdity; because it presupposes that man really does exist, in order only to know that he does exist. And so, by the very strongest argument of those idle dreamers themselves, their philosophy is overthrown, and their empty dreams vanish before the light of reality, as the morning mists before the rising sun—leaving upon nature's broad banner the bright inscription—"Life is real! Life is earnest!" But not only is life not a dream, a reality—it *means* something. It is full of high and holy significance; and well has the poet said, "It is not all of life to live." The fact of our being is not of itself enough to satisfy our desire of life. Why this longing after something better—these continual aspirations after something higher? Amid the stern duties and solemn realities of life, it may be well to pause and ask ourselves, *why do we live?* The very fact of our *being* here is an evidence that we have something to *do*. What is it? We were not made in vain. "God saw *everything* that he had made: and behold it was very good." And on man he pronounced a special blessing. Life has its *objects*. What is the object of ours? Our pursuits are various. Many, very many, are the lawful and honourable callings of man. To point out, then, a particular pursuit for any is not our present object. Each has his own peculiar tastes and talents, which, with energy, will urge him on to usefulness, and secure for him respect and honour. But some things we have "in common." Life is ours—and a desire to make the most of it. As accountable beings, what are we making of ours! Are we *using* it for good and noble purposes, or are we squandering it to no purpose? Let us think. Life has its *pleasures*, its *hopes*, and its *blessings*, as well as its fears, its disappointments, and its vexations. It is man's chief good, and he clings to it as such. The loss of life is man's greatest deprivation; hence man will prefer any other suffering. The hope of life gone, all earthly hope is gone. "To be or not to be, that's the question." Death, in its full significance, is fearful even to the good man. Who would go "down to the pit" as one who has no hope? The desire to live burns the brightest and the strongest of the desires of the human soul; and around it twine the tendrils of the heart with a tenacity unmatched. Hence, life is held out as the greatest inducement to holiness. "So shall thy days be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "Because I live ye shall live also." "I am the way, and the truth, and the *life*." I. J. S.



NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Louis Napoleon has been busily engaged this week digging a grave for the empire. Count Montalembert has been arraigned before no first or secondary Court, but before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, as if he had been some base and ignoble citizen, whose character, position, destiny might be left in the hands of a petty judge, without the presence of a jury of his countrymen! He has of course been condemned—to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 3000 francs. The sympathies which are still cherished by noble Frenchmen, which Napoleonic despotism has been unable to extinguish, will go down with him to his prison cell, and sustain him in the bitter hours and days which are to be measured out to the martyr to free thought. Nor will the British people fail to do what they can to soothe his spirit; for sympathy with them and their institutions, does he suffer. How this is to strengthen the alliance between Great Britain and the Imperial ruler of France, we must afterwards inquire. This, however, is plain: a few more such displays on the part of the despot will set the imperial throne a-rocking.—St. Paul's Cathedral was opened for evening services on Sunday.—The telegraph between the Dardanelles, Syria, and Chio, has been successfully laid, but that between Candia and Egypt has been broken.—A Temperance Conference was held on Monday, at Westminster, to obtain an earlier closing of public-houses on Saturdays.—The Liberal party in Prussia has achieved an overwhelming triumph; out of 350 members composing the Legislative Chamber of Berlin, not more than 60 or 70 Conservatives have been returned at the general elections just terminated.—The Spiritualists contemplate petitioning the Massachusetts Legislature for a grant of from 3,000 to 7,000 dollars, to enable them to "employ scientific men to enquire into the mysteries of Spiritualism."—There has been an alarming gas explosion at Gateshead, three persons being severely burnt.—Barnum lectured at Greenwich, on Monday, on the "Art of Money Getting."—Sir William Don has been acting at the Haymarket.—The thirteenth season of the Amateur Musical Society has commenced.—Another fatal poaching affray took place on Sunday, at Dodington.

Our Letter Box.

SPIRITUALIST CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—Nov. 6, Present this evening with me a gentleman, Mr. C., who cultivates the Muses, Mrs. Marshall and niece the mediums. A spirit, who announced himself as "Byron," made his presence felt by the touch to Mr. C. Representing to "Byron" that the artist was allied to the poet, in some measure, I requested to be made to feel his presence in the same manner. This he did in several ways. It appeared as though he drew his fingers across mine; my toes were filled, my legs rubbed and my trousers pulled. It being intimated by the raps, that a deceased son was present, as a test I requested he would inform me what had been done with his body after his decease? The answer was—Opened. My son had died of a complication of disorders, and I had, consented, in the interest of science, to a *post mortem* examination. This happened years ago, and was unknown to the mediums and the gentlemen present. The spirit, purporting to be my son, touched me apparently with the fingers first on one knee then on the other, patted me on the instep, pressed my corrus, and then rubbed them as if soothingly, and pulled down the bottom of my trousers. I had, through the table-telegraph, a conversation with this spirit. With respect to the "spheres," he said that every planet had its own spiritual spheres, and that the solar system revolved round a central sun. On this evening "Weber" manifested himself as usual, as did other spirits, each according to his own characteristic method.—Nov. 11. Present with us this evening Mr., Mrs., and Miss C.; Mr. S., Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, and your occasional correspondent, (I wish he were a more frequent one.) H. B. Having been promised, on a previous sitting, the presence of another departed son, Joseph, upon my asking for him, I was answered by three double raps. As a test I asked him to tell me of what he had died. To my astonishment the word "poison" was spelt out. I asked "Do you mean to say that your death was caused by the overdose of medicine?" He had had prescribed for his disorder Ipecacuanha and dilute Prussic Acid. "Yes," was the reply. "Were you not in the last stage of consumption as stated at the inquest?" "No." "Have you anything to communicate?" "There are two Josephs rapping." The double raps were now explained. The second Joseph stated by the alphabet that he was related to Mrs. Marshall, and he also had died from an overdose of medicine, and, singular to say, at the same age as that of my own son. I learned that all my deceased children were present—two sons and a daughter. They patted my feet and legs, and pulled my trousers, the girl's touch being as characteristic of her age and sex as were those of the boys. Mr. C. was touched repeatedly. Miss C. made marks on paper, and corresponding raps were given, and the table appeared to dance to a tune which she hummed. The rapping on the floor was so continuous as to make my head ache. Mr. S.'s handkerchief was tied in a knot. "Weber" played on the table in his usual extraordinary way, imitating now and then the humming of a bee. I have received the following letter from a gentleman, a foreigner, to whom I had introduced the subject.—H. WHITAKER, 31, Newman-street. "It was with much pleasure I assisted at the experiments on Spiritualism at your house on Sunday evening. What I, with others, witnessed, has not left a shadow of doubt on my mind. You will remember that, during the conversation we had, I told you of having spoken of the subject at the commercial table of the hotel in Brighton I stay at; and that I

had been much ridiculed for my credulity. On my return here yesterday evening, I entered the commercial room of the Star and Garter Hotel, and some of the gentlemen revived the past conversation on spiritualism. I was asked if I could produce the rappings; I said I believed that I was a medium for them, and was willing to try, provided they were quiet and respectful. We all, except one, sat round the table, seven of us. The first 'ticks' were suspected to be from pressure on the table, this not being firm on its pillar. Then some of them tilted the table with their feet. But to convince those who were disposed to enquire, it was agreed that all should sit away from the table except myself. I now asked, 'Is a spirit present?' The response to this was three loud raps in the floor. On it being asked, the table moved up from the floor—the knocks were repeated again and again, even in the corner of the room, far from the table, as at your house on Sunday evening. The seven gentlemen present are now believers. I could not but thank the kind spirit who thus came to help me and verify my word. I give you this with permission to make it known in any paper you please. I hope to see you soon. Yours friendly, L. BERNARD, Brighton."

SIR,—Is it a singular coincidence, or what? On Monday evening, Nov. 1st, calling upon some friends who were recreating themselves with the spirit phenomena, the name of Robert Owen was casually mentioned, and having heard he was ill, we asked, by placing the hands on the table, if the spirit, being then present, knew of the illness of Mr. Owen. The answer was "Yes!" We then proceeded,—Is he likely to last long? "No!" A twelvemonth, perhaps? "No!" Two months? "No!" A month? "No!" A week? "Yes!" Two weeks? "Yes!" Three weeks? "No!" Do you know this for a truth? "Yes!" A week passed on; we met again. "Ah," said a friend, who had been present before, "they said Mr. Owen would not last three weeks; I hear he's better. How can the spirits tell any more than we?" I said, "Perhaps they may have given it as a matter of opinion, that he would not last three weeks; but any way, I'm glad he's better." I thought no more of it, than as one of the peculiarities of the phenomena, until Thursday, 18th Nov., when I saw an account in the papers of his departure, and felt struck with the singularity of the fact, that he should just have lasted between the two and three weeks. Now, was this merely a coincidence, or was it a matter of knowledge on the part of some spiritual being?—S. W., 101, High-street, Hoxton, Nov. 22, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I took down the following, as spoken by or through a lady, when in that state of insensibility called "Trance." "When the mind and spirit of a good man is released from its rudimental, or human body, it is then born anew. Death is but the birth of that spirit from a lower into a higher state! An inferior body, and an inferior mode of existence, are both exchanged for a superior body, and its corresponding endowments, and capabilities of happiness." In this extract, there are several peculiarities, which may serve as food for thought to any who will take the trouble to think:—1st, The lady was perfectly insensible whilst this was spoken, and neither premeditated nor remembered it. 2nd, No visible person was acting magnetically upon her. 3rd, The ideas and language uttered through her, as is always the case when she is in this unconscious state of 'trance, are different from, and superior to her own ideas and language, when in her normal state. 4th, When in this state of extasis, or entrancement, the language spoken is always in the name, and sometimes with the manner and peculiarities, of those who have past their earth-life, and whom we have known in the flesh. 5th, Can we account for these phenomena otherwise than by simply acknowledging them as exhibiting one mode of spirit-existence, manifesting themselves through a medium, to those whom it has left in the flesh?—S. W., 101, High-street, Hoxton, Nov. 23, 1858.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—I feel a grateful heart at having been led to appreciate an article in Benjamin Franklin's works, entitled "A plea for the left hand." I've stood on the spot, in Market-street, Philadelphia, where he landed friendless; and I have stood beside his grave, with that of Deborah, his wife, in the said city; and I feel that the spirit of the worthy printer and ambassador often visits his brethren on earth, in the new and old world. His brain was a powerful one, but far short of the martyrs'. How many sorts of brains exist? The more we think of the Founder of Christianity, the more do we find beauties in his character. That he should have been perfect 1858 years ago, astonishes us the more! He worked physically hard before attacking the vice of the teachers of the day. I feel that my teachers in youth were lax, and consequently careless of my lot—"Trust to Providence," says one, as he sips his glass of gin and water, poisoning his body at the same time by the smoke of tobacco. I say, that is trusting to an evil phantom. I wish to avoid all evil company. Such want your money and life. If a man, who writes or draws much, get weary, let him try his left hand for private notes, and such script as others are not required to read. For lithographic purposes, back-handed writing is very useful; and I never will believe that the art of drawing, or figure painting, can be fully perfected till a person try certain strokes with both hands. I am amazed at the progress I have made with the left hand in sketching simple profiles. It enables one to draw and keep the sketch or painting right before one. My motto is, "Do as much as you can in all things yourself." I never could get artists to carry out my sketches of phrenological heads; so I was driven to do them myself, and

all are invited to inspect my rough sketches on the ambidextrous principle. Fresh ideas flow, if we put the left handed servant to relieve the right. My next MS. shall be in left hand, as your printer composes his type back handed, or from right to left. Writing and drawing are physical operations, as well as mental, and the left hand should have the tendons and nerves strained and exercised, as well as its brother the right hand. In conclusion, I intend to practise left hand in using a hammer, or a geological tour to inspect stones, ores, &c. Chemistry and geology are studies that I feel have been sadly neglected; and many neglect going to the Geological Museum, in Jermyn-street, (open all week-days except Friday.) Oh! that people would fly to science-halls, instead of gin-palaces! A Maine Law is wanted. Alcohol is a deadener, instead of a warmer. Success to the Two Worlds.—Yours, C. M. DICK, 52, Poland Street, W.

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

BY JACOB DIXON, ESQ., L.S.A.

XXV.—HOMŒOPATHY—"SO ABSURD."

WHEN the Old School goes to work with a medicine, it gives a dose that shall "do something," and the patient knows it. Suppose sulphur—ten grains to thirty is the dose, once or twice a day; when an allopath hears of a Homœopath giving one drop doses of a sulphurised alcohol, he shouts, "Absurd!"—"My friend, you know what a loadstone is, and what a piece of steel is; you know that by treating the steel in a certain way with the loadstone, you induce its property of magnetic polarity into the steel. Is there any thing absurd about this turning of a steel bar into a magnet?" "Oh that's nothing to do with giving alcohol agitated with a sulphur powder as medicine." "Stop a minute; one may explain the other; let us enquire. You know by experiment whether you have induced the loadstone's property into the steel; and by experiment you may know that the sulphur property may be induced into alcohol; try it, you will find that alcohol so charged with the property of sulphur, will produce all the effects of sulphur, in causing certain symptoms to appear, and (if present from other causes) to disappear, just as the magnetised steel bar will behave exactly as the magnetic stone itself. The comparison is more conclusive when you find that there is no more loss of quantity by the sulphur to the alcohol, than there is by the loadstone to the iron. You may magnetise a hundred weight of steel bars with the loadstone, and they will be none the heavier; and you may sulphurise quantity after quantity of alcohol with the same sulphur, without its losing weight. But although neither steel nor alcohol gain in quantity, they acquire a new quality. To further establish the comparison:—with one magnetised steel bar, you may magnetise another, with that another, with that another, and so on; and precisely so can you proceed with sulphurised alcohol, with this you can sulphurise another portion, and so on, without limitation. The proof in either case is in their effects. Try it, and you will not repeat the cuckoo note,—"So Absurd."

XXVI.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS TRITURATIONS.

HAHNEMANN, in his practice, aimed solely to induce the disordered organism of the patient to return to order; in realising this aim he did not compute his doses by the commercial pound and its parts, he took the smallest weight, and that only as furnishing the smallest medium of proportion, proposing to divide it into 100ths. The pound weight and its ponderable parts, ounces, drams and scruples, are quite in harmony with allopathic practice, which looks at the material of the organisation, and the matter of drugs; but Homœopathy, viewing the human organism as affected dynamically by the spiritual element of drugs, necessarily regards their ponderable element only as a vehicle of the impalpable resident in it. In proceeding to divide the grain weight of a drug, Hahnemann mixed it with ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk, which has no medicinal quality, and triturated, or rubbed them together in a mortar, for an hour, carefully and laboriously, to ensure perfect mixture. (See Tract No. xvii.) Finding this first mixture approach too nearly the gross drug in its effects, he triturated one grain of it with another ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk, with the same labour, to ensure the minutest division of particles. To obtain a medicine, however, of sufficient Homœopathic delicacy for some cases, he found that he had to continue such triturations in proportions quite infinitesimal in relation to the original grain. Hence the rational deduction, that a trituration is simply an inactive material, charged with the active special property of a drug—as a magnet is a piece of steel charged with the property of the loadstone. The labour of preparing these triturations is great; and to save it machines have been invented; but triturations made by them were, on trial, found to be comparatively inert. Thus, for the induction of the spiritual property of the drug into the material, the *living hand* is required to make effective every trituration.

The Crinolines and Ladies' Gown-trains of the Present Day, and the Fashion of the Dresses in the Reign of King Henry II., may bear comparison.—This time (saith Stow) was used exceeding pride in garments, gowns with the deepe and broad sleeves, commonly called poke sleeves; the servants ware them as well as their masters—which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they stole they hid in their sleeves, whereof some hung down to the feet, and at least to the knees, full of cuts and jugges, whereupon were made these verses:—

"Now hath this land little neede of broomes
to sweepe away the filth out of the street;
sen side sleeves of penniless grooms
will it up like be it dry or weete.
O England! stand upright on thy feete;
so foule a waste in so simple a degree
Banish, or it shall sore repent thee."

T. HOEGLIN.

Hoecline was one of the minor poets in the reign of Henry IV., only known from quotations now and then found in old manuscripts of that time, being nearly sixty years before the discovery of printing, which was in 1459.—*City Press.*

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS; OR, Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXII.

TINY RELEASED FROM PRISON.—THE WORKHOUSE.

"I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me kind providence, virtue and health,
Then, richer than kings, and happy as they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away."
MRS. HANNAH MORE.

AFTER the affair had gone the round of the public papers, and was supposed to have blown over in the prison, Tiny was subjected to many a cuff from the turnkey, and if he murmured, a repetition of it, and in addition, a day's solitary confinement, and to prevent any attempt of a similar kind to escape, iron bars were placed across all shaft-holes in an exposed position, throughout the prison. As Tiny's time approached its termination, his resolves to become a sailor were strengthened; he knew how to try for it, but his chances of obtaining a berth were scanty and cheerless, considering the destitute and forlorn figure he would cut on his release.

Poor Tiny stepped from his prison-house, and was deliberating which way he should wander, when—as mentioned in our opening chapter—he was recosted by his stepmother! The reader was present at the scene outside the Prison-gate, and at succeeding ones. We invite further mental companionship in pursuing our tale.

Indulgent reader, we trust that you believe, that for the security of future generations, much depends upon that gentle creature, Woman? and that with us you agree that she must be educated, so as to fulfil that important position in the scale of creation for which she was designed, and that her moral and religious sentiments must be stimulated, and then, as wives and mothers, and not fill them, will they become really the help-meet, for which God created and intended them. It is woman, who by her unremitting solicitude, religious love, and natural affection, that could control the harsher nature of man, and by her teaching and training lift him above indulgence in mean and sensual enjoyments.

About the middle of the month of January, 1831, Tiny Baxter and Thomas Watson were called by name at the gate of the yard. Tiny burst into tears; he did not know what to do, nor where to go; but Watson's face was clothed in smiles; he had a comfortable home to go to, and a mother who, as we have remarked, indulged him in every whim and caprice, whose soul was barren of acquaintance with heavenly counsels, and which in christian mothers form the golden links which connect, and are the bulwarks of morality and religion; but she, poor woman, was without either the knowledge or the will to apply any corrective principle, and continued to wink at her son's delinquencies.

The poor lunatic, John, and the downcast Tiny, wet through and with chattering teeth, were conducted to the other side of the building; John was handed over to Old Able, a thin visaged old fellow, who was dressed in a suit of livery much too big for him. Grotesque indeed were the dresses put upon the men in this place. The authorities contracted with Jews and others for supplies of left-off liveries, that had been worn by gentlemen's servants, from the valet down to the groom in the stables, and it was common to see a pauper wearing a pair of red-plush breeches of large dimensions, a blue vest of the same material, and a white cloth coat, each having been worn by different individuals of various sizes, and in different families. Tiny was safely delivered into the care of Soper, a man whose reason was on the wane, and who experienced some difficulty in divesting Tiny of his wet garments—they clung so close to him, when, however, he was stripped, the man tumbled him into a warm bath, which had the effect of making his stiffened limbs supple. In half-an-hour Tiny found himself enveloped in a man's shirt and trowsers, and an old flannel jacket, for old Soper said, "That if them other things was dry, he feared that the poor little boy wouldn't find his way into them; they were so very much tored." Tiny sat on an old garden pot in front of the copper-fire, and drank a pint of hot gruel, and ate a lump of bread, much to the satisfaction of himself, and Soper too.

Every office in this establishment under the master and matron was held by an inmate appointed to it on account of some qualification—he or she was supposed to have. Adams, of whom the gate-keeper spoke, was a worn-out old sailor; this man, conjointly with another, named Dale, had the oversight of about one hundred and fifty; of these some worked at feather picking, some at bristle sorting, others at cotton winding, some few at hook and eye making, and the remainder went out to work at a cotton factory in the Hampstead-road, each class under separate masters; each master being noted for the cruelty with which he would inflict punishment with cane or strap. Old Dale's favourite spot for flogging children was on the ear; or, as they sat at feather picking, he would walk behind them, and cut them violently, nay fiercely, over the least "sun-burnt part of the body;" but old Adams would flourish his cane like a cat-o-nine-tails, taking care that the blows fell everywhere but on the face. Soper now conducted Tiny across a yard, up a long passage, then up a flight of stairs, and entered a long room, in which were three rows of beds; on a table was a lamp burning, at its side lay a cane, and on a bed near the table lay Adams.

"Adams," shouted Soper.
"Now, then," was the answer.
"I've brought another young un for yer."
"Well, I aint got no room for him; they've stuck six in some beds now," replied Adams.
"Well, yer must stick him somewhere, yer know; he aint a very big un."
Adams sat up in his bed, and trimmed his lamp.
"Bring him here, Soper," said he, "lets look at him; ah, you've been in the Steel (Prison) aint yer," said he, handling Tiny rather roughly.
"Yes, sir," said Tiny.
"Ha, I knowed yer had; you've got the county crop; (close cut hair;) come none o' yer games here, my lad, or you'll have it board slip fashion. Pretty lousey, I s'pose, Soper?" asked Adams.
"No, only wot and maddy; I put him in the bath," replied Soper.
"Well, he's a queer looking feller, anyhow," said Adams, "but I'll take it out on him."
Soper grinned, and Tiny felt frightened.

"Stick him in that big bed, there, where we puts the fresh uns; I'll overhaul the gentleman to-morrow," said Adams. This being done, Adams enveloped himself in more than his share of blankets, and Soper took his departure.

Tiny was stuck in a bed with five other boys, but these had appropriated the bed-clothes, and Tiny had to lay with bare knees, but being tired and weary he soon fell asleep. How long he had been so he could not tell, but he was suddenly awoke by a hard smack on the cheek, and as he sat bolt upright in the bed, he received a blow on the other. "I'll make yer jaws rattle like a sack of pattern rings, I will, yer hound," said Adams, who stood there in his shirt, "snore—snore—snore," and a blow from the cane accompanied each word, "take that handkerchief off your neck too; none of your nonsense here," and Adams walked away using curses that must not be recorded here.

Tiny was still half asleep, and, moreover, half-stunned. Angry, and agonizing passions swelled his breast, and jumping out of bed, he sought for some way of retaliation. At the side of his bed was a gallon water-can; this he took up, and hurled with all his strength at the head of the man who had so cowardly and cruelly used him. Adams did not see the missile as it winged its way toward him, and was in the act of turning his head to follow up his abusive language, when the can, with a dull sound, struck him over the right ear, and he fell to the ground like one suddenly shot. The noise had awakened most of the boys, and it required no great powers of discrimination to understand that the boys only wanted a leading spirit to bring them out into open mutiny. The man "Dale" jumped out of bed, in a blustering way, to quell the noise, and to help his fellow brute, and a boy with a crutch in his hand dealt Dale such a blow with it that Dale felt the need of both his hands to hold his head, whilst shoes, directed with unerring aim, fell about his head and shoulders, thick and fast, and shouts and shrieks of "Bravo, young un," converted the but five minutes previously quiet bed room into quite a "Babel." Half-dressed men ran in from the neighbouring bed-rooms, and one went and awoke the Master with the dreadful news, that the boys had rebelled, and had murdered "Adams and Dale." The Master came, and looked into the particulars. Adams had a cut which bled rather freely, and Dale had had a bump on his head that had cooled his courage. The Master caved all the ringleaders—a punishment that was submitted to very graciously, whilst poor, unfortunate Tiny was taken off by two strong men and put into the Blackhole for the night. The Blackhole though dark, was quiet, and there was a straw bed, and plenty of bed-clothes to cover him, among which Tiny tumbled, and slept sound till the morning. Tiny's fame for courage had become pretty generally circulated by breakfast time the following morning, and by the time he had partaken of his allowance of porridge and bread he had effected as firm a friendship with many of them as, under ordinary circumstances, he could have secured in a month.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORKHOUSE DOINGS—TINY GOES INTO BUSINESS.

"The well-taught philosophic mind,
To all compassion give;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives."
Mrs. Barbauld.

SOME three or four months had now passed away, during which time, Tiny and his associates had, in turn, "pitched into," and beaten no less than four of those cruel "gov'ners," and threatened to oblige the fifth, but who, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, became very friendly; indeed, ultimately, Tiny became something of a favourite with the very fellows he had helped to beat; but not before he had tried his hand at the several employments carried on in that place. Tiny soon became very expert at "cotton winding," and on this account, was engaged with forty other boys to go out daily to work in a "cotton factory," in the Hampstead-road, and where, being only a "workhouse boy," sundry "kicks" and "cuffs," were administered by overlookers, who had a notion that in pursuing such a course they could facilitate the progress of the work. Perhaps we need not inform the judicious reader, that such a practice proved abortive.

Twelve months had passed away, and Tiny had had three, several situations as a "piece boy," and in turn worked at a cotton factory, comb making, and gardening, from each of which he had a good character for industry.

About this time, Tiny's stepmother was installed as "boys' nurse," and we have heard that the clanking of chains worn by a lunatic will tend to call around him his fellow-madmen to join in his sports. Tiny's stepmother loved intoxicating drinks; and many were the drunken orgies carried on by her and the five child-flogging worthies after the boys had retired to rest. Their monthly wages, which were liberal, supported this vice; and one end of the boys' hall, was made as comfortable as the nurses' extra allowance of tea and sugar, bread and butter, and an unlimited quantity of coals and candles could make it. Add this to the fact, that on visiting days, no few shillings were put in her palm by friends and parents of children, in hope that "nurse" would behave extra well to their respective children or proteges. She discharged these, and all other duties, to the satisfaction of those who fed, and of those who employed; whilst poor John Betneys walked from morning till night up and down the long yard, in a path worn by his own untired feet, neither speaking to, nor noticing words addressed to him by any one, his wife but seldom noticing him, or calling him by name, to use her own words, "his conduct toward her, and her unutterable sufferings, made her feel that she hated him."

John Betneys was at length removed to Bethnal Green Lunatic Asylum, and Tiny has often heard by his bed side in that asylum, his heart seared with hearing the yells and screams of the suffering maniac and with the terrible sight of his convulsive writhings when strapped down on his iron bedstead, and Tiny's were the only human eyes that watched the breath depart from that body, and were still watching the subsiding of its convulsive throes, when the keeper came into that desolate-looking room, and told him he'd "better cut home now."

Tiny "cut home" with the news, and his stepmother said "thank God, it's a good job," and in accordance with the pledge she made on hearing the news, had a thorough "jollification with her mates on the strength of it."

A few months later, and Tiny sat beside the convulsed and lunatic form of his stepmother, in one of the workhouse wards. She would occasionally rally, and in one of those semi-sane hours she patted him on the head and told the tale to the women near her how, when John's body was

brought home from the madhouse in a cart, that old Hunter, the undertaker, and his three men were so drunk, that when they were lifting the shell out of the cart the body rolled out of it on to the pavement, and that Tiny was so vexed about it that he sprang upon old Hunter like a little tiger, blacked his eye, and made his nose bleed, and with the help of his companions severely beat the whole of the drunken men with fists, sticks, and stones. Poor Tiny, he saw that sufferer die, too, in fearful ravings. But we must draw the veil over the past, and push on, for we have to introduce the reader to other scenes and to other individuals, and who, in this narrative of truth, stranger than fiction, will play prominent and interesting parts.

Scripture saith that "God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth." Some there are, however, that claim to be of better blood than their fellows, but whether that quality consists in thickness or thinness we don't pretend to be a judge, or whether a property qualification, and with it enlarged opportunities of education, and which furnishes the line which is drawn between the gentleman and the plebeian, we will not venture to say, but certain it is poor Tiny who had neither property nor education, claimed a very close relationship with some families of no mean standing, the heads of which have long since gone to their rest, but not before their deeds of valour in their country's cause had secured for them a fame in English and French history, and an immortalized niche in archives of time, and we trust also in those of a never-ending eternity, and to many now living, but where we cannot tell, we only know that they are wealthy and of Scotch descent, and are basking in the smiles of fortune at the time we write, but they and poor Tiny are alike unknown to each other.

Tiny's mother, Widow Mary, had two other sisters—all three of them were daughters of a wealthy Welsh gentleman. The two latter—Elizabeth and Emma—were married about the time that Tiny's mother married her first husband: Emma to a Captain Smith, and Elizabeth to the celebrated artist George Sharples, portrait painter to the Royal Family and nobility; but these two women, by a species of prodigality almost incredible, so dissipated their ample means, that at their husbands' decease, the two widows were soon reduced to a state of abject poverty. In due time Elizabeth was again married to a dancing master, but she ruined him. After this man's decease, she was married again. Her husband on this occasion was a drunken bootmaker, who was already ruined; and thus she had no choice but to live in want and penury, getting drunk when the opportunity offered. Emma got married again to a man who, in a fit of "delirium tremens," hanged himself. Emma became a pauper; Elizabeth drank herself blind.

Tiny now began to entertain serious intentions of going into business for himself, and forthwith concerted measures with two lads who were his companions in the house—"Jack Ketchner," a tailor boy who walked with two crutches, and "Jem Smith," who had but one leg, in lieu of which he wore a wooden one. He worked in the shoemakers' shop. Tiny remained at place; his labour was paid for at the rate of three shillings per week, and sixpence extra for himself. This weekly sum of sixpence, added to the trifles saved by the other two boys, in six months amounted to twenty two shillings. At the appointed time, Tiny hired a kitchen in a dirty court at a rent weekly of one shilling and sixpence—discharged himself without leave from the workhouse;—and the two boys, "Jack and Jem," sealed the workhouse wall, and joined him. Three old chairs and a table were purchased out of the fund, some bits of crockery, and a large old bag, which they filled with straw to form a bed, but as they had no covering, they all three crept inside and mingled with the straw, and for one whole week, strove against certain qualms of conscience, cool September nights, prickly feathers, and short provisions. At the end of this week, Jem's mother discovered his whereabouts, brought a workhouse man with her, well boxed Jem's ears, scolded Tiny and returned her son "Jem" to the shoemakers' shop in the workhouse. This gave a turn to the romantic bent of the remaining two. Jack was suffering much from the constant discharge from a wound in his leg, and was taken ill. Tiny procured an in-patient's letter from an Hospital. Jack was admitted, but died in a few weeks, and Tiny was left alone, and "lord of all he surveyed"—in the kitchen. Nothing daunted, but having confidence in himself, and being determined not to go back to the workhouse, he hired a "Baked Potato Can," spent the remainder of the fund in potatoes and charcoal, and resolved to get a living in an honest way.

Tiny's body sweated under the weight of this portable cookshop nearly as tall as himself, with half a hundred weight of potatoes in it, beside the fire, firing, and steam apparatus, and felt some little shame and indignity at being obliged to bawl out "All hot, all hot," but he took night for the work, and only shouted "Baked taters all hot," when he was in a dark place, or when no one happened to be passing; and walking up the New-road, he took his stand at the corner of Osnauburg-street, near Regent's Park, got the steam "well up," and bawled out at the top of his voice, "Taters, all hot."

(To be continued.)

SEVENTY MEN SHAVED IN SIXTY MINUTES.—Lately a large number of persons assembled at the Britannia Hall, Keighley, to witness an extraordinary shaving-match. A man who styled himself Professor Carodus, undertook, in addition to remarkable musical performances on instruments with hitherto unheard of names, to cut the stubble of a week's growth from seventy chins in sixty minutes. Seventy unshorn artisans were arranged for the operation. The Professor, accompanied by three picked latherers, five stropers, and three timekeepers, mounted the stage amidst deafening applause, and commenced operations precisely at seven o'clock. The professor, with an eloquent brandish of the razor, took the first patient by the proboscis, and with a Presto! quick Jack begone! he was a shaved man. One after another, in rapid succession, the black-visaged army disappeared. In the rapid and brilliant use of his implement, the professor was never surpassed, and his marvellous navigation of the tool round warts and pimples was a theme of never-ceasing admiration. As the professor neared the finale of his operation, the excitement was extreme, and at precisely four minutes to eight the last man of the seventy was denuded of a week's beard.—*Preston Guardian*.

Cats and Comets.—It is an extraordinary fact, incapable of explanation, that, during the visit of the last comet, feline disease and death were prevalent. The present eccentric stranger has brought the same in his tail—or, more euphoniously speaking, in his train; cats and especially pet cats, are dying in all directions, a catalogue of sorrows, especially to their lady owners. Can any of our readers give us a categorical reply to the question, How is this?—*City Press*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Companion for Youth.—No. 1. London: W. Kent.—A very readable magazine for juveniles, with which is incorporated the "Boys' and Girls' Companion," and containing, besides a liberal offer of prizes to its readers for essays, &c., papers on "Owen Ferguson, the peasant-boy philosopher;" the "Plague of London;" "Confessions of a Scapegrace;" "Climbing the Ladder;" "What's in a pocket," &c., and, of course, one on Comets.

The Institute; and Record of Literary and Scientific Societies.—No. 1. London; Partridge and Co.—A new weekly serial, taking for its motto the Earl of Carlisle's words,—"Let it be our care to kindle the genial lamp of knowledge, and to transmit it from hand to hand, from institute to institute, from wold to plain, from class to class, from the workshop to the cottage, over every portion of the world." It specially espouses the cause of discussion societies and young debaters, and seeks to encourage them in their first efforts, and to elicit future development. In its pages, no question is to be debated in which the authenticity of the Scriptures, or the truths of revealed religion, are called in question. The *Institute* contains essays on "The Whispers of Nature," "Is the perusal of works of fiction calculated to promote mental and moral elevation?" a tale of the Highlands, headed "Shenachan," and a copious account of doings and sayings at various literary institutes. We wish it success.

Old Jonathan's Almanack for 1859.—London: W. H. Colingridge.—An annual broad sheet, enriched with a text of Scripture for every day in the year, and bordered with a large number of national armorial emblems.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

B.—Many cases similar to the one related by yourself, are recorded: one is published in No. 11, Vol. 2 of the "Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph," of which copies can be had of our Publisher. In the spasms accompanying such cases, it may be useful to say incidentally that mesmerism affords the most effective relief, entirely preventing subsequent prostration of strength. With respect to the vision, which undoubtedly appeared to Mrs. B.—spiritual visitations are determined by affinity (under interior laws), rather than consanguinity. Such states of the physical of the organism as are termed "fits," are more frequently consequent upon coincident extrinsic spiritual action than is generally supposed. Mediums, as a rule, knowing nothing of what has taken place in their abnormal state. Mr. B. perceiving "a soothing influence" is attributable to his being also, perhaps, a medium.

BETA.—"In conversation with a friend, I was asked why the body, as old age advances, becomes shrivelled and wrinkled. Why does not the body assume continually a youthful or at least a *manly* freshness, as it is said the body is renewed every seven years? I think if men followed nature's dictates the body would not become wrinkled and shrivelled. Is it so?" The constant and natural tendency of the animal organism is a loss of fluid and a proportionate increase of solid matter. In time the solid tissues become so dense as to obliterate the channels of circulation to such a degree that the functions cease. This is natural death. Physiological habits would greatly prolong the periods of youth and manhood, but would not prevent the wrinkles of age. The elements of the body are constantly changing—how rapidly, depends on many circumstances. The notion that the body changes once in seven years is a mere whim, though founded on physiological truth.

JUNO.—There is a world of wisdom in the following quotation, brief as it is: "Any school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down."—It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody. The statistics of prisons show that in proportion to the number in society, there are six times as many villains who are single as there are among the married. The married resist temptation on account of the wife and children, while the single pass on and are punished.

TEMPERANCE.—"Does tobacco smoke affect the lungs? Dr. — assures me that, in the act of smoking, it does not reach them, and therefore can not injure them." The doctor is mistaken in relation to both points. Tobacco smoke does reach the lungs; but if it did not, the effect would be injurious. No poison can be taken into the mouth without seriously injuring the whole organism. By its paralyzing influence on the nerves of respiration, tobacco greatly impairs the functions of respiration, when taken in the way of smoking or chewing.

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