



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

No. 13, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

## TO OUR READERS.

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## BRITAIN'S YOUTH IN DANGER.

AMONG the many causes which tend to interfere with Sabbath-school or other education, and destroy its fruits, are found the drinking customs of society. No one will deny that the majority of parents spend more upon drink than would pay for the education of their children; that many others send their children at an early age to toil, while they spend more than their earnings in the gratification of this pernicious appetite. This will not be disputed even by those who contend that intemperance is the result of discomfort, ignorance, or neglect, rather than the cause. But, besides depriving the child of the chances of instruction, the drinking system has the direct effect of destroying the fruit of what education the poorer classes of children have been able to procure. Nor is it confined to the working classes. Those who will take the pains, as we have done, to ascertain the growth of habits among skilled workmen, will need no illustration of the subject; those who look merely at the surface may profit by a few instances:—"In a recent valuable Report of the Rochdale Total Abstinence Society, this is made a very prominent feature of the report. It will supply at once a commentary upon the startling fact stated above;—'A few months ago a member of committee visited one of the *singing-saloons* in Rochdale, and on a Saturday evening, about eleven o'clock, he observed sixteen boys and girls, seated at a table in front of the stage; several of the lads had long pipes, each with a glass or jug containing intoxicating liquor, and no less than fourteen of the number were members of the Bible classes in our different Sunday schools. There they sat, listening to the most obscene songs, witnessing scenes of the most immoral kind, and spending the interval in swallowing liquid fire.' It is added,—'These sinks of iniquity are thronged with old Sunday-scholars, especially on Sabbath evenings, and not unfrequently until twelve o'clock.' Still further it is said,—'The appalling results of the drinking system are not wholly confined to the children in our schools; many a promising teacher has fallen a victim.' Look at the operation of this one species of enticement—our drinking-houses and singing-saloons. In every large town they have multiplied of late, and while they show a decline of that sottish drinking which was the disgrace of the last generation,—they have surrounded drinking-houses with an attraction infinitely more mischievous than was ever known before. One of the serious evils of the day is that of protracted hours of business. A youth is confined to a manufactory or shop for undue hours, with little to excite the fancy. He breathes a tainted atmosphere, and issues forth at an hour when the members of well-regulated families are gathering round the evening fire. He is exhausted in body and mind. He looks out for excitement. On passing along the street, he is invited by the announcement, "A concert here;" and, while attracted by the glare of light, the sounds of music greet his ear, and in a few minutes he is in the midst of the bustle and gaiety of a dancing or singing saloon. From an occasional visitor he sinks into a regular attendant. Employers who have to complain of the dishonesty of their servants would find, on inquiry into all the circumstances, that habits of dissipation, begun by attendance at these houses,

have led thousands of well and honestly-disposed boys to ruin. An employer, the other day, in a populous part of London, said to us:—"I never had to complain of any irregularity until two or three of these saloons were established within a short time of each other in the neighbourhood. Since then my young men have kept late hours, and shown other symptoms which are painful and embarrassing to me." If these attractions are sufficient to seduce the youth of the well-educated and the better disposed, is it not certain that the effect will be infinitely worse upon those who have neither had the tender care of parents nor the kind counsel of the teacher—who have had few opportunities of any kind? In imitation of the larger houses, the beer-shops adopt every kind of attraction suited to their means and the tastes of their customers. We give the following from a great mass of evidence of a similar kind:—"In Sheffield.—The Rev. Mr. Livesey, the minister of St. Philip's, having a population of 24,000, consisting almost exclusively of the labouring classes, gives in evidence—'Moral condition of children . . . in numerous instances most deplorable. . . . On Sunday afternoons it is impossible to pass along the highways, &c., beyond the police boundaries, without encountering numerous groups of boys, from twelve years and upwards, gaming for copper coin. . . . the boys are early initiated into habits of drinking. But the most revolting feature of juvenile depravity is early contamination from the association of the sexes. The outskirts of the town are absolutely polluted by this abomination; nor is the veil of darkness or seclusion always sought by these degraded beings. Too often they are to be met in small parties, who appear to associate for the purpose of promiscuous intercourse, their ages being apparently about fourteen or fifteen.' The Rev. Mr. Farish states, 'There are beer-houses attended by youths exclusively, for the men will not have them in the same houses with themselves.' Hugh Parker, Esq., a justice of the peace, remarks,—'A great proportion of the working classes are ignorant and profligate. . . . the morals of their children exceedingly depraved and corrupt, given at a very early age to petty theft, swearing, and lying; during minority to drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, profanation of the Sabbath, dog and prize-fighting.' Mr. Rayner, the superintendent of the police, says, lads from twelve to fourteen frequent constantly beer-houses, and have even at an early age their girls with them, who invite them to commit petty theft. . . . vices of every description at an early age. . . . great number of vagrant children prowling about the streets. . . . these corrupting other children. . . . The habits of the adults confirm the children in their vices. George Messon, a police officer, adds; There are beer-shops which are frequented by boys only. . . . As early as thirteen years of age. . . . The girls are loose in their conduct, and accompany the boys. Mr. Abraham remarks,—'There is most vice and levity and mischief in the class between seventeen and nineteen. You see mere lads between seventeen and nineteen with dogs at their heels and other evidences of dissolute habits.' Mr. James Hall and other of the working people say,—'The morals of the children are tenfold worse than formerly. . . . There are beer-shops frequented by boys from nine to fifteen years old to play for money and liquor.' Charlotte Kirkman, a poor woman of the operative class, aged sixty-eight, observes,—'I think morals are getting worse, which I attribute in a great measure to beershops. . . . There were no such girls in my time as there are now; when I was four or five and twenty my mother would have knocked me down if I had spoken improperly to her. . . . Many have children at fifteen.' The evidence, says the Sub-Commissioner, with very few exceptions, attests a melancholy amount of immorality among the children of the working classes."—Who dares, in the face of such evidence as this, to say that a Prohibitory Liquor Law is not needed in England, to protect

our youth from temptation, and to guard the religious instruction they receive in Sabbath schools? Let us labour to obtain such a law. —*Temperance Star*.

## Our Letter Box.

### SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Two Worlds.

SIR,—Having been engaged in trying to fathom the heights and depths of modern Spiritualism for nearly three years, it would now seem time for me to speak out my impressions, and deduce some of the facts which have produced those impressions. I began the enquiry, convinced of the importance of these reputed facts. If true, they opened up new fields of enquiry of vast moment to man's welfare; and if found to arise only from the mysterious depths of our own life-system, the enquiry would be of importance to philosophy and science. As a fair and honest man, as an earnest seeker after all truth, I am bound to declare I have no choice but to admit the facts as of spiritual origin. I've seen, heard, and, withal, tried all the half-way houses,—as, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, &c., but nothing short of spirit-beings having power to act through and around us can account for all the varieties of the phenomena presented. Mere belief or disbelief is no matter of merit or demerit. We can't help believing the strongest evidence; as the late Robert Owen said, "If you had the evidence that I have had, you could not help but believe as I do." He saw and heard musical instruments played without material hands, saw tables move without human contact, and received answers to mental questions concerning departed relatives, which none could truthfully give but those relatives themselves; who will doubt Mr. Owen's truthfulness? Who dare say in the face of day that he wilfully lied? Some may say, We don't doubt for a moment his honesty, but we doubt his sagacity—"he was getting old." Well, but we ask plainly, what sagacity of mind, what keenness or honesty of intellect could come to any other conclusion from the facts than what he did? Others have seen, and believe in their hearts, but think the time is not ripe for its open declaration, but Robert Owen did not "ask for a more convenient opportunity," but declared the extraordinary facts that had providentially been brought before him, and declared also his inability to account for them except as *bona fide* spirit-agency. If then his honesty is allowed, those who knew him of late also must allow his unimpaired vigour of mind; therefore, it is likely his sagacity was not far off his honesty. But this he felt, he had no time to lose in declaring to the world the demonstration he had received of the immortality of man's existence; as he had so long taught that the subject was beyond mortal ken, and that the doctrine had been made use of by priests and kings only as a scourge to mankind and to keep the people in slavery. Thus, though mere belief in a truth is no matter of merit, yet, there is merit or demerit,—there is responsibility in making use of, or wasting any opportunity to investigate these solemn and beautiful truths. I have referred to the late Mr. Owen's conversion to Spiritualism, as being a more prominent instance of honest conviction and advocacy than mine may or can be, and although I had not the opportunity of investigation which he had, nor have I witnessed perhaps so much of the same class of facts, yet by other means and agencies I am forced to the same conclusions, and have been made as he was a happier man and more convinced of a glorious future both for myself and for humanity. Persons may suggest hundreds of difficulties, such as, What is life? What is spirit? Why permitted? How can they come? How can spirit—an "airy nothing"—move material objects or give material signs? Why does God permit evil? How does God exist? How do spirits exist? Where are heaven and hell? And others of a like nature, and many persons, "professedly logical" expect an exact answer to every such question, and then if the answer does not suit their pre-conceived notions and strange fancies, they turn and exclaim, "Oh, it's all a delusion and a snare,"—"its trickery,"—"it is Satanic,"—"a spirit must know everything, and be able to do everything." Thomas-like, they say, "Unless I put my hand into his side, and my finger into the print of the nails, I will not believe." And yet, strange to say, these very logical "persons" profess to believe in Moses and Elias coming back to talk to Christ. In the girl possessed by the spirit of divination, in the spiritual gifts of the primitive Church, as well as in the possessed of devils, and this they believe too, without having seen anything of it, or anything like it. We tell of somewhat like things in our days, and they say "Nonsense, they are tales of a by-gone age," but we say, good sense, the like has been in all ages, read history, read Scripture, read our honest testimonies. You may not believe in laws of nature, but there are laws, for all that. You may not believe in

spirit or mind power, but spirit or mind has forces under its control for all that, and if spirit personalities have not power under the laws of their existence to make themselves known to us *now*, they never could have had that power, or God must have made new laws of late, he must have changed his mind. In that case what becomes of God? he then is a creature of whims and fancies, and changes his laws like the creatures of earth! Away with such trifling, witness but one honest fact when collusion, delusion, or trickery is out of the question, and mountains of difficulties will soon be got over, and certainly it is logical to believe in even what you cannot altogether explain, for who can explain the wonders of our existence, of the inner life, of the existence beyond this flesh and blood? What then, are we to blindfold our eyes to these "modern mysteries," are we to shut out the light, because many of the facts of spiritualism do not square with our ideas of dignity or propriety? Spiritualists do not create the facts, they only observe them, they do not attempt to dictate to the Almighty as to what his laws shall allow, but they take advantage of their operation, and as in the operation of the spiritual laws, they see light shining in the darkness, and can and do hold fellowship with like hearts and minds immortal, they do not quarrel with the spirit manifestations, although they may not come up to their wishes, but they joyfully wait the time when the dark shall be made bright, the rough places smooth, and when the crooked shall be made straight. S. W.

SIR,—I can vouch for the following:—After witnessing some of the wonderful manifestations at the rooms of Mrs. Marshall, I resolved to try the experiments at home with the assistance of my wife; and having a peculiar black Tom cat, we placed our hands on its head, and, according to the recommendation of Mr. Jones, kept them there for six successive hours, when it began to mourn piteously, and roll its eyes; when, all of a sudden, it reared up on its hind legs, and a voice seemed to issue from its extended jaws, uttering these words, "Soon shall the sceptics be convinced, and the age of spirit communion commence." The following dialogue then took place:—"Are you a good spirit?" "No." "What are you?" "An evil one." "Who are you?" "Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism." In order to test the reality of the manifestation, I said, "Where was my brother's hat made?" Answer, "In Paris." This was true. After this, I trust that the appalling scepticism of Mr. Malthouse, and Mr. Price, will undergo a change, as there is something in this manifestation more than they dream of. Yours respectfully, J. HARDING, 6, New King-street, Mile End New Town.

#### COMMUNION WITH SPIRITS.

SIR,—One of your correspondents has, so far as the Two Worlds is concerned, opened up fresh ground. After relating a "curious" fact of the leg of a stool, having a pencil attached, writing answers to questions; he states, he believes, "There is no doubt the spirits of the dead can be raised, but it is forbidden by God, and therefore Christians ought not to commune with deceased persons," and he asks, Does Mr. Jones believe in the efficacy of *doing evil* that good may come? or in breaking one of God's commands that Atheists may be taught the first principles of knowledge? My reply is, never do evil that good may come—that spirit communion is unfolded in the Bible as a privilege appertaining to Christians—a privilege we are by the word of God *taught* to enjoy, and one of divine ordination; and at another time I will give my reasons; the subject, at present, resolves itself into three portions. 1. Are there any spirits? 2. If so, are they so employed as not to be able to engage in human duties? 3. If able, is it contrary to Scripture to commune with spirits? If your correspondents will keep these three points before them, and not travel elsewhere, good will result from a candid ventilation of the subject of Spiritualism. Tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Great Britain do not believe in the truth of the first proposition, and all the "mere logic" in the world will never change their minds—the readers of the Two Worlds appear to be of the 2nd, and 3rd, classes, and taking that view, I deemed it advisable to forward my two first letters, believing I would strike the first through the proofs produced on the second proposition. Frankly, when I first went into the subject, the simple question with me was, "Do spirits make any communication to man, either by physical or mental action?" I cared not a rush whether the spirits were good or bad, devils or angels. I felt if any *kind* manifested themselves, it stopped the mouth of Atheists, Devils, and nothingarians; it accounted for the numerous prodigies narrated in the histories of all nations, christian and anti-christian; the moral quality of the spirits and the *right* to commune with them were after considerations. I should like, that anti-spiritualists would state candidly, what kind of manifestations they would consider sufficiently dignified for spirits to use, so as to convince men; such a course would much simplify the question. I find that some of your correspondents are so stiff-necked and uncharitable, that they deny the facts vouched for, and so give the lie to the narrators, and deny also that questions put have been answered. Now really that is too bad. They seem to be of the class mentioned in the parable of Lazarus, "Nay, said father Abraham, they will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." They are akin to two friends of mine, who lately told me, "That even if they saw the table rise off the floor and dash itself against the wall they would not believe." But I find I am rolling several correspondents into one; my object was, and is for the present, to keep them to the simple question, Do any kind of spirits communicate with human beings? The foolishness or wisdom of the manifestations I leave to the superior know-

ledge of those unseen intelligences, who doubtless oftentimes find it advisable to follow the advice given in the Bible, "Answer a fool according to his folly."—J. JONES, Peckham.

SIR,—At my meetings of enquiry into this subject of the following dates, there were present from six to twelve ladies and gentlemen—some of them strangers to me—whose names and addresses I shall be glad to furnish, if need be. Dec. 12. At this sitting we experimented with a table, constructed under the direction of one of the gentlemen present, so as to guard against the possibility of any one sitting at it producing the looked-for signs of intelligent action in making communications by it. The top of this table is perforated with holes; in these holes pegs are loosely placed, each peg marked with a letter of the alphabet, &c. The medium being seated at this table, communications, in answer to questions, were spelled out by these alphabetical pegs being moved up in the order of the letters forming the communication, telegraphically. A quarter of an hour after we had been at the table, my pocket-handkerchief, which had been placed under it, was taken up, knotted, and out of its folds fell a piece of paper with writing on it, of curious import. A communication upon the subject of the writing had been promised a week before from the invisible agents, and it purported to be from my own son. The pocket-handkerchief of one of the gentleman present, was thrust by an unseen agent into his breast-pocket; that of another, which had been placed with the others under the table, was returned by similar invisible agency, into the pocket from which he had taken it. On lowering the gas, the hands of the medium, and of another, exhibited a sort of phosphorescent light, visible to nearly all present. This sitting was terminated by our asking the invisible agents to move the table, with no one visible being in contact with it. Not only was this done, but the table (three feet in diameter) was turned completely over. Dec. 13. At this sitting, I had prepared another method of receiving communications, to prove whether they proceeded from invisible actors. I brushed a slate over with a white composition, and requested written answers upon it to our questions, which was done. Since then I have prepared pieces of glass in the same way, and with similar results. A spirit, professing to be my own old professional instructor, wrote on the prepared glass a beautiful religious phrase in French, and at our request, repeated it in four other languages, ancient and modern. Mr. Tiffin held the glass under the table, and a communication was written on it, purporting to be from his deceased daughter.—H. WHITAKER, 31, Newman-street, W.

#### IS TEETOTALISM A FAILURE?

SIR,—I beg to state, in answer to Dr. Dubitantium's letter of Dec. 11, if Teetotalism is a failure, the drinking customs are no failure; they don't fail to make paupers, thieves, beggars, and prostitutes, by thousands every year, both directly or indirectly. If Teetotalism has failed, drink has not failed to make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. If Teetotalism has failed, the infernal drink has not failed to people the gallows, to fill our gaols, poor houses, lunatic asylums, our orphan asylums, &c. I beg also to remind the learned doctor, for we have some learned men who have every sense but common sense, that we have not had a teetotaler hung since Teetotalism was invented by the seven hard working men of Preston; those men who had no sense but common sense. It is about twenty-five years since that took place, and Mr. Calcraft would not have been wanted but for intoxicating drinks. But Total Abstinence has not failed. I signed the pledge sixteen years ago, and am still an abstainer. If men understood the teetotal principle as well as I do, those who have broken their pledge would not have done so. I hereby declare that intoxicating drinks are not at all suitable for the human frame, but injurious in the smallest quantity; in other words, it is physically, morally, religiously, and politically wrong to drink drunkards' drink, the quantity being even so small; and I challenge our high learned doctor to prove to the contrary. If men and women still continue to drink, it shows their ignorance. Hoping the learned Doctor will be able to confute my assertions, and begging to direct him to the challenge I gave in the *Star* of Dec. 11, I trust he will act like a man, and not play the Mountebank any more. Yours respectfully, THOMAS BOAK, Jubilee-street, Mile End.

#### FEMALE ADVOCACY.

SIR,—It appears, Mr. De Fraine does not understand my reply to his letter of October 2nd, but I firmly believe women are gifted as much as men, in general; and have as much right on public platforms; and I think if Mr. De F. had a [sister or sweetheart or wife or daughter given to drinking, he would not object to them going to the assembly room to hear ladies speak on the all-important question of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drink. He must know that drunken women are not few and far between. As to obscure platforms had it not been for their being instituted many years back, I think we should have had no fine halls with grand platforms for men to show off on and be paid for. To be plain,—if there had been no tenth-rate oratory which has been gratuitous so many years by such ladies as Mesdames Potton, Phillips, Bennett, Sterne, Gray, Whitehead, Grace, Baxter, Thurgate, Lucas, and others; we should not have had first rate oratory. For my part I would rather hear a gratuitous lecture from a lady if it was characterised by common sense than from any paid lecturer; the one we know to be genuine, the other we can't vouch for; the love of lucre makes many lecturers, I believe. Yours respectfully, THOMAS BOAK, Jubilee Street, Mile End.

#### VEGETARIANISM IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SEVERE application to other duties having prevented us from noticing Mr. Andrade's objections to Vegetarianism for a few weeks, it was gradually gliding into the silent past, when one friend's well-timed reminder, brought before our view the position we have taken in the matter.

It appears that our friend's greatest, if not only obstacle to the adoption of a vegetable diet is, that the system could not be practised between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole. We are all aware that food in these latitudes is scarce, and that man by reason of his adaptability, may subsist, in a way, upon such dainties as Whale blubber and Rein Deer's flesh;—but have all other sources of living been exhausted previous to adopting this expedient? The Rein Deer, unprotected, subsists on a vegetable diet, such as these countries afford. He has not got the ingenuity of man to make clothing, building houses, foster useful growth, or lay up a store, and still he subsists and stands the cold better than man. Man can subsist and has subsisted upon the vegetable products of these regions, low in the scale though they be, even on the food of the rein deer, which might not be congenial to the stomachs of a people fed on blubber, but which, we venture to affirm, would be more suitable than these vilest of animal matters to individuals with pure tastes and proper secretions. But granting the necessity of animal food in these barren wastes, the miserable condition of the inhabitants, proves too much to make the practice commendable. Look at the physical, mental, and moral state of these tribes, and let common sense determine whether it has been misfortune or choice that first supplied the seed from whence the present miserable stock has sprung. The faculties and sentiments that so distinguish man from other animals, is here on a par with the vegetable products of the country. The reflective, the ideal, and the spiritual functions of mind that give force of thought, beauty of form, and loftiness of aspiration, are here lost in what is stupid, unsightly, and gross. Surely our friend in his enthusiasm would not emigrate to Nova Zembla, that he might enjoy the advantages of a blubber diet, should a supply of animal matter fail him here. No, on our own island there yet remains healthful employment, and a bountiful subsistence for six times the present population on the vegetarian system. Since then, emigration to the north is not necessary; it is not absolutely necessary that those people whom accident has placed there should remain. But man intuitively turns his face to a warm and fertile region, when he seeks a new home, not where he may easily capture, and appropriate to himself "these monsters of the deep;" but where he may with facility raise the golden grain, and pluck the mellow fruit. Again it is only a handful of the earth's inhabitants that have any plea for adopting Mr. Andrade's favourite regimen, consequently flesh eating is not the "general rule," as Mr. Andrade's logic would have it, but only the exception, and is, therefore, "sheer nonsense," according to his own mode of reasoning. We may not have convinced our friend, but we hope we have disabused his mind of the idea that we are afraid of controversy.—VIR.

#### MR. MALTHOUSE AND HIS "CHALLENGE."

SIR,—The controversy between Mr. Malthouse and the Spiritualists is, I fear, becoming a very wordy one; owing to the desultory, unmethodic manner in which it is conducted. I have no wish to mingle in the *melee* farther than I have already done by my letter of October 9th, (No. 5) and which letter, by the way, Mr. M. has hitherto overlooked (very excusably, considering the number of assailants against whom he has had to defend himself) but, as Mr. M. continues to "challenge" the Spiritualists to a public platform discussion, &c., I may say, that I have seen enough of that kind of debate to satisfy me that it is *not* the way best calculated to lead to thoughtful inquiry or to elicit truth. I am so far a Temperance reformer that I prefer to challenge men's sober judgment, rather than to minister to their craving for intellectual dram-drinking; in the form of discussion-speeches. I have no love of controversy for the sake of controversy, and have no time to waste in a random, aimless discussion; but if Mr. M. is willing to discuss Spiritualism in an orderly and friendly way in the columns of the *Two Worlds*, or of any other publication, and arrangements can be made for that purpose, I have no objection, when the present border-skirmishing is ended, to maintain the truth of Spiritualism against either Mr. M. or any other friendly opponent, the communications from each to appear of course alternately, certain distinct, definite propositions being laid down as the bases for discussion. If Mr. Malthouse accedes to this, and space in the *Two Worlds* can be regularly allotted to either disputant, I shall be happy to furnish him with my proper name, that he may not plead that he is dealing with an anonymous opponent. A TRUTH SEEKER.

#### WOMAN AND HER NEEDS.

SIR,—As you appear to give woman fair play, may I ask the favour of your inserting the following remarks? "What do women need?" we ask. A hundred voices echo a reply. "The right to work and wages," says one. "The right to education and the means of obtaining it," says another. "The right to be a wedded partner and not a cypher," says a third. "The right to develop all the powers with which Nature has endowed them," says a fourth. "The right to a political existence," says a fifth. "The right to all the rights of a human being," say some. "The right to be what they now are," say many. "The right to be in their true

sphere," say all. For not even the most narrow interpreters of the rights of women will dare to deny them this last right. They only strive to prove that they are now filling their true sphere, and that the sexual line drawn through humanity is a wide chasm which properly separates all woman kind from the higher regions of responsibility. Let them clothe the fact in fine phrases as delicately as they may, it is none the less true that they assume the position that women are proved to be disqualified by nature for the rights and duties which society demands of each of its responsible members. We assume it proved that equal human rights do not demand identity, and that women are entitled to those rights; though in the natural course of the world's development, they are the last to come into possession of their heritage. And being thus debarred from it, we propose to consider what is the greatest need which they do not share in common with the rest of mankind, and for which they have a right to demand legal satisfaction. Work and wages is a bitter need, which bears more heavily upon individuals than any other. This need is shared also by men. We hold every human being has a right to food, clothing, and shelter, with leisure for the cultivation of his mental resources, and the times are out of joint which do not afford these to him. Yet to many men and more women the present social system denies these, and it belongs to them to seek redress together. True, women have more disadvantages than men; they are restricted to a few kinds of labour, and paid at low rates; but to remedy this they must change public opinion. There is no other law to forbid them from entering and practising any known vocation, or from receiving the highest wages for their labour. That they do not is the fault partly of their own inexperience and incompetency, and partly of a perverted public sentiment. It is a social wrong for which there can be no legal redress; it can only be righted by winning public confidence, by perseverance and marked ability. So is the need of education a human need. Every child of both sexes has a right to the most favourable development of his mind, and society must work on until it attains it for him. If women enjoy it less than men, they must prove their equal right to it socially; it does not come directly within the province of the law. As to the acknowledged non-existence in the marriage relation, that is clearly a legal wrong. Yet this is only the sequence of another wrong, for while women have no legal existence, how can they claim to have a marital existence? The thing would be absurd. Here we are at the root of the matter. The great need of woman is the ballot box—the legal symbol of equality. Behind this lies a shadowy host of other needs, common to the human race, and which can only be satisfied through constant, and, it may be, disastrous experiments of united humanity. Each has his own peculiar ideas respecting these needs, and all must move on, comparing notes, and deciding each question by the voice of the majority, until we arrive at the true solution of the vexed social problem. The exclusion from the ballot box is the badge of woman's inferiority. The law of the country stamps her as an inferior, and with this fact staring her in the face, every social, industrial, or educational recognition of equality that she afterward obtains is a matter of courtesy and not of right. This is the keystone of her wrongs; all the others are dependent upon it. Make women a power in the State and you at once increase their rate of wages. Some one has said that the elective franchise is worth fifty cents a day to every working man. If so, we opine that it would be worth at least thirty-seven and a half cents to every working woman. —MARY WARRINGTON.

## HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

### PART I.—CHAPTER I.

#### HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

Mankind, like all other organic beings, ought to live according to nature's laws, without pain; and die a natural death:—i. e., without illness or suffering. But with us almost every one dies from the effects of poisonous drugs, intoxicating liquors, adulterated food, want of water, air, and exercise.—R. CLARIDGE, Esq.

LET the reader give us his undivided attention, and bring with him an unprejudiced mind, while we take into consideration the *natural duration of human life*; and also endeavour to ascertain *whether that life ought to be spent under the influence of pain and disease*.

Our object will be to show, by the aid of Scripture, philosophy, and facts, that the opinions generally entertained on these subjects are very unsound in their character, and prejudicial in their influence.

Probably no theory can come more welcome to the human mind, than that which establishes on good ground, the hope of the enjoyment of health to "a good old age." For notwithstanding the trials, vexations, and difficulties incident to this life, the love of it generally increases with our years, and is evidently one of the *inherent* principles of our nature, which cannot be explained away by any of the subtleties of the sophist, or be overcome by any assumed dignity derived from a "false philosophy." There are many of these inextinguishable principles in our nature: such as our love of freedom—love of country—love of home, and others; but the *love of life predominates*. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Bruyere says—"There is nothing of which men are so fond, and withal so careless, as life.

It is an admitted fact, that disease has increased and the duration of human life decreased, from the time of the Patriarchs down to our own days, and more especially in civilized countries; but the *cause* of this fact, which does not lie very deep, we have interested ourselves

very little about. At present the popular opinion is, that the natural duration of human life is seventy years; which opinion is certainly not founded upon facts or observation, for these go to prove that about one-fourth of the children that are born die within the *first eleven months* of life, one-third within *twenty-three months*, and one half before they reach their *eighth year*. Two thirds of mankind die before they reach the thirty-ninth year: and three fourths before the fifty-first; so that, as Buffon observes, of *nine* children that are born, only *one* lives to the age of eighty; while out of 200, only one lives to the age of ninety; and in the last place, out of 11,996, only one drags on a languid existence to the age of 100 years. The mean term of life is, according to the same author, eight years in a new-born child. As the child grows older, his existence becomes more secure; and after the first year he may reasonably be expected to live to the age of thirty-three. Life becomes gradually firmer up to the age of seven; when the child, after going through the dangers of dentition, will probably live forty-two years and three months. After this period the sum of probabilities, which had gradually increased, undergoes a progressive decrease; so that a child of fourteen cannot be expected to live beyond thirty-seven years and five months; a man of thirty, twenty-eight years more; and in the last place, a man of eighty-four, but one year more. Such is the result of observation and of calculations on the different degrees of probabilities of human life, by Halley, Kresbroom, Wargentin, Buffon, etc., etc.

*Reid, in his Essays on Insanity, etc. remarks*:—When we contemplate a churchyard, the earth of which is composed, in a great measure, of the bodies of infants, it is natural for us to fancy, but surely it is not reasonable for us to believe, that these beings were born for no other purpose than to die. Fault must exist some where; it cannot be in the providence of God; it must therefore attach to the improvidence and indiscretion of man. Consequences as fatal originate from ignorance as from crime.

As the popular opinion cannot therefore be founded on the above, or on any well-founded statements of a similar description, we must look for its basis some where else. And it is likely we shall find it resulting from a misunderstanding of the 10th verse of the 90th Psalm, which says, "The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is there strength, labour, and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Let the reader observe, that rightly to understand an author, we must consider the circumstances under which he wrote, and also, if possible, the general drift of his observations and reasonings. It may, therefore, be proper to observe, that this Psalm is generally admitted to have been written by Moses, and that it has special reference to the sentence passed upon Israel in the wilderness, for their unbelief, murmuring, and rebellion against the Lord. The sentence declared that their carcasses should fall in the wilderness—that they should be wasted by a series of miseries for thirty-eight years together, until they were all destroyed; excepting Joshua and Caleb, in whom "was found another spirit, and who followed the Lord fully." Let us also carefully observe, that Moses is not speaking of the lives of men in general, but merely adverting to an *awful fact* which was actually taking place at that time among the rebellious Israelites in the "great and terrible wilderness." That he was not speaking of the lives of men generally, may be inferred from the fact, that he, as well as many of his brethren, lived to considerably more than even ninety years. Moreover, as he complains of the people being cut off through the displeasure of God, it is reasonable to suppose that he was not alluding to the period during which men were capable of living, but simply to the *fact*, that owing to the judgments of the Almighty, which befel the Israelites on account of their sins, but few of them attained a more lengthened existence than seventy or eighty years. "For we are consumed," he says, "by thine anger, and by thy wrath we are troubled."—"It is soon cut off," etc.; language indicating that they died—not a *natural* death, having reached the *END* of the natural term of life, but were "*consumed*,"—"cut off."

What a striking contrast does this case present to that given of the children of Israel when they left Egypt. Then it is said (Ps. cv. 37), The Lord brought them out "with silver and gold; and there was not one feeble person among the tribes." God's blessing upon their plain food and hard work had produced this—but now he is counteracting the order of nature—reversing nature's laws, in order to punish his rebellious people. There is nothing miraculous in the former case—it is the course of nature—in exact accordance with organic laws, which are God's laws; but there is in the latter, inasmuch as exercise in the open air, and even angel's food, sent direct from heaven, did not promote health—because God was consuming them.

The eminent Dr. Farre, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee, appointed in 1843, to inquire

into the causes, extent, and consequences of drunkenness, gave it as his opinion, that by the last grant of Providence to man, the natural term of his life is 120 years; in confirmation of which he quoted Gen. vi. 3: "My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." He also further observes, "That where disease, arising from other causes, does not shorten it [human life], the reason why so few attain that age [120], is to be found in the excessive stimulation to which the mass of the community are continually subject."

That excessive stimulation—all artificial stimulation is excessive—not only wears out the vital organism prematurely, but throws the machinery of life into disorder, whereby deaths occur suddenly and violently, is proved by every day's experience in civilized society. Our witnesses are fevers, inflammations, convulsions, cholera, consumptions, etc. The most deplorable aspect in which we can view the effort of a hurried and disorderly working of the organic functions is that of hereditary transmission. The offspring of the parent who transgresses the laws of life and health are frequently the greatest, and always the most pitiful sufferers. A man born with an originally powerful constitution, may indulge in all manner of "riotous living," and endure to sixty or seventy years, while his offspring, to whom he has bequeathed his acquired infirmities, cannot hold out, under the same excesses, more than forty or fifty years. How sacred the duty, how awful the responsibility of parents, in this relation!

The history of mankind clearly shows that the above expressed intention of God was gradually carried into effect; the principle of vitality appearing to become weaker until the close of the era in which the post diluvian Patriarchs flourished; when, although several centuries had elapsed since the deluge, we find that 120 years was about the *average* of human existence. Abraham lived to the age of 175 years. His sons Isaac and Ishmael died, the former at the age of 180, and the latter at 137. Sarah, the only female of the ancient world of the duration of whose life we are accurately informed, lived 127 years. Jacob lived to the age of 147, and his son Joseph, although subject to all the excitement arising from the peculiarly trying circumstances in which he was placed, reached the age of 110. "The years of the life of Levi were an hundred, thirty, and seven years." Ex. vi. 16. Kohath, the second son of Levi, according to Archbishop Usher, was thirty years old when Jacob came into Egypt, and lived there 107; he therefore attained the same age as Levi, as did also his son Amram, the father of Moses. Moses lived to be 120 years old; while the sacred historian relates concerning him that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." So far, therefore, as the vital principle is concerned, he was a young man even at that advanced age, notwithstanding the harassing life he had led. Had he not shared the same fate as his brethren, in consequence of the improper spirit which he manifested at the "Waters of Meribah," he would have lived many years longer. He died, not a natural death, but was *cut off*. Joshua, who succeeded him in the government of Israel, died at the age of 100 years; and Eli, at a much later period, reached ninety-eight years, and did not then die of old age, or disease, but was killed by a fall from his seat, on hearing that the Philistines had triumphed over the Israelites—had slain his sons Hophni and Phineas, and had taken the ark of God. Elisha, a man of great severity of manners, who despised ease and wealth, lived far above 100 years; and Simeon, a man full of hope and confidence in God, was distinguished by a life of ninety years.

That human life shall be greatly prolonged, beyond its present short limits, is one of the plain declarations of prophecy. The following is Bishop Lowth's translation of that sublime passage recorded in Isaiah lvi. 20, 23.

"No more shall there be an infant short-lived,  
Nor an old man who hath not fulfilled his days;  
For he that dieth a hundred years old shall die a boy,  
And the sinner that shall die at an hundred years shall be deemed accursed.  
And they shall build houses and inhabit them;  
And they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them;  
They shall not build and another inhabit;  
They shall not plant and another eat;  
For as the days of a tree shall be the days of my people.  
My chosen shall not labour in vain,  
Neither shall they generate a short-lived race."

"Every one who has read the sacred original, must allow that this translation is literal; indeed, it is generally admitted to be one of the best translations of this book: "and without staying in this place to settle the point respecting the number of years that it allots to man, it must be evident that it apportions to the inhabitants of this world a much longer period than three-score years and ten;" \* though even that would be more than double the present *average* of human life in our country. Thus we think there is no ground, from Scripture, to suppose that mankind are enjoying the full term of human life. And the probability is, that the Scriptures have made known to us no specific or absolute limit, to our life on earth, but that God has wisely made it dependent on the observance or non-observance of nature's laws.

\* Anti-Bacchus. A cheap and first-rate work.—SROW.



## MARY GARDNER'S WEDDING DAY.

*(A Tale for Christmas.)*

MERRILY rang out the bells in the old church tower of Luddington. The whole place was astir. Aged women might be seen peeping through the windows of the low thatched cottages, enjoying the wintry scene outside; while, here and there, more sturdy women, the mothers of the little children playing about the road, were standing in groups, regardless of the cold, talking of what was going on; but as they spoke all at once nothing could be made out, except the name of Mary Gardner, which went from mouth to mouth from one end of the village to the other. The younger portion of the population was collected about the church and churchyard, where the old, patriarchal yew looked less gloomy than usual, and the robins seemed beside themselves with gladness, as they chirped among the branches of the tall lime trees that grew by the wall of the rector's garden. All who were able had come out; for this was Mary Gardner's wedding day. Every one loved her, and though they felt sorry that she was going to leave them, they could not let her go without their kind and hearty wishes at parting. The miller had come up from the mill that looked so busy and clacked so noisily down by the river, to "give the bride away;" and the ringers, spirited young fellows, had agreed to ring her into church, as they said, as well as out of it; and thus it happened that on that cheery Christmas morning, the bells of the old church at Luddington were ringing so merrily.

Who was Mary Gardner? She was an orphan; her father and mother, ordinary farm-labourers, both died before she was two years old, and she had been brought up at the charge of an old lady who lived in the dark red brick house, with curious twisted chimneys, and a double row of chesnut trees leading up to the entrance, at the end of the village. The girl was of a quiet, contented disposition, and well repaid the kindness bestowed upon her. When of age to be useful, she was taught to rely upon her own exertions for support and independence, and passed through various grades of a servant's life in the household of her benefactress, and at last for her steadiness and good conduct, was chosen to assist the housekeeper, whose advancing years rendered her unequal to the duties of her office. In this way she learned everything connected with the proper comfort and management of a house, until about the time of her twentieth birth-day, the old housekeeper died, and Mary was put into her place. Here her natural kindness of heart made her so careful to avoid giving offence, that some of the older servants, who had been looking forward to the housekeeper's situation, acknowledged that it could not have been in better hands. Three years afterwards the old lady died, leaving a small legacy to each of the servants and £250 to her faithful housekeeper, who thus lost her home and her friend at the same time. Mary was clever with her needle; she undertook the making of the mourning dresses of the other servants, as the last act of kindness she might have in her power to show to them; and after the first depressing feeling of sorrow had gone off, considered that dressmaking would afford her a very good living, and in the course of a few weeks was comfortably established in a lodging in the chief street of the village.

The old house, where she had passed so many happy years, stood empty for six months, when, one morning, a party of workmen were seen busily engaged in repairing the antiquated building; masons, painters, carpenters, made the ancient walls echo again with their whistling, knocking, and hammering; and it was soon known in the village that a family from a distant part of the country might shortly be expected to take possession. Among the plumbers, who came from a shop at a village eight miles off, was a young man said to be the best and steadiest workman of the company. The gossips of Luddington now and then whispered that he liked a "glass of good ale" too well, and was sometimes the worse for liquor, but he was such a light-hearted fellow, always singing at his work, so much liked by his mates, that no one would believe the rumours, but set them down to the score of ill nature. He was seen at church on the Sunday, and before many weeks were over, it was known that Philip Harris was the accepted lover of Mary Gardner. From this time he stayed at Luddington, instead of returning at the end of the week to the village where his master lived,

and might be met in the evenings, walking arm-in-arm with Mary in the narrow lanes, or across the fields, both looking so happy that everybody agreed it would be a capital match.

Appearances, it is often said, are deceitful. Philip, though a good natured and industrious workman, was fond of gay company, and had been accustomed to meet once a week at a convivial club, composed chiefly of young men, who passed the evening in singing songs, smoking, and drinking. This they called "enjoying life;" but 'twas a queer sort of enjoyment, for on leaving the public-house late at night, they could scarcely stand or walk, and often staggered into horseponds or muddy ditches, from which they did not get out again without a great deal of trouble. And then, when they woke the next morning, instead of feeling fresh and ready for work, their heads ached, they had pains and twitches in every limb, and a nasty hot bitter taste in their throats, which made them miserable during the whole of the day; and this was "enjoying life!" Philip's happy disposition made him the leader of the club; he was foremost in all the fun and merriment. On first going to work at Luddington, he had walked over two or three times to the village where the club met, and continued to get back to his work the next day without exciting any suspicion; but as soon as he became acquainted with Mary, he went no more to the meetings, and, except at times a glass of ale, gave up drinking altogether; it seemed that his love for her overcame every lower feeling. The repairs at the old house lasted nearly half a year, when Philip was sent to begin a similar job 10 or 12 miles away in another direction. It was hard parting with Mary, but he came to see her as often as he could, scarcely ever missing a Sunday. So it went on for several months; at last the wedding day was fixed, and on the morning with which our narrative opens they were to be married.

It had been agreed that Philip should ride over in time to go with the party to church. What a pleasant scene was that in Mary's little parlour; the miller had put on his best suit,—his new topboots, and blue coat with bright buttons,—and came up to "give her away," accompanied by one of his daughters as bridesmaid. He had a kind and hearty word for everybody, and said that he felt as frolicsome as a schoolboy. He declared that Mary looked prettier than ever in her wedding dress; and when the old church bells all at once struck up their merry peal, he snapped his fingers and hummed a tune by way of chorus. The miller's cheerfulness was so contagious as at first to prevent anyone remarking that the time fixed on for going to church was passed by a quarter of an hour. Mary became anxious, and fancied that some accident had happened; the miller, however, laughed at her fear; and the bridesmaid whispered that on such an occasion a little impatience was excusable. Still, Mary could not feel satisfied as another quarter of an hour went by without bringing Philip, the roses vanished from her cheek, and gave place to a melancholy paleness. At last, just as the clerk came in from the church to inquire as to the delay, the noise of a vehicle was heard at the end of the village street, and voices outside exclaimed, "Here he is! Here he is!" "All right now," said the clerk, "better late than never;" but as he spoke, there came a strange discord of shouting and laughter, mingled with rattle of wheels. What could it mean?

Before the question could be answered, a chaise stopped at the door, four young men jumped out, and one of them, hurrying before the others, reeled into the room where the party were waiting. 'Twas Philip; but what a sight for a bride! He had a stupid grin on his face, and hiccuped and stammered in his attempts to speak; trying, however, to look grave and sober, but breaking out at times in a drinking chorus, in which he was joined by his companions who had staggered in after him. "Come, dear," he managed to say at last to Mary, while he held by her chair to save himself from falling, "Come, dear, a'n't you ready?" But the shock to her feelings was too great; the poor girl had fainted. The miller's anger now broke out,—"Philip!" he exclaimed, "how dare you show yourself in that state? off with you, man; you are drunk!" and with the assistance of the clerk, he pushed the besotted young man out of the house. Philip was too giddy and bewildered to be able to offer any resistance; his companions bore him off with a jovial song, and in a few minutes drove off as rapidly as they had come.

Here was a disappointment. The whole village was in a state of consternation. Who could have thought it? Still even those who had been in the secret of Philip's misdoings had too much respect for Mary to say "they thought how it would be." Poor girl! she who a short hour before had been so happy in the prospect of her marriage, and receiving the congratulations of her friends! When she recovered from her swoon, the rector, who had heard of what had happened while waiting at the church, came in and endeavoured to soothe her with the consolations most likely to be effectual at such a trying moment. But all nature seemed at once to have lost its charms for her. The miller, in his honest indignation against the author of so much anguish, insisted that she should go and stay with his wife and daughters for a day or two; until, as he said, they "saw the upshot."

Mary's native good sense, assisted by the generous sympathy of friends, enabled her in some degree, to overcome the shock to her feelings. The sun, already weak and watery in its appearance, as if weeping in sympathy, was just dropping behind the low snow-hills in the distance, on the evening of the second day after the unhappy occurrence, as she left the miller's hospitable dwelling and traversed the path o'er the fields on her way homeward. Wishing to be alone, she declined the offer made by one of the young girls to accompany her. The path was one along which she had often walked leaning on Philip's arm, and the thought of this raised a strange conflict of emotions in her mind. Cruel as had been his conduct towards her, she felt that to do as her friends advised and reason prompted—break off the acquaintance—would be an effort almost too painful for her to bear.

Occupied with these reflections, she had sat some time in the deepening twilight of her little room, when a low knock came at the outer door; it opened at her reply, and Philip entered—but how different from the blythe-looking Philip of former days! Her first impulse was to advance and meet him; but on second thoughts she sat still, while her lover approached with hesitating steps, as if conscious of deserving no better reception. For some moments neither spoke; at length, unable to bear the young man's mingled look of regret and self-reproach, Mary said in a low tone, "Oh, Philip!"

"Mary," he replied, "I must have been mad to insult you with my presence at such a time; how you must hate me!"

"Hate you? No, Philip; I loved you too well for that. If it broke my heart I could not hate you; I would pity and pray for you."

"Generous girl!" he exclaimed, attempting to take her hand, which she drew back; "You will then forgive me?"

"Can you forgive yourself, Philip? Can we ever be the same to one another as we have been?"

"Why not? You surely won't cast me off for a frolic? We had been drinking your health, and I unfortunately took a little too much. But there is no great harm done just for once; it was all in honour of you."

"For once, Philip?" she rejoined, in a tone and with a look that let him understand she was not deceived, "Were it only once! I disbelieved the reports of your being fond of drink, but the worst is now confirmed. A man does not become a drunkard all at once. I have had time to reflect, and however painful it may be to say it, we must cease to think of each other. No! I cannot marry a man who values his reason so lightly as to drown and debase it in strong drink."

Philip hung down his head while Mary was speaking, and felt all the shame of his position. "But you won't cast me off so?" he replied, again looking up imploringly. "Try me; I'll never touch liquor again. Oh, Mary! what a fool I was to risk so much happiness for drink! You know how I loved you, and though I now despise myself, I love you more than ever. Give me some hope, some chance to right myself; try me; I'll do anything for your sake."

There was a pause. Though apparently calm, Mary's emotion prevented her speaking; she stood with her tearful eyes fixed on the face of the young man, who watched her with an eager look. At length she answered, "Philip, I did not expect so sore a trial; but let us no more deceive ourselves with false hopes. If you really love me, come to me some future day, your own heart will tell you when, and give me some assurance that from this time you have tasted no intoxicating drink, and we may be again to each other as we were a few days ago."

"Heaven bless you for that!" answered Philip, with a deep breath, "you have saved me. Had you cast me off, there is no telling what my desperation would have led to. But now I promise never to touch strong liquor of any sort again." He took Mary's hand, which this time was not refused, and was about to press her to his heart, but checking himself, as though the endeavour was to be the first step in his promised course of discipline, he uttered a hasty farewell, and hurried from the house. As the young man retraced his steps over the snow, a pang shot through Mary's heart, and the consciousness of having acted for the best was for a time too feeble to repress the tears that started to her eyes.

Some months passed away without bringing any news of Philip. He had not been seen at his usual place of work since the unhappy frolic which cost him so dear, nor had he once written to say what he was doing. The summer came and went; and old winter's first harbingers made their

appearance; but still, no tidings of Philip. Mary, it was observed, looked pale, and less cheerful than she used to be; and though persevering quietly in her business, and apparently reconciled to the disappointment of her hopes, there were anxious moments when she thought of the evening on which she and Philip last met. About the middle of December, word was brought to Luddington of the death of Philip's late employer, and that a young man from the county town was coming to take the business. No one had heard the new-comer's name, and while Mary sat her work one afternoon, thinking whether the change would bring her any intelligence of him whose memory was dearer to her than she would confess even to herself, a horse drawing a light spring-cart stopped opposite the window. On the side of the vehicle was written, "Philip Harris, Plumber and Glazier;" and a man, whose back was towards her, had just alighted; he turned round; it was Philip! In the joy of her heart she ran to open the door, and then, not knowing under what circumstances they met, sat down in her little work-room, as Philip, who had come in, took what appeared to be a letter from his pocket, and placed it in her hands. It was a certificate signed by the chairman and secretary of the County Temperance Society, declaring that Philip had been a consistent member from the time he first joined, nearly twelve months before, and by his persevering endeavours had reclaimed several young men from drinking habits. He stood and watched her as she read—her breath came short—her cheek flushed—and when she raised her eyes to his they were filled with tears, not of grief, but of the purest joy. "Your own word would have sufficed," she said, as he clasped her in his arms. Their hearts rushed together, and in that embrace the great sorrow of their lives was forgotten.

Need we relate what followed? Christmas was close at hand, and brought another wedding day. It seemed as cheery as did the Christmas of the former year, the old church bells rang quite as merrily, and the chirp of the robin was not less gladsome. The miller was there too, and as the happy pair drove off, he turned to the sexton, and said in his hearty tone, "She deserves all he could do for her, and more. If a young fellow could not give up drink for a wife as good as she is good-looking, he ought never to have a wife at all."—*Temperance Star*.

## A VILLAGE CHURCH. STOKE POGES.

—With its gothic porch,  
And ivied windows 'mid encircling yews  
Embosomed dimly.—MONTGOMERY.

Country churches are wonderful landmarks of history and religion. The aged and low-bending trees that have stood the storm of centuries, the massive ivy and the grey, stern, steady walls, tell a state's history as well as one of higher and holier origin. These remarks, from the pen of a talented writer, Mrs. S. C. Hall, apply in all their fulness to the church it is our purpose to describe—that of Stoke Poges—which, though little more than twenty miles from the great Metropolis, in a straggling village of 1,500 souls, is so secluded that few in this busy town are familiar with even the road to it; yet within sight of Windsor's royal terraces its "Heaven-directed spire" has for ages pointed upwards to the skies, a standard of religion around which many generations have gathered in social worship. However mistaken may have been the form of faith in those ancient days, there was even much truth commingled with error. Men of noble paternity and of loyal deeds, who have figured conspicuously in the stately march of history, the Huntingdons and Hattons, a Villiers and a Coke, and others of knightly rank, but less notorious, have bended the knee in devotion and lifted the heart in prayer beneath its sacred roof, and it is even possible that the unhappy monarch Charles I., who in the year 1647 was a prisoner of the army in the Manor-house of Stoke Poges, may have been permitted by the leniency of his keepers to attend the Sabbath services of this "hamlet fane." Thither comes the hapless king, broken in spirit, his soul subdued by adversity and suffering. With heart-felt contrition and earnest prayer he implores the help of Heaven to shield him from the malice of his enemies and to console him in his afflictions. Such are the reminiscences of the days that are passed, which this ancient temple serves to memento.

The architecture of the church is of the early English period, though successive alterations and additions in a latter style have effaced much of the chaste simplicity of the original design. The material of which the church is built is a rubble of large rounded pebbles and angular flints, with freestone quoins. There is an embattled tower at the western end overgrown with ivy and surmounted by a pointed spire composed of shingles, terminated by a metal vane. On the south is a venerable old porch, whose age is probably coeval with the original structure. It is about nine feet in length, six in width, and ten in height, and is covered by a tiled roof, under the eaves of which is an elegant fringe of gothic tracery pierced in trefoils and quatrefoils. Within are rude benches on either side. These ancient porches hold no unimportant place in our social history. Thither came many a credulous villager on the eve of St. Mark.

"At the witching hour of night,"  
to gaze on the spectral forms who, at the solemn hour of midnight, wended to church; the foolish belief being that the spirits of those who were to die in course of the year following passed into church on the eve of this festival. Marriages were at one time solemnised here. Chaucer's "Wife of Bath" declares that—

"Husbands at the church door have I had five."

Here oftentimes assembled the old men of the village, and with many a gossiping tale of bygone days they tingled the ears of the crowd of juniors that gathered around them. But the most common and intended use of these erections appears to have been a shelter for those who came from afar in inclement weather, and reached the church ere the service had commenced.

Entering the church, its venerable antiquity is made at once impressive by the plain massive pointed arches that separate the now pew-encumbered aisles. They have, however, been much disfigured by the liberal use of lime-wash, and only here and there are their chaste mouldings to be seen; and, as if to aid the deformity, an ugly gallery has been erected within their graceful curves, destroying at once that fine sense of beauty and stability which we experience when viewing an arcade of this construction. The roof has been of open timber-work, of which only a few transverse beams and stays remain, and above this is a flat plastered ceiling. No uniformity has been observed in the pewing of this church. Some of them are of the rudest carpentry; near the pulpit (a modern one) are the family pews, covered with baize, long since faded. The organ, a good one, is inserted in one of the arches, and has before it a plain gothic screen of polished oak; beneath this, within the arch, is the pew of the lord of the manor, a commodious apartment at least twelve feet square, having a fire-place in it, the floor carpeted, and a set of chairs of gothic design for the use of its occupants. It is entered from Stoke Park (whose present proprietor is the well-known Sir John Lubbock), by an elegant gothic porch, erected about half a century ago, lighted by windows of antique stained glass, whose colours glow with exceeding brilliancy. On the south side of the chancel, within the communion rails, is a *pietra*, a gothic recess in the wall, having a shallow, basin-shaped cavity perforated, in which, in olden time, the priest during the celebration of the mass washed his fingers, or rather they were washed for him by an attendant pouring water over them, the tainted water at the same time flowing away through the hole in the bottom into a connected drain. On the north side, covered by the communion carpet, is a monumental brass, well preserved, of a knight and his lady, Sir Wm. Molyns, who died in 1425. There are a number of monumental tablets affixed to the walls in different parts of the church. A written board near the pulpit informs us that Lord and Lady Godolphin gave jointly in the year 1725 the sum of £40 per annum towards the maintenance of the church for ever. In the north wall there is an arched recess, about eight inches deep, four feet in height, and six feet in width, and almost level with the pavement of the chancel. It is difficult to discover what purpose this has served, there being no indications of its having been an altar or a tomb. As we look round we are reminded of the

"Boast of Heraldry—the pride of power"

by the number of escutcheons placed in the angles formed by the sweep of the pointed arches.

The burial-ground attached to this church is believed to be the scene of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." This amiable poet was a resident in the neighbourhood, and lies buried beneath a table tomb near the east end of the church of St. Mary, Stoke Poges.

For the information of the curious, we append some account of the origin of the singular name by which this church and village is designated. In the year 1300, Amica de Stoke, uniting in marriage with Robert Poges, brought as her portion the manor of this place, which subsequently became known from the joint names as Stoke Poges. This interesting neighbourhood is little more than two miles north of the Slough Station of the Great Western Railway. ARCHEOS.

## POETRY.

### CHEERFULLY! CHEERFULLY!

AIR.—"Joyfully, Joyfully."

Cheerfully, cheerfully, onward we go,  
Pledged and determined to banish the foe  
Spreading destruction and woe through the land.  
Cheerfully, cheerfully, strengthen our band.  
Soon shall the tyrant be thrust from our shore,  
Soon he shall vanish, returning no more;  
Then, if we labour, the conquest to gain,  
Cheerfully, cheerfully raise we the strain.

Thousands, engaged in the conflict before,  
Earnestly striving our land to restore,  
Greet us with rapture, while passing along,  
Cheerfully, cheerfully swelling the song.  
Glorious victors, your shouts we shall hear,  
Echoes of triumph enchanting the ear,  
Filling with comfort the desolate home,  
Cheerfully, cheerfully, onward we come.

Scorn and derision our band may assail,  
But it shall never against us prevail.  
Led by Jehovah, we march to the fight,  
Cheerfully, cheerfully, with us unite.  
Bright will the morning of victory dawn,  
Drink, with its evils, for ever be gone,  
Earth, like fair Eden, shall blossom again,  
Cheerfully hailing Messiah's blest reign.

G. BLABY.

COMING EVENTS.—In the way of attractions for Christmas, the Teetotalers have been very busily catering for the public. The Albion Hall folks have reared a mammoth tree, whose branches bend to the very ground with a rich variety of fruits, vieing with the National League, who have announced their attraction, for the same night (boxing night) in the shape of an oration by Mr. Gough. The Stepney True Temperance Hall is to be the scene of a tea and select ball on the same evening, whilst there are to be a concert at Wilderness row, a ball at Finsbury hall, and teas at Tabernacle walk, Golden-lane, Milton-street, &c. On the 28th the Original Islingtonians are to have a festival in Victoria Hall; and the Good Samaritans are to have a morning concert on Christmas day. The Alliance Young Men are to have a sermon on the 30th by Mr. Sheehan, and a prayer meeting on the 6th prox., at which the Revs. E. Davies, Dawson Burns, Kaines, Sheehan, &c., are to take part.

LICENSED TO KILL, BURN, AND DESTROY.—The land is filled with woe, rottenness and death. And yet the people have not suffered enough! The annual conscription of the accursed traffic must be met. Pauperism and crime must have fresh hosts. There are hungry graves to gorge, worms to fatten, and hell to surfeit. "On with the slaughter," shout the legislators and demagogues, and the people respond, amen. There are still homes to be desolated, hopes to blast, and souls to kill. There are tragedies yet to freeze the blood, and sorrows to pall the earth with woe. Whisky must be made, sold and paid for. "Drink and be mad, then—'tis your country bids!"—*Crusader*.

BIT BY BIT.—THE WHOLE HOG.—Sir,—An article headed "License or no License," appeared in last week's *Star*, which induces me to beg the insertion of this epistle, in order to remove certain impressions which the author appears to be imbued with; he says our watchword should not be license for the day, and no license for the night, but no license either for day or night. All who read his letter will come to the conclusion that this advocate is very patriotic and extensive in his demands. I am of the opinion that our watchword should be not what we shall ask, but, what can we get? He speaks of right; has not might defined what is right? Now as it was and ever will be, he warns the temperance reformers not to be thrown off their guard by cries for bit by bit legislation. Wait till you are asked, is an old saying. Who has offered us anything, or is our friend in anticipation of some dread measure about to be carried by the government in clause No. 10, of a Bill to close public-houses at ten o'clock on Saturday night, and eleven every other night of the week; what a death blow that would be to the Maine Law interests, thinks he, but would it not be getting eight hours of the week under Maine Law restrictions, and accustom both Parliament and people to small doses of it at a time, on the homeopathic system. But he does not believe in bit by bit legislation; I do, there's where we differ, neither do the publicans believe in the bit by bit move; yet they do, and they fear this sad mistake, as our friend terms the new movement, more than ninety and nine Maine Law movements, because they know *this* movement *will* be successful. I am for the Maine Law, or any other law, that will remove the evil; few are more cursed by the evil than myself in my own family, and I believe in the ultimate triumph of the principles of that measure; it has taken 200 years to bring the evil to its present pitch, and men far wiser than myself are of opinion that one of such long standing cannot be removed in a day by any sudden vote of a legislative body; the man who would not take less than the whole hog, bristles and all, got neither, but something else he did not bargain for, and got laughed at for his pains; let us as sober men endeavour to avoid this sort of disappointment. A letter appeared some time ago in the *Times*, written by that great man Lord Brougham; his Lordship reviewing, the reforms which have been achieved in this country in his own time, in comparison with the events which have transpired in other European states, deprecates any sudden change, and this opinion is reflected in mind and practice and speeches of the most sincere and eminent reformers of the age, in and out of the House of Lords and Commons. A great amount of necessary information can be disseminated through the public mind by a united effort in the agitation of this bit by bit movement. I believe in the atomic theory of the universe, viz., that the great whole is composed of bits, the bits make up the whole, therefore let us not despise small things. What are Teetotalism, Maine Law, and the Permissive Bill, but bits; and what are they put together compared with those who are opposed in principle and practice to them all. The masses who know little or nothing about one or the other must not be approached with a whip in our hands, but with argument, the shopkeeper, and the master, and the man, and the clergy, will be with us, the drunkard and the publican only will be against us, for no man who has a character to lose will dare to defend the present system of keeping open public-houses up to twelve on Saturday night, at which hour throughout England scenes are presented not to be equalled for obscenity, blasphemy, riot, and crime, of the worst description, adulterating our youth, and decimating old age of both sexes, and loudly crying out for reformation.—M. M'SWENEY.

THE LAST HUMBUG.—Under this head, a Scotch paper says:—The spiritualists intend to establish in Chautauque county, N. Y., an Association to be a "Divine Social State upon Earth," and accordingly a domain of two hundred acres has been secured, containing healing springs discovered of the spirits. A "Remedial Institute" is in progress by erection, under the charge of a Mrs. Gardner, for invalids who seek spiritual treatment for their physical ills. The spirits are now putting Mrs. Gardner through a course of tuition to fit her for her station. A Mr. John M. Spear is to hold the appointment of "communicator," and it is through him exclusively that the spirits will make known their wishes. There is to be a "General Assembly," and this body is to be subdivided into seven parts, named beneficients, electrizers, elementizers, agriculturizers, healthfulizers, educationizers and governmentizers. Through the instrumentality of these, perfect bliss upon earth is ultimately to be attained! Some invalids on this side of the Atlantic have recourse to a different sort of *spirits* for physical ills but the result is much the same on both sides.

CHEMICAL AND COMICAL.—Madame L—, a celebrated beauty, had the habit of whitewashing herself—so to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair. One day she discovered that certain pimples, like a group of little volcanoes, were piercing the thick crust of dead white, and threatened to cover her arms with pathological arabesques. Under advice of a physician, she ordered a medicated bath, and with the hesitation of a woman of delicate nerves, she plunged therein her beautiful person. Hardly had that adorable plaster-cast disappeared to the neck in the sulphurous wave, when suddenly from head to heel, the whiteness of milk changed to the bronzed blackness of an Ethiop. You would have declared her a negress badly whitened, or a white dame attacked with extraordinary cholera symptoms. This last supposition prevailed, and the physician, called in haste, laughed immoderately. "Madame," said he, "you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman; you are *sulphuret*. It is not now a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical reaction. I shall analyze you. Come, I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honour to combine with you; it will take up the sulphur and the metal; will produce a *sulphate*, and we shall find as a precipitate, a very pretty woman. Snowy Dianas, let this serve you as a lesson. Never use a white powder which has a metallic base.—*Commissaire*.

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

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

TINY BAXTER GOES TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."—Prov. xxii. 1.

Young men thus exposed to temptations, and with but little restraining influence, are apt to run into excesses which the limited amount of moral conviction enjoyed by a great proportion of mankind are gratuitously ascribed to "sowing wild oats," and this indirect encouragement (attributable to ignorance and indifference) is one great cause of disease physically and morally, and carries with it a contaminating influence often fatally transmitted to the younger branches of families with whom those who are thus trained come in contact. Tiny was like a young colt; he felt himself free, but was at a loss to know how to use that freedom; but of this fact he was by no means sensible. He was active, and could dance, posture, or tumble, and cut all sorts of antics to please new companions; such conduct might not be termed a vice, but folly it certainly was, and folly paves the way to vice. Tiny was flattered that he could "sing a good song," and was forthwith introduced into one of those "schools" having the appellation of "Free and Easy," held at public-houses, where young men and boys can be quickly and expensively initiated into the art of ruining body and soul, by listening to beastly compositions, under the names of recitations and songs, with the accompaniment of drinking, smoking, and night brawling. During many months Tiny was a regular visitor to one or other of those hotbeds of corruption. His song-singing was boisterously applauded, and he was often nominated to take the chair, and of course thought himself "somebody." He drank but little, yet that little, with the fumes of tobacco, and the noise of some hundred or so of voices raised in a chorus, injured him. Strange to say, he invariably felt disgusted with much that he heard, and his brain was often in a whirl, but never having had the example of fixed good habits to help in forming his own, he, like thousands who have no controul over themselves, repented at night, but only to sin again on the first opportunity. Houses called "Free and Easies" were very limited twenty years ago, and women were excluded from them, it being supposed if women were admitted they would act as a check to the loathsome trash in which husbands and fathers took delight. Men, well stricken in years, too, would listen to and applaud the most indecent compositions sang or recited by mere boys; and "who's to blame" for that? Soon, however, the "Rights" of the promoters and supporters of the "Free and Easy" were encroached upon, and "Cock and Hen Clubs" (as they were termed) sprang up, and to which men and women, married and single, resorted, some with infants in their arms. And this national, social, and domestic evil speedily found promoters and supporters in London, and in all large towns throughout England, till nearly every beer and spirit establishment had its "Harmonic" or "Convivial Meeting." The two former names descended into obscurity, and the latter substituted as more respectable. In all the low neighbourhoods in London, boys and girls of all ages, are admitted to them without scruple, and it would be no great difficulty to prove that these pest houses are the stepping-stones—as far as hulks and penal settlements are concerned—to the ruin of thousands of both sexes.

It would be out of place here to say more on this subject, as, in the course of our narrative, we shall have to introduce classes of characters among whom we have had some little experience, and who have been unanimous in agreeing to what we have advanced, as being the principal cause of their being outcasts of society.

Disgusted with the life he had led for some months, and dissatisfied with himself, Tiny resolved to seek for a master qualified to improve him in his craft, and who, as an equivalent for labour, would give him food and lodging. This he succeeded in getting with a man, whose kindly manner and artistic way of teaching, opened up a prospect of his becoming a skilful workman. This man was of sober and regular habits, and did not work on Sundays, unless, to use his own words, there was necessity. Not that he valued the Sabbath as a God-ordained day of rest, but as a cessation from the wear and tear of the human body. In principles he was a socialist, and believed that men were the creatures of circumstances, and might be much happier and intelligent was it not for the superstitions of mankind, and the influence of priestcraft. But a poor untaught mortal like Tiny knew nothing about intellectual and moral, religion or philosophy. Near two years more had sped away, without any intervening joy or sorrow of either a lasting or remarkable kind, and Tiny, having become a neat workman, determined to seek employment as a journeyman. The man with whom he had been so long, would gladly have had him continue there upon the same terms as hitherto, or have made an advance upon his weekly allowance of two shillings. Tiny had proved a profitable speculation to him, but he resisted firmly, but respectfully, every overture to remain, having deduced one philosophical fact, as a result of observation and experience, namely, that all the work in the world was not done in one parish, and, as a consequence, more could be obtained elsewhere. There were several whom he knew in the trade who had but little work to do, yet they sought for it each day, but were so wedded to locality, its associations, and its companionships, as never to go beyond it in search of work, but daily returned home (after having, for the hundredth time, gone over the same track) with a downcast look, and the oft-repeated words, "Trade's very bad, nothing stirring yet." Having by industry accumulated a respectable "kit of tools," he placed them in the draw of his "seat," this he placed on his head, and, wishing his socialist friend, "Good bye," he started off to seek his fortune.

With his "seat" upon his head, Tiny called at every shop on his road to Clerkenwell, and asked for work, and in two hours after he had started he got a "grant" at a shop on Saffron-hill, to work and lodge in the house. He had only worked here one day, when he was obliged to run off precipitately. Most of the men, (and to the number of several hundreds,) who worked for the several shops in this notorious

locality were Irishmen, some of them of the lowest orders, and the shop at which Tiny was employed was on "strike" for wages. Tiny and several others just brought from the country were ignorant of this fact. Tiny was ignorant of the fierce ire he had incurred, and was entirely unacquainted with the meaning of strikes. However he and the rest of the workmen were compelled to run for their lives. Some of them were badly beaten, and one was killed on the spot by the infuriated Irishmen, who were out on strike; but our hero escaped uninjured. Fearful to look into were these numerous workrooms. A description of one will suffice. In a room about ten feet square would be seen ten men at work, the "shreds" of leather being up to their ankles. In the same room was a tub used to soak leather in, and which was used for other unmentionable purposes by some of them, and but seldom emptied, and from which whenever disturbed there was emitted a blinding stream of ammonia. In the same room were four broken-down bedsteads, a filthy flock-bed on each, and a scanty supply of covering, the colour of which could not be determined. Men were constantly starting off on the "tramp," and others who had just come off were set to work in their place; consequently the beds (already filthy enough) were swarming with vermin. The men but seldom washed themselves, and it was common enough to find at most three old coats among the lot of them. The fire-place would be filled up with ashes, a miserable fire in the grate, and the mantelshelf ornamented with spoutless mugs, broken plates, and tobacco pipes, two or three dirty basins and saucers that were never washed, and an old saucepan, in which could be made tea, coffee, or cocoa, or an Irish stew. In some of the houses were eight rooms, and as many as fifty men at work in each house. Each man paid two shillings per week to his employer, which brought in the weekly sum of five pounds, or two hundred and sixty pounds per annum—a very snug property this, each man's rent being stopped out of his wages on Saturday night. A part of these men worked on Sunday, to make a shilling or two for a "fuddle" on the Monday. The earnings were little enough, being, on an average, fourteen shillings per week per man, their filthy and debased tastes placing them quite at the mercy of an avoricious master, who would supply them with bread, candles, and tobacco, unweighed, and at a farthing in each article above the shop retail price. The entrances to these dens (as also were the staircases) were dark and dangerous. Neither broom nor water had alliance with them. However, Tiny managed a residence in one of these dens, and obtained work of a respectable master in the neighbourhood of Leather-lane. "Strange," thought he, "that I should be attracted to a part where in childhood I have seen so much bitterness." But it will be remembered that he had started out to seek his fortune, of which, in a very short time, he providentially received an earnest.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

TELLS OF BETTER THINGS FOR TINY BAXTER, AND INTRODUCES LIZZY COTTON ONCE MORE.

"I watch him well—his wayward course  
Shows oft a tincture of remorse;  
Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,  
And oft the scar will ache and smart."

ROBEY.

By chance, as some would say, but as Tiny declared, by special providence, he one day met with Bill Cotton. This man had not altered, at least so thought Tiny. His features and dress appeared to be the identical ones he had worn seven years ago. Bill was taken aback when, in a familiar way, Tiny walked up to him, held out his hand, and said,—

"How do you do, Mr. Cotton?"  
"Very well, thank'e," replied Bill, measuring Tiny from head to foot, "but you've got the vantage of me, young fellow."

Tiny smiled, and said, "Don't you remember me? I'm Tiny Baxter."

"What," said Bill, "Jack, the chairmaker's son? Well, you've stunned me all of a heap; but come on, I live just here. My old woman 'll be glad to see you."

"I never did see her," said Tiny.

"Well, come on," said Bill, and, leading the way, he turned into a court, and up some stairs into a first floor room, Tea was ready, and a clean-looking little woman presided at the table.

"I s'pose you don't know this chap?" said Bill, addressing his spouse.

"No, I don't," she answered, rather tartly.

"Well, this is Jack's boy, then."

"What Jack?" said she, looking enquiringly, first at Tiny, then at Bill.

"Why, mad Jack—Jack Baxter."

"Dear me," said the woman, "Why he's taller and bigger than his father was. Well I'd as soon a thought of seeing Prince Albert."

Tiny was made very welcome, and really felt very comfortable, and related some of the adventures and troubles that had happened since the memorable night that Bill Cotton recommended the "slitting his ear, and the putting of his toe through it." They were both visibly affected.

Nor was Lizzy forgotten. Tiny learned that she was quite a woman, was at service in the City, and in a few months was going to be married!

Tiny flinched, somehow, at this announcement, but, there, "What was that to him? He might get married, too, some day; who could tell?"

It was arranged during the evening that Tiny should make his home with Bill Cotton and his wife, work in the kitchen, take his food with them, and have a make-shift bed in a recess in the wainscot of the room. Tiny had much improved in personal appearance. During the two years he was an inmate of a workhouse, he had acquired habits of cleanliness, and these habits were regularly respected, as regarded his flesh, during the three years of his apprenticeship, and being handy with a needle, he kept his tattered garments well patched. Whilst with his socialist friend, attention to cleanliness and personal appearance was the order of the day, and with two shillings weekly wages, he had provided himself with a decent stock of clothing. Very strange, but very true, he began to pay particular regard to his toilet, and devoted special attention to his hair. This was Tuesday; yes, Tuesday, and Tiny counted up the days; for on the following Sunday, Lizzy and her young intended were coming home to tea. She had heard that Tiny was in the land of the living, had grown quite a man, and was so respectable, and had ventured to send her love to him. Well, Sunday came, as all Sundays do, in the order of time, and without regard to simple-minded individuals who wish to retard or to quicken its pace, and one friend who called on Bill Cotton asked Tiny at the time casting an admiring look at his boots, and comparing them with his own, whether he dealt with Day and Martin, and

then giving a patronizing glance at his head of hair, ventured to enquire "whether he used Rowland's Macassar Oil," or if "Gillingwater had kill'd another bear, and had favoured him with a sample pot of its grease?"

Perriwinkles, shrimps, and watercresses adorned the tea table; and an aldermanic supply of muffins and crumpets buttered on both sides, filled a large dinner plate; this occupied one hob, whilst the other was engaged with the tea-kettle, the strength of the fire keeping it boiling at such a rate that the lid kept dancing up and down with the force of the steam, as much as to say to Mrs. Cotton, who was emptying the tea leaves out of the tea-pot under the grate, "I'm ready, ma'am, if you are." The little woman moved about the room with the agility of a girl, her head dressed out in a neatly quilled cap, starched cotton gown, and clean white apron, whilst Bill Cotton was smoking his pipe with his head out of the window, watching for his daughter and his future son-in-law. Tiny was trying to spell out some words on a religious tract, entitled "The man that killed his neighbours," when Bill Cotton suddenly brought his head into the room, and exclaimed "Here she comes."

If the reader has ever realized feelings consequent upon preparation for examination, upon some important subject, by a committee, each of which entertains his own peculiar view of the subject, and intends to have at you upon it,—the anxiety he endured (as each candidate was examined) till his own turn came, his name called, and with what nervous steps and beating heart he was ushered into the presence of the august assembly—he will form some idea of the agitation and general perturbation of nerve experienced by Tiny, as Lizzy actively ascended the stairs, and walked into the room.

(To be continued.)

## PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

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

### XXXI.—HOMŒOPATHY:—REMEDIES.

EVERY drug has an imponderable, essential, spiritual element, which is developed by processes of continued trituration, and agitation with the living hand. It is this element which excites to reaction the power corresponding with it in man; for man being the universe in small, and vegetables, animals, and minerals, being distinct parts of the universe external to him, have relation to him by law. This relation is best ascertained in health, that man may avail himself of his knowledge in sickness. The remedies of allopathy have to be dynamised by the patient's forces, which are disordered, hence their "inertness and uncertainty." The medicines of Homœopathy are dynamised by the forces of a healthy preparer; hence, they act at once and definitely. By Hahnemann's processes, the material particles of drugs, even those which are otherwise insoluble, are brought to a state of infinitesimal division, and their spiritual and hidden virtue developed. This should not surprise, everything in nature has properties which are developed by processes; heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are developed by friction. Where there is delicate reaction, the finest materials and influences are the most exciting. The sick state of a patient makes him reactive to medicines corresponding to his state. Homœopathic remedies are more effective than Allopathic, because, 1st—They correspond by natural law with the disease; 2nd—Because under disease there is quick reaction to the remedy; 3rd—Because the virtues of the medicines are developed before administration. Some people of the Old School have boasted of taking globules by the bottle, and have argued that as they have found them inactive in such a dose, they must be inert in a small dose. But they do not consider that they were not made receptive of the action of the medicine by sickness; but that would not have been enough; their sickness, coming on from common causes, must have been similar to that produced by the drug in health, without which condition medicine is not Homœopathic.

### XXXII.—HOMŒOPATHY:—ITS FUTURE.

IT is above half a century since the new era in medicine was opened by Hahnemann. The truths discovered and taught by him were received as truths have ever been. Professors preferred antique darkness, while the new light diffused itself around. Nowhere did the people join in their clamour against it; they received it in every part of the civilised world. The new light proves itself and its power by its successes. Its best opponents become its advocates. Those who linger behind, purblind with prejudice and self-interest, will be drawn forwards by the exclamations of the people, whose interests consist in the diffusion of the light of truth. But, while in the back-ground, these old professors will, doubtless, hope that the people may still be kept under the dimness of their old horn-lanterns; insanely they may wish the new light put out—they do wish it—nay, some would go further, but the days for hemlock and faggots are passed! But "thoughts there be that breathe and words that burn;" read the speeches uttered in the old Professors' society houses—hemlock and faggot-thoughts are the thoughts animating the speakers' ungentle breaths, making their words "hot i' the mouth." "Fire and fury! an we may not fix the claws of halberdiers and algonzils upon these innovators, we'll try the clauses of a Law!" Ah! but in these days there is a public opinion; to that, and to something higher, the opinion of purblind self-interest must bow. Who that believes in the beneficence of God, in whom we have our being, can doubt his providing, and placing within our reach remedies for our ills, that some law exists for restoring health, and that that law is within the comprehension of his creatures? That law, made known in the fulness of time through the medium of Samuel Hahnemann, is the fundamental law of Homœopathy. Laws of men have never prevailed, nor can they ever against a law in nature.



## JAPAN: ITS HISTORY.

A lecture, on the above interesting subject, was given by W. Woodhall, Esq., in aid of the New-street Ragged-schools, Dockhead, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th. After prayer, the lecturer observed that the principal island—that of Nippon—was divided into seven provinces, which were again divided into 640 parts for more perfect government; and in describing the physical geography, asserted that the coasts were very dangerous in some parts, by reason of eddies, whirlpools, &c., the mountains were volcanic, and the climate south was similar to Spain, very hot; the north was like Spitzbergen, very cold; the earthquakes are sometimes very disastrous; in 1586 and 1703, two terrible earthquakes occurred, the last completely swallowed up the chief city, Jeddo.

Tea, rice, and cotton, are grown to perfection. Japan is very rich in minerals, with the exception of iron; they are tolerably well acquainted with music, fine arts, &c. The alphabet is very singular, very similar to the Chinese, and yet dissimilar in many points. The Japanese language consists of three alphabets, each containing 47 letters, having many peculiarities as regards the construction, &c. Their domestic life is very peculiar; the domestic arrangements consist of a monotonous nothing—they have no furniture, no ornaments, they sleep in the same clothing at night as they walk and do business in during the day, consequently they have no need of undressing before bed, for they never dress. Many other peculiar notions of the Japanese were given, rendering it a profitably spent evening; for instance, you cannot tell men from women, but for their name written in large letters on their backs. They all smoke, men, women, and children; but the bowl is no larger than a very small filbert. They are a very polite nation, so much so, as to become ridiculous; but with all their polite bearing they can treat with contempt one unfortunate class, "the tanners," (which, no doubt, reminded many of Bernondsey.) They have two emperors, a council, consisting of thirteen; their oath is by blood-letting.

Espionage is carried on to an extent unknown in other nations, everyone from the king to the peasant has each a spy watching him, so that the executive can know anything and everything going on.

The spiritual emperor is a mere nonentity, and never visited but once in seven years, and that just a mere matter of form by the other emperor.

The religion of Japan is divided as some say into thirty-four, others ten; but three is what we intend to adopt. 1. Philosophers, who have no religion; 2. The Zintoists, they have various duties, to keep pure fire burning, to maintain purity of soul, go on pilgrimages, pay respect to the gods, &c.; 3. Buddhism, several specimens of his form, shape, &c., were exhibited. The laws of Buddha are very similar to our own:—

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Do not steal.
3. Do not commit adultery.
4. Do not lie.
5. Do not drink strong liquors.

Each law is commented on by ten books, and since, each of the ten, by ten other books. A very interesting description, with diagrams, was given of the Pagoda of Monkeys; after giving a concise account of the expulsion of the Christians (Papists?) out of the country, by means of the Dutch, the lecturer adverted to the present negotiations which have placed England in a position to trade with Japan.

This highly instructive lecture was closed at half-past nine, when a vote of thanks being given to the lecturer and chairman, the meeting separated.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

*Raven Hill, and other Poems.* By Richard Vasey London: Simpkin and Co.; Whitby: Horne and Son.—Raven Hill is situated about eight miles south of Whitby, and twelve north of Scarborough. It is a high rugged promontory, at whose base are dark, threatening masses of rock, which have often proved fatal to the tempest-tost mariner. A stone in the Whitby Museum proves that a fort was erected by the Romans on the summit of Raven Hill, in the year 407, and, there, it is supposed, the early Danes first planted their standard, the "enchanted raven." Several interesting relics of antiquity have been brought to light, which indicate that Raven Hill and its vicinity may have witnessed scenes which, perhaps, in thrilling interest, would equal any produced by the pen of romance. At any rate, Mr. Vasey has given to the locality a romantic character, which bespeaks, on his part, great facility and fertility of imaginativeness, and clothed the war-incidents he has just published in language full of poetic beauty. We most of all, however, admire the "Other Poems" in the volume, which are characterised not only by ardent poetic pathos, but also by genuine piety. His description of the Hypocrite is peculiarly fine, and right orthodox his denunciation of his doom:—

"When he, poor wretch, without disguising dress,  
Shall stand, stript of his seeming righteousness—  
And find, that he who truth for gain would sell,  
Must reap his harvest in the depths of hell."

"The Sabbath," "The Old Man's Prayer," "The Jewish Exile," "My Native Bells," (somewhat reminding us of Edgar Allan Poe's "tintinabulary" effusion, which it much resembles), and "My Bible," are equally excellent. All these "other poems" appear to be tinged, or rather, permeated with the evangelicism which characterises the hymns of the two Wesleys, whose style of expression, indeed, are in a measure copied; as, for instance, in "There's a Land," we read,—

"There's a land where the weary  
Are ever at rest;  
Where the sigh of the mourner  
Disturbs not the breast;  
Where the dark surging waters  
Shall never more roll  
Their burden of woe o'er  
The poor trembling soul;"—

which seems to have been largely derived from Wesley's—

"There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

## DIPSOMANIA.

(From the Daily Express.)

A criminal case, throwing some useful light on the effects of dipsomania, occurred lately. Alexander Murray, a young man, a sailor by profession, was tried for the murder of his grandmother. Murray was an orphan; his grandmother and aunt had brought him up, and always treated him with much kindness.

After reading the painful evidence delivered at the trial, one feels more strongly than ever that there is something defective in the present state of the law as respects dipsomaniacs. Here was a young man, well spoken of as to general character, who, by occasional outbursts of intemperance, became ultimately the murderer of the very kindest relation he had on earth—and yet this scapegrace, except for short intervals, had never been under restraint. Dr. Christison, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, after hearing the evidence on the trial, gave it as his belief that the crime was committed in a state of insanity, brought on by drinking; and that has a tendency to produce mental derangement in persons predisposed to insanity. This, indeed, appears a very obvious truth; but what we wish to come to is this—if drunkards are apt to become insane, and in that condition take a fancy to kill those about them, then ought not this dangerous class of individuals to be amenable to some species of legal restraint until they are thoroughly cured of their abominable habits? As the law stands, Murray could not have been secured only a minute before he committed the rash act. Neither is *delirium tremens*, nor the depression which follows, insanity. A person may be a drunkard where an opportunity offers, commit all sorts of mad pranks in his temporary but off-recurring frenzies, even ruin his family and be a torment to society by persisting in his vile improprieties; yet, in the eyes of the law, he is still a free man, capable of managing his own affairs; and unless at great peril to all concerned no warrant can be issued to incarcerate him as a lunatic. The occurrence of the extreme case just referred to, and the constant spectacle of dipsomania as more generally exhibited in petty outrages and family ruin, would seem to enforce a consideration of the whole subject, with a view to some kind of remedy. We are aware that the question of interfering with personal liberty must be approached with no little circumspection. In the eye of our constitutional law every man is his own keeper; and it is proper it should be so, if for no other reason than cultivation of self-reliant independence; but, as it happens, numbers will not, and do not, take care of themselves. They are a pest to society, a torment to their friends; and accordingly until we arrive at that happy state of universal sagacity and prudence which is now presumed to exist, but does not, there appear grounds for thinking some kind of exceptional and salutary tutelage may be safely tolerated. Considering that we subject criminals to a forfeiture of their natural liberty—in fact, reduce them to slavery of lesser or greater duration—and that we also deprive actual lunatics of their right of self-government, and keep them either at their own expense or at that of the community, until they are cured of their malady, the extension of the principle to dipsomaniacs would seem to be only reasonable. Phrenologists would say that this class of patients laboured under diseased alimentiveness. Their tastes are deranged. Under a blind impulse, they cannot help drinking, and in this state sacrifice everything for indulgence. Such being notoriously their condition, they are, we think, fair objects for an asylum. We would not, indeed, have them treated as absolute lunatics. All that need be done is, to seclude them from intoxicating agents. A retreat in which they might be allowed to conduct their affairs so far as was practicable, and in which they might remain till, to all appearance thoroughly rectified in appetite, would answer every desirable purpose.

We are the more emboldened in referring to this far from agreeable topic, in consequence of having received a letter from an avowed dipsomaniac, asking where he could find a retreat of the nature just pointed out. "I am," says this unfortunate, "not able to take care of myself. I cannot resist drinking. I must be forcibly confined"—a curious confession this for anyone to make; and it can be conceived that along with deranged and ungovernable appetite for drink, there exists a degree of intelligence competent for the ordinary business of life. Wishing success to every reasonable plan for the cure, by moral means, of the terrible social sore to which we have drawn attention, we repeat that the establishment of proper asylums for intemperates is what the law must come to; and that such asylums might be rendered, in a great measure, self-supporting, is far from improbable.—*Communicated.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, the greatest wonder of modern times. They correct bile, cleanse the liver, purify the system, renovate the debilitated, strengthen the stomach, increase the appetite, invigorate the nerves and restore the weak to an ardour of feeling never before experienced. The sales of these pills astonishes everybody, convincing them that there is no medicine equal to Holloway's Pills for removing the complaints which are incidental to the human race. They are, indeed, a blessing to the afflicted, and a boon to those who suffer from any disorder, but especially stomach and bilious complaints. To the student, man of pleasure, and commercial man, these pills are like life's elixir requiring no particular restraint in diet or occupation, whilst taking them.

## Advertisements.

The Hope Coffee and Dining Rooms,  
JOHN JOHNSON, Proprietor.

364, EUSTON ROAD, OPPOSITE FITZROY SQUARE.

THE Proprietor begs to inform the Mechanical and Working portion of this district, that at this establishment they can enjoy a superior dinner for an inferior price. Everything which can conduce to the comfort of his patrons will be strictly studied by the proprietor. Private Rooms for Parties and Ladies. All the Daily and Weekly Papers.

French Cleaning, Dyeing, and Scouring  
Establishment,

34, PARK STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

AT this Establishment, (which has been liberally supported since its opening, in 1845,) parties may rely not only on having their orders executed with every brilliancy of colour and superior finish, but with that expedition and liberality of charge which cannot be secured at other establishments. Orders, whether by post or otherwise, immediately attended to.

W. H. HARDING, Proprietor.

GRAF VON VIETTINGHOFF, M.D.,

IS in attendance at the Homoeopathic Pharmacy, 13, PATERNOSTER-ROW, London, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, from 4 till 5 o'clock, to give advice to the poor, and, at a small charge, to tradesmen, &c. Homoeopathic medicines sent to all parts of the country. 5s. worth post free, by W. Horsell.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.

A RETIRED CLERGYMAN, having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others, by sending FREE, on receiving a stamped envelope, properly addressed, a copy of the prescription used.

Direct—The Rev. E. Douglass, 18, Holland-street, Brixton, London.

Q. DALRYMPLE,

BOOKSELLER, Stationer, and News Agent,

67, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C., begs to intimate that he has commenced business as above, and will be happy to supply Books, Magazines, Newspapers, and other Publications to order, delivering them punctually to subscribers at their own houses. Magazines and Newspapers lent to read. Books in all departments of literature forwarded, post free, at the published price. The "Standard," "Telegraph," "Star," and "Morning News," one penny each, kept on sale daily from seven o'clock, a.m. Letter and Note Paper, Quills, Steel Pens, Gutta Percha Pens, Envelopes, Address Cards, and other descriptions of Plain and Fancy Stationery, Temperance Publications, Bibles, Hymn Books, Prayer Books, School Books, Copy Books, Slates, Drawing Paper and Pencils, and Miscellaneous School Stationery; Maps and Guide Books, Account Books, and Office Stationery. Printing, Book-binding, Lithography, Engraving, &c., executed to order.

Observe! Dalrymple's Bookselling, Stationery, and Newspaper Establishment, No. 67, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C., next door to the Wesleyan Chapel. Circulating Library.

JOURNAL OF HEALTH, and Phrenological

Magazine. Published monthly, 2d., devoted to the Popular Exposition of the Principles of Health, and the causes of Disease. It abounds with hints and instructions which, if attended to, would, as a rule, keep doctors and drugs out of the family—a consummation devoutly to be wished. Vols. 2, 3, 4, and 5, cloth, 2s. 6d. each. Vol. 6, cloth, 3s. 6d. Vol. 7, now ready, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Investigations into the Primary Laws

WHICH DETERMINE and REGULATE HEALTH and DISEASE; Matter and Motion; Beings; Organisation; Health and Disease; Action of Medicines, &c. Price One Shilling. WILLIAM HORSSELL, Paternoster-row.

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SOUTH AMERICAN REMEDY, a chemical preparation, which entirely destroys the contagious properties of Syphilitic virus. By its use pounds may be saved, and years of disease prevented.

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one of the most useful medicines ever brought before the public, for the properties of each are so admirably preserved that one acts independently of the other, thus they purify the blood, restore and improve the secretions, invigorate and strengthen the system when broken down by excesses or disease. They should be used for general debility, noises or pains in the head, ringing in the ears, pains in the back, joints, &c., fatigue, loss of appetite, lack of nervous energy, faintings, dimness of sight, disorders of the blood and skin, eruptions, ulcers, boils, anthrax, sore legs, discharges from the urethra, and, from their tonic and emmenagogue properties, are a certain cure in all female irregularities, which the numerous testimonials fully assert.

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THE DEW-DROP: a Magazine for the Young.

This little magazine is published monthly, in 24 pages 18mo., with a woodcut illustrating the leading article. The volumes, from the first to the tenth, inclusive, may be had elegantly bound in crimson cloth, gilt edges, price One Shilling; in illustrated cover, 1 to 7, Sixpence—sent free to any address for the amount in postage stamps. Copies of back numbers may be had at half-price for gratuitous circulation.

## NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The Committee have great pleasure in announcing that

**J. B. GOUGH**

will deliver

**AN ORATION,**

in

**EXETER HALL,**

**On (BOXING NIGHT) MONDAY,**

*December 27th, 1858.*

**BENJAMIN SCOTT, ESQ.,**

Chamberlain of the City of London,

WILL PRESIDE.

Doors open at Seven o'clock. Chair taken at Eight o'clock.  
Tickets for Platform or Central Seats, One Shilling;  
Body of the Hall, Sixpence.

Tickets to be had at 337, Strand.

**DR. LEES, THE ALLIANCE, AND MR. GOUGH.**  
To the Publisher of the TEMPERANCE STAR.

DEAR SIR.—Will you do me the favour to admit a few lines of explanation in regard to the advertisement of *Goughiana* in your columns, which may prevent misunderstanding and mischief. R. C. of Bristol, and R. D. A. of Ipswich, have been writing to the Alliance Leaders, complaining that I should have advertised the extracts from the Temperance Review and American Journal, &c., after I had consented to the insertion of that paragraph in the Alliance, in which R. C. rectifies his own misapprehension. That advertisement was my contemptuous answer to the Glasgow and Edinburgh escapades; and was inserted in the *Christian News*, and posted to you, several days prior to R. C.'s letter (not as he says since), and had, therefore, nothing to do with it. I recalled the advertisement from the Alliance News, but allowed the definite order for its insertion, sent to London and Glasgow, to remain uncountermanded; and my withdrawal of it from the Alliance having been so badly appreciated, I regret that I ordered its withdrawal even there. *Goughiana* consists of historical extracts; and I don't feel that history must be ignored to suit anybody, or because a late oath is in flat opposition to it. It is so much the worse for the "oath"—not for the fact. The old sin is not the worst of it; the new denial is the main fact.

The gentlemen who write to the Alliance Leaders asking them to influence me (gentlemen who never complained of the recent outrages upon myself) will please to mark that the Alliance is not at all responsible for my actions, not I for theirs. I have given them my aid, my money, my thoughts for some years, when they have asked me; but I do not suffer dictation either from them, or any of their friends; and I suggest, therefore, that Messrs. C. and A. *et hoc genus omnes*, if they have anything to say, should write to myself like men.—Yours truly, F. R. LEES, Dec. 12, 1858.

(The Proprietor of this Paper begs to say he received the printed advertisement, prior to 26th of Oct. last, and that Dr. Lees has not recently advertised in its columns.)

## DISTINCTIVE MARK FUND.

To offer a Prize for the best model of a Mark of Recognition to be worn by Teetotalers and Prohibitionists.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED, £2 17s. 6d.**  
Mr. Martin, 1s.

Further subscriptions will be received by Mr. WILLIAM MALTHEOUSE, 8, Penton-row, Walworth, London.

Next Conference, January 14, 1859.

## FOUR ALMANACS FOR 1859.

**THE Trade and Advertisers** are informed that W. HORSELL is now publishing the following ALMANACS for 1859, in fcap. 8vo.—

**The Christian Tradesman's Penny Almanac;** interleaved with ruled paper for cash and memorandums, 2d.

**The Teetotaler's Penny Almanac;** interleaved with ruled paper for cash and memorandums, 2d.

**The Maine Law Penny Almanac;** interleaved with ruled paper for cash and memorandums, 2d.

**The Homeopathic Penny Almanac;** interleaved with ruled paper for cash and memorandums, 2d.

**THE TRADE AND SOCIETIES ONLY** supplied on the following terms:—For the penny ones, 6s. per gross; any quantity under that number, 7d. per doz., mixed if required.

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Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.

ANTHONY SCARD, the Star Boot Maker,

8, BOW-LANE, Cheapside, London, E.C., solicits the patronage of his teetotal brethren.

**PARTIES ABOUT REMOVING** should entrust the care of their Goods to the Advertiser, whose long experience in the business enables him to carefully pack and remove every description of Furniture without injury. Spring vans, carts, &c. Terms,—by contract, the day, hour, or job.—William Gamble, 77, Mary-street, Hampstead-road.

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**G. HOWLETT,** Vauxhall Cross, is delivering for CASH, the BEST WALSLEY COALS, at 24s. 6d. per ton. COKE 14s. per chaldron. Furniture packed and removed to all parts of the kingdom.

E. FUSEDALE, 4a, KING ST., HOLBORN,

**FASHIONABLE and Economic Tailor,** solicits the patronage of his temperance friends.

## GOOD UMBRELLAS!

**IF** you want to provide for a rainy day, apply to R. N. Bailey, Umbrella Manufacturer, Berkley-street, Lambeth-walk, London.

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## BOXING DAY!

City of London Temperance Association

ALBION HALL, LONDON WALL.

## A GRAND CONCERT

And MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

will take place

On Monday, December 27th, 1858,

when

**150 (or more) Prizes**

will be distributed from the

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The Prizes consisting of all kinds of Useful and Ornamental Articles, ranging in value from 1d. to 10s. 6d.

Tickets, SIXPENCE each.

Doors open at half-past seven; commence at eight o'clock.

Every person holding a ticket will be entitled to participate in the Distribution of the Prizes.

Tickets may be obtained of the Committee and Secretary, and at the various Temperance Halls.

City of London Temperance Association

ALBION HALL, LONDON WALL.

## A TEA FESTIVAL and PUBLIC MEETING

will be held in the above Hall on MONDAY, JAN. 3rd, 1859. Tea on the tables at 6 o'clock; Public Meeting at half-past 7. J. E. Saunders, Esq., R. Griffiths, Esq. (Vice-President), G. C. Campbell, Esq., H. Jeffery, Esq., and other gentlemen are expected to address the meeting.

Tickets, One Shilling each, which may be had of the Hon. Secs., T. Jones, 27, Silver-street, Wood-street; and T. Morgan, 5, Linton-street, Britannia-fields.

## TO THE BOYS OF OUR BANDS OF HOPE.

**A HANDSOME COPY** of the "STRUGGLES of a VILLAGE LAD," will be presented to any boy under 14 years of age, for the best reply to a letter, signed "H. Smart" in the *Temperance Star* of the 11th inst.; the reply not to exceed the length of the letter, and to embrace two points: 1. Its gross ignorance; 2. Its unprovoked impertinence; for the reason that though ignorance might be pitied and overlooked, impertinence deserves chastisement.—Replies to be sent, addressed, A TRIED TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, care of the Editor of the *Temperance Star*.—Advertisement.



## PATENT CORN FLOUR.

For Custards, Puddings, &c., preferred to the best Arrow Root, and unequalled as a Diet for Infants and Invalids. The *Lancet* says, "This is superior to anything of the kind known."—See Reports, also from Drs. Hassall, Letheby, and Muspratt.

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The 13th Number of a new Weekly Paper, under the title of the **TWO WORLDS**, containing a Synopsis of the General News of the Week, foreign and domestic, political, religious, and commercial. All questions will be treated with strict impartiality, as viewed from a Christian standpoint. The *Two Worlds* is devoted to the free ventilation of all matters relating to the well-being of man. It contains articles on the physical, moral, and religious questions of the age, irrespective of creeds. Physiology, Dietetics, and Medicine, embracing the application of Allopathy, Hydropathy, Homeopathy, Botany, Biology, Clairvoyance, and Mesmerism to the healing art; Temperance, Maine Lawism, Vegetarianism, and all matters relating to the Science of Human Life, find a place in the *Two Worlds*.

J. SWINDELLS, Medical Botanist, &c., 34, HIGH STREET, WOOLWICH.

**THE extraordinary consumption of Swindells' Cough Pills** is a proof of their superior excellence, in arresting all Affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs. Unlike all other preparations of a similar character, they do not interfere with the healthy action of the stomach, nor do they contain any preparation of a narcotic nature. For Coughs, Colds, Wheezing, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., they afford instant relief.

Sold only by the proprietor (and forwarded by him to any address in the Kingdom, on receipt of Post Office Order or postage stamps), in boxes at 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. each; the large boxes containing 6 times the quantity of the 1s. ones.

J. Swindells has also Botanical Preparations for every disease which afflicts the human family.

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**ONLY A TRIFLE: An Original Tale**, which recently appeared in the "Alliance Weekly News," and which has been carefully revised and corrected.

Orders received by Messrs. Berosford and Southern, 32 (late 18), Corporation-street, Manchester; Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand; and Wm. Horsell, 13, Paternoster-row, London.

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**THE DOUBLE NUMBER of the WEEKLY RECORD**, containing "What becomes of the Christmas Dinner?" a spirited Design by George Cruikshank. "Frank's Madonna," a Tale by the Author of "Ben Cheery's Christmas Box." "Christmas Eve," a Tale by Kate Peyer. "The Attorney General at Ipswich." "The Little Sheffield Teetotalers." "London Sketches," and numerous other Original Articles, with the News of the week.  
London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand; Manchester: W. Bremner

**A CLERGYMAN'S Reasons for Teetotalism.**  
By the Rev. W. W. Robinson, A.M., Incumbent of Christ Church, Chelsea. Sixth edition of 5,000. With an Appendix. Price One Penny.  
London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand.

## GOOD SAMARITAN HALL.

**A GRAND PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC**, on CHRISTMAS MORNING, by a Choir of FORTY VOICES, under the direction of Mr. J. W. FLITCHER. Solos, Duets, and Anthems. Tickets, 3d. each; Front seats, 4d. Commence at Eleven, and terminate at One.

## TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

**COL. REALF**, the American Temperance Orator and Prohibition Advocate, will accept a limited number of Lecturing Engagements.—For Terms, &c., Address—Mr. George Smart, Hon. Sec. New Temperance Association, 44, Mighell-street, Brighton.

**T. YATES**, Homoeopathic Chemist, 14, Market-street, Leicester.

**THE TEMPERANCE SPECTATOR.** A New Monthly Organ of Social Reform. Twenty Pages Royal Octavo, Price Twopence. Four Copies for Six months sent Post Free for Four Shillings.

This Journal originates in a conviction that has forced itself upon its projectors, that an independent organ of the Temperance Movement is greatly desiderated. The periodicals which exist are, almost without exception, the vehicles of the policy of particular Associations, and therefore represent Men rather than a Cause. What is even worse, a narrow sectarianism and a spirit of compromise have sprung up; whence the necessary consequence has been, that a temporary and illogical Expediency has taken possession of our Platform and our Press.

The Temperance Spectator will plant the standard of the Old Faith. Its columns will be devoted, primarily and principally, to the advocacy of sound, consistent, and thorough-going Teetotalism. Believing that strong drink, in all shapes, is essentially bad as diet, and that its use is condemned by the united voices of Experience, Science, and Revelation, the adoption of Total Abstinence will be enforced as an act of Individual Duty; and, since the Drinking System is found to be the enemy of Public Health, Happiness, and Morals, the duty of the State to suppress the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors will be fearlessly asserted.

The Temperance Spectator, called for by the necessities of the times, will be conducted by a number of gentlemen who are wholly independent of existing organisations; and its aims and principles will be more fully developed in the opening address of the First Number.

Correspondence for the Editor, Books for Review, &c., may be addressed to the care of Mr. Partridge, Publisher, Paternoster Row, London.

Matters relating to the Publishing Department, Advertisements, promises of support, &c., may be addressed to the Printers, Messrs. Berosford and Southern, 32, Corporation-street, Manchester. Advertisements of a moral character will be inserted at a charge of 3d. for each 12 words, pre-paid.

No. I. will appear on Saturday, the 8th January, 1859.

**WHEN YOU ASK FOR GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, SEE THAT YOU GET IT.**  
As inferior kinds are often substituted.

## PHILOSOPHY OF SACRED HISTORY.

Considered in relation to Human Aliment and the Wines of Scripture, by Sylvester Graham, M.D. Cloth, 10s. 6d. Parts I., II., and III. of a verbatim reprint, now ready, price 6d., post free, 7d. To be completed in 7 or 8 parts. The whole sent, post free, as issued, for 3s. 6d., paid in advance. W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster Row.

BOOKS, ETC., PUBLISHED AND SOLD AT THE CHRISTIAN NEWS AND DAY-STAR OFFICE, 142, TRINGATE, GLASGOW.

**THE CHRISTIAN NEWS:** a Weekly Newspaper, published every Saturday morning, price Threepence-halfpenny; stamped copies, Fourpence-halfpenny.

In conducting this journal, during the twelve years of its existence, the attempt has been made to issue, along with the usual news of the week, such articles as clearly set forth the Good News of Salvation to the Soul, and, to a great extent, the attempt has succeeded.

To Total Abstinents the *CHRISTIAN NEWS* commends itself as the first, and, for some years, the only Temperance newspaper in the United Kingdom, having, from the time of its starting in 1846, cordially and effectively advocated the claims of the Total Abstinence movement. It was the first, also, which brought into notice the desirability and feasibility of a Maine Law for this country.

The Foreign and Domestic News of the week, Markets, and other intelligence, are given at considerable length in its columns.

Terms—4s. 6d. per quarter of twelve weeks, payable in advance. Money Orders payable to Robert Simpson. A specimen copy sent free to any address.

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