



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

No. 26, Vol. I.]

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 2, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

## TO OUR READERS.

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## CONFESSIONS OF A TRUTH-SEEKER.

*A narrative of Personal Investigations into the Facts and Philosophy of Spirit-Intercourse.*  
W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster-row.

THE subject of this volume is meeting with increased attention. The author claims to make a commentary upon *Facts* which he has himself witnessed. Spiritualism has been regarded as a most wild and unacceptable subject, alike by the religious, and by the scientific man. This arises, we believe, more from the way in which it has been put forward, than to any intrinsic repulsiveness in it. Although some few reject at once, and without examination, anything which may seem to them to favour a resuscitation of what they call "obsolete superstitious fancies;" yet, if the pious and scientific have *facts* brought under their notice which can be plainly demonstrated to be in harmony with religion and philosophy, they must stand commended to their notice. The author before us professes to have made a thorough investigation of the facts of this subject, and here gives us the result. If their study, practically conducted, leads to conclusions to which the author has arrived, it will be well for many others to follow his example. If observation and reasoning upon the curious "facts in Spiritualism" lead from infidelity to faith, the religious world will ultimately hail it as a potent auxiliary in their work of conversion. If there is a store of facts, of frequent occurrence, in these modern days, men of science and natural philosophers ought to rejoice that a new field is opened to them for the exercise of their acumen and research, through which they may reach to a scientific solution of problems which have puzzled their predecessors. We heartily concur with the writer before us, "that no man has a right to regard truth as his private property, to be locked up in his strong-box for his exclusive use, and then buried with him in the earth, but, that it is a trust to be faithfully administered, and for which the holder will be held to strict account." "Truth-seeker" well comments upon the levity which is exhibited in the incipient enquiries into the subject. His own feeling seems to be one of seriousness, enlivened, here and there, with playfulness of fancy when dealing with objectors.

The following quotation gives an idea of the state of mind of the author when he entered upon the enquiry:—

"I commenced anew my search for truth, with soberer feelings, and chastened mind. I enquired of nature, and of man. I endeavoured, as far as I was able, to glean it from the wisdom of the past, and the philosophy of the present. I studied books, and sat at the feet of living teachers. I felt the need of faith, and an ever-growing distaste for the philosophy of negations. But, after all, I could not attain to that clear and certain ground of conviction for which I was

striving. It seemed a very nearly even balance of conflicting probabilities; the great problem was unsolved, and was, I began to fear, in this life, at least, (and I knew of no other,) unsolvable. Perhaps, after all, God did not wish that we should know him—it might be absurd, and presumptuous in us, mites on this little cheese of earth, to vex ourselves with questions beyond 'this bank and shoal of time.' Were we not bound to earth—wherefore lift our eyes to heaven? I could not, however, thus content myself; 'facts of history,' and 'functions of digestion,' would not satisfy the hunger of the soul; it was altogether a different *pabulum* that it needed. Still, to my cry there came no sign, 'no voice, nor answer, nor any that regarded.' Would the light never dawn? Yes! it came at last. I had sought it earnestly and long; I had sought it through the usual channels in vain. Yes, it came at length, 'in an apparently round-about way, but it was the right way, be assured.' How it came, I must beg leave to tell my readers in another chapter."

But we have not room to quote that other chapter, which brings the reader face to face with the "Facts and phenomena of Spiritualism," told in excellent style; but must refer to the book itself. No one will regret making himself the possessor of it, for the sake of its fine thoughts, and genial philosophy. The volume is further enriched with some exquisite verses, written under circumstances of bereavement while engaged on the subject of enquiry, and which seems to have solemnized it to the writer's mind. To the lovers of poetry, these verses will be but too few. As a book, it is well printed, and handsomely brought out.

## Our Letter Box.

### HOW TO HELP THE TWO WORLDS.

To the EDITOR of the *TWO WORLDS*.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are stamps for 200 copies of your valuable paper, and I regret to see the *Two Worlds* has, from being a weekly publication become, according to your notice, a monthly one; in fact, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Now, whose fault is this? why, certainly the public, and the more especially those persons who profess to advocate the truth, and particularly those who practise Homœopathy, Mesmerism, Hydropathy, and Phrenology, they positively permitting a courageous advocate of progress and truth to die of *inanition*. Good wishes are excellent things in their way; but certain it is, in this material world, that something of a more sterling character than merely "good wishes" is absolutely necessary to keep the *Two Worlds* in existence in this mundane sphere. Let the friends of truth rally round, and by judicious gratuitous circulation among their friends and connections, distribute the *Two Worlds*. It only has to be known to be appreciated. The truths so powerfully and ably advocated by you, Dear Sir, are making rapid strides, being found in almost every corner of the globe. To those friends of truth who wish for the amelioration of the human race, thus I say unto them, (D.V.) I will take 200 copies at each issue; "Go thou, and do likewise." It has been hitherto (but let us hope now that a good time is coming) with the pioneers of progress, the men in front, that they have got plenty of hard blows, (more kicks than ha'pence,) while those who have skulked in the rear have got all the spoil, and none of the knocks. The poet says, "There is a good time coming, boys, only wait a little longer." I think, Dear Mr. Editor, we have waited long enough; let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, and get truth out of the mire; not like the lazy waggoner, pray to the gods to help us when we won't help ourselves. The time may come that your spirited and truthful paper will be, alas! no more a thing of the past; some of its well (?) wishers will say, Dear me, what a pity, I am sure I always paid my penny. Others will say, I took two copies, why didn't it go on? Then the verdict will be, Died of starvation, the food being chiefly of that very unsubstantial character—good wishes. "I asked ye for bread, but you gave me a stone." However, let us hope that

the line, Heaven save me from my friends (!) will not at least apply to the *Two Worlds*; and, Oh, may it be that the operation of mind over mind will result in this important fact—the health, strength, and long life, of the *Two Worlds*, and that your valuable paper may continue to advocate, as it does so truthfully, the necessity of early moral, mental, and physical training, tending to the regeneration and improvement of the world at large, and fitting its creatures for another, better, and brighter sphere, where all is perfect and happy. Such is the sincere prayer, and wish of the writer of this note. Apologizing for thus intruding on your very valuable space, and with good wishes for the welfare and happiness of the human family, I have the honour to be, Dear Sir, Yours most truly, H. D. DONOVAN, Phrenologist and Medical Mesmerist, 5, Montpellier-street, Cheltenham, April, 22, 1859.

## SPIRITUALISM, WILKS, AND DELUSION.

To the EDITOR of the *TWO WORLDS*.

DEAR SIR,—There is a certain fish which, when hotly pressed by its enemies, emits a foul vapour, and by means of the stench emitted and the darkness created tries to save its own miserable carcass from destruction.—There are certain minds, propagators of a sham philosophy,—when they see their web of sophistry torn to shreds, their chop-logic demolished, and their pious fraud thoroughly exposed, hide themselves behind a volley of Billingsgate; but if I foul my hands in the encounter, yet, for the sake of the poor victims of this false philosophy, I shall not hesitate to reply to the ungentlemanly epistle of Mr. Wilks, of 25, Cambridge-terrace, Dalston.

He says,—"I cannot help smiling at Mr. Malthouse's foaming delusions; from his statement he had a lot of lies told him." What "foaming delusions" can he point out in my note. I gave a clear statement of facts, and drew from those facts logical, plain, and comprehensive deductions; but look at the miserable shift these philosophers have to come to. "Primal condition," (as declared by Messrs. Jones, Turley, Wilks, Whittaker, and all the spiritualists,) correct answers given to questions proposed, a proof of spirit-communion. Final—whether lies or truths are the answers (i. e. correct or not), it is a proof of spirit-communion. Oh, profound philosophers! oh, ye demonstrators of Delphic mystery! could famous Patch or honest Will Somers strut again on terra-firma, they would yield up to you the cup and bells instanter. Instead of the mantle of Socrates, ye are only ornamenting yourselves with a mummer's rag.

I will put a simple parallel to your logic. Johanna Southcote declared herself to be the mother of a coming Shiloh. Johanna died of dropsy; no matter, cry her followers, correct or incorrect; her declaration is true. Let the men who vainly style themselves new philosophers hold this mirror up, and they will see reflected therein their own position.

Mr. Wilks proceeds—"who told the lies? was it the medium? was it himself?" Sir, I will not give vent to my indignation at such a foul charge upon my character, but I demand this of you, sir,—an apology for this unmanly challenge of my veracity. Can Mr. Wilks put his finger upon a single letter of mine where I have challenged the veracity of the narrators? and I have had cause to do so, viz. the man and his wife holding the cat's head six hours, the table leg writing, &c. &c.

Mr. Wilks says, "Mr. M. is guilty of trifling with a serious subject." How or where he has failed to show; like every other assertion, they are mere creations of his own brain. To show who are the triflers, let me turn aside for a moment to the nameless author of "Confessions of a Truth-seeker." In the ushering in of this delusion we were told by Mr. Investigator, "It was a divine philosophy to demonstrate Immortality to mankind;" at page 102, you read, "Going to Mr. R. I found a circle of young people sitting round a table catechising it with great vigor, inquiring about their sweethearts, future husbands, and so forth. Towards the close I said, 'It's my private opinion, old fellow, you've been poking fun at us.' The table owned the soft impeachment, rocked violently like a man bursting out into a fit of laughter. One of the young ladies exclaimed, Goodness gracious! if the table is'n't really laughing at us. The table admitted the fact, and, on being encored, repeated the performance; and then, by way of a finale, consented to walk up stairs, and ambled out of the room to the staircase; but as the night was a 'wee sma' hour ayont the twal,' it was requested to toddle back again."

I candidly recommend the author to follow his own advice given at page 17, and "go to zealous Jabez Inwards," and have his bump of imagination examined.

Mr. Wilks says, "surely Mr. M. 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? 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." Where have I asserted this? The real statement I made was "The medium solemnly announced the spirit of my mother's daughter, and to avoid all after subterfuge, if the answer, &c., was untrue, I said, Test the spirit. The medium applied it by saying, Does the spirit now present love God?—an unflinching test, according to spiritualists, and which the spirit cannot resist, if evil. The fact I stated was, I never had a sister, and the so-called spirit of my mother did not know her own name, &c., and in your last paper I read the communication of Mr. Boyce, whom I know well, and can put confidence in, and yet the so-called spirit of his grandmother could not tell her own name.

A word in conclusion to my friend, Mr. Whittaker. Ever since the exposure of Mrs. Marshall and her niece by Mr. Jones, I have been looking for a retraction publicly of all the wonders he vouched for as received from these mediums. Perhaps he is silently ruminating on the extent of his gullibility, and wondering how in the world he could be so duped. Had it not been for the sharpness of Mr. Jones, the sitters in the dark circle (Mr. W. probably included) would have appended their names to solemn vouchers of the wonderful spirit lights.

In conclusion, all I have written upon the topic is from a sincere desire to get at the truth. I have sat for hours at a table to investigate, and I have arrived at the conviction, in my own mind, that spiritual intercourse, or communion with the departed spirit, is a delusion.—I am, Sir, Yours, &c., W. MALTHEUSE.—Newgate Market, London, April, 9. 1859.

#### ARE THERE NOT EVIL SPIRITS AS WELL AS GOOD?

Without going to enquire why man was made, or why evil was allowed to exist, we stop at the fact—man is, and evil does exist! Yet God must be, as a necessity, all wise and all good, therefore there must be some wise end in view in even the permissive existence of what is called evil; all evil may ultimate in good, for 'tis said, "All things work together for good to them that love God" or good. Again, evil may be only the misdirection or abuse of that which, if used and directed aright, is good. Sin is disobedience to God's laws; evil or punishment is ever the result of disobedience; if we conform to God's laws, we have his smile over us, bringing goodness, happiness, and heaven.

Now, a bad or evil mind passing into the spirit state, becomes a bad or evil spirit; but who can fathom the wondrous condition? Thus far it does seem evident that they have power, as well as good spirits (perhaps more in our present material state), to manifest themselves, with their varied passions and miseries, their misfortunes, and their hate. If so, then evil agencies act irrespective of creed or belief, only allow the suitable conditions. Thus it is said in the Gospel history that they produced passions, fits, and even madness in certain persons; for Christ gave to his disciples the higher spiritual gifts—"To cast out devils," and "to heal all manners of diseases," and many undoubted facts of a like nature occur in our day, and have occurred in all times. See Mrs. Crowe's "Night side of Nature," and other works of a reliable kind, that prove that poor miserable spirits haunt the places of their earth's attraction, and manifest themselves in various ways.

Spiritualism does not call them "from the vasty deep;" it simply finds it a sad fact. It does not create spirit-power, for it ever has existed. But this Spiritualism does; it brings us face to face with the facts already existing, and enforces the Scripture maxim, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." The mission of Spiritualism is to bring us into "rapport," or communion with the blest "ministering spirits" of Heaven, that we may be strengthened to fight against evil, and that the good that is in the world may triumph; and "that we may come off more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Thus, to call Spiritualism a romance, is to call all Apostolic history a romance, for it is founded in and on Christianity; and to call it Demonology, as some clerical friends do, is to belie the facts and experiences of Christians, as well as Spiritualists; for "Are they not all ministering spirits?" says the Bible, and Spiritualists, from their experiences, answer, freely and fully, It is true, they are.

I will relate here an incident illustrative of an inferior spirit interfering in a communication which was being given, by what is understood as the A B C mode—the mode usually used by beginners, as that which is the simplest, and most comestable—and it is not to be despised, although called the lowest mode of communion. I extract it from the minutes of the meeting taken at the time.

October, 1858. Sitting quietly this evening, we asked if our spirit-brother would give us a short communication. There seemed some difficulty in beginning, but we made out "learn cheerfully;" then followed "appa." Thinking something was wrong, we said—Do you love God? Yes! was given, but indecisively.—Is it the same spirit that began the sentence? No!—Do you earnestly, and sincerely love God? No!—Were you related to us in the flesh? Yes!—What name? It gave the name of Mrs. W.'s father-in-law.—Have you anything particular to communicate? Yes! Finish that sentence you began, and we will see. The sentence was finished, to our no small astonishment, in a very solemn and serious manner; and it read, "Appalling is my fate." Conversation resumed.—How many years in the spirit-world? Seven!—Are you very unhappy? Yes!—Do you ever hope to be happy? Yes!—What sphere? Third!—Are you sorry for your ill-deeds done in the body? Yes!—Well, we are sorry for you, but we can't help you. You must look up to God, who is infinite in mercy and love, and then you may progress.—Are you satisfied? No! We

then broke off the communion with him, and bid him not come again till he could come with a goodly message of love.

But he did come again; for, on another evening, Mrs. W.'s Mother was writing through her hand, when he came again, and interrupted, and wrote, before we were aware, "Bad for me, bad for me, that I cannot mix with my wife." We suppose, he meant he could not mix with his wife's company. He also signed his name at the end of her Christian name, but the mother came again, and scratched it out, and inserted her first husband's name; so she did not, and would not acknowledge him.

Other curious circumstances I might relate of this same spirit, which, however sad, cannot be gainsaid; but which I may revert to again if he can give any better account of himself. He has been distinctly seen and described by two persons, who are mediums, and has given other evidences of his identity, and miserable condition. Still, they uniformly say he has opportunity of progress; and though we cannot rely on anything he says, yet we may hope that, though lost, he is not lost for ever.

The above is simply a fact in existence; explain it how you will. Superstition may throw its dark shades around it, and try to frighten people against Spiritualism; but Spiritualism does not create these facts, they exist all the same, whether believed in or not.

But people say, You can't depend, then, upon the communications, and they start away if they receive answers that are untruths, if not wilful lies. But I say, Try the spirits by the same rules as you try any other persons' statements, if they are extraordinary. You may be suspicious, and wait for confirmation. You must weigh every statement by the best rule of right, and take it for as much as it is worth. If they bring light, and love, and truth, then receive them as heavenly messengers. Mrs. Wesley, mother of John, said she was inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it? 'Tis no doubt our sensuous surroundings and materialistic education that gives attraction to inferior spirits. But happy is the man that bursts through the barriers of evil darkness, and passes into the sunshine of heavenly attractions.—S. WILKS.

#### HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

##### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

###### ON SOLID FOOD.

Rousseau, speaking of the moral effect of aliment, says, it is "clearly evinced in the different tempers of the carnivorous and the frugivorous animals; the former, whose destructive passions, like those of ignorant men, lay waste all within their reach, are constantly tormented with hunger, which returns and rages in proportion to their own devastation. This creates that state of warfare or disquietude, which seeks, as in murderers, the night and veil of the forest; for, should they appear on the plain, their prey escapes, or, seen by each other, their warfare begins. The frugivorous animals wander tranquilly on the plains, and testify their joyful existence, by frisking and basking in the conjugal rays of the sun, or browsing, with convulsive pleasure, on the green herb, evinced by the motion of the tail, or the joyful sparkling of the eye, and the gambols of the herds."

The same effect of aliment is seen among the different species of men; and the peaceful temper of the frugivorous Asiatic is strongly contrasted with the ferocious temper of the carnivorous European. The Tartars, whom Gibbon calls unfeeling, bloodthirsty murderers, and who live almost wholly on animal food, are exceedingly ferocious and cruel; while the Bramin and Hindoo, who live entirely on a vegetable diet, are altogether as gentle and mild, proving that—

"All are not savages—come, ye gentle swain,  
Like Brama's healthy sons, on Indus' banks,  
Whom the pure streams and garden-fruit sustain,  
Ye are the sons of nature! Your mild hands  
Are innocent."—John Dyer.

Who will assert, as asks a popular writer, that had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimuli, look with coolness on an *auto da fe*? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots and vegetables, would take delight in sports of blood? Was Nero a man of temperate life? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly? Though history has decided none of these questions, a child could hardly hesitate to answer in the negative. Surely the bile-suffused cheek of Bonaparte, his wrinkled brow, and yellow eye, the ceaselessness and inquietude of his nervous system, speak no less plainly the character of his ambition than his murders and victories. It is next to impossible, had Bonaparte descended from a race of vegetable-eaters, that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. It is such a man, with violent passions, blood-shot eyes and swollen veins, occasioned by the stimuli of flesh and alcohol, that alone can fight a woman, make a hell of domestic life, and destroy his fellow-man by wholesale. We commend this subject to the attention of all who are opposed to licensed murder.

Moreover, it is notorious, that the nations which subsist on vegetable diet are of all men the handsomest, the most robust, the least exposed to disease and violent passions, and attain longevity: such are, in Europe, a great portion of the Swiss.

The negroes, doomed to labour so severely, live entirely on manise, potatoes, and maize.

From the Pythagorean school, Epaminondas, so celebrated for his skill in mechanics, and Milo, of Crotona, for his strength, copying the virtues of their founder, who was allowed to be the first-rate genius of his day, and the father of philosophy among the Greeks. It is affirmed, by Haller, that Newton, our own great geometrician, wrote his philosophic work, which sheds a lustre on his name and country, on simple bread and water only.

The children of the Persians, in the time of Cyrus, and by his orders, were fed with bread, water, and cresses; and Lycurgus introduced a considerable part of the physical and moral regimen of these children into the education of those of Lacedaemon. Such diet prolongs infancy, and consequently prolongs life. It is also surprising to what a great age the eastern Christians—who retired to the deserts of Egypt and Arabia—lived, on very little food. We are informed, by Cassian, that "the common measure used by them, in twenty-four hours, was about twelve ounces, with mere element to drink."

Haller says, "This food, then, which I have hitherto described, and in which flesh has no share, is salutary, inasmuch that it fully nourishes a man, protracts life to an advanced age, and prevents or cures such disorders as are attributable to the acrimony or grossness of the blood." That animal food and fermented liquors will more readily, certainly, and cruelly create, and exasperate diseases, pains, and sufferings, and sooner cut off life than vegetable food will, there can be no more doubt than any proposition of Euclid, if reason, philosophy, the nature of things, or experience have any evidence or force in them.—Dr. Cheyne. A physician, in a "Practical Essay," written some hundred years ago, says, "Whoever can resolve, in bad spirits, a bad constitution, and in advanced life, to go into such a regimen, may, I think, fairly be manumitted from drugs."

Mr. Slingsby and Dr. Knight both lived many years on bread, milk, and vegetables, and without intoxicating drinks; they had excellent spirits, and were very vigorous. In fact, hundreds are now pursuing a similar course, with like results. The author of "Vegetable Regimen" gives an account of a number of persons, who have been living upon this diet, and upon distilled water, for five years past, whose health is so good that "they have no need of medicine, and that, without an exception, their indispositions, where they happen at all, are so trifling as scarcely to deserve the name." He further observes, that "no ill effects have, in any instance been felt from the adoption of this regimen." To prove how greatly the stomach is fortified, and the digestion improved, by the general increase of health, occasioned by vegetable diet, he says, "that a person thus nourished is enabled to bear what one, whose humours are less pure, may sink under; the children of our family can, each of them, eat twelve or eighteen walnuts, without the most trifling indigestion—an experiment which those who feed their children in the usual manner would consider it adventurous to attempt."

#### THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

#### Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BENEVE.

##### CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Not once did slip,  
One word of palliation or excuse,  
Nor one reply to that proud man's abuse."

T. BEGGS.

"Now, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Practical, "permit me to inform you that, for Mr. Cramp's sake alone, you are at liberty to make your exit from this boat at the next ferry house. But, previous to parting company with such an honourable gentleman as you are, you will favour by handing to my friend, Mr. Cramp, a certain bead purse and silk handkerchief, which you extracted from his pocket some time since."

Mr. Cramp and Charles were at once searching their pockets; the former, with some amount of trepidation at such enlightening information, and the latter, to produce the articles, and return them to the owner.

The benevolent act of rendering to a man that which is his own, was scarcely performed, when the ferry house came in view, and the time that intervened in reaching it was profitably employed by Mr. Practical in hinting to Charles the necessity of not making his appearance again in the City of New York, as irrespective of the duel, and the disposing of property not his own, and his appropriation of the money, there were other weighty matters in which he had figured, and for which he would be called to account.

The boat entered the dock, and Mr. Charles and Miss Jemima, with an assumed air of wounded honour, walked off the boat, with Messrs. Cramp and Practical at their side; the latter, good naturedly, advising Charles to turn boatman, and mix with others of "Spevins's gang," who infested the Ohio River, forming the most complete set of blackguard plunderers that the old country could produce. Charles winced, and so did Mr. Cramp, under the biting reproofs contained in Mr. Practical's short lectures. Mr. Charles and Miss Jemima walked majestically up Atlantic-street, not once venturing to look back upon Messrs. Cramp and Practical, who having, in silence, watched them for a considerable distance, returned to the boat, to continue their journey to "Jepson Farm Reformatory."

Mr. Cramp was the first to break the silence, by observing, "You are a wonderful man, Mr. Practical; you astonish me. Whoever would have thought of meeting with such base ingratitude?"

"There's nothing wonderful in the matter, friend Cramp," replied Mr. Practical, "such doings and dealings are too common to be wonderful; but, if I could rule in England, I'd soon alter a system which, while it professes to deal with the evil, only accelerates its growth and intricacy. You expend nearly three million sterling annually in support of your judicial machinery, besides causing an enlargement, and extension, and a consequent enormous addition to the judicial expenses of other countries. Its too bad; its monstrous. Why, in London alone, it is ascertained that, over two millions sterling, annually, is plundered from its inhabitants; and the losses sustained by those who fear the expense attached to judicial investigation, and suffer the plunderers to go unpunished, but quietly endure their losses, is incalculable."

"The wickedness of men's hearts is great, and the state of society is deplorable," said Mr. Cramp, "but it cannot be remedied; so we do the best we can to reduce the evil."

"I beg to differ with you," retorted Mr. Practical, "you do not do the best, by any means, to stay the evil. I say that it can be remedied, and that it ought to be remedied, and, had I the power, I would remedy it."

"But how could you succeed in altering a state of things which has for years occupied the attention of the large-hearted and learned in England," said Mr. Cramp.

"By the adoption of practical measures, Mr. Cramp," replied Mr. Practical. "To my mind the thing is as plain as A B C. I would not tolerate either thieving or mendicancy, and would enforce such measures for their suppression as should greatly reduce the other social evils accessory and contingent to them, and in five years London should cease to boast of the unparalleled amount of its public enormities. Preaching is a good work, but it does not—it cannot accomplish a general social and moral regeneration, and that's a fact you dare not deny."

"I pay great deference to your knowledge and experience," said Mr. Cramp, "and probably were you to explain your plan of carrying out such a work, I could represent your views to those who have both the will and the means to agitate the matter in the proper quarter."

"Now, listen," said Mr. Practical. "I would erect a model parish. I will begin with one of the worst parishes in London, St. George's in the East. Those who have the greatest influence in any parish, are its Christian ministers. The first step to be taken is to dismiss all sectarian difference, and to unite in the common cause, by putting together the strength and result of their deliberations. My model parish should be mapped out into small districts, and properly qualified persons should be appointed to ascertain the seats of vice, crime, and poverty; and then with a view to adopt a sweeping, but necessary reform, I would, with due discrimination, classify the information obtained, and rank them under their heads, viz., first, those who will work when they can obtain it, and are willing to co-operate with their friends with a view to improvement. Second, those whose modes of living are opposed to improvement for themselves, and inimical to the good of the population of the said parish. Third, Those of both sexes, married and single, who are suffering from competition in trade, unhealthy dwellings, sickness or intemperance, the trade, calling, or profession of each individual, by whom employed, and the average weekly amount of the earnings of each. This information being accurately obtained, let the parish authorities and resident friends, gentry, tradesmen, and the industrial classes, be convened in council to discuss the means best calculated to local improvement. This being matured, I would call a series of public meetings, and take the sense of each such meeting, and a requisition embodying the same be adopted and signed, and in due form be presented to Parliament requesting the grant of a local act for carrying into effect their views of parish improvement by means of the removal of obstacles. This act should be so worded and constituted as to empower the authorities to remove all nuisances relating to sanitary works, evictions of all keepers of houses of ill fame and their unfortunate victims; to remove all thieves, vagrants, and mendicants, and all others who refuse to afford a knowledge of how they procure a living, and that the act admit of rigid enforcement without quibble or evasion; and that it empower the authorities to call in the aid of the local police to assist in removing from the streets, and expelling from the parish, by day or by night, all prostitutes plying for hire, and all suspicious persons of any class. I have weighed my scheme in all its bearings, friend Cramp, the particulars of which would weary you in detail, but be assured that whilst it aims at the entire extermination of all obstacles to improvement, moral, social, and sanitary, it includes a comprehensive means of providing for the really poor, sick, and aged, work for the industrious, and the erection of suitable dwellings for the working classes."

"Your scheme is stupendous," exclaimed Mr. Cramp, "and doubtless would confer incalculable benefits on those who would remain in your model parish, but I perceive a want of charity toward those whom you would drive out of it, and much more illiberality toward neighbouring parishes. You complain of me and other philanthropists, who, to use your own delicate phrase, 'Spawn these outcasts upon the industry of America,' but you do not hesitate to spawn them upon neighbouring parishes, who already have enough of the refuse to deal with. No, no; it's unfair, and to say the least, an ungenerous proposition; poor things, a fine to do there will be between the parishes, and justly enough; they would condemn the propounder of such a scheme, and inform him that they had thieves, unfortunate women, and blackguards enough already. Robbing the public, and spunging upon the parish resources, without being compelled by law to take charge of the refuse of another."

"Don't be angry, friend Cramp," said Mr. Practical "my scheme is copious, I have not overlooked this important point; oh, no. Depend upon it, that when other parishes became infested with the worthless expelled from my model one, and the great moral and social benefits resulting to the parish from which they were expelled, there would be a mania for model parishes. It would then be known who would work and who would not. At least thieves would be known from honest persons. Birds of a feather would be compelled to flock together. What a harvest of villains we could reap! All rejected and disowned by the honest and industrious like drones from a bee hive. Those who will not work, said Mr. Practical, with emphasis, shall not thrive. You have prisons, turn them into industrial institutions; and those who will not work consider them as lunatics, and detain them during her majesty's pleasure, and thus keep them from doing harm to the public." The two friends had their colloquy cut suddenly short by the boat entering the dock at which they were to land. In a few minutes they were sitting side by side in a comfortably cushioned carriage, and the horse trotting smartly on the now macadamised Trenton Road, on the way to an estate once known as Jepson's Farm, but now, as Mr. Practical prided himself, one of the best Industrial Institutions in the world. In about two hours they had arrived at their destination, and trod the beautiful lawn fronting an extensive range of a handsome building called Jepson's Farm Reformatory.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

"Mere contact makes not meanness,  
They who sit on the same hearth are often more apart  
Than those who have a bulging hemisphere  
Rising between them." J. E. Jackson.

We anticipate your question, dear reader, which is, are you going to inflict a long chapter of Mr. Practical's crude remarks upon us? and answer, no. It would not be within the meaning of this work to do so. Bear with us then while we give a brief outline of Jepson's Farm Reformatory, by condensing Mr. Practical's voluminous depositions of the past and present results of the experimental working and growth of his darling conception.

Above two thousand youths of both sexes were annually benefited by this institution, which regularly provided a home and training for five hundred of them. The estate comprised about two hundred acres of land, a good portion of which was cultivated by one hundred boys under the guidance of an overseer, by which means the inmates of the institution were abundantly supplied with every kind of agricultural produce needed. This Mr. Practical ranked as an essential, but classed it with secondary objects, as they kept a register of the names of numbers of farmers hundreds of miles around, and were in constant communication with them, supplying them with "helps," upon condition of a certain term of engagement, and a monthly account of conduct and progress, thus keeping them under constant surveillance. Several workshops in which various useful trades were carried on, conducted by qualified teachers, absorbed two hundred others, who, in turn, were drafted away monthly as "helps," or apprentices, on a similar plan to the above. A dairy, a laundry, and other domestic occupations were provided for the females on the same plan, every department of labour being efficiently superintended and worked by a systematic, but by no means intricate machinery. "Every cog and wheel," remarked Mr. Practical, "is oiled by the law of kindness." In the creek which ran at the rear of the house, was a model schooner, on which the rougher lads were trained to nautical exercises, and as the United States fitted out annually the most extensive whaling expeditions in the world, a ready means of disposing of this class of labour was at hand. Ten hours a day were devoted to labour, Saturday excepted, on which day five hours only were exacted, the rest of the day being devoted to various sports, excursions, and recreations. On the five preceding days two hours in each were set apart for school, and two hours for ordinary relaxation from toil. The Sabbath was spent in religious and other becoming exercises. Having seen and examined the whole during a fortnight's stay Mr. Cramp had numerous opportunities of expressing his astonishment, and had before him a future in which to carry out practically the wholesome lessons he had learned. Mr. Cramp argued of the lack of such facilities in England to carry on such a work, and of markets to dispose of the produce of labour.

"No excuse, dear sir," said Mr. Practical, "there are tens of thousands of spare acres of land here. You can co-operate with us, or organise a similar scheme of your own;" and, continued Mr. Practical with emphasis and earnestness, "Set about it immediately, or it may be too late. What you have seen here demands no consideration. At once, I say, advocate this great system so successful in trial with us—

this policy of prevention. So long as you could export your criminals whom you did not hang, so long you remained content, on the old notion—out of sight out of mind; but by and by, when you found that the colonists objected to have their homes made a receiving house for the scum of others; then, when you were compelled to keep the reprobates whom you dare not send away as transports, and whom you fear to let loose on English society, but are driven to do so, you at once adopt a mode of disposing of them in a manner which reflects but little credit on that country which assumes the right of giving laws to so great a proportion of the world. Accept the offer, friend Cramp, while you may, for depend upon it active measures will ere long be taken to put a stop to the landing of your refuse on our shores. Emigrant ships will be boarded, the passengers examined, and the captain fined heavily and compelled to return such objectionable freight to the place from whence it came."

Loaded with presents, Mr. Cramp engaged a passage in the "Albert," to return to England, having promised to use his influence with the prince of ragged-schools and industrial institutions, Lord Shaftesbury, to adopt a means at once cheap, practicable, and honourable, to reform the idle and vicious classes, such as he had seen in America, surrounded with all the appliances of comfort and decency, and all the other physical aids to morality and religion, or else to petition that great philanthropist and all who thought with him to keep their reformed ones at home in order themselves to benefit by the fruits produced, but with which America was fast becoming satiated.

Midsummer had now set in, and every class of beggar, idler, thief, and lounge had crept out of their lairs to prowl about the streets, and openly to prey upon society, and numbers, not less guilty of systematic fraud, were either expelled from the workhouse casual ward, or had given notice to quit. The whole host having gathered strength, from a few weeks of bat-like dormancy, to furnish employment to the reformer and the police.

In the meantime, Tiny and Lizzy struggled on in an extremity of poverty almost fabulous,—but the eye of the Lord was upon them; the battle was not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, and whilst thousands of Britain's sons and daughters daily bowed their heads, or, as it were, prostrated their bodies, over which rolled the crushing weight of England's juggernaut—intemperance, competition, beggary, immorality, and apathy, they lived and loved, and believed that "in due time they would reap if they faint not."

Tiny was a constant visitor at Mr. Cramp's, and the two settled down on the most intimate terms. He propounded schemes of various kinds for the benefit of the hundreds of fallen ones with whom he came so often in contact, and ultimately his tact and shrewdness led him into the notice of some of the philanthropists of the day, among whom, was Henry Mayhew, of "London labour and London poor" celebrity, with whom he associated, and aided in convening the numerous meetings of needle-women, coal-whippers, shoe-makers, thieves, prostitutes, &c., &c., in East London, and on numerous occasions he became an almoner of food and clothing to hundreds of individuals, never telling his own tale of want, neither did Mr. Cramp tell it for him; a decent coat proving thick enough to hide the want of home from those who are not even apt at discovering want or true merit, unless disguised in loathsome attire,—such as are well schooled in cringing and fawning, and have to be coaxed, and well paid in the bargain, to grumble out a "thank you" to their patrons. But we are anticipating our tale.

It was in the month of September; Tiny had been taking part in a religious service, and was on his way home to partake of part of one pound of rice and a little salt, to be divided among six human beings. It was Sunday, too, and just at that noticeable hour when the doors of bakers' shops are besieged by individuals, with ticket, cloth, and tray, waiting to bear home a mountain of beef, growing out of a field of baked potatoes, or a river of batter, hot, and remarkably odoriferous to a hungry man; very refreshing, but far from satisfying. But on Tiny went. Now a cab came rattling along Cannon-street; as it neared him it stopped. Tiny turned his head, having heard his name pronounced, discovered Mr. Cramp's head protruding from the cab window, who, with a face clothed in smiles, invited him to meet him in an hour's time at the Model Lodging House, in Glasshouse-yard. Tiny assented, and, as the cab rolled on, he discovered another benevolent individual occupying the seat opposite to Mr. Cramp. This person gave Tiny a friendly nod, and Tiny, in return, raised his; but soon, the couple, cab, and all, were out of sight; and our hero walked briskly home, a little pleased at being noticed by the stranger.

As Tiny's dinner included neither carving nor picking of bones, it was easily and speedily disposed of, and, at the expiration of the hour, he was with Mr. Cramp at the Model Lodging House, in the sitting room of which were assembled about eighty worthies of the genus "cadger," who, like many creatures not named in natural history, were being questioned by some ladies and the gentleman who had nodded at Tiny, the object obviously being to arrive at some of their antecedents, and, with a view to their making a clean breast of it, they were to have a dinner of baked beef and potatoes, as much as they could eat, and a small measure of "heavy wet." To give a description of them, might prove painfully interesting, but it may suffice to say that they were of the class which the reader met mentally of course) at Mr. Cramp's.

Presently, dinner was announced, and the ungracious, unwashed mob commenced punishing the viands, each in the style that best suited him. Not a few despised the use of knife and fork, preferring the eastern mode of using the fingers, not because they were made before forks, but be-

cause they were more accustomed to this mode of feeding, and ere many of them had cried out "hold, enough," the fingers of the right hand looked as if they had escaped from the finger ends of a glove of some indistinguishable colour. Tiny had, with other gentlemen, been vigorously carving, and lump after lump, of juicy beef had been reduced to invisibility, but all untasted by him. Dinner being over, Tiny released himself at one and the same time of the round-about apron, which had been fastened on him by the active little matron, to save his clothes from being greased, and the grease, which had accumulated on his hands, and at his ease—apparently—walked about the stone yard, with the rest of the company. Supposing him to be somebody, certain questions had been put to him by both ladies and gentlemen; his answers to which not proving satisfactory, one gentleman took the opportunity to say to Mr. Cramp, thinking that Tiny was out of ear shot, "Mr. Cramp, who is that gentleman?" Tiny turned his head, and seeing Mr. Cramp in close conversation with the questioner, whose eyes were fixed penetratingly upon him, felt a little abashed, and watching his opportunity, turned out of the yard into the street, and hurried direct home.

(To be continued in our next.)

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