



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

No. 12, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

## TO OUR READERS.

The friends of truth and progress can aid the *Two Worlds* and *Temperance Star* 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 sending their copies, when read, to their friends. By remitting, in advance, parcels will be sent as under, free:—

6 Copies for . . . . .	0s. 6d.	6 Copies per Quarter	6s. 3d.
12 " . . . . .	1 0	12 " . . . . .	12 0

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE: A Line of Black Letter; Six Words of Large Type, or Nine Words of Small Type . . . . . 6d. Every additional Nine Words, or part of a line . . . . . 2d.

We intend next week to present our readers with a double number of the *Two Worlds*.

## Our Letter Box.

### SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

Norwood Green, Middlesex, 4th Dec., 1858.—  
 DEAR SIR,—Facts are stubborn things. Not long since a party of seven friends had assembled at the house of Mr. John Birch (a friend of mine, on whose word I can place as much reliance as on my friend Malthouse.) A small four legged stool was placed on the table, with a lead pencil fastened to one of the legs, and a sheet of paper placed under it. Correct answers were written to many verbal questions. In the midst of the performance the village postman stepped in. Before a word had been uttered by him, the stool (or spirit) was asked if the postman had a letter for any one in the room; the answer was "yes!" For whom? "Mr. Biggs." From whom? "John Foster." Such was the case. This occurred at the village post-office, and, consequently, the fact of the postman coming in did not prove that he had a letter for any one. Mr. Biggs did not expect a letter, still less did he expect one from John Foster, and only one person in the room, besides himself, knew that there was such an individual; besides which, if it had been the result of guess work, the name of a young lady would have been written, for, prior to the arrival of the postman, Mr. B. had been joked about the fair one. The next and last question was, are you a good spirit or a bad spirit? The plain written answer was, "good spirits never wander." The stool would not write with the hands of Mrs. Birch upon it, but with the hands of three or four of the others (indiscriminately) it answered all the questions which were put to it. Now, Sir, I can vouch for the accuracy of the above statement, and I think that a little impartial consideration, on the part of Mr. Malthouse, will induce him to admit that departed spirits had something to do with the above facts. Now for my conclusions. That the spirits of the dead can be raised, I have no doubt. It was done thousands of years ago by witches and necromancers, but, I ask, by what right do you do it? Did not God command that witches should be destroyed? (Exod. xxii. 18, and xx. 27) and that witchcraft was an abomination to him? and what is this Spiritualism but witchcraft? An insane craving to peep into futurity, to draw back the veil of eternity, and uncover that which God never intended to be revealed. I agree with Mr. Malthouse that it is a sacrilegious attempt to unveil the mysteries of the unseen world, and, with mortal eye, trespass on the forbidden ground of futurity. Mr. Turley tells us that Spiritualism is necessary to convince Atheists of the existence of a God. If so, why did God forbid the practice of Spiritualism? And will Mr. T. give us one instance of the conversion of an Atheist by Spiritualism? Mr. Jones tells us that the Apostolic times have returned (would to God they had,) and mentions miracles among the wonders. Will he favour us with a few, and perhaps he will operate on Mr. Malthouse, and cure him of his spiritualistic infidelity! Does Mr. Jones believe in the efficacy of doing evil that good may come? of breaking one of God's commands that Atheists may be taught the first principles of knowledge? Mr. Turley says, "surely Mr. Malthouse will not

deny intellectual power to this class of our fellow-beings?" Mr. Turley may make the admission, but the *Bible* does not, for it expressly calls them fools. In reference to the letter of "Investigator," I must protest in the name of insulted Christianity against his ill-judged quotations from Scripture. He says, "the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit;" implying that the things of the Spirit are Spiritualism, and that the dancing of a hornpipe by a three legged table is produced by the Holy Spirit of God. Really, Sir, the author of such atheistic impiety may well conceal his name. The Devil himself quoted Scripture, and the most charitable construction I can put upon it is that it is his own *fac simile* reproduced by the aid of Spiritualism. Yours truly, SAMUEL PRICE.

SIR,—On Nov. 20th, in the evening, I was at Mr. Whittaker's own house. There were present, with Mr. W. and the mediums, of whom I made mention before, nine friends, including myself. As soon as we sat to the table it moved rapidly. The name of the spirit thus moving it being asked, "Robert Owen" was spelt by the alphabet. A communication being asked from him (nearly all present had heard him lecture at various times), the answer by the same process was—"I have been wrong in many things," Mr. W. now informed us, that, at a previous sitting he had asked the spirits to sound a wire, which he would fasten under the table from side to side; he had done so, and requested the wire to be sounded. It was done several times. Violent rappings were now heard in different parts of the room and on the top of the table. Each one present rapped in his turn an indiscriminate number of times, and a corresponding number of raps were made, as by invisible fingers under the table, forcibly and distinctly; similar imitations were made of scratches, &c., on the table; the table, in the mean time, tilted to and fro in every direction, in correct responses to questions expressed mentally, as to names, ages, &c. At the commencement, similar questions had been incorrectly replied to, owing to some confusion incidental to the early stages of such sittings. At this time, the call for the alphabet was made by the spirits by a certain number of raps on the table, and "Tomknot" was spelt. Early in the evening some handkerchiefs had been thrown under the table; on taking them up, one of them was found knotted in four places. The table now, with one finger of the medium resting on it, appeared to turn of itself several times on to its rim, which astonished all, for it is a very heavy loo table. After the party had left the table it was seen to be tilted and moved without any visible person being in contact with it. Surely, Mr. Editor, such phenomena are worthy of being inquired into. If reference is required, you have my address. K.

SIR,—I believe that angels are appointed to execute Divine Laws; they act with perfect justice to all men; they work in a mysterious way; that no means of spirit rapping will enable men to converse with angels and be positive that they are: that no man (by spirit rapping) can bring angels down from Heaven and ask them such frivolous questions as have been asked by Spiritualists. Questions have been said to be answered which I do not believe. —J. MANN, Southwark.

### VEGETARIANISM.

DEAR SIR,—Being anxious to obtain information, and having had some discussion upon the subject of vegetarianism, I feel at a loss to know why the subject has so suddenly ceased. I have asked questions which have not been answered, and I think if the vegetarians are anxious to get rid of cannibal flesh-eaters, they should not turn from any argument, but should answer any ques-

tions that may be put, (if there is any sense in the question,) as the Teetotalers do. My firm impression is, from the description of cowardice or ignorance which my opponents betray, that the Vegetarians are beaten, and cannot answer the simple but useful question which I put in my last letter, and which I shall repeat. I was informed that a vegetable diet would suit all parties and in any clime, and I want to know if in the Arctic regions, where the reindeer abounds, and where the greater part of the year the ground is covered deep with snow, and whale-blubber, bear or reindeer flesh is the food of the people,—where not a blade of grass is to be seen, and fruits are out of the question, and the people hail with joy a drifting carcass of some huge monster of the deep, will Vegetarianism suit the inhabitants of those ice-bound regions? If not, then I state, without fear of contradiction, that, as a general rule, Vegetarianism is sheer nonsense; and if it is sheer nonsense, I am not the one to adopt a principle which I believe to be a mere whim and a vain conceit. Yours truly, ALFRED ANDRADE, Newgate Market, Dec. 8, 1858.

[An answer will appear in our next.]  
 [Several communications on Spiritualism, (including S. W., J. Jones;) Female Oratory, Teetotalism, &c., have been received too late for insertion this week.]

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following questions for ventilation:—1. Who has the greatest moral influence in England of the following three,—the Legislator, Warrior, or Poet? 2. How or when did the Trial by Jury originate? 3. Is not a Teetotaler bound by the principles involved in the pledge to be a Maine-Law man? 4. How can I detect alum in bread as to quantity? 5. What evidence can be adduced to prove that horse flesh is put in beer? 6. How many intoxicating liquor shops and how many bakers' shops are there on both sides of the way from Shepherd's Bush to Mile End Gate?

### PRINTERS AND PRINTING.

ON Monday evening last, a Lecture on the above subject was delivered by THOMAS DIX, Esq., before an attentive,—and considering the dense fog that prevailed—numerous audience, at the Spafiel's Schoolroom. The lecturer commenced by saying:—

"The importance of the art of Printing, by the discovery of which so much has been effected, will, I feel assured, be deemed a sufficient and valid excuse for any attempt, however feeble, to throw an additional light upon the source whence it was derived, and upon the circumstances under which it was first divulged and diffused throughout the world.

"The Printing Press, which is a metaphor commonly applied to the whole literature of a country, or as frequently to that portion of it which is more immediately connected with the newspapers or other periodicals.

"The history and origin of the invention is not known, and it has been truly remarked that this art of printing, which commemorates all other inventions, which hands down to posterity every important event, which immortalizes the actions of the great, and which above all diffuse and extends the word of God to mankind,—this very art has left its own origin in obscurity, and has given employment to the studies and researches of the most learned men in Europe, to determine to whom the honour of the invention is due.

"The Chinese, that self-conceited people, appear to have anticipated all the nations in the art of printing from blocks; their letters or characters were at first separate, but afterwards strung together. Now, however, they adopt the modern mode of cutting them from the solid block, as in specimen shown. This fact in itself attests the great antiquity of the art; but the practice in Europe does not bear date antecedent to the 15th century, although there can be little doubt that it existed on the continent long before the period attributed to it, although not applied to the multiplication of books.

"The practical application of the invention of printing is claimed for the towns of Mentz and Harlem.—Four hundred years ago, say some, a man of Harlem, Lawrence Koster, was amusing himself by cutting some letters in the smooth bark of a tree. It occurred to him to transfer the impression of these letters to paper. He impressed two or three lines for the amusement of his children, and here was the whole art of Printing.

"Others say to Guttenburgh it is due, in my opinion it is only an imaginary claim for either, since the art was practised many years previously. One of the earliest productions of the press of which the printer is known,

was the "*Speculum Humana Salvationis*," which Adrian Janius ascribes to Koster, who, he says, printed with blocks a book of images and letters, and compounded an ink more tenacious than common ink, about 1438. The leaves of the book were printed only on one side, and afterwards pasted together. This book was a collection of historical passages from the Scriptures, with some from profane history, having some relation to the Scriptural subjects. It is ascribed to a Benedictine Monk of the 13th or 14th century, styled Brother John. It was so popular as to be published in German, Flemish, and other languages.

"It may be amusing to our friends to hear a specimen of the style in which Caxton advertised his works. 'If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy any pies, (Romish service books), or two or three Commemorations of Salisbury, enprinted after the form of this letter, which ben well and truly correct, late him come into Westminster, in the Almonesty at the Red Pole, and he will have them good there.'

"The early printers had great difficulties to contend with. There was nothing more than a screw press, such as a cheese-press or napkin-press, with a contrivance for running the form of types under the screw after the type was inked; to the end of the screw was attached, horizontally, a flat piece of wood, called the platen, which was brought down by means of the screw, and pressed the paper on the face of the type, and thus the impression was obtained; but this was a very slow process. The early printers had also to make their own ink, to be their own binders, and, worst of all, their own booksellers.

"A Mr. Day was the first in England to print in the Saxon letter, and to him we are indebted for the first publication of a work which maintains its interest to the present day, "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." It is said of him that he brought up a large family in a genteel manner, and died in 1584, having carried on the printing business forty years. He was buried in the parish church, Bradley Parva, Suffolk.

"But things were going on too fast; the press, in the estimation of some, encouraged too much thought, and private judgment; it must, therefore, be restricted in its operations. Hence there were restraints adopted, and even on the Continent of Europe at the present time, free printing is not permitted; witness the imprisonment of that brilliant orator and author, Montalembert, for daring to praise constitutional government, in a series of splendid and touching letters; but it is far otherwise with us.

"Charles II. issued an order to seize and burn the heretical works of a man whose talents have been the admiration of all ages, the immortal bard, John Milton. And that arbitrary monarch, James II. had no sooner ascended the Throne than he distinguished his reign by an attack on the liberty of the press. The "*Index Expurgatorius*" of Rome to the present day is an evidence of the deeply-rooted enmity which despotism cherishes towards the diffusion of light and knowledge. All the despots prefer darkness to light because their deeds are evil.

"The harbinger of that stream of periodical literature which flows through our own country, arose in the reign of Queen Anne, and was entitled the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; these threw themselves on the people for support. The first newspaper printed in England resembled an extraordinary Gazette; they were called English Mercuries, and published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth to arouse national resentment and support public spirit. A regular daily paper was not published till the period of the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, and it has been stated, that in those discordant times, as was the case during the distracted condition of France, a printing press was deemed an essential camp baggage—each party was as eager for victory with the quill as with the steel, besides securing the advantage of a rapid diffusion of information. Cromwell carried the press with him to Scotland, where the first paper was printed in 1652; it was called a *Diurnal of some Passages and Affairs*. The Romans had a publication which they called *Acta Diurna*, or daily occurrences, resembling the present account of births, deaths, and marriages; and they were beforehand with us likewise in publishing the debates of the senate, which they did under the title of *Publica Acta*.

"Edward Cave, a printer, to whom the literary world owes many obligations, was born at Newton, in Warwickshire, February 1691. He is principally known as the projector of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as the friend and early patron of Dr. Johnson, who wrote an account of his life; he died January 10, 1754.

"I may here remark that we are much indebted to the present owner of St. John's Gate, Mr. Foster, for his recent publication of the *History of St. John's Gate*, that well-written and beautiful book has received the patronage of the Royal Society, and is deservedly very popular.

"And now the demand for popular literature increased with a rapidity unknown before, to supply which the system of publishing a work in parts arose, arising no doubt partly from the fact that the printers were unable to produce volumes with sufficient speed, as well, it may be, as from a desire on the part of the publishers to avoid the immense risk involved in issuing a whole volume at once. One of the most successful books published in this way was Smollett's *History of England*, which on its first publication sold 20,000 copies.

"The increased power of the printing-press would however have been of little avail, without a corresponding improvement in the art of paper making. A process for making a paper of any length was invented by Messrs. Fourdrinier, which Mr. Lawson of the Times office designates as one of the most splendid inventions of the age, without which the

conducting of metropolitan newspapers could never have presented to the world such an immense mass of news and advertisements, as was now contained in them. Since Fourdrinier's invention, Messrs. Dickenson, of Kings Langley and the Old Bailey, have greatly improved in the length and quality, by their very beautiful machines, which came out in evidence before the House of Commons, to have cost them more than £300,000. The catalogue of the Great Exhibition was a wonderful proof of the rapidity of the press. This was printed at Messrs. Clowes' office in Stamford-street; you will remember that the Exhibition opened May 1st, but the catalogue was not ready for press till midnight, April 30th, yet on the morning of opening, a bound copy was placed into her Majesty's hands, and the work was soon ready for circulation. Twelve trades were necessary for the production of this Catalogue, namely, type-founders, printers' joiners, iron-founders, paper-makers, wholesale stationers, letter-press printers, printing-ink-makers, composition roller-makers, engravers on wood, lithographic-printers, hot-pressers, and book-binders. Thirty-seven tons of new type were employed, of which amount twelve tons were manufactured in the short space of six weeks. Twenty-seven thousand reams of paper were used, the amount of duty on which at 1½d. per lb. amounted to £3,923; while the ink required for the small catalogue alone amounted to nearly 4,000 lbs.

"It may not be amiss to contrast the facilities of the present with the past. Take a book containing five sheets, say that 10,000 copies were wanted of it; before the application of machinery, it would have taken two men fifty days to print it: or take a penny periodical, two men at one press would produce 1,000 copies a-day—take for instance the *Leisure Hour*, to be 100,000 weekly, it would take two men at one press 100 days, or four men at two presses fifty days to print what a machine would do in less than one-tenth of the time, so that it would be quite impossible to produce the one number required previous to the day for publishing the other. I may here remark, as I have the manufacturing and publishing of the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*, that more than 11,000 reams of paper are annually used for these two penny publications, and that the duty paid upon it at 1½d. per lb., amounts to rather more than £3,000.

"Books are mighty things, whether for good or evil; and the art which multiplies and perpetuates books by tens of thousands daily is one of vast efficiency, capable of doing more to enlighten, inform, and bless the world, than any other. And we contemplate the power of the press, not only in the present and the past, but in the yet more important future it is destined to act in the spread of gospel truth we shall admire anew the wonder working hand of God.

"The influence of this invention upon the condition of the world can scarcely be exaggerated; its influence on all arts and all science; on every physical, intellectual, and moral resource, every social and religious interest; upon the intelligence and freedom, the refinement and happiness of mankind, upon all mind and all matter.

"It is a powerful engine, which strikes terror into the hearts of tyrants; and has words of peace and comfort for humble minds."

## MORMONISM;

### WHAT IS IT, AND WHAT DOES IT TEACH?

Mormonism began about thirty years ago; its author was Joseph Smith, who resided at Palmyra, in the State of New York. His father was a farmer, and was much given to incantations, divinations, mysteries, enchantments, wild imaginations, deceptions, and lies. Joseph inherited his father's whole character. He was remarkable for a disposition to deal in the marvellous, to see what was *invisible*—spirits, hidden treasures, and the like; and impose upon his neighbours by swindling, lying, and drunkenness. No credit could be given to any one of the Smith's family, and in the person of Joseph, jun., the author of Mormonism, the idleness, drunkenness, and other vices of the family were centred and most fully developed. All these traits of character he displayed on an enlarged scale in the invention and building up of the Mormon imposture. Several different stories were given by him and his father about the pretended discovery of the Mormon Bible; each of these differ from the other in several particulars, and these variations prove Mormonism to have originated in falsehood. The conflicting tales bear the unmistakable brand of lying and imposture. Now, these statements are not unsupported assertions, but indisputable facts. They are not mere rumours or vague reports, got up by interested parties, but declarations which have been authenticated in the most satisfactory manner. They are the results of a searching investigation, in the very place, and under circumstances which could be most certainly ascertained. After the rise of Mormonism, and when men were appalled at its pernicious fruits, investigations were instituted on the spot where it originated, and among persons who for many years resided in the immediate neighbourhood of its author, and who had the very best means of knowing. Fifty citizens of Palmyra certify that Joseph Smith, sen., and his son were considered destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits, and many trustworthy witnesses confirm these statements. And, be it observed, the evidence thus laid before us as to the origin of Mormonism and the character of its author, was given in the most solemn manner,—on oath. Such testimony possesses the greatest weight; it settles the case. How then can any intelligent person believe a system which had such an origin to be from God? Is it not beyond all doubt from the devil, who is the father of lies, and the author of evil? We will now examine the second point. What does Mormonism teach? In the first place, the Latter Day Saints are taught to

believe in their book of doctrine and covenants, page 87, sect. xii. 3rd European edition, that Mormon baptism is necessary to salvation, in the following words:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, they who believe not your words, and are not baptised with water in my name, for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned," and in the same book of doctrine and covenants, it is affirmed that although a man has been baptised a hundred times, yet it avails nothing unless it has been done by Mormon hands. Again, in the "*Millennial Star*," vol. vi., the Mormons are taught that God is a material organised intelligence, possessing both body and parts; that he is in the form of man, and is, in fact, of the same species, and that he eats, he drinks, he loves, and he hates; and further, in the "*Millennial Star*" vol. vi., "that God cannot occupy two distinct places at once, therefore, he cannot be everywhere present." Having, sir, examined Mormonism as to what it is and what it teaches, I now wish to draw the attention of your readers to the word of God—the Bible—the book of books, that tells us to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; and compare the texts of Scripture with those of the book of doctrines and covenants, and the "*Millennial Star*." The following are the texts that will overthrow Mormonism, and every other such like error, or errors, namely, God is a spirit:—John iv. 23, 24; Luke xxiv. 39; 1 Tim. vi. 16; Num. xxiii. 19; Psalm cxxxix. 7, 10; Heb. iv. 13; Gal. v. 6; Gal. vi. 15.—H. SEWELL, Member of the Christian Society for the exposure of Mormonism.

## PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

By JACOB DIXON, Esq., L.S.A.

### XXIX.—HOMŒOPATHY:—MEDICO-DYNAMICS.

WHEN Hahnemann, using a drug corresponding with a disorder, found his dose too strong, even when in the least measurable quantity, he, for convenience of division, mixed it with sugar of milk, 1 part to 99, triturating them together for an hour; a liquid he agitated with alcohol in the same proportions. He expected to find these mixtures to be a hundred times less strong than the parent drugs; but no,—Homœopathically they were just as potent. He then treated one part of these preparations with ninety-nine other parts of vehicle, in the same manner; and the result scarcely exhibited a difference in potency. This discovery has been tested by thousands, it is a proved fact. To what is this result due? To a more and more minute division of the matter of the drug? Or is the property of the drug more and more unfolded and quickened? Or, is the vehicle, by the process, charged with the property of the drug—as needles are charged with the property of the loadstone? We must consider that the properties of beings and natural things are mechanical, chemical, and spiritual. It is the last property in the drug which affects the corresponding property in the patient; but in medical concerns Hahnemann used the term dynamical (from *dynamis*, force) thus,—"The spirit dynamically moves the body and its organs." "The action of drugs upon the patient is dynamical." The action between loadstone and iron is dynamical. When a needle is polarised by treatment with a loadstone (*Magnus*) it is magnetically dynamised by it; there is an unmistakable analogy between this and Hahnemann's method of treating drugs, and which he called *dynamising* them. With one dynamised needle we can dynamise another, with this another, &c.; with a portion of vehicle dynamised by a drug, we can dynamise another portion, with this another, and so on. But the dynamising of drugs must be done by the human hand; *spiritless* machines have been tried in vain.

### XXX.—HOMŒOPATHY:—GLOBULES, &c.

THE Homœopathic globules are in extraordinary contrast with the "bitter pills" and "big boluses" of allopathy, and have therefore given occasion for much seeming mirth among Old School practitioners. Never mind! Let them seem as facetious and funny as Mr. Punch himself, their laughter is on the wrong side. A pill is none the worse for being little, and all the better for being sweet. How the "gorge rises" as one thinks of struggling to swallow five-grain pills, "two for a dose," of the most unpalatable stuffs in nature, and chosen apparently for their very repulsiveness. What a boon are the globules to people of "taste" and to children; with these there is—under homœopathy—no nose-pinching, no scolding, no promises of sweetmeats; they ask for their medicine, they like it. If rightly Homœopathic, they feel better after every dose, and then for it to be pleasant makes it doubly acceptable. The famous globules are thus truly "blessings to mothers," as well as to children. What do globules consist of? Simply sugar of milk and starch, charged with tinctures of various potencies;—they are convenient for measuring doses—so many globules contain so much tincture. A globule or two are placed on the tongue, or are dissolved in water, when the tincture in them becomes diffused. Homœopathic powders are triturations of a solid drug with sugar of milk, and are conveniently taken dry on the tongue. The tinctures are dynamised preparations, directly from the drug or from triturations. What a difference between some drops of a tincture, or some globules dissolved in a glass of simple water, which thus becomes charged with the almost tasteless essence of the medicine required, and the nauseous crudities contained in the old mixtures, powders, electuaries, &c.! The Old School compounds its medicines for the patient's digestion: the New prepares its medicines for the patient's nervous system, and in doing so finds it not necessary to violate "taste." Another point of superiority in Homœopathy.

## THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

## Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

By PAUL BETNYS.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

TINY'S SUCCESS IN BUSINESS—NEW FOUND FRIENDS—APPRENTICESHIP.

"'Tis sad enough to see the aged struck,  
And tottering to the grave with care and grief;  
But then to see pale sorrow sit enthroned  
Upon a Child's frail form—tears in his eyes,  
Just opening on the morn of life, and gloom  
Plants its stern empire on the cheek, and sits  
In sole dominion there,—is woe indeed.—THOMAS BEGGES.

It is necessary now, that we say a word about Tiny's dress and personal appearance. He had reached his fifteenth year, was short in stature, but he was stout withal, and a ruddy healthful glow commingling with the dark skin of his face, to which a natural and easy vivacity and intelligence of expression were added, gave to his ordinary features, an interesting cast. He was civil, obliging, and clean, qualities these not to be despised. A pair of cord breeches, buttoned tight at the knees, and a well fitting but coarse brown surlout coat, gave a fair set-off to his compact and muscular form. He wore a clean shirt and a white apron—both of his own washing and mungling—and his head, abounding in a good supply of black curling hair, was surmounted with a cap, set on at an angle, that, with but few persons could have retained such a position, conspired, at least, in appearance, to separate him from communion with that class, with whom, though unknowingly, he had allied himself.

Tiny sold out all his stock of vegetable food, and cleared three shillings by the speculation. It was past nine o'clock, and he was about to "shut up shop" and retire into the depths of his "kitchen," and mark out his plans for the morrow, when he was accosted by a woman—and who, as he thought, had been looking at him rather inquiringly for some time past.

"What's your name, my lad?" she asked.

"Why, mam?" asked Tiny, rather pertly.

"Because," replied the woman, "I ought to know that face of yours, and I think I do, too."

"My name's Tiny Baxter, mam," said he, staring her full in the face. "And I know you, somewhere, too."

"Good God!" she exclaimed, "Has it come to this?"

"Come to what," enquired Tiny, surprised at this sudden burst of feeling.

"My own dear sister Mary's child selling things in the streets! don't you remember your Aunt Emma?" asked the woman, "Its several years since I saw you, but I well know that face," and she entered into comparisons and particulars in order to prove her powers of penetration and identification, to make it clear to Tiny's mental and physical vision that she really was his Aunt,—and if further proofs were required, they were ready, for he remembered, with feelings of disgust too, that he had seen this woman and her drunken husband, his father and stepmother, on more than one occasion, help each other into the same bed in his father's room, all of them in a beastly state of intoxication, whilst he lay all night on the floor; and this woman felt herself disgraced at seeing her own sister's son selling baked potatoes in the streets. Numberless questions were asked and answered, and it was finally arranged that Aunt Emma should visit Aunt Elizabeth (the boot-maker's wife) in the course of the week, and learn what could be done to remove Tiny from this disgraceful way of getting a living. Tiny was to dine with Aunt Emma and Uncle Joe on the following Sunday, and as Tiny walked home he thought that things were "looking up" a little.

However, he persevered in his new calling every evening that week, and managed to get a living, pay his rent, and keep up his stock money. On the following Sunday, after much searching and enquiring, he discovered Aunt Emma's domicile, a furnished attic on the fourth floor of a house in a street near to Fitzroy-square. He found Uncle Joe drunk in bed, Aunt Emma with a black eye and sundry bodily contusions, the room fireless, and the reason they had not provided dinner for themselves or for Tiny was because on the previous night they were both drunk, and had spent all the money received for two day's work, namely, sixteen shillings; but Aunt Emma had seen Aunt Betsy, and she, fully concurring with Aunt Emma, as to Tiny's disgraceful way of getting a living, was anxious to see him that very day, having settled upon a comfortable and respectable way of setting him up in the world.

Tiny left Aunt Emma in rather an ungrateful tone of mind, considering how many and abundant had been the promises of dinner and other good cheer, himself, and his inner man too, grumbling in concert at their non-fulfilment. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Tiny was doing justice to a small mountain of bread and butter, nicely cut in slices, and which, relished with shrimps and moistened with tea, vanished in rapid succession. His Aunt Betsy and her husband were prolific of remarks on his clean and strong appearance, and were equally so in showing him how disgraceful it was for him, who had so many rich relations, to sell things in the street, but if he would live with them they would make a man of him. Of course the poor boy gladly caught at the offer; thinking that his future was made, especially as they kept a shop, and promised to learn him how to make boots. Tiny went home that night with a light heart, and on the following day he contrived to add his own little stock of furniture to that of his new found relatives. A month glided away, the happiest of his past life, during which time his natural tact and ability, had enabled him to become very useful to his uncle—and the prospect of his becoming exceedingly so, caused that worthy to exact from Tiny a promise of being apprenticed to him. The workhouse authorities were applied to, and in due time Tiny was bound apprentice—received half-a-crown and two suits of clothes for himself, and his master pocketed a premium of five pounds.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A CHAPTER OF TROUBLES—APPRENTICESHIP—A PATTERN MASTER—MULTIPLIED SORROWS—MARYLEBONE WORKHOUSE.

"Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;  
The night high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee  
I'll share." BURNS.

It would tire the reader were we to enter minutely into details of three year's ill-usage. A brief summary of them, with a few remarks on the character and conduct of these two worthies will, we have no doubt, suffice.

"Uncle's" constant custom was to be on the "fuddle" at least three days in each week, and in a month from the time

Tiny was apprenticed to him, the five pounds premium was squandered away, and Tiny's two suits of clothes in pawn. A few weeks more, and the "broker" had made claim to, and disposed of the room of goods, even the old beds upon which they used to sleep. For three long years Tiny's bed was the sacking of an old press bedstead, his covering, some old bits of carpet which covered the floor in the day time, and which he regularly shook the dirt from at night, and spread them on the floor when he arose in the morning. He commonly went without food for a whole day, and very often for two days. Master, mistress, and apprentice, were wretchedly clad. When a few shillings were earned, and the master took home the work and received the price, he rarely returned home till the money was spent. Fights were of constant occurrence. Often as an only resource against starving has dear "Aunt Betsy" taken a few dinner plates, a book, an old fender, or a pair or two of shoemakers' lasts to a "marine stores dealer" to sell for a sixpence, and of this sum she would invariably spend half, and procure potatoes to the value of twopence, and a pennyworth of fat bacon, to cook which Tiny would scrape cinders from the dusthole, thrown into it by lodgers in the house, and make a fire. Tiny grew tall, but starvation, and its attendant evils had so reduced his sturdy proportions, that the boys in the "Mews," in which he lived, nicknamed him "shadow." Sometimes, by a kind of enchantment, with which "Aunt Betsy" was familiar, and at which she was an adept—they would for a week or two fare sumptuously. But these favourable, and by Tiny much-coveted times, were brought about by the following very questionable, but we fear, not uncommon stratagem.

As we have already stated, Aunt Betsy had been wife to that celebrated artist George Sharples; he had but one child, a son, now a Romish Doctor of Divinity. At the time of that artist's death, and before that son could reach town, the mother disposed of what property she could, removed several valuable pictures into the care of Aunt Emma, and secreted the book in which was entered the names of all the nobility by whom Mr. Sharples had been employed and with whom he was on terms of intimacy and friendship. Several of these were largely in his debt at the time he died. This crafty woman always went by the name of "Widow Sharples," and in the early part of her supposed widowhood, managed to collect in the greater part of outstanding debts, and after this continued to write occasional begging letters, in the practice of which she was very successful. For several years Aunt Betsy and Uncle Jem rented a shop and back parlour. To the back parlour there were two entrances, one in the side passage, the other by a door in the shop; but when engaged in her begging impositions, the door in the shop was hid by means of an old high cupboard being placed against it, and when anyone came into the shop to ask for a widow lady named Sharples, Uncle Jem directed them to the back parlour, side door up the passage. And further, as a widow, she received an annuity of £20 from an Artist's Benevolent Society. Uncle Jem had two children by a former wife, a son and a daughter, and who were both driven from home through the vitiated habits and tastes of the father and stepmother; the son became a first-rate burglar, and at twenty years of age was transported for life, for breaking into a house in Curzon-street, May Fair. The daughter got married to a drinking stableman, who was killed in a drinking bout, his widow, and two daughters of but tender years, are now common prostitutes, and nightly walk the streets of London, and "Who's to blame" for this?

Tiny had now served nearly three years of his apprenticeship, and was eighteen years of age. Of these three years little more than half had been devoted to his trade, the remaining half having been idled away, playing in the streets, and going for answers to "begging letters," and at this advanced time of his chequered life, we find him daily becoming dejected and sorrowful at heart. He had no shoes to his feet, and not the vestige of a shirt to his back, and but one coat and hat between him and his master; and Tiny had made up his mind to leave his relatives and shift for himself, as soon as he should be fortunate enough to get shoes, shirt, and jacket. He knew enough of his trade to make him a valuable acquisition to any man who would appreciate his worth; and such an one he was resolved to seek for on the first opportunity, and such an opportunity ere long was forced upon his attention.

The close of the year 1839 was one of the most severe periods of Tiny's life. One whole day he had fasted; his master and mistress were out drinking, they came home late at night, having taken an order which would realize thirty shillings, but which must be completed by the following night. They had succeeded in drawing a part of the money on account, and had purchased the materials for the job; and out of this money, as much had been secured as would provide a scanty supper that night, and a breakfast the next morning. Tiny and his master worked briskly all the next day till near evening; when Tiny became so faint with hunger, that he could not get on with his work. He complained, a quarrel ensued, and his master struck him. Tiny now refused to work at all; but after much wrangling with his uncle, and persuasion by aunt Betsy, he went to the work again. At ten o'clock the job was done; but at that late hour, the balance due on the job could not be had, and seven o'clock the following morning was appointed for its payment; so the three betook themselves to rest in the dark, and forgot the pinchings of hunger in a deep sleep. On the following morning, the cash was paid as promised. A good breakfast was provided, and whilst it was being prepared, Tiny had asked his master for the means to get shoes, shirt, and jacket, "for," said he, "I'm a disgrace to you, the boys call me ragged, and won't speak to me, nor associate with me."

"How much money do you want?" asked uncle Jem.

"Oh," said Tiny, "five shillings will do it well."

"Well, then," said uncle Jem, "if you hadn't been so saucy last night, perhaps I should have laid out five shillings upon you; but I'll teach you better manners, my man; and you'll wait till I can afford it better."

"I can't," said Tiny.

"One word more, sir," said uncle Jem, "and I'll kick your eye out."

"You hit me once more," said the exasperated boy, "and I'll knock you down."

In a moment, Tiny received a brutal kick, and fell to the ground, writhing in agony, and uncle Jem walked leisurely to the shop door, leaving him to recover himself as best he could. Aunt Betsy called him a brute; but on an intimation that she should be accommodated in a similar way if she troubled herself, she became quiet. Tiny soon recovered himself, and, seizing hold of the key of a loot-tree, gave his master such a blow on the head that it made the little man turn pale, and obliged him to take refuge in a chair to save himself from occupying the same place on the floor which Tiny had just vacated. It had been raining all that morning in torrents; but Tiny had become desperate, and heeded not

the rain, but catching hold of the only coat and hat before mentioned, ran out into the mews. The hat was large, and declined beautifully over his eyes, and as it did not require extraordinary efforts to get into the coat, he completed his toilet as he ran along. He had not tasted food since the morning before, and when his passion got cooled by the torrents of rain which descended, he felt a sharp longing for a share of that breakfast which was "smoking hot" on the table at the time his master kicked him. The rain descended in broad sheets, rushing in at the breast and neck, and washing off the dye from the old hat on his head. Bitter tears streamed from his eyes, and the blood flowed from his mouth, and he now discovered that in his fall his mouth had come in contact with something which had proved hard enough to knock out two of his front teeth, and to loosen several others. But on he ran, with no settled path before him.

As he neared St. Marylebone Church the clock struck eight. At this moment, a drunken man who knew him laid hold of his left arm, and tried to force him into a public-house to have some brandy; he was a close neighbour of the man, who but ten minutes before, Tiny had owned as his master. Hard as it rained, several persons were induced to stop and look upon the wretched-looking boy and the drunken man. Many were the questions put to poor Tiny by the lookers-on; but his cup of misery seemed too full to allow of his giving an intelligible answer to one of them. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, his head swam, and his eyes closed; but he was saved from falling by the bystanders.

When Tiny came to himself, he found himself in a warm bed, in a room in which were many other beds, all of which were occupied. A comfortable-looking old man sat at a table near to a good fire, reading a newspaper by candle-light. Two youths sat near him, talking in whispers, and an old woman of benevolent appearance sat at Tiny's bedside.

"Hist," said the old woman, when Tiny opened his eyes, in a tone both gentle and sweet, "How are you now, my son?" But noticing the vacant manner in which the boy stared about him, and that his heart was big with emotion, she said, "There, there, don't fret;" at the same time she kindly wiped away the tears which coursed each other down his pale cheeks.

Surely Mercy was a woman, and the best feelings of our nature are implanted in her. And what beside humanity is that charm composed of, and which sends such a thrilling glow through the heart of man, at hearing the name of a good mother? Tiny had had the caresses of a good mother in childhood, but he was too young then to appreciate them. But did she bequeath to him that hallowing charm, that caused him so to reverence the name of mother? Tiny had been carried in an insensible state into Marylebone Workhouse.

We believe from conviction, that in woman, either as a mother, or a friend, as a sister or a wife, all the earthly hopes of man are so bound up and dependent, that were they severed from him, creation would lose its great charm. The fierce passions of man would be let loose upon him, and consume him. "For she is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar; strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Kindness, more than medicine contributed to Tiny's speedy restoration to health. He was supplied with comfortable clothing, and nutritious food; and in a few days his case was thoroughly investigated by the overseers. Uncle Jem's neighbours corroborated Tiny's statements before the magistrates, who severely reprimanded the master, and forthwith cancelled the indentures of apprenticeship.

Again cast upon the world, without money, and no friend to counsel him, Tiny was sorely perplexed what course to pursue. Surrounded by many bad influences, all of them of a nature equally demoralising, he, in his extremity, took lodgings with a man whose house was the rendezvous of villains of the blackest dye, but from which he made his escape in a fortnight after. In the excitement which prevailed among Uncle Jem's neighbours, on account of Tiny quitting his protection; many of them now grumbled pity, who previously could not even afford that, and for a few months he eked out an existence, with what few jobs of work he could collect among them.

(To be continued in our next.)

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business. A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assinpink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations. "Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars." Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured to reply. "Do you see that dam, my friend?" "Certainly I do." "Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper-mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want to be dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have enough occasionally to spare a little just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"—American.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When we consider how uncertain are life and health, and their value is appreciated by all human beings, it is strange, indeed, to observe how often men neglect the means of preserving these blessings at even the most trifling cost. They pay heavily to insure their premises from fire, or their goods from accident on flood and field; but they often put off until it is too late the expenditure of a few shillings on a box of Holloway's pills, which they might keep by them as an unfailing safeguard—as a charm which will protect the possessor against all diseases. They must certainly do good, if used according to instructions given with each box.

