



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

No. 24, Vol. I.]

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

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To the Editor of the *Two Worlds*.

DEAR SIR.—Is the *Two Worlds* to die or not? I say no; and therefore I enclose stamps for 100 copies, and shall feel much pleasure in taking the same quantity at each issue. A conscientious advocacy of any subject does not always tend to one's pecuniary advantage; I know you lose much by your spirited championship of truth. All persons suffer who, in an unselfish spirit, advocate any progressive subject. Look at the sacrifices Dr. Elliotson and a host of others have made, who advocate measures in advance of the age. See what return they get! Loss and suffering; but, like Galileo, persecution will not daunt their spirit. However, we must hope "there is a good time coming." The London Mesmeric Infirmary, 36, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, London, is in a healthy state. Long may it flourish along with the *Two Worlds*, and other publications of a similar character. If some other persons would follow my example as to taking 100 copies at each issue, our little champion of truth would live merrily, and the loss would not be felt much, shared among numbers; but it falls heavily on one. It will be a scandal to Homœopathy, Mesmerism, Hydropathy, and Phrenology, if its friends do not rally round the *Two Worlds*, and sustain it. Trusting you will find space for these observations, I am, dear sir, yours truly, H. D. DONOVAN, Medical Mesmerist and Phrenologist, 5, Montpellier-street, Cheltenham. March 15, 1859.

SPIRITUALISM.

MALTHOUSE AND DELUSION.

I cannot help smiling at poor Mr. Malthouse's foaming delusions exhibited in his narration of his first experiences in spirit manifestations. From his statement, he had a lot of lies told him about his family relations. I should say it is not unlikely, with his first observations, that such has been the case. Such curious experiences of curious investigators have stopped many from going deeper into the phenomena of Spiritualism. But we should have thought the first question would have been, Who told the lies? Was it the persons he visited? Was it himself? Or who was it? He says "given a table and a slight pressure, and you get your answer." Very easy way, certainly; not worth making any fuss about, except to turn the stupid deceiver out of all decent society. Now, whether there was deception or not, I know not; but this I know, Mr. Malthouse is guilty of trifling with a serious question. For, before his statement is worth anything, he ought to have ascertained by suitable investigation whether it was deception or not; and not hide himself (to use his own words) behind the "twaddle" of insinuation.

But Mr. Malthouse is better up in Burns than

logic; for he says, if it was a spirit that answered, "the answers must have been infallibly correct." Now, surely Mr. Malthouse does not either know or believe what he says; for does he really think that a finite being, whether in the body or in the spirit, is infallible? Nay; "there is none infallible or perfect but one, that is God." And who, but the most careless thinker, would assert that every spirit knows everything and everybody; or could tell how many children his father had?

Now, without hopping and skipping about with such "infallible" "twaddle," he must come to the book. Had these answers a spirit-origin, or had they not? If the answers were given by mere pressure upon the table, then it would be but a poor stupid trick, which question I leave with those whom he visited; but if they arose from an intelligent cause outside of those visibly present, then it must have a spirit-origin, and however disappointing such answers, I suppose most of us admit it as a mournful fact, that there are evil and degraded natures out of the body as well as in the body; and if the good have power to visit earth, we must admit the evil have also, and the only natural deduction from such misstatements, or wilful lies, is, that there must be as great a variety of moral and mental existences in the spirit-world as in the flesh; and the moral simply is, beware of what company you keep, spiritually and temporally, for it is as beautiful in the one case as it is sad in the other, that high and glorious minds will ever strive to raise men to their own high standing; whilst degraded and vicious minds will ever strive to drag men down to their own level. I would seriously advise every investigator to be careful in his enquiries, and still more careful in his conclusions; but if you persevere in a good spirit, you will find many pearls of truth, which will make you the happier and the better.—F. WILKS, 25, Cambridge Terrace, Dalston.

SPIRITUALISM PROVED A DELUSION.

SIR,—I beg to forward you the results of a *seance* held on Sunday, March 6th, which is entirely satisfactory to my mind that Spiritualism is a delusion.

The medium having announced the presence of the spirit of my grandmother, I asked her surname; after going through the alphabet six times, making several mistakes, she could not tell her own name. Question 2nd. My mother's spirit being announced was asked her Christian name. The table, after repeated errors, could not tell. 3rd. How many sons killed? Answer, Four. Should be Two. 4th. How many brothers and sisters living? Answer, Six. Should be Three. I offer no comment upon the above; but leave these facts to speak for themselves. Your obedient servant, J. BOYCE.

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

SIR,—As I know many Teetotalers are in the habit of using the "weed," and even conductors of Bands of Hope are not free from this pernicious habit, allow me to utter a few words of caution to such. I know a thorough-going total abstainer who has been in our ranks for nearly 18 years, who is in the habit of smoking. The other evening he complained to me of severe constipation and flatulence, with frequent pains in the back. He also said his sight was dim. Now, Sir, this man is in the prime of life, has plenty of outdoor exercise, and is in the most favourable circumstances for the maintenance of health. He is a strong man, of robust constitution. He himself admits that his pains and disorders arise from smoking, and he made the humiliating confession that he had not the moral courage to renounce his cigar.

[Another case.—A man who has smoked for many years, feeling the ill-effects arising from it in the shape of excessive nervous debility, has smashed his pipe 50 times, and abstained for a week or two, till the ill-effects have passed off, and then returns to it like a dog to its vomit. He has tried to smoke other things instead of tobacco, but the old habit has been

too powerful for him, and he cannot abstain. I beseech you, Sir, as you value the rising generation to raise your voice against this insidious foe, and keep him from the ranks of Total abstainers.—S. P.

[We earnestly advise any of our readers who have not yet overcome the habit of smoking to carefully read the tract of Mr. Skelton, "Is Smoking Injurious," which our publisher will forward for 2 stamps, or which can be procured through every bookseller.—Ed. T. W.]

MEDICATED TOBACCO.

The gullibility of the public seems to be on the increase, both here and in America. And as the *Two Worlds* has to do with the *Old* and the *New World*, Europe and America, we notice a person, who writes M.D. after his name, (for how else could he so successfully gull his customers,) advertises a depot in Broadway, New York, for the sale of medicated cigars and chewing tobacco, designed for the cure of "coughs, colds, lung and liver diseases, etc." Well, the fools are not all dead yet. Boobies are still numerous. Those who find as great a pleasure in being cheated as to cheat are abroad. People who are charmed with humbuggery in the exact ratio of its absurdity, and who consider thinking the exclusive business of knaves, are, as heretofore, to be seen in our streets. And why should not sugar be sweetened, milk be lactated, beef be fleshified, granite be solidified, water be diluted, gas be aeriformed, medicine be drugged, poison be poisoned, and tobacco be medicated? The idea is immense! Let us look a little into the philosophy of this "discovery and invention"—especially the invention.

Joseph M. Smith, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Clinical Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and Attending Physician to the New York Hospital, said, in a recent lecture to his class: "The essential principle of tobacco is a terrible poison." If this is true, it is perfectly clear that the only way to medicate tobacco is to mingle with it a poison still more terribly intense. Mixing mild, or gentle, or weaker poisons or medicaments would be mere nonsense. This would amount to nothing except lessening the effect of the tobacco itself. Let us see, then, how this problem can be scientifically solved.

There is a weed known as *digitalis*, or fox-glove, which is a much more potent narcotic than tobacco. A late European correspondent of the *Tribune* informed us that this drug is extensively imported into the United States, and still more extensively into Havana, not for medical purposes, but to be used in the manufacture of cigars. While speaking of the use of this drug as a remedy, Professor Gilman, of the same college, remarked: "It has hurried thousands out of life. I know not why it is called *digitalis* unless because it *points to the grave*."

Here, gentlemen, patrons of medicated poisons, is consolation for you! You can be "cured till you die," and you can die an easy death. The struggle of your vital powers will not be long nor painful. Tobacco alone has a remarkable potency in lessening sensibility, and torpifying the whole mind and body. But the addition of *digitalis*—and strychnine, with which alcoholic liquors are so generally drugged, would answer the same purpose—is all that can be desired in the matter of potency. When you feel the symptoms of a cold, smoke a medicated cigar. Your sensations will rapidly disappear: if you cough never so violently, your attempts in this direction will soon be silenced; your lungs will not long complain of being diseased; and, in a few years, your liver will be food for plants—perhaps the tobacco plant—and you will find yourself in another sphere—perhaps a wiser and a better man. You will find the article at 459, Broadway.

GRUDCHEN, THE GERMAN PEASANT.

The Parisians have been filled with excitement about a German peasant woman named Grudchen, whom they call the German *illuminee*, and who is making all Paris anxious to obtain a sight of her as she drives, in the Princess Galitzin's carriage, up the Champs Elysees daily. Ever looking after such nonsense for the edification of its fashionable readers, the *Court Journal* thus gossips concerning this modern imitator of Mother Shipton and other seers:—

Grudchen is a poor German peasant woman, who has never sought to appear in any other character; whilom humble attendant on the great Madame de Krudener, she had become as inspired and as *illuminee* as her mistress. She



still wears her peasant costume, and has never sought any other. Her spirit of prophecy is at times as strong as that of Stilling, whose disciple she acknowledges herself to be: and many of her predictions have proved true. Her fame has spread abroad throughout Little Russia, where she is regarded in the light of a saint. Her whole time is devoted to the praying colony at Karasoubazar, which she, as representative of Madame de Krudener, has superintended ever since the death of the latter.

The Grand Duke Constantine was extremely anxious to see Grudchen, to obtain from her—so people say—certain documents and letters relating to the spiritual intercourse between the Emperor Alexander and Madame de Krudener, and which are supposed to throw an immense light upon many events. Others say he sought her to test her prophetic talents. It is certain that when he left the little Greek Oratory which the Princess Galitzin, has had fitted up for Grudchen, he was much overcome.

PLAYGROUND FOR POOR CHILDREN.

The public street is the worst playground in the world, yet it is the only playground for the children of the poor. It is a mistake on the part of society to make no other provision for the health and recreation of the young, than to grant them the freedom of the public streets, and the Queen's highway. That is not much of an inheritance for a British child, endowed by Providence with the activity and restless energy implanted by nature as the first great law of childhood. We could do better than that if we try. We would make the children of the poor happier; and although it must be confessed that Scotland has yet to learn a great secret in the art of making children happy, it is most assuredly a law of nature, that if children are made happy by wholesome means, they are in a fairer way to be made good, than when exposed to the demoralising influence of the street. Why should there not be playgrounds for the children of the poor—nay, not merely for the children of the poor, but for the children of all? Thickly populated districts ought to have playgrounds large enough to allow the children to run about and to exercise their limbs, to develop their frames, and to make them strong and muscular—like little tom-cats, to grow afterwards into British lions, ready to face any work or any foe that may be set before them. Pale, sickly, stunted children, can never grow into strong men. Our manufacturing districts are already telling the tale in a shortened stature. Nature cuts off an inch or two of the height, because there is not enough to make a full-sized man, and so our standard for the army must come down, and our regiments must be made up of "little wee fellows" about as big as three quartern loaves, instead of the broad-shouldered powerful men, that could charge through a stone wall, or an acre of Frenchmen. We do wrong not to care for the children. It is cheaper to take care of them when they are young, than to pay £100 a year for them in prison when they put in practice what they learn in the streets—or to keep them in reformatories, or in hospitals and infirmaries, or worst of all, magdalene asylums. We should make children happy, give them air, exercise, and education—make them sharp, clever, and strong, and enter them fairly into human life, that they may have a chance. They ought to have playgrounds, and play heartily, to their heart's content; and then they sleep like tops and do not vex their mother, or make their father angry, or give him a pretext for going to the public-house, to get out of the way of the children. Society has no sense. It is not common sense to suppose that children can grow up well and strong, unless they have plenty of exercise, and plenty of play. Play is a law of nature, and all the efforts of all the men in the world will never make fine children without play. We are glad to observe therefore, that Mr. Slaney, has obtained leave to bring a bill into parliament, "to facilitate grants of land to be made near populous places, for the use and regulated recreation of adults, and playgrounds for poor children." Honour to Mr. Slaney, and we hope that Glasgow will send him up some petition or something of the kind to help his hand, and to show that his work is appreciated. Wherever there are children there ought to be playgrounds, and that ought to be one of the first laws of a great city.—*Commonwealth.*

MESMERISM AND METHODISM.

The wonderful "developments" of Miss Montague, attracting such hosts of old and young nightly to the Temperance Hall, has created quite a sensation in the religious world. Deacons and others connected with Zoar, Pontmorlais, and Caepantwyll chapels, have naturally expressed themselves strongly against their members taking part in the laughable exhibitions at the Hall. Probably most of them would not be averse to members attending these lectures, but when usually devout individuals were attracted from their seats to the platform, and then began to dance, sing, and indulge in extraordinary feats of gymnastics, the matter wore a serious aspect. The result has been that chapels have been excluded. In some few instances there have been no consideration shown for youthful frailties, and where admonition might have been just, dismissal has been carried into force. One worthy, whose name we forget, expressed himself very decidedly against "mountebanks and

mesmerising." Sleep, said he, with simple earnestness, is the gift of God, and should not be tampered with. In their sleeping hours man is not answerable for what takes place, and if by similar means a person is made to act and sing, it is wrong, inasmuch as it is interfering with the laws of the Almighty. An honest and well expressed view, but we think the worthy utterer pictures the "evil" in too strong a manner. Mesmerism has arisen to the position of a science, and under skilful hands has been found a valuable aid to the physician. Those demonstrations or developments may not—possibly do not, conduce to any good, save that they amuse for the moment. We are not yet, however, become so utilitarian as to eschew all amusements but those attended with practical benefits. When such a course is pursued,—when we begin to disuse all but enjoyments such as a puritanical worthy would sanction, it will be a sad day for Wales. We want sunshine, especially in youth, and so long as innocent amusements, like those of Miss Montague, are free from immorality, so long let them be continued. Debar youth from enjoyments open and reasonable, and youth will seek enjoyments of a more questionable character. It is the same with individuals as with nations, the puritanism and unnatural restraint of the Commonwealth were followed by the license of the Restoration. Many a page of history proves the view we take; many a family record illustrates the truth.

MR. DONOVAN, of London, well known as a phrenologist and mesmerist, has been delivering lectures with illustrative experiments at the Theatre, New Market Hotel, in this city, to respectable although not numerous audiences. The antiquity of the practice, its re-discovery by Mesmer, and the identity of "animal magnetism," "vital magnetism," "electro-biology," &c., having been briefly noticed by the lecturer, he proceeded to give exemplifications of mesmeric power, by experiments upon a number of young men and boys. His success was varied; in some very complete and striking, in others partial, and in others only just perceptible; but in all of the same kind. To a candid observer, perhaps this very variety in degree of effect was the best possible proof of the genuineness of the phenomena. Mr. Donovan pointed out the value of mesmerism as a curative power in toothache, rheumatism, and other diseases, and explained the mode of application. He laid much emphasis on the principle that the operation is essentially mental, the operation of one mind upon another. As a proof of this, he, by the mere effort of will, produced rigidity of limbs in a young man, and set him to sleep in an uncomfortable standing position, with his arms stretched out. In another case, he succeeded in making a youth apparently intoxicated with a few drops of water; induced him to nurse tenderly and defend very earnestly a chair, under the idea that it was a child, and to commit other absurdities of a very amusing kind. One of the lecturer's patients imagined himself at work at his trade, that of a blacksmith; another was as diligently engaged in shooting, &c. Some of the younger ones were evidently keen enjoyers of "the ludicrous," and were as evidently disposed to hoax the lecturer whenever it was possible; but it was amusing to see several of them compelled to yield in earnest to the mysterious influence. Altogether the proceedings were as curious, taken as intellectual puzzles, as they were full of genuine fun. To the phrenologist, the effects produced were in some cases especially interesting. To-night, and on Monday night, Mr. Donovan's experiments will—see advertisement—be repeated, on which occasion our readers may spend a couple of hours with him in an instructive as well as amusing manner.—*Hereford Times.*

MISS MONTAGUE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday and Tuesday (yesterday) evenings Miss Montague gave two of her very popular entertainments in the Town Hall, Haverfordwest, to a large and respectable audience. On the first evening there were several young lads operated on by Miss Montague, and while under mesmeric influence their movements were amusing—such as working at their professions or trades, singing, laughing, shaking, as if affected with palsy, fancying themselves to be on fire, showing all the indications of being intensely cold by wrapping themselves up tightly, &c. Sufficient proofs are given that there is no deception whatever in the matter. One of the audience, under the influence exerted upon him from the platform by the lecturer was compelled to run towards him, over the seats, benches, &c., apparently in a state of unconsciousness. Several persons closed their eyes and, by an exercise of the lecturer's will, and moving of his hands, were unable to open them. On last evening the experiments were of a different character from those of the former evening, and concluded with persons eating cabbages in the belief that they were pork pies. Miss Montague's "demonstrations" altogether are truly wonderful. Indeed it very far surpasses anything of the sort we have ever witnessed.

MEDICAL MESMERISM.—Some of the believers in mesmerism.—The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately), the great Logician, Earl Carlisle, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and well known in the literary world; and a host of other names celebrated for their learning, virtues, and high social position. For further names see Report of Ninth Annual Meeting of London Mesmeric Infirmary, 36, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, London.

DEATH OF DR. ESDAILE.—This gentleman died at Sydenham, on Monday, the 10th, and was interred on Saturday, the 15th inst., in the cemetery of Norwood. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Esdaile, of Perth, and born at

Montrose on the 6th of February, 1808. He studied and graduated in the University of Edinburgh, and he has been chiefly distinguished by his study and application of mesmerism in India. Dr. Esdaile performed a very large number of surgical operations—some of them absolutely gigantic—without pain. Enormous tumours are common in India, and Dr. Esdaile cut them away by wholesale, and with perfect success, the patients knowing nothing about the matter, until on awaking they saw their tumours lying upon the floor. In one place we read that after 100 capital operations with insensibility, only two patients died within a month—one from cholera and the other from lock-jaw. Persecution he of course experienced; but the editors of the newspapers took up his cause. A mesmeric committee was appointed by Government to investigate his facts. He satisfied them; and was placed at the head of a mesmeric hospital. After his return from India, where he spent many years, he lived in privacy, first in Scotland, and ultimately in Sydenham, as he found the north too cold.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY; TRADING v. SCHEMING.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. (By a Birmingham tradesman.)—
"1. Let the business of every one else alone, and attend to your own. 2. Do not buy what you do not want. 3. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even your leisure hour useful. 4. Think twice before you throw away a shilling. Remember you will have another to make in its place. 5. Find recreation in looking after your business, and your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation. 6. Buy low! sell fair! and take care of the profits. 7. Look over your books regularly, and when you find an error, trace it out. 8. Should misfortune overtake you in trade—retrench work harder! but never fly the truth. 9. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last. Though you should fail in the struggle, you will gain respect; but shrink from them, and you will be despised."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY, (Humbug,) by Barnum, of New York. 1. Make yourself acquainted with everybody's business. 2. Buy anything that will aid you in humbugging your countrymen. If you don't want it now, well, you may some day. 3. Use some of your own spare hours, and all those of any tools you can find: if they're "slick and smart," you can convert them into "showmen." 4. Spend your last dollar to perfect your "Hum." You will make a hundred in its place. 5. Find recreation in looking after opportunities to fleece "Greenhorns," because there is no fear that "Greenhorns" will fleece you. 6. Buy low, (buffaloes, for instance;) charge low to see your bargain, (woolly horse, for instance,) but take care of your profits. (I'll confess that I couldn't do that.) 7. Never bother about book-keeping, and don't be too punctual. People like excitement; and you won't be troubled with reviewing your ledger. 8. Should your "spec" fail, or your "kalkilation" overreach you, well, stand your ground; buy a "mermaid," and "spec" again. 9. Should you be call'd a "humbug," well, it's a truth. Don't flinch; people love a "humbug," (the buffalo hunt, for instance.) Should you be proved a "humbug" out of your own mouth, don't shrink from the name so well earned; but open a lecture room, and make a confessional of it. Thousands of persons will turn priests, and pay well at the door of your confessional, for the privilege of giving you absolution. Struggle to make a clean breast of it, and you will gain respect.—PAUL BETNEYS, Author of "The English Emigrants," &c.

FOLLY OF GRUMBING.—What on earth is gained by this puerile, mean, and diabolical practice? It is unmanly, unwomanly, ungodly, foolish, and demoralizing. Nothing is gained thereby—it is unsocial, disagreeable, cowardly, contemptible, and devilish. It is unworthy of man, woman, or child—of anything but fiends and demons. Show me a habitual grumbler and I will show you a weak mind, an unsocial, unhappy person, and a small, unprogressive, stunted soul. It is a habit of the most injurious nature and worst tendency. God has surrounded us with blessings innumerable, given us every cause to be thankful, and a repining, grumbling spirit is rebellious and insulting toward the Most High. Let no grumbler imagine himself pious; piety makes happy men.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE COMET.—The *National American*, (Atlanta Ga.) says:—It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights only, in the autumn of 2147.

As we may not allude to this fact again, our readers are requested to cut out this notion and preserve it—if they desire to see the comet.

FACTS IN THE CENSUS.—According to the late general Census, 956,030 persons have passed 70 years in Great Britain; 126,000 are over four-score years; 10,000 over 90 years; 2,038 over 95 years, and 319 over 100 years. The picture given of the mortality of children in the large manufacturing cities is frightful. It is stated that of 100,000 children born in Liverpool, only 44,797 live to the age of 20, while in Surrey that age is attained by 70,885 out of the same number of children born.

AUSTRALIAN CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT.—ROBSON AND REDPATH.—Advices have been received from the Rev. Joseph Johnson, sent out to minister to the convicts in Fremantle, Western Australia, by the Colonial Missionary Society. The communication announces the arrival of the notorious convict-forgers Robson and Redpath, and the great gold-dust robbers, Agar and Tester, and the bank forger barrister Sward, alias Jim the Penman. The writer says:—"They are all engaged on the public works, making roads, &c. Redpath and Robson are engaged, as I am writing, wheeling stones near my house, with shackles upon their persons. Their health appears to be good, but they seem wretched and dejected, and weary of their lives. The celebrated Rev. Dr. Beresford, who is related to a noble marquis, and who with a living of 1000*l.* a year, committee forgery to an enormous extent, has also arrived out in the colony, and is now employed sweeping the wards in the new convict prison, which has just been completed."

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER III.

FACTS AND FIGURES.—*continued.*

On the whole, then, it will be found to be an incontrovertible fact, that the more a man follows and is obedient to those laws which the all-wise Ruler of the universe has established for his guidance, the longer will he live, other things being equal; and, though this is a general law, it is not so much the effect of climate as the mode of living. In the same districts, therefore, as long as the inhabitants lead a temperate life, they will attain to old age; but as soon as they become highly civilized, and by these means sink into luxury, dissipation, and corruption, which is commonly the case, their health will suffer, and their lives be shortened. In the course of nine years' advocacy of the temperance cause, we have often met with objections to our views of intemperance in eating and drinking being destructive of health and longevity; and we are ready to admit that there are exceptions to the rule; but they are so rare as to be only exceptions, and not the rule. Yet, we are certain, had those persons, who by more than usually good constitutions have lived to seventy or eighty years, adopted a rational mode of living, they would have been honoured with ranking with our Jenkinsses, Parrs, and Cams; and instead of being distinguished, in their latter days, by palsied limbs, by racking pains, an intellect betokening a state of dotage, and, as Bishop Berkeley observes, being set up as the devil's decoys,* to draw in proselytes, they would have sunk into the grave as into a sweet repose, at the close of a long, useful, and happy life, and perhaps been enabled, to the very last, to relish the enjoyments of reason. Thus, instead of decoying others into bad ways, they would have been able to communicate to them the lessons of wisdom, which they had been taught by long personal experience and observation. These "devil's decoys" are the greatest obstacles in the way of all reforms. The man who deals in intoxicating liquors in a palace, and preserves the external forms of respectability, has an influence for evil which the low grog-shop keeper, the loafer, can make no pretensions to. So with the moderate drinker. He maintains a respectable exterior; his position in society is honorable; he "can drink or let it alone." His counsel is listened to, and his example followed by others. Not so with the gutter-drunkard, or the immoderate drinker. No one considers his condition or ways exemplary. He rather serves as a frightful example to warn others from treading in his footsteps; while the man of character and station misleads others into his downward habits, many of whom inevitably become miserable and ruined drunkards. When we hear of a learned professor, an eminent statesman, a distinguished physician, or a Christian minister, who advocates or practises the moderate use of wine, we are always reminded of the devil's decoy.

The above facts, to which we have called attention, are all derived from unimpeachable and, as regards our object, from disinterested sources; and are of such an unequivocal nature, that we may confidently base our system upon them, as to its influence on health and longevity. If, however, they fail to convince, even the least sceptical, we think we may safely adopt the language of Abraham to the rich man, "neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH.

It is a common argument among divines in the behalf of religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die! It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind; the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, than that it smooths the pillow of a death-bed?—*SHERSTONE.*

MANY of our readers on closing the book, after reading the remarks in the preceding chapter, will perhaps exclaim, "We do not wish to live so long!" Perhaps not. And how many there are who feel in their old age, as did Louis Wholeham, at the age of 113, less resigned to die than he was eighty years before. Even the Christian who has "a good hope through grace," and knows that "if the earthly house of his tabernacle were dissolved; he has a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" even he fees the physician at no small cost, and takes the most nauseous

* Dr. Cheyne mentions one of these decoys, who had drunk from two to four bottles of wine every day, for fifty years, and boasted that he was as hale and hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a bystander, "where are your boon companions?" "Ah!" he quickly replied, "that's another question: if the truth may be told, I have buried three entire generations of them." And, as Dr. Beddoes observes, "Neither do all who are exposed to its contagion, catch the plague; and yet is the hazard sufficient to induce every man in his sober senses [when is the drunkard in his] to keep out of the way of infection."

drugs to ward off the "last enemy." One reason for this anxiety probably is, that the evening of the longest day finds most men with their work but imperfectly done, and therefore but ill prepared for their final account. Besides, as we are not isolated beings, we cannot sever the bond which unites us to the whole human family; and therefore we eat not to ourselves—we drink not to ourselves—we live not to ourselves—we die not to ourselves. "Living or dying we are the Lord's," and are bound to take care that we do not, by indulgence or neglect, render that body a mass of disease and infirmity, and useless to him and his church on earth. The lame, the blind, and the maimed, among the Jews, were neither received as a sin-offering or a peace-offering. We owe to God, his church, and the world, the longest and the best life we can live, and are under the most solemn obligations not to injure or shorten it. "Do thyself no harm," and "Thou shalt not kill," are among the positive laws of Jehovah, still binding on the conscience of all; and he "will not hold him guiltless" who violates them. They form a part of that great standard by which, in the day of judgement, every man's actions will be tried. Their design is obvious. Like all other divine commands or prohibitions, they state the rights either of God or of his creatures; and demand a regard to those rights on pain of eternal death. One command guards one precious interest, another presents and defends another. The prohibitions before us refer to two of our dearest interests—our HEALTH and our LIFE. They are both the gift of God. Most tenderly has he guarded, most sternly does he threaten, and most dreadfully will he punish every earthly invader who dares lift up his hand against them, or who carelessly injures them.

But still we are dying creatures, and though by proper attention, and the due observance of those laws which pertain to life and health, we may greatly promote both, yet "it is appointed unto man once to die." This is the purpose of God—the decree of Jehovah. While, therefore, we are concerned to live well and long, let us be equally anxious to die well and happy. This is of great importance physically; as no one who had a great fear of dying ever attained to a great age. But it is of infinitely more importance morally; for, though a man dies, he shall "live again," either in happiness or woe.

"Since then we die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows,
But when we have resigned our breath,
The immortal spirit goes
To endless joys or everlasting woes;
Wise is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake,
And by all methods strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure."

Let the reader remember, that if by temperance, etc., he should secure health and long life, and should nevertheless neglect his soul, it will profit him nothing. All earthly blessings, even health and life, though among the greatest, have only the condition of an annuity for life; and as such, each succeeding year makes a considerable decrease in their value; and at death the whole is at an end for ever. But not so with the man who has "fled for refuge" to the world's Redeemer—has found "redemption in his blood, and the forgiveness of sins"—is "justified by faith"—"has peace with God"—"the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him." He dies in peace! And can it be otherwise? Having obeyed the organic laws, he dies, not of disease and racking pain, but of old age. Having experienced "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;" and having obtained "grace to help him in time of need," he has "finished his course of joy," and is now about to receive "the crown of life which the Lord has promised to those that love him." His death-bed is, therefore, a glorious place. The heavens are serene—his anchorage is good, having entered within the veil; he knows his future inheritance is secured by the death of Christ—therefore we need not wonder that

"The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

With him all is calm and serene. Behind him all is sprinkled with atoning blood. Around him all is conquered. Before him all is fraught with good—rich, boundless, and eternal. No wonder, then, that he should die in peace, for he has no guilt to torment him; "being justified by faith" he has peace with God. Death cannot terrify him, for its sting is taken away—nor is there anything in eternity to create anxiety, for the "judge is his friend." Thus

"You see the man; you see his hold on heaven
Through nature's wreck, through vanquished agonies;
Like the stars struggling in this midnight gloom;
What gleams of joy! What more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal, the poor abject worm?
No, not in death the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all,
Richer than Mammon's for their single hire.
His comforters he comforts; GREAT IN RUIN."

Still there are thousands who could subscribe to all we have said above, as to the comforts of God's people in dying circumstances, who are, nevertheless, "through fear of death, all their lifetime subject to bondage." This in the Christian arises in most cases from a mistaken notion respecting the actual separation of the soul from the body in death. No living man certainly ever felt what death is; and as insensibly as we enter into life, supposing there be no guilt on the conscience, equally insensibly do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. My proofs are as follows: First, no man can have any sensation of dying; for to die, means nothing more than to lose the vital power; and it is the vital power by which the soul communicates sensation to the body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation, of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs. Death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommodes anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence.—*Arceilius.* There is nothing terrible in death but what our lives have made so; hence many a Christian has been able to say, with Dr. Goodwin, "Is this dying? Is this the enemy that dismayed me so long—now appearing so harmless—and even pleasant?" We are taught also by experience, that all those who ever passed through the first stage of death, as in cases of partial drowning, etc., and were again brought to life, unanimously asserted that they felt nothing of dying, but sunk at once into a state of insensibility. Let us not be led into error on this subject by the convulsive throbs, the rattling in the throat, and the apparent pangs of death, which are observed in many persons in a dying state. These symptoms are painful to the spectators, and not to the dying, who are not sensible of them. The case is the same as if one, from the dreadful contortions of a person in an epileptic fit, should come to a conclusion respecting his internal feelings. This would be evidently wrong; for, from what affects us so much, he suffers nothing. If, therefore, we have imbibed the spirit of the sweet singer of Israel, and can say of his "Shepherd," "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake;" let us also say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"To die, is landing on some peaceful shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er."—*Garth.*

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL EFFECTS OF DIET ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

Providence has gifted man with reason; to this, therefore, left is the choice of his food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to the regulation of his diet; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural; among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection; and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty.

PROUT'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

THE vital principle, which we call life, though modified by peculiar circumstances, is the same in all human beings. It becomes, therefore, of importance that these circumstances should be understood by us, because, as we have seen in the chapter on "Health and Longevity," this principle can only be secured in a healthy state for many years by the regular and harmonious action of all the functions of the system. It is subject to, and a consequence of, a due performance of the organic laws. Proper food, water, air, exercise, and rest, with entire abstinence from drugs, are essential to its continuance. Every circumstance which tends to enfeeble the organic functions, diminishes, in a greater or less degree, the force of the vital functions.

A little attention to the subject of diet will be sufficient to show how much health and longevity depend upon a proper line of conduct in this respect; inasmuch as the whole constitution of our bodies may be changed by it alone: nor is it less important in the cure of disease. Hence, it is truly astonishing that Priessnitz, that man of nature, should be so much influenced by the gross mode of living generally adopted by the Germans. We are informed by those who have visited Graefenberg, that patients are provided with the veal of calves not more than a day or two old. Hares, coarse, dry, or tough, being first boiled, and then baked. Pork, goose, duck and sausages, all baked, help to vary the repast. Add to this, old mutton and cow beef, stewed in vinegar, succeeded by rancid ham, served up with mashed grey peas. They have also cucumbers cured in nothing but salt and water, which the Germans devour with avidity; yet wonders are effected, proving the efficacy of the water

treatment. The manner in which this matter is handled by Mr. Claridge, in his otherwise excellent work, is a great drawback on its merits and usefulness. Yet there is much in Priessnitz's system of diet which is very excellent; such as taking their aliments cold, etc.

Much has been said and written about the unphysiological character of a portion of the dietary system at Priessnitz's establishment. Persons not accustomed to provide a table for water-cure patients, can have little idea of the difficulty of controlling artificial appetites. Imagine a man surrounded by five hundred invalids, all having their opinions, conceits, and prejudices; all having been long addicted to improper or intemperate eating and drinking; all full of morbid cravings, most of them, too, nervous, peevish, irritable, and fault-finding; because the consequences of over-indulgence demand self-denial and privation as indispensable conditions of restoration; and some conception may be formed of the herculean task of carrying out any dietetic arrangement on strictly physiological rules. It is true that some articles of food, usually found on the table at Graefenburg, are positively bad; and the greater part of the dietary system would admit of improvement. It is not to be supposed that Priessnitz, with all his vastness and originality of mind, has had the opportunity of investigating theoretically and reducing to practice all the details of a physiological regimen. To his great credit however, and evincive of his quick perception and accurate observation, be it said, that his special directions to his patients as to what food is best for them, are singularly judicious and philosophical, according with the more profound investigations of Graham, Lambe, and other dietetic reformers. He gives them to understand, in general terms, that the more simple and plain their food the sooner they may expect to recover health. He tells them that coarse, unconcentrated food is the best, eaten cool or cold; that brown or unbolted meal is far preferable to fine or superfine for the farinaceous part of their diet; he teaches them that the most rapid and perfect cures are made by abandoning all animal food; that simple brown bread and pure water are sufficient in themselves for perfect nutrition, and then leaves them to their own responsibility. What more could one man do among so many, whose appetites were ten times as strong as their wills? Although he did not, amid the opposition and persecution which surrounded and embarrassed him, strictly carry out his own views of diet, he has taken a position far in advance of the medical profession, and which, fifty years hence, like the writings of Graham, Lambe, Alcott, Smith, and Carnaro, will be better understood and appreciated than now.

The object of food being to supply the system with nutriment, health in a great measure depends on a proper supply of the best quality. This is also of great importance mentally as well as physically; for as Dr. Cheyne justly observes, "He that would have a clean head must have a clean body." The stomach, which has been denominated by Lord Bacon "the father of the family;" and by J. J. Gurney, Esq., "the kitchen of the house," is the centre of sympathy, and intimately connected with the body and the mind; the most important organ in the preservation, or the restoration of health; is capable of modifying the action of every substance submitted to it; and if either the body or mind be hurt, intelligence of the injury is soon carried to it, and it soon becomes distended and offended, in proportion to the importance of the part, and the degree in which it is hurt; this injury is resented either by excess of languor or excitement—doing too little in the first case, and too much in the latter. In the one case constipation, and in the other diarrhoea is increased, in such as are subject thereto; and all chronic complaints are exasperated. The habits of society very much contribute to this state of things. The quantity of food commonly made use of by those who can get it, its innutritive qualities, and the almost endless variety of dishes, tend very much to injure the functions of the stomach, and to frustrate its important operation.

Now all these sorrows and diseases
A man may fly from, if he pleases;
For early rising will restore
His powers to what they were before;
Teach him to dine at nature's call,
And to sup lightly, if at all;
And leave the folly of night dinners
To fools, and dandies, and old sinners.

It is your superfluous second courses, and ridiculous variety of wines, ices, desserts, etc.; which are served up, more to gratify the appetite and pamper the pride of the host, than to promote the health of those who partake thereof; it is these which overcome the stomach and paralyze digestion, and seduce children of larger growth to sacrifice the health and comfort of several years for the baby pleasures of tickling their tongues for a few minutes with champagne, custards, and trifles.

These people think the more plentifully they stuff themselves, the better they must thrive, and the stronger they must grow; forgetting, if they ever knew, that it is not the quantity taken into the stomach, but that

which is properly digested and assimilated, which nourishes and strengthens—all besides this weakens. In the invigorated state, which in two or three years would ensue on a return to the laws of nature, the appetite would measure the quantity of vegetable food proper to be taken during the day; an advantage which is lost at a well-furnished table, where the flavor of the dishes is too seductive for us to recollect the juice of the meat that has been compressed for our destruction.

Food is of two kinds, solid and liquid; and important as the subject is, still no specific, but only general, rules can be laid down for its use. It is very difficult to ascertain the exact quantity, etc., of food proper for every sex, age, constitution, and condition of life; nor is such a nicety at all necessary, except in extreme cases, which will never occur to the man of nature. Mankind were never intended to weigh and measure their food; they have a better standard to go to—honest instinct, which seldom fails to make out a title to be called unerring. The *Times* says the horse or the ox which declines Harrowgate waters, is wiser than man; nature has made the waters nauseous to warn all animals against drinking it; the animal, therefore, which follows instinct, is right; the reasoning animal, man, is wrong.

Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment.
Directed, bounded by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aimed:
Voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.—*Armstrong.*

Our stomachs are, in general, pretty good judges of what is best for them, if we would allow them to guide us. Thousands have perished for being inattentive to their call, for one who has implicitly obeyed them. Yet nothing is more common than for invalids to inquire of their medical attendant what food is proper for them. What nonsense! Their doctor might with more propriety be required to tell them what was most agreeable to their palates. A Dutchman who had been a long time in the free use of ardent spirits, was at length persuaded to give them up, and to join a temperance society. A few months after, feeling unwell—a sinking at the stomach—he sent for a doctor, who prescribed for him, an ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend, who told him eight drachms make an ounce. Ah! exclaimed the Dutchman, the doctor understands my case exactly; I used to take six drachms (small glasses) in a day, and I always wanted two more. "A fool or a physician at forty," is an adage containing more truth than is commonly believed. He who has not by that time learned to observe the causes of self-disorder, shows few signs of wisdom; and he who has carefully noted down* the things which create disorder in himself must possess much knowledge, which a physician at a pop visit ought not to pretend to. I never yet met with any person of common sense (except in acute illness), whom I did not think much fitter to choose for himself than I was to determine for him.—*Dr. Heberden.* But if we could lay down specific rules, as to the kind and quality, and also the time of taking food, there would be two grand obstacles in the way of accomplishing our object: 1. They are not always under our control. 2. Few have moral courage enough to war against appetite and adopt them, even when they commend themselves to their judgment.

"But alas, these are subjects on which there's no reasoning;
For you'll still eat your goose, duck, or pig, with its seasoning;
And what is far worse—notwithstanding its huffing,
You'll make for your hare and your veal a good stuffing.
And I fear if a leg of good mutton you boil,
With sauce of vile capers that mutton you'll spoil;
And though, as you think, to preserve good digestion,
A mouthful of cheese is the best thing in question,
In Gath do not tell it, nor in Askalon blab it,
You're strictly forbidden to eat a Welsh rabbit."

Nothing is more common than for people to take (because advised by the doctor) a rasher of broiled or fried bacon for breakfast to cure the heartburn. Nothing more strongly illustrates the utter absurdity and total want of all philosophical principle, in the popular medical practice of the day, than this plan of relieving particular symptoms at the expense of the general health. This applies to the dietetic as well as the medicinal treatment. Heartburn indicates acidity, foul secretion, morbid matter in the stomach, or decomposed, unhealthy, and acrid bile in the *duodenum*, near the lower orifice of the stomach. It is so much easier to quiet this feeling for the time than to cure it permanently, that the doctors generally content themselves with smothering the sensation, while they allow the causes to go on undisturbed. They tinker away at the effect without thinking of the condition. Almost any stimulating substance, as brandy, pepper, mustard; or alkaline material, as soda, magnesia, saleratus; or greasy compound, as fat pork, bacon, cod liver oil, will allay or

* Locke says, "Were it my business to understand physic, would not the surer way be to consult nature itself in the history of diseases and their cure, than to espouse the principles of the dogmatists or chemists?"

overcome the feeling for a time. But this is only stifling the outcries of nature, and changing the form of disease into less apparent, but really more destructive conditions. Medical books are full of inconsistencies in theory and contradictions in experience on the subject of greasy foods, fat meats, and animal oils.

Liebig imagines that fat, employed as food, serves an important part in the animal economy, by supplying carbon to be "burnt in the lungs," thus supporting respiration and promoting animal heat. He has entirely and most strangely overlooked the obvious fact, that the offensive carbon is merely thrown off in this way; got rid of as useless and effete matter. The chemical theory of Liebig, which makes fat an alimentary principle, also makes alcohol an alimentary principle. Alcohol is a highly noxious, and highly carbonated liquid. The organism resents, rejects, and expels it in all possible ways. Much of its plus-carbon is ejected from the lungs by means of the respiratory function. The increased chemical and physiological action requisite to get rid of it, of course increases the animal heat temporarily; but so far from this process, this preternatural augmentation of heat, being a useful way to support respiration, it is an absolute febrile and injurious effect, tending to exhaust the vitality, and prematurely wear out the organic machinery.

Now, strange as it may seem, Pereira, in his able work on food and diet—able in the chemical sense only, does actually, on the ground I am controverting, declare alcohol an alimentary principle! I only wonder that, following out this wild vagary, tobacco was not made an alimentary principle. "The filthy weed" is in very general use; it contains much carbon; and one has only to smell the breath of a tobacco-eater to discover that some of its elements are expelled from the system through the lungs. Why not then say, tobacco furnishes carbon to be "burnt in the lungs," thus supporting respiration, thus maintaining the animal heat, and thus becoming an important alimentary principle! Ridiculous as is this conclusion, it results legitimately from the premises assumed in relation to the uses of animal oils. Such are the egregious errors resulting from the substitution of mere chemical analyses, always imperfect, for physiological principles, always true and immutable.

Pereira says: "Fixed oil or fat is more difficult of digestion, and more obnoxious to the stomach, than any other alimentary principle." Is not this good ground to suspect it is not an alimentary principle at all? Surely nature cannot be so inconsistent as to provide an indigestible and obnoxious alimentary principle! But, *per contra*, Professor C. A. Lee, of this city, New York, in editing Pereira's work, tells us that he has treated many cases of cholera infantum, where every thing would be rejected from the stomach except salt pork, or fat bacon, rare broiled, and given in small quantities at a time. Hers is another delusion of theory. Because a given article of food, or medicine, or poison, will resist the efforts of the stomach to expel it, when the digestive organs are incapable of acting on any nutritive material, and when no food at all should be forced into the stomach, it by no means follows that such article is best. When the stomach rejects particular articles of medicine, the physician is very apt to try one drug after another, until something stays on the stomach. Then he imagines that he has achieved a great victory. Perhaps he has; and conquered the stomach instead of the disease. The allopathic system is mainly practiced on the principle of silencing the efforts of nature. It is a mischievous practice, whether in the use of calomel and opium as remedies, or fat pork and bacon as victuals.

How much more rational and common-sensical is it, in cholera cases, as instanced by Dr. Lee, to give the patient plenty of tepid or cool water to dilute and wash away the offending material in the stomach, then let it alone until rest and restoration allow the *natural appetite* to determine when food is wanted and can be digested.

The practice is almost too absurd to be reasoned upon. We have induced several to abandon it, with good effect. For though a small portion may not do much harm to persons who have to go to plough, or to thrash in the barn all day, to studious and sedentary persons, who have little exercise and fresh air, it must be injurious. But we are told that working men, who are the most healthy class of the community, eat bacon and pork. We ask how much of it? Not so much per month as some eat in a day; besides the fact, that they often work from twelve to sixteen hours per day in the pure open air, by means of which, and the perspiration, they throw off its noxious particles.

(To be continued in our next.)

We oftentimes measure the favours we grant by the necessities of those who solicit—not from the intrinsic value of what is granted. It is a pitiful pride which makes a merit of the power to oblige, and which demands that the mere act of obliging may cover the manner and the amount of obligation.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CANDIDATES FOR REFORMATION.

"He loved; but there was none to guide—to point
His early aspirations to the source
Of virtue, charity, and truth, and peace."

THOMAS BREGGS.

The fare was homely but plentiful, and our friends were actively engaged in doing justice to it, when they were startled by an agitation, loud and long, of the lion-headed communicator that ornamented the street door. A prominent feature was this lion-faced knocker, and which, at eight o'clock every morning, was daubed with blacklead, succeeded by a vigorous brushing; but the great point of attraction was an ancient and mysterious-looking door-plate, considerably out of the horizontal, but obviously intended to inform the visitor that Mr. CRAMP really lived there. Such sturdy official applications at one's door, and that other scientific one, exercised by the postman, ensures immediate attention, and, in a twinkling, the door was opened, and Mr. Cramp was asked for in a tone which seemed to say, "Now, it's no good saying he's engaged, or not at home, because I will see him." Mr. Cramp rose from his seat, and, drawing his chintz-pattern morning gown closely around his body, he opened the parlour door.

"Dear me, well, who'd a thought it?" exclaimed Mr. Cramp. "I'm astonished! Mr. Practical, from America. Well, come in, come in, my dear sir;" and then followed such a shaking of hands and such a bustle, that Tiny and Lizzy arose and proposed to make their exit.

"Not at all, not at all, my young friends, don't mind me," said Mr. Practical. "I shall be proud to make your acquaintance; pray keep your seats."

Reassured, Tiny and Lizzy resented themselves.

"Well," said Mr. Cramp, with suavity of tongue and melting expression of countenance, "I'd as soon have thought to see the United States' President this morning. I'm glad to see you, for I've lots of business on hand. See," said he, walking to the window with an air of self-satisfaction, and pointing to the wretched crowd on the other side of the street, "See, Mr. Practical."

"Ah, ah!" said Mr. Practical, "I've examined that lot, 'tooth and limb,' as our Southern planters would say. It's another queer batch; all humbug, Mr. Cramp, all humbug, it's all wrong. I wish you wouldn't have anything to do with such cattle; but, I'm afraid, you'll never alter, you're incorrigible. Them dirty rogues know too much for you; their thorough wide-awake Englishers; a curse to any land. It won't do, it won't do; it's all a hum, Mr. Cramp."

"You're really too hard, Mr. Practical," retorted Mr. Cramp, "you're too hard; I'm proud of that lot. On your side of the water, you don't get such raw material as we do here. No, no, not you. If you want to see the real thing, England's the place."

"Raw material, good; first rate," said Mr. Practical, with a knowing wink at Tiny. "Raw, indeed; that's just what the chiefs of police say on my side of the water. Raw, indeed, with an inextinguishable odour about it. We wish you would *cool* your material before you ship it for the States, and not spawn such cargoes of refuse upon the industrious in our country. It's too bad, too bad; it stinks at starting, and don't improve by the keeping. But it's no use to argue with you, I know; but when you next come over to the States, just look in upon my little 'Reformatory Plantation,' on the banks of the Hudson, old 'Jepson's farm' as was, and I'll show you something that will open both your eyes and ears. Your Englishers are proverbial for the number and quality of your raw material, and manufacturers of vice and pauperism; you have glutted your own land with this pestilential production, and have shipped some thousands of the worst specimens to our shores. However, I'm off this afternoon, going by the 'Patrick Henry.' My effects are on board, and I merely called in to say, good bye, and that I expect a visit from you when you bring over your next cargo of raw material, that we may show you the most sensible and honest mode of manufacture, and how we reform and reclaim the vicious, found prowling about the Union, most of whom, by-the-by, are droppings of English, Irish, and Scotch emigrants."

"You're a strange man, Mr. Practical," said Mr. Cramp, "and, doubtless, you mean well; but, as you have said, it is useless to argue, because I have some few evidences in London of the efficacy of my 'breaking down' system. But do stay while I examine yonder lot; it is ten o'clock, and time that I had them in to prayers."

"I can stay for an hour," replied Mr. Practical; "but, permit me to remind you that while you may have some few evidences of the efficacy of your 'breaking down' system in London, we, in America, have *thousands* of instances of the efficiency of your refuse to 'break up' law and order, and to recruit the ranks of 'loafers,' thieves, and sharpers, the pests of our cities."

Mr. Cramp now gave the signal to admit the lot. A number of chairs were packed closely round the room, the walls of which were ornamented with a map of the Holy Land and several pictures—all Scripture subjects. Mr. Cramp drew the round table towards him with the air of a man of

business, and spread out his books and papers. Mr. Practical was seated at his right hand, Tiny and Lizzy at his left, and, in a few minutes, the small room was crowded with men and boys, the women and girls being reserved as a second course.

Tiny sat very uncomfortable, from the fact of his close proximity to a worthy, who, either from natural habit or other unmentionable causes, scratched and fidgetted so as to keep him tingling all over. A chapter in the Bible was read, and prayer offered by Mr. Cramp, and some of the lads were dismissed, with advice how to act through the day, which advice was to keep their hands from picking and stealing. About forty individuals, having been thus summarily disposed of, with orders to attend the evening meetings and morning breakfasts, were promised that, if they gave evidence of a real desire to be reformed, means would be found to send them to America.

Two villainous-looking urchins were next introduced for special examination.

"Well," said Mr. Cramp, "What do you want?"

"Please, Sir," said the one who acted as spokesman, "will yer 'hermergrate hus?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Cramp. "How old are you?"

"I's twelve, an' he's ten," said the youth.

"Well, now your names; mind, your proper names, and no other."

"My name's Jemmy Bustin, and his'n's Jonny Cokle," said the boy.

"Well," continued Mr. Cramp, "how long have you been knocking about the streets?"

"Four yerres, Sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Cramp; "and how do you get your living?"

"Why," replied the boy, "sometimes I begs, I dus, an' sometimes I steals, I dus."

"Did you ever go to school?"

"No, Sir."

"What trade is your father?"

"I ain't got not no father ner muther, I ain't."

"Well; how many times have you been in prison?"

"I ain't not never been in prisin."

"Well, if you've not been in a prison I can't do anything for you, so you may go."

The least of the two children drew his ragged and dirty cuff across his eyes, and began to cry.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked Mr. Cramp.

"Please, Sir, I's been in prisin twice, I has."

"When did you come out last?" asked Mr. Cramp.

"I cum'd out this here mornin'," and the child gave a plaintive, "Oh!"

"What's the matter with your back?" enquired Mr. Cramp.

"I had a teasing (*i. e.*, a flogging) afore I cum out," said the child.

"How many times have you been teased?" asked Mr. Practical.

"Seven times," replied the child.

"Then, you have been in prison more than twice?" said Mr. Cramp.

"Yes; I's been in more nor a dozen times," said the boy.

"You don't like teasing, I suppose?" asked Mr. Practical.

"Ho, I don't mind it now," said the little fellow, "'cos I's youst to it. I didn't like hit at fust, but hit makes me hard now."

Take off your jacket and shirt, Sir, and show your back," said Mr. Cramp.

The child stripped, and, while he did so, the tears streamed down his little cheeks.

"What a sight! Poor child," said Mr. Practical, with a sigh, "and the very system that has made him what he is, takes this child into its iron grasp, and tears and mangles his tender body. Look," continued Mr. Practical, "at every mark on that infant's back; look at those black, blue, and blood-bedaubed lacerations, and at those weals of sickening width, which cover that tiny back, and never boast again about your humane English laws."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Next comes the vile procuress, vile as all
The filth of lust and froth of hell can make.

And then a damsel, newly victimised,
A child of promise, who could once repose
Beneath the shadow of a father's wing, or sit regaling
On a mother's smile." J. LAWRENCE.

THE two children were dismissed, as also were the second course, the girls, and several other casual visitors, with earnest warning and exhortation from Mr. Cramp to be honest, to struggle against temptation to do evil, and to attend regularly to the morning and evening meetings, and then, doubtless, he could recommend them to certain friends as eligible for emigration.

The two reformers, Messrs. Cramp and Practical, especially the latter, had each fixed and unalterable prejudices as to the best mode of dealing with this problematical class of the community. The former sought to convict them as sinners against God and his laws, and the latter, that they were sinners against themselves first, and, secondly, against society and its laws.

Mr. Cramp argued, "Convert them to God first, then their obligations to society would become apparent, and to do their duty towards it would not prove arduous."

Mr. Practical urged the necessity and practicability of enforcing human laws, when moral suasion failed. Those who determinedly and perseveringly revolted against those laws, whose powers to punish they were conversant with, could not be taught by any man to revere divine laws, of which they knew nothing. To break these creatures down, he argued, was to break them up. It was a sort of refined exultation over the worst phases of human misery. They came to Mr. Cramp because they were miserable. Could they have helped themselves they would not come to him. The conduct of a loving father to a returned prodigal, was to lavish upon him his stores of parental and religious love, and, thereby, to kindle in the bosom of that prodigal a sense of unworthiness. To tell the moneyless, friendless, prodigal to go on with his prodigality, was to jeer him, and to tell those miserable beings, whose trade was thieving and mendicancy, to go forth among multiplied temptations, and neither to beg nor to steal, was a "farce," at least, so reasoned Mr. Practical.

Mr. Cramp prided himself on his skill as a phrenologist, and Mr. Practical estimated himself as a physiognomist. The former believed that all reforms, whether individual or national, were to be alone effected by religion. The latter, believed in the spiritual excellencies of religion, but argued for human wisdom, sagacity, and natural moral worth, as a teacher of social duties. Mr. Cramp was a benevolent-looking being, and stood in Mr. Practical's estimation as a Christian, but, in matters of reformation and reclamation, a mere theorist. Mr. Practical was shrewd, far-sighted, and as thoroughly practical by nature as he was in name.

Tiny and Lizzy were lost in wonder at what they had seen and heard, and were equally astonished at the profound knowledge of the two reformers, and the manner in which they discussed the question in which they mutually felt and expressed so deep an interest.

Mr. Practical now appealed to Tiny, and asked his opinion upon so grave a subject.

Mr. Cramp objected.

"That person cannot be expected to give an opinion upon the question between us, seeing that, by his own confession, he is an infidel, he has an unregenerate heart, and has no reverence for religion," said Mr. Cramp, with some heat.

"Well, but, friend Cramp," said Mr. Practical, "that young man was in the way when 'common sense' was distributed, and I am no judge of human nature if that Mr. 'What's his name' can't solve such a simple question without the aid of revelation."

Tiny felt Mr. Cramp's rebuke of his friend as a reproof for himself, and modestly acknowledged that what he had that morning seen and heard was strange work to him. "But what is most strange to me," continued Tiny, "is, how these fellows are to live to-morrow, if they don't steal to-day? And should they steal to-day, will they tell Mr. Cramp when they come to-morrow?"

"There," said Mr. Practical, "that's 'common sense,' ain't it?"

"I tell you what," said Mr. Cramp, "you're both wrong. Listen to me, now, both of you. My belief is, that the misery in which you see these folks is a consequence of sin, and if they determine to forsake their evil career they will sooner starve than steal; and as God knoweth the hearts of all men, these lads will, by the providence of God, have something thrown in their way. They will not be left to starve. As I believe this, I practise it on them. That's what I call my breaking down system."

"You confound providence with grace, Mr. Cramp, and you will never make me believe that you are officially chosen by providence to drive these unfortunate creatures to desperation. The use of your instrumentality is to raise them up, not to break them down. It is not your province to make men religious; your work is to plant and to sow, and to exercise the law of kindness. So do pray remove them at once from their fearful condition, feed and shelter them, and show them that you love them, and thus you will open up a channel to their affections. They are human beings."

"No, no!" shouted Mr. Cramp. "I should miss my object, which is to make them feel that they are sinners before God, and to bring them, through a course of repentance, to the feet of the Saviour. Was I to do as you prescribe, they would come to me for what they could get. No, no! you do not understand the class of character with which I have to deal. Destitute as they are, I can bring them to my terms easily."

"Well," said Mr. Practical, "I must leave you, now. As I said before, you are incorrigible, friend Cramp. But mind you do come and see us at Jepson's farm-reformatory; I will show you that these kind of folks don't come to such as us for other than what they can get, and, when they do come, we are glad to receive them, and to give them what they come for, namely, food, raiment, and shelter. We mix among them, and use the unnumbered opportunities thus offered to show them how, and in what way they sin against society, against themselves, and against law and custom. They have capacities, and can understand a course of reasoning which feeds and comforts their bodies, and educates the mind. When convinced of their sinfulness in this direction, there is a probability of their forsaking it. To be taught their duty towards their fellows, is to teach them that they are responsible beings, and thus a way is opened up for the reception of impressions and convictions of a higher order of duties."

The two reformers parted on the best of terms with each other, but each convinced that his own way was right, and that the other was wrong.

"That's a good man, but an eccentric one," said Mr. Cramp to Tiny. "No man in the world means better than he does, but, with such strange views and practices, he can-

not succeed. Now we are alone, Mr. Baxter, tell me candidly what you think of my mode of dealing with these people? I saw that you was much interested, and that you closely observed the proceedings of this morning."

"From my observation of this morning's proceedings," replied Tiny, with diffidence, "without previous experience, and, as you observed some time since, my want of reverence for the principles which actuate you, I do not consider myself qualified to give an opinion. One thought struck me, it is this,—The only thing in common among your visitors is the human form. Their dispositions and individual formation of character differ so widely the one from the other, that, in my opinion, to effect their reformation, they should be classified. That one general system of breaking down (as you term it) should be applied to persons of such different habits and pursuits, might have the desired effect on some I grant, while, on others, the effects might be directly opposite."

"Dear me," said Mr. Cramp, in a tone interpreted by Tiny as somewhat sarcastic, "It is twelve o'clock, I declare, and I have other important business to attend to;" and then assuming a tone of voice so different to what he had previously used, he observed, "You said in your letter to me, Mr. Baxter, that you had written to several of the nobility for assistance. Now, I should like to see the answers which you say you have received from them."

"Not thinking such a measure necessary, I did not bring them with me," replied Tiny.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Cramp, in an offhand manner (whether real or assumed Tiny could not tell), "you have seen the class of people I have to deal with; I do the best I can for them, and I cannot tell what may transpire to enable me to assist you. I shall be happy to see you whenever you think fit to call at my house; I wish you a good morning. When you do come again, perhaps you will favour me with a sight of your letters, because when I am about to place a case before my friends, you must understand I wish everything to be as clear as light. Good bye, good bye," said Mr. Cramp; and Tiny and Lizzy were bowed from the parlour door to the street door, and from thence into the street.

Tiny was so confounded with the altered manner of his new friend as not to answer his "Good bye," and, with a heavy heart, he walked towards his home without exchanging one word with Lizzy.

"This man can't help me," thought Tiny; "but why, in the name of all that's good, did he not say so? He has begun his breaking-down system with me, holding out a delusive hope to make me feel more deeply the bitterness of disappointment." The dreamy fabric which he had reared the night previous, touched by things real, was dissolved.

Several weeks had passed away; Tiny had procured a little work, with the produce of which a miserable existence was eked out. He regularly attended the reformer's evening meetings, and mixed with mobs of rascals of every class called vile. Months rolled away, and Tiny continued, with unwavering constancy and perseverance, a close observer of all this reformer's doings.

(To be continued in our next.)

WRONGS WHICH CRY FOR REDRESS.

From the COURT CIRCULAR of March 5th, 1859.

In the name of religion, charity, and common sense, we should like to inquire what Her Majesty's Government, what Select Parliamentary Committees, and what Members of Parliament generally, consider a sufficient cause for interference between employers and employed.

In 1855 was published one of the most frightful reports touching the condition of women and children engaged in Bleaching Works, Dyeing Works, &c., that ever shocked the feelings of indignant readers; and in 1857, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire further into the matter. Witnesses examined before this Committee not only fully substantiated the terrible truths of the Commissioner's Report, but brought to light other truths of even more horrible character. We are not given to sentimentality, nor do we lay claim to an acuteness of feeling unpossessed by the generality; nevertheless, we find ourselves stirred to the very depth of our being, while wading through these most cruel details. The blood seems to boil, and the heart sickens; and we stop and ask ourselves, can these things be in Christian England? But here they are put down in black and white; and so thoroughly attested that we are compelled to receive them as facts.

Here we read of women and little girls being forced to work, as a regular thing, 18 and 20 hours out of the 24, "in a heat exceeding by some twenty or thirty degrees, the general temperature of an Indian summer." We read of this protracted term of labour being not unfrequently lengthened out to 28 or 29 consecutive hours; of the workers coming out of the dry-stoves sick and scarce able to stand, "dripping wet with perspiration, and their clothes wet through with it;" of their being forced, all in this dripping state, to pass their hour or two of rest, huddled together in some store-room amongst unfinished goods, so that the victims "may be roused to their work as soon as they are wanted;" of young girls "being carried out of the stoves in a fainting state to be laid on cold stones till capable of going to work again." And these we learn are common occurrences—common to hundreds and thousands of workers.

Yet all this is nothing—heart-harrowing as it is, it is nothing to the still more frightful facts. We really seem to have got among demons when we read of little children, girls as well as boys, "being kept at work (with an hour and

a half's occasional rest) for two, three, and even four days and nights together, while men are 'hallooing at' and 'frightening' them lest they 'sleep standing' at their toil," yet here it is all writ down, in plain and simple language, of England's manufacturers. The following is from the evidence of an operative of good character, and who has had nineteen years' experience of bleaching and dyeing works. We borrow from Mr. Hopley's pamphlet:—"Wrongs which cry for Redress: A Letter to the Men and Women of the United Kingdom," Price 6d. Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Butt.—Do you mean to say that you have known persons to work uninterruptedly for three days and three nights?—Yes; resting a little at the works; they have not been allowed to go home, but have rested at the works, lying on the tables for a little while, or anywhere where they could get a place to lie down.

How long did they rest?—Perhaps an hour or an hour and a half; it might be longer sometimes.

Did they go on all night without leaving the works?—Yes.

Mr. Turner.—Were there children of eight years of age employed in this way?—I will not say that there were children of eight years of age, but there were children and young persons.

[Other witnesses speak confidently of large numbers of children eight years old and even younger being employed in bleach-works, and working the same number of hours as the adults (Reports Nos. 1074, 1075, 1076, 2784, 2824, 2923-2926, &c.); nine and ten, however, seem the more usual ages for commencing.]—

Mr. Butt.—Did you ever know them to go on for four days?—Yes; I have known them to go on for four days without going home.

Mr. Wise.—Do you mean to say that for four days and four nights the women remained with their clothes on, and only rested on the tables and benches for an hour or two?—Yes; that was the only rest they had.

[And the only rest the children had:—They all "work the same hours; a set must work together."—p. 33.

The horrible condition of the children engaged in such protracted toil, is almost too painful to contemplate;—their fingers "cut with the cloth, and festering," "the selvaige sawing against the gathering, running sores," which are bound up when it is found that "the blood stains the pieces":—

"Whose finger is bleeding," is not an uncommon expression as the blood stains the pieces; they then have to have their fingers tied up."—p. 28.

Their feet, through long standing, are as bad as their hands:—

"The skin comes off, and they are very sore" (No. 274).—"I have often sore feet; they bleed sometimes, and my ankle bone has been growing out" (No. 277).—"The skin is off very often, and the soles of my feet are blood-raw" (No. 279). My feet are blood-raw: they are blood-raw and they pain me" (No. 281).—"My feet blister at bottom, and are very sore. Mother puts some stuff to them that makes the new skin come" (No. 285).—"I have always sore feet in summer time" (No. 533).—"Feet often so sore that the skin comes off with my stockings" (No. 501).—"Worked when the skin was off my feet very badly" (No. 492).—"I have often had the skin off my feet" (No. 232).—"Her feet very often got raw" (No. 448).—"My feet were always sore in summer: they were blood-raw at bottom, and my ankles are swelled with a deal of pain" (No. 463).—p. 28.

But it may be asked, how is it possible to keep these children going "for four days and nights together." Well: it is not possible. They will go to sleep, these perverse little souls. Not even their aching heads, their blood-raw feet, nor the cloth sawing against their cut and festering fingers, nor the hoarse, rough voice of the hired bully, no, nor the feeling that they are upholding "the great manufacturing interests of the country," nothing can hinder them from sleeping "standing at their work":—

Mr. Butt.—How did you awaken them (alluding to the little children of one of these establishments) when they fell asleep "standing at their work"?—Many a time by shouting, and at other times getting a board and rapping it on the table, making a loud report that used to startle them, and I could keep them awake then for an hour, or more than that, perhaps, by frightening them.—p. 32.

We search in vain the annals of American slavery for any thing like this. Dante's Inferno contains, to our mind, nothing so horrible. The establishment here alluded to employs "nearly six hundred" workers, and (mark this, reader) it "affords rather a favourable than an unfavourable specimen of the management of bleaching-works in that part of the country."

To continue our quotations:—

"I have scores of times seen both adults and children asleep at their work, and very dangerous work too" (No. 10).—"Very often they go to sleep over their work" (No. 51).—"I have had almost every day to take a board and beat it on the table to waken them, as they were slumbering at their work."—"At that time they would be hooking cloth; and while they should be doing it, I see them nodding and trying to catch the hook" (No. 83).—"As to the older ones, I have often and often seen them down asleep, not being able to hold up for their work. If the manager had gone out, they would drop down in a minute in the packing-boxes and go to sleep" (No. 68).—"We have often gone to sleep on the tables, or with our heads on the wet cloth, or anywhere where we could sit still" (No. 378).—"The little ones very often fall asleep standing to their work. They fall asleep standing before their hooks. I have to keep them awake; and my heart is so sore for them that I cannot speak to them. I have worked at bleach-works, in the finishing room, twenty years, and it has always been so in all the works where I have been." (No. 642).—"It falls very hard upon the weaker boys. I have often seen them sleeping on their legs, and I have done so often myself. Their whole frame suffers. I have known at least eight in the last twelve years who have fallen into consumption and died" (No. 414).—p. 29.

This retiring from work to die is of course very common:—

"I have often been ill from working in the great heat. My leg is now bad from it, and the doctor told me I must give up. The girls very often suffer from it; go away and die from it and the long hours" (No. 646).—p. 29.

Mr. Hopley, after indicating ten consecutive witnesses—ten consecutive witnesses, mark you—employed at different establishments, who mention "many cases within their knowledge of boys and young men having died from the long hours," and after showing that with females matters are even worse, thus continues:

"Reader, it is no use mincing words. Look upon all this calmly, weigh the matter well, and have the manly or womanly honesty to call it by its right name; and what is it? WHOLESALE MURDER—murder for GOLD!

"The man who poisons another to escape a payment of a debt is hung. The man who stops another in the Queen's highway and demands 'your money or your life' is hung. But these, who build up princely fortunes with the bloody hands and bloody feet of helpless little ones,—who wade through killing tyranny to wealth,—who live upon women's and children's life's blood,—who are guilty of the death not of one only, but of scores of their fellow-creatures,—these roll about in carriages, and after founding a church or two, and a school or two, are looked upon as just, liberal, and benevolent men; and sit on magisterial benches; and take their place in Parliament; and assume an interest in the welfare of the poor; and a quo upon the rights of labour! Woe to the Legislature that contains within its body the rust that must corrupt! Woe to the nation that hears such things and will not raise its voice!"—p. 30.

We don't like this language somehow. It rather awes us. But the worst of it is, we really do not know what fault to find with it. If gold-worshippers will, in their race after riches, act in such a manner, as to cause thinking, moral men to rank them below the vulgar highwayman or the common poisoner, theirs be the blame, should the community play with alliterations, and talk in one breath of manufacturers, millionaires, and murderers.

But will the nation "hear such things, and yet not raise its voice?" We trust not—nay, we are confident not. But let us help our readers to think a little. The Select Committee of the House of Commons (a large proportion of its members were of the manufacturing interest) having heard all these horrors, came to the conclusion, in May, 1858, that this was not a matter in which it was necessary for the legislature to interfere. Further: the other day, Mr. Crook begged leave to bring in a Bill to place these women and children under the regulations of the Factories Act. Up sprang Mr. Kirk, Mr. Turner, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Cheetham (manufacturers all), expressed their astonishment at such a suggestion, and argued that there was no sufficient cause for legislative interference. Well, this might have been expected. But what are we to think of Mr. Henley, the late Cabinet Minister? What are we to think of his arguing that it would be imprudent to interfere, inasmuch as (we quote from the *Times*) "interference ought not to be resorted to until a strong case had been made out for so exceptional a proceeding?" At the close of the milk-and-waterly debate—if it deserve the name of a debate—only thirty members of the House of Commons could be found to vote for the rescue of these women and children!

Now, we revert to our first inquiry. We ask not of tyrannical employers, nor of upstart "reformers," nor of lukewarm do-nothings—we ask of men whom we can respect, men whom we have a right to believe have hearts that feel, men whom we have a right to believe are really interested in the social amelioration of our people—we ask, then, of Lord Shaftesbury, we ask of Lord Carlisle, we ask of Lord Ebury, the Earl of Ripon, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Durham, Manchester—we ask, too, of Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell—we ask of every one who has taken a prominent part in movements of a social or philanthropic character—What should be considered a sufficient cause for interference between employers and employed? Are operatives to understand for the future that unless they bring forward proofs of something more terrible than girls being almost baked—"their feet burnt," "their legs red as scarlet from the heat of the flues;" something more terrible than their being frequently carried lifeless out of stoves; something more terrible than bloody-handed, bloody-footed "little ones" kept from bed and home for two, three, and four days and nights together; something, in short, more terrible than women and children being literally worked to death by exquisitely cruel processes, and hounded on to their destruction amid the "halloosings" and "frightenings" of hired brutality;—Are operatives, we ask, to understand that unless they can bring before the attention of the legislature something still more frightful than all this dovilry, they may hope in vain for a redress of grievances? We will not believe it. We appeal with confidence to the names which we have cited, and we humbly and respectfully, but at the same time, as we say, with confidence, solicit them to come to the rescue of women and helpless children. We make this appeal in no party spirit whatever, but as a duty—a duty to our country and to our Queen, herself the mother of "little ones." When her subjects are murdered, the loss is hers; hers and her country's. Let this, then, be the touchstone of the reformer's sincerity, this the test of loyalty, patriotism, and true nobility:—Who will stand most manfully forward for the rescue of these women and little children?—*Court Circular*.

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"Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land,
 When first he walk'd when clasp'd in clay?
 No visual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
 Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost."—FRYXSON.

"Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice."—Job.

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Printed by JOHN EVANS (Newspaper Printer), 16, Yardley-street, Exmouth-street, in the Parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell; and Published by W. HORSELL, 13, Paternoster-row, London.