



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

No. 19, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

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SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the articles and letters in your valuable paper on Spiritualism. I think that if Spiritualism be a fact, it is invaluable, not only as affording us the highest possible proof of the immortality of the soul; but also by enabling us through their instrumentality to obtain a solution of many of those doubts and difficulties which confront the enquiring mind. Now, sir, although I greatly admire the neutral ground which you maintain, yet I think that some of the advocates of Spiritualism might, through your paper, give a full and clear description of the *modus operandi*, in order to hold communication with the departed. I think, by so doing, they would direct public attention more to the subject, than by carrying on a paper war with some who seem not to be dispassionate seekers of truth. The means that I myself have hitherto used are these, I have prayed earnestly in secret to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he would permit me to have intercourse with spirits, and then waited for hours, hoping that some spirit would manifest its presence, either by raps or otherwise; but I need not add without success, owing, perhaps, to proceeding in a wrong manner. Hoping that some one of your many readers will have compassion upon my ignorance, and supply the required information.—A TRUTH SEEKER.

THE STAGE AND ITS TENDENCIES.

DEAR SIR,—As your *Two Worlds* is published for humanity's good, and has reference to this and a future world, I send you some thoughts on the Stage and its Tendencies. The modern stage is adapted in its representations to blunt our sense of the enormity of sin; because things which God has denounced, are constantly portrayed at the playhouse for the sake of exciting laughter and merriment. What does God say in regard to husbands and wives? "Husbands love your wives," "Let the wife reverence her husband." Not long since, at Drury Lane, was produced a piece, "Married for Money," in which the audience were amused by the bickerings of a husband and wife. Domestic intrigue, infidelity, and dictation were dressed in the ancient garb; and, nightly served to please the palate of the inhabitants of "London, W. C." Was not this adapted to exhibit matrimonial unfaithfulness as a funny thing; not as God's word represents it, base and abominable,—but a thing at which gazing thousands might laugh and clapping thousands approve. To look at sin, however ludicrous, unmoved by disgust and hatred, sears the conscience. Its portrayal in a theatre seldom excites disgust, or forces upon the reflective spirit a perception of its sinfulness, or, rarely produces aught but mirth. What does God say as to drunkenness? "Take heed, lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness," and "The works of the flesh are drunkenness;—they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Lately in London was acted a play, "A Cure for Love," in which the hero, in his passion, attempts at one time to fling himself into the river, and at another makes himself drunk. The audience laugh both while he dashes down to the river, and while he reels upon the stage besotted with excess. Is it likely a person who has been enjoying (for the avowed object is enjoyment) an exhibition of attempted suicide or inebriation on the stage—who has laughed heartily at both—will see much sin in the same things in actual life. If a father who did thus laugh when at the theatre were

to see his own son the next night brought home to his abode insensible and mud-bespattered, could he seriously sit down, when the effects of the drink on his child had worn off, and remonstrate with that child upon his sin! What says God about lying? "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with the fire which burneth with fire and brimstone." At the Princess's, fifteen months ago, was acted "Every Man has his Faults." The basis of the story is a family feud, through an imprudent marriage. An elderly gentleman, the embodiment of good nature, conveys to all the parties in succession false reports of their respective estimates of each other; persuading at one time a straying child that an incensed parent loves her, and at another an infuriate wife that she is the especial object of affection to her husband. Through this succession of lies the parties become reconciled, and the curtain descends with applause. Even the *Times* comments on the questionable morality of the play. Yet this is enacted on the boards of Mr. Kean, who revives "Henry VIII." because it illustrates the rise and progress, as he tells us, of the English Reformation! and who thus wishes to give his stage the position of a religious instructor! Whatever the lesson taught by "Henry VIII.," the lesson taught by the piece referred to is the veniality of a lie! What says God about misers? "The love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves with many sorrows." At the Olympic, was lately acted "Daddy Hardacre," in which a miser was the prominent character. Owing to a robbery, he is brought to despair. The robbery is perpetrated by his own daughter, to secure from destruction her uncle on her mother's side. The girl's amiable crime effects its object, and her relative is saved. Her father recovers his senses, spirits, and good looks, when he discovers his daughter has unwittingly taken in her robbery her own portion, over which, through a marriage settlement, she had absolute control, all are happy, and the piece terminates. Here is an accredited piece of idolatrous parsimony and filial dishonesty. What will it teach the boys and girls who flock to the galleries, and hang about, night after night, in the purlieus of the theatre, in hope of a straggling check which its owner no longer requires for his own entrance? If such things are portrayed where the auditory is select, what must be the character of the pieces at houses surrounded by low inhabitants, whose directors are compelled to pander to the tastes of auditories consisting of earth's blackest scum? The stage is adapted to take from those who frequent it all relish for the sober duties and the self-denying charities of actual life. Play-going, like novel-reading, excites the feelings without calling forth corresponding action. Whenever the sensibilities are aroused, and no practical fruits result, the heart's healthiest emotions become seared and its most useful energies deadened. From the habit of looking upon scenes of sorrow on the stage, where there is no scope for generous sympathy or active beneficence, we learn to look on similar scenes in real life without the generous impulse arising, or the practice of active help being for a moment entertained by us. If the stage unfits for life's active duties, it disinclines for life's innocent pleasures. A play, with its gay dresses, splendid scenery, and seductive music, is an intellectual dram. A person who frequents the theatre becomes, like dram-drinkers, restless after the excitement a second time. For quiet reading, rational conversation, the study of science he becomes unfitted. He sees upon the stage life dressed up in an illusive garb,—its men and women are looked on as heroes and heroines,—he goes home to rant like "Richard," to fight like "Macbeth," to make love with "Juliet," or to flirt with "Lady Teazle." The players themselves,—what an atmosphere is that in which they live! To personate false emotions, is their vocation,—the applause of a multitude their nutriment. What wonder if many of them ignore life's duties and joys, if their efforts are converged on the decking of the person, or the gratifying of the passions; if from late hours and exciting occupations, they become so jaded at the end of the week that they sleep away their Sundays in bed, or rush down to spend them at Gravesend or Richmond? What wonder if they become utterly reckless about their souls,—their whole life spent in an obscure mist, and its end reached they know not how? What wonder if as a body they never attend public worship, never reading the bible, never instruct their children in its truths? We shudder to think of the career of some of these children. Perhaps our readers are not aware how largely they are employed in a theatre.

In the pantomime at the Princess's Theatre, two years ago, eighty children of from six to ten, were employed in one scene. At midnight these little things were arrayed in finery, and drilled each to fill his place, were exposed to the glare of the float, and the gaze of a large auditory. What a passion for gay attire, for late hours, for association with persons away from home, for human applause, must necessarily be engendered in their young bosoms! How completely from the little girls must every trace of innate modesty be banished, and from the boys every disposition to application in the lawful duties of life! Such is the stage as it is. Our persuasion is that it is as base and destructive in its workings as ever. We do not see how any Christian can sanction it for a moment. We entreat all Christians to set their faces against it as a flint, and to shield their children, servants, and dependants from it as from the bite of a serpent, or from the mouth of the bottomless pit itself.—Yours truly, X. Y. Z.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER III.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Since the mighty mind of Bacon beat down hypothesis, and introduced the inductive system, philosophy has reasoned from facts; and experimental philosophy has been applauded.—JAY.
The most perfect system has ever been allowed to be that which can reconcile and bring together the greatest number of facts that come within the sphere of the subject of it. In this consists the sole glory of Newton, whose discovery rests upon no higher order of proof. Human authority seldom settles any thing with me; for whenever I have had an interest in knowing the truth, I have generally appealed from the decree of that unsatisfactory court to the less fallible decision of the court of fact.—DR. DRICKSON.
Facts are the arguments of God—the outworkings of his power. He who fights against facts, fights against God.—DR. F. LEES F.S.A.

DR. HUFELAND, in his "Macrobotic," a work which has been translated into nearly all European languages, after citing numerous cases of extreme longevity, says, "We ought to have some fixed ideas as to what ought to be the true term of life; but we can hardly imagine to what an extent doctors differ on this point. Some assign to man extreme longevity, while others cut life very short. We might be tempted to believe that death occasioned by old age was the true term of man's life; but a calculation established upon such a basis, would lead us into great errors, in an artificial state like ours." And this, in fact, is the very error into which people have fallen.

The learned Lichtenberg declared that the secret had been discovered of inoculating people with old age before their time; and added, "We see, every day, men thirty or forty years old, presenting all the appearance of decrepitude, deformity, wrinkles, gray hairs, and other defects, which one only expects to find in men of eighty or ninety years of age." To the inquiry, "How long, in general, can man live?" facts answer, "from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy, and even two hundred years."

Haller, who collected most of the cases of longevity known in Europe in his time, gave examples of more than one thousand persons who attained to 100, and 110 years; sixty persons from 110 to 120; twenty-nine from 120 to 130; fifteen from 133 to 140; six from 140 to 150; and one to 169 years. From the statistics of Russia, it appears that, in 1830, there were in that country, among others, the following instances of longevity: one hundred and twenty persons who had reached from 116 to 120 years; one hundred and twenty-one from 120 to 125; three from 125 to 130; five from 130 to 140; one to 145; three from 150 to 155; one to 160; and one to 165. In the tables of mortality for England and Wales, commencing at 1818, and ending with 1830, being a period of eighteen years, we find that from the age of eighty-one to that of one hundred and twenty-four, upward of 245,000 persons were buried, of whom more than seven hundred exceeded one hundred years.

The following, with some additions, are copied from Baker's "Curse of Britain":

William Dupe	95	William Popman	103
His father	102	William Marmon	103
His grandfather	108	Wife of Cicero	103
Micell Vivian	100	Stender	103
John Crossley	100	Susan Edmonds	104
Lewis Cornaro	100	St. John the Silent	104
Admiral H. Rolvenden	180	James the Hermit	104
Jane Milner	102	Hippocrates	104
Eleanor Aymer	103	Bar Decapellias	104
Eleanor Pritchard	103	Mrs. Hudson	105
Her sisters, living at	108	Helen Grey	105
		Mrs. Alexander	105



St. Theodosius	105	Richard Lloyd	132
Mazarella	100	John Taylor	133
John Pinkham	105	Catharine Lopez	134
St. Anthony	105	Margaret Forster	136
Mary Nully	106	John Mount	136
Thomas Davies	106	Margaret Patten	137
His Wife	105	John Matryogoda	138
Ann Parker	108	Rebecca Pury	140
Georges	108	Galen	140
Simon Stylites	109	Dumitor Radaloy	140
Cooah Lord	109	Laurence	140
Democrats	109	Countess of Desmond	140
De Longueville	110	Mr. Eccleston	143
Ant. Senish	111	Solomon Nibel	143
Ann Wall	111	William Evans	143
Luceja	112	Joseph Bam	146
Miffelstedt	112	Col. Thomas Winslow	146
J. Walker	112	Llywark Ken	150
W. Kauper	112	Judith Crawford	150
W. Cowman	112	Catherine Hyatt	150
E. M. Gross	112	Thomas Garrick	151
Paul the Hermit	113	Francis Consist	152
E. Lupatsoh	113	James Bowels	152
M. Mahon	113	Thomas Parr	152
John Weeks	114	Thomas Damma	154
R. Glef	114	Epimenides	157
St. Epiphanius	115	Robert Lynch	160
George Wharton	115	Letitia Cox	160
Louis Wholeham	118	Joice Heath	162
Bamberg	120	Sarah Rovin	164
Arsenius	120	William Edwards	163
Romaldus	120	Henry Jeffins	169
John Bailes	122	John Rovin	172
Margaret Darley	130	Peter Poiton	185
Francis Peat	180	Mongate	185
William Ellis	130	Petratsch Carton	185
Bamberger	139	Thomas Cam	207
Peter Gorden	132	Numas de Cugne	370
John Garden	132		

In giving a more detailed account of individuals in different ages and countries, who have been remarkable for health and longevity, we may mention Democritus, the searcher of nature, a man of good temper and serene mind, who lived in good health to one hundred and nine years. Zeno, the founder of the Stoical sect, and a master of the art of self-denial, attained nearly to the age of one hundred years. Palemon, of Athens, in his youth led a life of debauchery and drunkenness; but when about thirty years of age, he entered the school of enocrates, when in a state of intoxication: he was so struck with the eloquence of the Academician, and the force of his arguments, that from that time he renounced his dissipated habits, and adopted the principles of the "Nature's Beverage Society"—drinking no other beverage than water. He died at an extreme old age.—See *Tem. Biblioth. Class in loco.* Cato, who was said to have "an iron body and an iron mind," was fond of a country life, a great enemy to physicians, and lived to near one hundred years.

(To be continued.)

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't cry, aunty. I love you." And a little sunny-haired thing bounded into the weeper's lap, and a pair of soft, white arms were drawn tightly around her neck.—"Don't cry aunty. I love you." Kisses fell warm on the mourner's lips and cheeks. "Do you, darling?" and Mrs. Overman, taken almost unawares, and drawn out of herself, returned the child's kisses with unwonted fervour. "Yes, aunty, indeed I do," replied little curly head. "And I don't like you to cry so much. What makes you cry so aunty, dear? didn't Mr. Elder say that uncle Overman had gone to heaven? When mother died, didn't you wipe my tears away and kiss me, and say, 'Don't cry little Matty; your mother is in heaven among the angels?' "And now let me wipe your tears all away, aunty"—and the child put her wet handkerchief to the wet eyes of Mrs. Overman. "Uncle is in heaven among the angels, and he will tell my sweet mother how good you have been to her dear little Matty; and then she will be so glad." With what a sudden outgush of feeling did Mrs. Overman hug the child to her heart. But she could not trust herself to answer. Matty nestled close against her bosom, and lay there very still. "Aunty." She moved at last, and looked up as she spoke. "What, dear?" Mrs. Overman's voice had in it a new expression for the child's ears. "Wont you show me how to cut paper dolls?" Mrs. Overman did not reply at once. Cutting paper dolls for a child! The very thought disturbed her. What uncongenial work for an almost heart-broken mourner? "I'll get your scissors." And Matty dropped down from the lap of her aunt, and went, with light tripping feet, from the room. "O, deard!" sighed the mourner. "How can I come to this?" But ere her mind had reached any decision, Matty returned with scissors, paper, and a coloured print of fashion; and laying them all upon the lap of Mrs. Overman said— "Now, aunty, show me." Thus importuned, and with everything at hand, there was no retreat; and so, with a feeling of reluctance that it was almost impossible to overcome, the aunt of little Matty took up the scissors, and began fingering the materials, which had been supplied. "We must have some gum," she said in a half absent way. Matty looked up curiously, and with a slight shade on her face; for she did not know to what extent this want of gum might interfere with the work in hand. "Open my writing case that stands on the table there, and you will find a bottle of gum." So this difficulty was met. There being no escape now, Mrs. Overman went forward as by a kind of necessity,

making garments of various kinds and colours, and arranging them on figures cut from the fashion print. Soon the child's eager delight began to impart warmth to her heart; then her feelings stirred with interest; and, ere long, there came a temporary oblivion of suffering.

"You are so good, aunty. I wish mother knew how good you are to your little Matty."

What an impulse of pleasure leaped along the veins of Mrs. Overman at this warmly uttered sentence. She bent over and kissed the child fervently. For almost an hour longer she was engaged in showing Matty how to cut and fit dresses for paper dolls. The work grew quite largely on her hands; and her interest increased with the child's eager delight.

After a certain number of dresses had been made, the necessity of a box to keep them in became apparent. So Mrs. Overman was searching among her drawers for a paper box, and soon discovered one, nicely lined with delicate pink tissue paper.

"O, aunty!" exclaimed the delighted Matty, her eyes rounding to twice their ordinary dimensions, as they rested on the paper box, the outside of which was ornamented with a handsomely-coloured group of children at play among flowers in a garden, "is that for me?"

"Yes pretty," Mrs. Overman's voice had nearly lost its sadness.

"O, isn't it beautiful?"

Together, the aunt and child placed their dolls and dresses in the box, both interested in the work.

"You must keep them in the nicest order, Matty," said Mrs. Overman, smiling down upon the face that was lifted to hers. "I shall look at them every day."

"Will you?"

The child's loving heart perceived dimly that it was good for her suffering aunt to take interest in anything out of herself; and, so, in the query, her voice expressed both gladness and sadness.

"Yes dear!"

"Will it please you to have me do so?" she answered.

"Oh, yes! Ever so much!"

And now, this light employment, done, the spirit of Mrs. Overman went back into shadow. Matty amused herself all the afternoon with the box and dolls, her heart in sunshine. Tired at last, the child left her play, and taking up a little book, went and leaned against her aunt, who sat near a window, shading her face with her hand.

"Aunty?"

"What dear?"

"How very cold and absent that voice! But Matty knew that love was in the heart of her aunt, and she was not repelled.

"Wont you read me a little story?"

"Not now dear," said Mrs. Overman. How was it possible for her to come down from the solitude of her great sorrow, to the trifling themes written for the pleasure of a child?

Matty laid her cheek down upon her aunt's knee, and raised her large eyes to her face.—At first Mrs. Overman did not return the earnest gaze that rested upon her. When she did so, she was struck with two things; the sober aspect of Matty's face and its singular likeness of her mother.

"Poor babe!" she said in her thoughts, as a feeling of tender interest awakened. "Poor motherless babe!"

One arm drew itself, from an impulse of affection, around the child, showing that the current of feelings in the aunt's mind was beginning to move in a new direction.

"Poor motherless babe!" repeated Mrs. Overman.

"Shall I forget you in this almost paralyzing affliction? Have I not something more to do than sitting in idle sorrow?"

A deep sigh came shivering up from her heart.

"Aunty."

"What, dear?"

"I do want you to read me a story so much."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed, aunty."

It was not hard work now for Mrs. Overman to take the book from Matty's hands, and read as she was desired. At first her thoughts did not go below the surface of the words; but, as she read on, now a palpable truth, now a pleasant image, and now a cheering illustration won her attention, and soon she was as much interested as Matty herself, and certainly instructed in a much higher degree; for the author was a close thinker as well as an apt describer of eternal things, and possessed the rare power of writing up to the mature thought, at the same time that he wrote down to the childish comprehension. Both parent and child were learners alike from him.

"Wasn't that a beautiful story, aunty?" said the eager listener, as Mrs. Overman closed the book, after reading for nearly half an hour.

"I think so," was the quick answer. The mind of Mrs. Overman was busy with thoughts which the story suggested. The author had spoken a few sentiments just suited to her case, and she felt them reminders of duty—duty to herself as as to others. She had actually indulged in self-rebuke, for the pleasant interest felt in such frivolous work, as cutting paper dolls for a child. It seemed so like, heartless indifference to her great loss. But, from this simple story, she learned that into all useful employment, the mind enters with a degree of pleasure; and that a denial of self for another's good is ever accompanied by interior delight.

The truth had come to her at the right time, and as she dwelt upon it, her mind opened more and more in the right direction. To sit in idle grief was wrong. Clearer every moment grew the proposition.

"How much wiser and better it is," she said, "to make others happier, and so secure a measure of peace for our own hearts, than to neglect others, and remain miserable ourselves."

"This is very clear. There is no double wrong in the one case, and a double blessing in the other," she added.

Strength had come to the mourner in her weakness—light in the darkness of her sorrow. Most reluctantly had she stirred from her leaden repose to respond to a child's want and even the motion had brought its measure of relief.

In that hour of instruction and reproof, Mrs. Overman passed from under the thick shadows that grief had drawn so gloomily around her soul; and though clouds had still mantled her sky, feeble sunbeams were struggling through many rifts, and their warmth went even to her sorrowing heart.

Love grows by activity. Passive love gets feebler and feebler each weary day, while active love gains ever renewed vitality. Something of indifference to little Matty had begun to creep into the heart of Mrs. Overman, and the care of her was beginning to be felt as burdensome.

But now a new state was born. She had compelled herself to harken to the pleadings of a child, and in giving she had received a double measure. In the darkest hour light had come; in the weariness of weakness, strength.

Though Mrs. Overman had bowed herself to the earth under the weight of her heavy affliction, like one whose strength was wholly exhausted, she was not, naturally, a weak woman. But she loved her husband with a love that was almost idolatry, and when he was taken from her, her bereavement seemed greater than she had strength to bear. Now, as she made an effort to take up the duties of life again—to be active instead of idle—the native strength to her character appeared. Clear seeing is an important accessory to right acting. Mrs. Overman saw clearer and clearer every day; and every day she entered more earnestly into the duties that lay at her feet, or presented themselves on every side. And so, as time wore on, the mourner, who lay prostrate for a little while, grew more and more erect, and looked with calmer eyes into the faces of tried friend and stranger. Not around little Matty were bestowed all the good offices in her power to render. As she looked up there came higher teaching to her soul; and she walked on in the way of duty.

How calmly the days began, at length to pass with Mrs. Overman. She had ceased, through a daily increasing interest in others, to think of herself or act for herself. Into a higher region her mind had risen, and there she found strength. Many blessed her in their uprisings and in their down-lyings, and prayed that she might have peace even as she brought peace, comfort, or hope to them. But, even before their grateful prayer went upward, her reward had come. She had found a Divine strength in the very abandonment of human weakness.

MATTER TO THINK OF.—The number of languages spoken is 4,064.—The average of human life is 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of 7. One-half before the age of 17. To every 1000 persons, one only reaches 100 years. To every 100, only six reach 75 years; and not more than one in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,833,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 every hour and 60 every minute, or one in each second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chance of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after.—The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 100. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes, during June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

NEVER IN HASTE.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a drawing doll." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superior."

THE BRAIN CLOCK.—Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go to the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop still; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silenced at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—Dr. Holmes.

TEACH THE ERRORS.—The *Daily Telegraph*, on Friday, most unprovokedly assaulted the Maine Law movement as ridiculous and utopian, and representing the law in Maine to be a shocking failure. Letters appeared in Monday's issue, teaching the Editor the fallacy of his suppositions. One from the Rev. Dawson Burns; showing that, "so far from Maine having confessed the failure of this legislation, there is no act of which the people are more justly proud, or which they rely upon as the guardian of public property and posterity, with greater security;" and another by "A Total Abstainer," answering Mr. Editor's question: "Can an army encamp in the wet, without rum, rations, or beer?" by quoting Lieutenant Lynch, who commanded an exploring expedition to the Dead Sea, and who says:—"I took with me twelve sailors, and obtained from them a promise that they would use no intoxicating liquors. After enduring fatigue, such as seldom falls to the lot of the explorer, I have brought them all back again safe and sound, and in good health; and I owe it to their entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHAPTER OF TROUBLES.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs xiv. 12.

They had been in Hodnet just four months. It was on a Friday evening. Tiny had left work as early as seven o'clock, having, with great difficulty, obtained a draw of six shillings from his employer, four of which he spent in necessaries for his family. He seemed cheerful, he even laughed and joked, and Lizzy looked thankful.

"What has happened to please you, dear?" asked Lizzy.

"Why," said he, "I'm going to London. Will you go?"

Lizzy looked up anxiously, but doubtingly, and said, "I fear there is no chance; the journey would cost more money than we could raise."

But little more was said on that subject, but the evening meal being over, Tiny began to pack up his clothes in a bag.

"What are you going to do?" asked Lizzy.

"I'm going to London," replied Tiny.

"What, and leave me behind?" she asked, and wept aloud.

"Yes; it must be done," said Tiny; "we shall starve and die here. One more of your womanly struggles to keep up my spirits, and we'll turn our backs on this place, my girl, and strive to do better."

"But how will you get to London?" asked Lizzy.

"Walk to it," was his laconic reply.

"Walk to it! why how far is it?" asked the astonished wife.

"Only one hundred and sixty miles!" answered Tiny.

"I'm sure I couldn't walk all that way; it would kill the dear children, and me too," said Lizzy, and her agitation was extreme.

"Now be guided by me for once," said Tiny; "I have written a letter to the rector, telling all our troubles since we have been here, and reminding him of the promise he made to me, when I sang a song that pleased him, at the hall, last Christmas, 'That if ever I waited a friend, he should esteem it as a pleasure to serve me.' I mean to shoulder my tools at three o'clock to-morrow morning, and tramp to London, trusting to God to feed me on the road. I have asked the rector to pay the fare for you and the children to London. John is in the secret, and he will go with you and give the letter to the rector on Monday next, by which time I shall have gone a good many miles."

"But do you think he'll do it?" asked Lizzy, brightening up.

"He promised," said Tiny, with emphasis, drawing himself up proudly, "and he's sure to keep his word. He's a gentleman!"

"One would think that you was a gentleman, too, my proud Salopian," said John, who at that moment entered the room. "Oh yes," said he to Lizzy, taking her hand, "He promised, and he always keeps his word."

"Good," said Tiny.

At two o'clock next morning, Tiny entered the workshop on tiptoe, and selected his own tools and brought them home; and, with John's help, stowed them away in his bundle.

At three o'clock, the cocks began to crow, and the brothers took a last and affectionate embrace of each other. Tiny kissed his sorrowing wife and two sleeping children, and then crept stealthily down the rickety staircase, and in a quarter of an hour was one mile away from Hodnet on the road to Shrewsbury.

He sat down, and tried to count the difficulties of his adventure; he had but fourteen pence in the world; he was half a mind to return. But he stood up and looked on the quiet and picturesque scenery; the glorious sun rose in majesty behind the steeple of the old church in the village he had just left; the birds chirped "cheer up! cheer up!" and shouldering his bundle on the end of a knotty stick John had cut for the purpose, he walked cheerfully on.

That day he put a distance of twenty miles between him and his dear ones, and slept that night at a village named Allbrighton. He arose on Sunday morning refreshed. Lodging, supper, and breakfast being paid for, he had threepence left. Not discouraged, he cleaned himself, and cut rather a respectable figure, and at the request of the person in whose house he had slept, he attended a Methodist meeting opposite. Here, among the cracked voices of several old men and women, his voice was distinguished from the rest, and several persons turned their heads over their shoulders to look at the owner. When the little service was over, several old ladies, and some few young ones, dropped a curtsy to him, which he returned with a pleasant smile, and some little vanity. A respectable man, who had led the singing with an old bass viol, asked him to favour him with his company to dinner; this request, and another to stay to tea, and to sleep that night, he was not in a condition to refuse; and as the good folks here were not aware that he was poor, he saw no need to enlighten them in that particular. A substantial breakfast comforted his inner man, the following morning; and his host having gathered from him that he was a gentleman's fancy boot-maker, went to the principal employer in that little town, and he deputed his son to ask that gentleman (meaning Tiny), to favour him by staying one week, and to make a few pairs of best patent boots, at best London wages. This offer was irresistible, but he would not appear anxious to accept the offer, and suffered himself to be persuaded to accede, and went to work accordingly.

Our hero kept up his respectability, and in the course of the week he wrote to London, to his wife, care of "Bill Cotton," stating every necessary particular concerning his own circumstances; and on the Friday he received a letter from Lizzy herself, making mention of the rector's gentlemanly conduct; and stating he was pleased at Tiny's decisive measures, and sent his gardener to help her luggage into a light cart; that the folks where they had been living refused to let them be removed till thirty-two shillings owing for rent was paid; that the good rector paid the money, and then, as he and his lady were going to London on urgent business, they took her and the two children into their own carriage down to Whitmore (much to the chagrin and jealous vituperation of certain friends) followed by the cart in which was the luggage; with their own eyes saw all put safe into the luggage car at the railway, and took her and the children, in a first class carriage to London. "And ain't God good?" she wrote.

"Well," said Tiny to himself, musing, and with a heart overcharged with thankfulness, "it does somehow look like it; now don't it?"

At the end of the week he had carried out his agreement, having done the work much to the satisfaction of his employer. He attended the Methodist meeting on Sunday; and on Monday morning he wrote to Lizzy, having calculated that by steadily walking twenty miles each day, he could get into town by the following Monday, which would be Whit-Monday. He promised to meet her at the station. And after settling the expenses of the week, and receiving many wishes of "God speed," he again vigorously took to the road, with twenty-one shillings in his pocket.

Tiny continued to wear his best clothes, and his respectable appearance, and with his pack on his shoulder, he was kindly treated wherever he halted for refreshment. Many persons taking him to be a travelling "Tallyman," asked him what he had for sale? But he always took care not to have the articles they desired to purchase; wishing that he had, but not deceiving them, but in a business-like manner he took any and every order given to him, carefully entering the date, quality, and kind of articles ordered, into his pocket book, to deliver—terms cash—when next he came that way.

Hitherto Tiny had not in any manner estimated the value of the Sabbath as a day of rest from physical toil. But now as he tripped along the road with cheerfulness and alacrity, his mind ran over his experience of the previous day, and of the Sabbath which had preceded it—the providential provision of which had intervened to restore his wasted energies of both body and mind, proving "rest to matter and liberty to mind."

He had passed the frowning height of the "Wellington Raking," and had pushed on through roadways cut through towering rocks, the height of which, on each side, flanked the path he trod, whilst here and there the mountain goat, a stranger to fear or danger, peered curiously over the ledge of the precipice, or walked along its edge, nipping the verdant herbage growing so luxuriantly in their world of content and plenty. Still he walked on full of hope, examining in turn the mill, the farm, and the strong and well made stone and flint roadside hedges, which separated roads and fields; the snowy whiteness of which showed out in bold and pleasing relief from the green meadows and pasture lands in which the cattle were quietly grazing, and the sheep sportive and gamboling.

Now he passed through Wolverhampton, and noted that vast hive of industry, "Brynmagon," with its countless chimneys of every height and form, which shot out from furnaces and factories innumerable. The atmosphere was thick and murky, the black smoke that ascended from these chimneys in tortuous wreaths and fantastic columns, hovered between heaven and earth like a vast funeral pall, impervious to the rays of the sun; whilst the roar of fires, the clanging of machinery, the noise of engines, the clatter of wheels, and the fall of heavy hammers on the various kinds of metals in the course of manufacture, wielded by the muscular arms of stalwart men, or by the means of complicated, but beautifully adjusted machinery, conspired to fill him with amazement. Never before had he heard such a continual din and deafening noise. A little while, and he became somewhat used to the noise, and walked—as well as sore feet and stiffened limbs would permit—over some of the sneaky and sooty-veiled grounds adjacent, to examine the shaft of a coal mine, and from which more than one mysterious looking being ascended to the earth's surface, accoutered in a heterogeneous kind of habiliment—half-feminine, half-masculine—the whole surmounted with a rimless hat. To discover the gender of these moving lumps of dirt, rags, and mortality, he set up all his mental and arithmetical calibre, but gave it up in despair, and looked upon things and creatures that he could better understand. He dealt sparingly with his cash, and lived on the homeliest fare. The uncomfortable lodgings he obtained, and the restless nights he passed, added to aching feet and rigid limbs, very much retarded his pedestrian progress, and told upon his health to a very great degree.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEWSPAPERS AND THE LATE WAR.

The war in which we were recently engaged, probably sacrificed 500,000 human lives. It wasted 250 millions of money. It spread havoc and ruin over some of the finest provinces of Europe; carried anguish and desolation into myriads of hearts and homes; and added some thirty or forty millions to our annual expenditure. It deranged commerce, depressed trade, increased taxation, and raised fearfully the price of bread, and of all the necessaries of life. It utterly put a stop to all social and political reform; placed England in a position of humiliating dependence upon

France; strengthened the power of all the continental despotisms; and involved us in a most dangerous quarrel with America. And yet if any one mentions the very name of peace, there is a perfect storm of abuse raised against him by almost all the newspapers of the kingdom, and by those third and fourth-rate orators, parliamentary and otherwise, whose opinions are always a mere echo of the newspapers. There is scarcely a statesman of any mark (out of the ministry) or belonging to any party in the House of Commons, who has not, either condemned the policy of the war altogether, or declared that peace might and ought to have been made before it was, including such names as Gladstone, Graham, Russell, Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Herbert, Cardwell, Lord Stanley, Walpole, Parkington, Roundell Palmer, Heathcote, Laing, &c. &c. And yet the newspapers cry up to the last—"Push on the War." And why? The writers for the press did not scruple in the freest manner, not only to denounce the conduct, but to impeach the motives of all who opposed the war. They were "pro-Russians," "men devoid of patriotism,"—"traitors to their country"—who hold "a slavish theory," and advocated "peace for the sake of the till." They were either persons of mean, sordid, mercenary principles, or selfish intriguants for place and power, at the expense of their country's honour. Gentlemen so exceedingly liberal in their imputations against others as these newspaper writers—who did not hesitate to brand as base, selfish, and unpatriotic, the highest and most honourable names in the land, ought not to object, if others venture to inquire what made them so fierce and strenuous for the war? The answer is obvious.—A time of war is always a rich harvest for the newspapers. It adds enormously to their profits; it clothes them with authority; it every way ministers to their consequence, power, and pride. Whatever trade may suffer, the newspaper trade is sure to expand and flourish. That the unsophisticated reader, who accepts everything the newspapers say, as pure patriotism, may be able to judge for himself, we subjoin a short statement, taken from the Parliamentary returns of the stamps issued to the newspapers in 1853 and up to the repeal of the stamp duty in June of 1855, showing the prodigious increase in the circulation of newspapers since the war began.

We have taken as examples a few leading papers, in the daily and weekly press:—

Increase of Daily Circulation.	
The Times—in the year	14,188.
Daily News	1,549.
Morning Chronicle	570.
Globe	1,422.

We entreat the public to take these facts into account, when they read the fierce cry for a war of indefinite duration which the newspapers are raising. What does it mean? It means putting thousands upon thousands into the pockets of proprietors and editors. Take, for instance, *The Illustrated London News*. This paper was wont to affect the character of a family journal, eschewing all violent share in the politics of the day. But now, it hounds on the people to demand for war to the knife, is instantly alarmed at any prospect of returning peace, and assails with unmeasured vituperation all who contribute in any way to realize that prospect. And is all this warlike furor pure patriotism? Look at the above figures. They show that since the war began the circulation of *The Illustrated London News* has increased by the enormous number of 51,346 weekly. If we assume that there is a profit of only one penny upon each paper, (and as all this additional circulation is from type already set up, with the cost only of paper and labour, our estimate must be below the mark) it will give an aggregate profit on the war circulation of more than eleven thousand pounds a year. Need we wonder then that *The Illustrated London News* denounces those who speak of peace, and insists upon prosecuting the war with vigour? Look again at *The Times*. With an increased circulation since the war began of more than fourteen thousand copies daily, its additional profits must be immense. But this is not all, nor with such a journal as *The Times*, the principal advantage derived from the war.

It has added still more enormously to its power and influence. How conscious it is of this, anybody may see who has observed the tone of unbounded arrogance in which it speaks, since the war began. How it alternately browbeats and patronizes successive cabinets, as though they were its mere creatures! How it appoints and dismisses generals and admirals! How it lectures the Queen! How it dictates to all departments of the state! How coarsely it insults all Foreign Powers! How grossly it vilifies the foremost men of the country if they presume to have an opinion different from its own! And how implicitly other papers, metropolitan and provincial, adopt its tone and echo its opinions! Nobody knows better than the newspapers themselves, that when peace returns, and the morbid excitement which attends a time of war has subsided, there will be an immediate collapse in their circulation and profits. And hence it is, that with some honourable exceptions, they nervously dread and deprecate the very appearance of peace. But let the country determine who are the most trustworthy guides at such a time as this—the most eminent statesmen and public men of their day, who pronounce their opinions openly, in their own names, and under a sense of their responsibility to their country and to posterity; or anonymous newspaper writers, of whom nothing is known, beyond the certain fact, that they are gaining enormously—gaining not merely in profits, but in power, authority, and fame, by that which impoverishes, distresses and exhausts all other classes of the community.

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Contents for February, No. II.

The Philosophy of Sleep; Mentally-Adult Infants; The Two Roads; Alcohol in Cold Climates; Willful Waste makes Woeful Want; Happy and Unhappy Marriages; Judge Crampton's Charge; What is Medicine? Homoeopathy and its Failures; Is Sulphur good for Medicine; Remarks on Diet; The Artificial &c. the Natural; The Spiritual Body; Apples for Human Food; Notices to Correspondents.

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