



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

No. 14, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

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## CHISELLED HEARTS.

Why is it that poets make Cupid a little archer, sing of his swiftness, and rhyme him in with hearts and darts, and painters pin pretty golden wings to his shoulders that he may fly, but, before they finish him, tie a bandage over his eyes to hinder him? After all this trammeling, lovers so fear his weapons that they stand trembling in the presence of their fair ones, fainting from the supposed loss of blood which the fatal stab has caused!

Now we do not believe that Master Cupid is any such fairy-like abstraction as he is represented to be, but a real *bona fide* matter-of-fact personage, one whom the ladies would do well to treat with common courtesy, at least. Such intangible wreaths of orange flower sentimentality will do very well to trim the ideal bridal cake, but seem quite out of place around the brown-bread loaf of every-day life.

Once on a time our little fair-haired, sly footed hero pulled the bandage from his eyes, turned geologist, and, with basket, hammer, and chisels, went forth among the fair ones of his village to examine their hearts, and if possible ascertain of what material they were made.

Coming to an elegant mansion he gave the bell a pull, and was waited on by a servant girl. "Take my card to your mistress," said the geologist, "and tell her I am come to examine her heart!"

The servant girl, though somewhat surprised, did as she was directed. Miss Clara—for Clara was the name of her mistress—was young, handsome, proud, and an heiress; and was at that very moment, by her sallies of wit, cutting sarcasms, and mild evasive answers, torturing a pale young student who had had the presumption to sue for her hand.

She received the card with a haughty air, and jocosely said, "Show him up;" then resumed her coquettish flirtations with the student, alternately inspiring hope and awakening fear! So absorbed was she in this heart-blighting business, and so lightly fell the footsteps of the geologist along the carpeted halls, that he entered unperceived, and was soon chiselling away at her heart.

It took but a few strokes of his hammer to enable him to decide upon its quality. "Slate stone," said he, "and rather scaly also."

"Ah! this heart will never do for me—it is susceptible of only a light impression, and that is soon effaced; but it wounds, never to heal. I will write upon it, 'Know thyself,' but I suppose the injunction will soon be forgotten." So the geologist departed, leaving the proud beauty to reap the reward of her flirtation.

He next came to a low, mean dwelling in the rear of a great thoroughfare; seated near the only window in the room, was a pale, thin damsel clad in a neat but humble attire. The shades of sadness fell darkly over her young brow, and often a deep sigh would escape her lips.

Her fingers were busily playing the needle, and, stitch after stitch, as the thread was drawn forth by her weary hand, seemed to strike a telegraphic wire which recorded in heaven, "*Oppression of the poor.*"

The geologist struck one rap with his hammer on her heart—'twas all unheeded, no response was

there, no elasticity. He tried to chisel—'twas cold and hard and heavy, and the print of both hammer and chisel was left. Upon a closer examination he discovered that it was covered all over with indentations of various depths and figures. "Poor girl!" said he to himself, "your heart, whatever it may be, is encased in lead; no wonder it looks hard and cold and dull, for such has been your lot in life that this leaden shield was necessary to keep your heart from destruction; but if the rays of friendship could shine upon it, and the fires of love warm it, this leaden case would melt, and the gem within glow with a silver brightness. But I cannot wait to bring about this change, I must find me a heart to-day, for I may lose all my sober judgment to-morrow and be nothing but a winged Cupid again." So he wrote on it with a sharp style, "Blessed are they who mourn now, for they shall be comforted," and went his way.

He had not proceeded far before he perceived a group of young ladies standing near one of the street crossings, eagerly engaged in conversation. A brilliant brunette fixed his attention—she was richly dressed and sparkling with jewels.

"I must have a tap at her heart," said he, "for one would suppose by the setting that the gem was of great value."

So he glided up, unperceived, and gave it a rap. A cracked, ringing sound saluted his ears! "What a mistake in judgment!" he exclaimed. "This heart, which I supposed was of gold, is nothing but plate brass, and poorly made at that! 'Tis hardly worth a scratch, but I will write on it, 'Tinkling cymbal'—fit heart for a belle!" He next tried his hammer upon the heart of a damsel who stood beside the brunette.

She was very fair, with a cold leaden eye, and passive mien. At the first stroke of his chisel, pieces flew off into his face. "This," said he, "is nothing but chalk! one might make a rough sketch with it, but could never produce a beautiful picture. 'Tis quite too earthly for me." So he wrote "Fickleness" upon it, and turned his attention to a third figure in the group. She was a maid of 30 years, tall, trim, and neat, but there was a sort of preciseness and band-box air about her which at first quite intimidated him.

At length he summoned resolution to give her heart a slight rap, and soon learned that *action* was equal to reaction, for his hammer was repulsed with a violence proportionately to the force of the blow.

"Ah, me!" he exclaimed, "a marble heart, smooth and beautiful, but cold! 'Fit monument for buried hopes!' I must have something warmer." The geologist now became quite discouraged, and was about to return home and give over the search, when the sound of music arrested his attention. It proceeded from the opposite side of the street. He listened, and the sounds grew more and more seraphic till he imagined the performer must be angelic. "How fortunate," said he, "that I did not retrace my steps, for here is, doubtless, just the heart for me—at any rate I must try my chisel and hammer upon it." He crossed the street, and, entering unperceived, was for a moment entranced with the superior loveliness of his charmer. He now took his hammer and chisel and began upon her heart, but not the least impression could he make upon it. There it was, unmoved, in all its brilliancy. "This must be a diamond heart," said he, "and I will possess it. I will cut my own image on it, and it shall be mine forever." So he hammered and chiselled away, and his charmer sang on. The strokes grew harder and harder; his chisel became dull; the face of his hammer was broken; his arm was tired, and not even a faint outline of his own image appeared. "It will be labourlost, after all," said he. "This heart, though it may be a diamond one, can never become assimilated with mine, and if I did possess it, I fear it would not make me happy. It seems to be a heart more for ornament than use. I must have both qualities in one." He would have written upon it, "Mene, mene,

tekkel upharsin," but the temper of his steel was too brittle! He now resolved to search no further, but in the retirement of his chamber reflect calmly and dispassionately on the subject, till he could come to some definite conclusion respecting the kind of heart he most needed; and could the most devotedly love. While he was walking along in this contemplative mood, he came to a neat farmhouse, which wore such an air of contentment, through all its surroundings, that he determined to go in and rest himself. Giving a gentle tap at the door, it was opened by an artless damsel, who gave him a cordial welcome, and perceiving that he was weary, brought him a cup of cold water. Her cheek was radiant with the hue of health, and though her eyes shone out the peace and light of the soul, her face was brimful of the "milk of human kindness."

The thought soon suggested itself to our traveler that he would try the heart of this simple girl, so he rapped lightly upon it. The response was full and clear. "This is good metal," said he, "I know it by the ring;" so he continued to hammer it. In a short time it grew warm. "Ah," said he, "there is life here." Soon sparks were elicited. "There is an active, undying principle here!"

He now tried his chisel upon it; the strokes were bold and the impression full—no roughness, no brittleness—he could cut it where he pleased; write his own thoughts there; the impress was permanent, yet the heart was warm, ductile, but firm. "I am a happy man at last," said he; "this heart is iron. It will endure all suffering, brave all danger, and fit itself to any emergency, and though it is not brilliant like the diamond, or fair to look upon like the marble, 'tis susceptible of a far higher polish. It will receive any temper I choose to give it. It will retain any impress—in short, I can make it into the finest steel, when it will be fit for the most ornamental as well as useful purposes. Yes, give me the iron heart, so firm, yet malleable. It can warm and melt, and purer grow till it reflects my own image, and yet be iron still. I will engrave my name upon it, and none shall dispute my claim." So saying, he drew a magnet over it, and the simple iron heart became attracted to him with an unalterable attachment.

## MORAL.

Select a heart of metal sure,  
Then mould it to your will,  
Worth, more than beauty, will endure,  
And yet be beauty still.

HELEN MAR.

## Our Letter Box.

### SPIRITS: THEIR EXISTENCE AND POWER.

To the EDITOR of the *Two Worlds*.

SIR,—My first letter in the *Two Worlds* was intended as a frank statement of my belief and the kind of evidence given that unseen living intelligences are often near, some influencing us to good, others to evil; if such evidence has in modern days been given, then spirit manifestations are true. My second letter was as frank an acknowledgment of a portion of the evidence which convinced me, and led me to the conclusion, that as in the days of Jesus, and his Apostles, spirits of a good and a bad kind were exercising power over man, so it continued to the present day, and fully accounted for the signs and wonders narrated in the history of every nation of the world; and the pitiful manner the FACTS in my second letter are ignored, reminds me of the hop, skip, and jump tricks of "pantaloon," quotations from others are mingled with quotations from my letter, which "white lie" my statements, and give a false impression to those who may not have read my letter, nor have it at hand to refer to. I recommended that "one and a half hours after business in the evening, should twice a week be devoted by ten or twelve persons to a practical examination of the subject in a cheerful but not foolish manner, for say four or five weeks, and that likely before the first half hour there would be the commencement of spirit manifestations;" this friendly advice is represented as if I had said "here at the witching hour of eve" you must sit in solemn stillness until the bodily and mental powers are taxed beyond endurance, until the eyeballs quiver, and the "brain begins to swim." "Work for it, says Mr. Jones, until the excitement of the mind is intense. No



wonder strange sounds are heard by those devotees; after this we can pass by the wonders vouched for by Mr. Jones, they are easily accounted for." Thus a statement is made, conveying to the mind a positive untruth, so as to ignore the truthfulness of the phenomena witnessed by me during a period of four years; "working" for the proofs by travelling far and near, and never in my presence have they been produced under the circumstances depicted by your correspondent; but on the contrary, they have been witnessed in the quiet of domestic life, the "word of God" on the table, and happiness on the countenance of all present. That the facts may stand out in bold relief as the statements of a man whose eyeballs quivered not, nor brain swam; while feeling, seeing, and hearing the incidents in letter two:—I may say, the time was, when, as a boy, my eye quivered not, nor pulse beat one extra; when I went into the den of the caged lion NERO, and sat upon him, to prove to my school-mates, I had courage, though I would not be as a dog, and fight. Time was when my eye quivered not, nor pulse beat one extra. I have devoted years to the practical examination of mesmerism and clairvoyance, and have often been suddenly placed in circumstances where a cool head and a strong nerve were indispensables. More I need not say, but, while I fear God, I fear neither devil, angel, nor man; so far, I think, I am justified in referring to self, so that the facts may stand in the reader's mind as FACTS. Let all writers avoid "imaginings and perhapsings," grapple with the facts, they are either true or false; if false, there ends the matter; if true, prove by simple known science how they are produced, and show in the presence of a few spiritualists facts of the same kind produced by natural causes, and so extinguish the belief in spirits producing the phenomena. I recommended that a few persons, well-known to each other, sit at stated times to investigate, because time is required for the investigation of any subject, be it natural or super-natural. It is said, show us in Biblical statements any spirit manifestations requiring time. I reply, Elijah required time to walk to Horeb and stand before the physical manifestations of whirlwind, &c., ended in the spirit's still small voice being heard; again, Elijah consumed time when he was shut up in the room, and restored the dead child to his mother. The disciples, on the day of Pentecost, consumed time, when they as friends met in an upper room, and while conversing, the manifestations appeared as of cloven tongues of fire resting on each of them. Perhaps I may hereafter occasionally forward a statement of facts, stubborn facts; one of which is worth more than upwards of three columns of imaginings. I close up, by replying to the question, "Why not publicly show us these wonders, and so convince us?" I would gladly if I had the power; but it is not a science in our grasp. We simply state what we have seen, we have no power to produce them, therefore, why look on us, as if by our own power these signs and wonders were effected? I repudiate the idea of these spirit manifestations being a "new philosophy;" it is as old as God's mercy to man.—J. JONES, Peckham, December, 1858.

P.S. I had almost forgotten "gent" Zetetikos, who "guesses the spiritualists are an imaginative lot," and that the cure by laying on of hands was produced by imagination. First, let me ask him a question, Was it imagination that influenced the heavy loo table to rise off the carpeted floor eighteen inches, remain suspended in the air, and then gently descend? if so, in what part of the loo table was its brain located, so that its imagination produced the result?—J. J.

Louth, Dec. 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SON,—I write rather hurriedly to submit to thy serious consideration a thought that occurred to me last night, while musing on my bed. It seems as if it would be inconvenient for thee to come down to Louth this year to spend a brief Christmas with us; and as this will be compensated to a great extent by numerous invitations from thy friends in London to spend the Christmas with them, and as I know some of them are "Spiritualists," who will most probably seek their "entertainment" in holding a mysterious and equivocal converse with some invisible spirit, or spirits, I entreat thee, have *nothing whatever* in the slightest degree to do with them. I firmly believe that, human ingenuity, mechanism, and trickery aside, they are neither more nor less than *manifestations of the devil*, whose aim is similar to that in Christ's and the Apostles' days, to confound and depreciate the truth of God by an apparent alliance with Heaven, (as when Satan said truly of Christ, "We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God," and of the Apostles, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, who show unto us the way of salvation,") so now, as angels of light, they would make us believe that they are sincere auxiliaries to the Bible and its ministers in affirming the fact of an invisible world, and the immortality of the soul, thus depreciating the declaration of the Scripture testimony of itself that it is every way calculated of itself to make "the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work." As to the supposed presence of human departed spirits, it is an imposition and contrivance of some lying devil, who, with partial knowledge of the individuals named or thought of, personifies them to the wonderment and belief of the media and their associates. Beware, then, I say again, how far thou art confederate with, or countenance this last spurious effort of Satan to keep his throne, and hinder the speed of the independent truth of God, lest thou be found to rank among those who under the Mosaic economy were adjudged to die for their familiarity with evil spirits.—I am thy affectionate father, WILLIAM BROWN.

#### POETS, WARRIORS, AND STATESMEN.

SIR,—In answer to the first query of a correspondent, I am at a loss to discover what morality a warrior can possess.

Of course I conclude that warrior means great soldier, as Buonaparte, who for his own ambitious aims sacrificed the lives of tens of thousands of men, and reduced to widowhood as many of the fair daughters of Eve. The immoral influence of all wars and warriors, I am prepared to prove, but the very stones would cry shame were I class them with the sublime name of poet, or the honoured name of legislator. I presume your correspondent means such poets as Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Paxton Hood. Although willing to admit that the legislator does exert a moral influence in England and that his influence ought to be quadrupled, still I cannot help thinking that the greater ponderosity is on the side of the poet, whose influence is constantly at work, from the first chime of the bell announcing the new born year to the last stroke of the clock which tells us it has mingled with eternity. It has been at work from the creation, and will continue to exist in the Paradise above—the language of angels and archangels,—long after warriors and legislators have yielded up their long account to the Great Eternal. Methinks the very birds which carol throughout the year, utter the language of poetry. Certain it is that we denizens of this lower world are very fond of it. The very first sound which greets the entrance of the new-born babe is poetry. No sooner does the little prattler begin to utter a few sounds than it is taught an hymn or a song; and so step by step, through the seven ages of man, poetry is his constant companion. It encourages him in business, soothes him in sorrow, and gives expression to his joy. Can it do all this without exercising a mighty influence on his morals, and in the hands of God can it not lead him from the broken cisterns which hold no water, to the fountain of living waters? Yours, S. P.

#### VEGETARIANISM.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to Mr. Andrade on Vegetarianism, I beg to state, assertion is not proof, and there is no doubt that vegetable diet would suit those in the Arctic Regions if they could get it as we can in old England, which, with all its faults, I love still, as well as it does hundreds of our fellow countrymen. Perhaps Mr. Andrade would not object to tell us, by way of information, what real nutrition there is in a pound of rump steak, that costs ten or twelve pence, and also what nutrition there is in a pound of rice or bread, that costs two pence; and how it is that so many speak so highly of the effects arising from leaving off the use of flesh, and also of the great saving arising therefrom. I have always thought, if a man wished to build a good house, one that would stand well, it would not be wise to buy second-hand material to build with, but to have it all new. Now, I always understood that all flesh was grass, literally speaking, and we know that mutton and beef are made from grass of some kind, the sheep or the bullock eats the vegetables, and we get these back second-hand; it appears to me therefore, to eat the vegetables first-hand would be much the best, and more nutritious for the human body. I have written this merely to gain information, which, I think, is very important. Hoping to see this answered in the Two WORLDS, I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully, COMMON SENSE.

In line 34 of Mr. Jones's letter on Communion with Spirits in a late number, instead of devils, read deists.

QUERIES FOR DISCUSSION.—1. How am I to distinguish the produce of slave labour, such as sugar, rice, &c. ? 2. Is all tobacco produced by slave labour? 3. In the brewing of beer at the breweries, and of spirits at the distilleries, are the men compelled to work on the sabbath? 4. Is there any published pamphlet from which I can learn how barley is converted into beer?—S. P.

#### THE SABBATH QUESTION.

SOUTH LONDON SECULAR INSTITUTE.

ON Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, at 8 p.m., a body of the working men of Southwark assembled in accordance with the advertisements, "to consider whether it was necessary to form a South London Branch of the National Sunday League," and whether the working men of the Borough were agreeable to it. The sequel showed that they were not; but it was evident from the commencement of the meeting that it was intended by the League to establish a league whether agreed to or not, and quite in opposition to the spirit of the advertisement.

The working men assembled wishing for the support of the Sabbath were evidently the greater portion of the assembly, so Mr. Baxter Langley found it no easy matter to bring his own opinions and endeavour to force them, or at any rate to plausibly engraft them into the minds of the working men of this hotbed of "Sabbatarianism," namely, the Borough of Southwark.

#### THE MEETING.

Mr. Watts in the chair—who observed that at former meetings it had been suggested that a branch of the Sunday League be formed, and now was the time he thought, when they should do so. Mr. Baxter Langley will explain the object of the League, and you will, no doubt, be very much gratified with the great progress the question has gained in our smaller towns, also at Glasgow, that hotbed of the Sabbath in Scotland. The speaker then quoted the *Times* as being in his favour, and, (said he,) the clergy are now giving way in their quoting the Bible for furthering Sabbatarianism; he thought also it would be a great and universal benefit in setting aside the Bible; he thought they would not be compelled to work seven days for six days' pay—and so concluded by observing that the working man had a right to do as he liked on the Sabbath. (Small applause at the bottom of the room.) Mr. Baxter Langley

then stated that he understood the nature of the invitation to establish a Branch of the Sunday League in Southwark. He thought that a somewhat more orderly audience than that which assembled at St. George's Hall some time ago, (hear, hear)—we therefore do not come to dispute, but to form a Sunday League; he would just say a few words on the subject, his object being to gain converts, and to show that Sabbatarianism was a heresy of Puritanism, and so came down to this present day; it was not recognised in the early church, Paul condemns it, and Jesus did not practice it, (hear, hear); it is a great assumption on the part of Christians to apply to Gentiles what only belonged to the Jews. A long harangue was then made, that because circumcision was a command, it ought to be practised now—seeing that the Apostles and early Christians observed that ordinance. Considerable amount of ingenuity was then exercised to impress his hearers with the idea that the writings of Moses were parabolic; and that as the two accounts of the giving of the law disagree, we must either take them as parabolic, or we must say that Moses told us what was not true.

Again, the law was delivered to Jews only, not to Gentiles, for as we have abandoned circumcision, we must also abandon the Sabbath. A forced interpretation was then given of Exodus xvi. 23. Endeavour was then made to prove from comparing Nehemiah ix. 14, with the two accounts of the giving of the law; that the Sabbath as an institution was not known to Adam, Noah, and others; the fact that the Lord is spoken of as asserting in Ezek. xx. 12, the Sabbath to be a sign between himself and the Jews, it could not be so between God and the Gentiles. The legal definitions of a sign were then given, showing that both parties must agree to it, or else it could not be a sign.

The Judaic forms, ceremonies, &c., were fit only for a people who had long been in bondage, and was only laid on them for a time, even as Paul says to the Galatians, the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. If you quarrel with any one, (said Mr. Langley,) it is not with me, but Paul. The fact that it is stated in Gen. i. that God rested on the Sabbath day was figure having reference to man in no way whatever. Milton and Paley, as theologians, were quoted as favouring the League. Geology was said to prove that the Mosaic account of the creation was false, and consequently all that Moses stated were not literal facts; but as compared with other parables of Scripture, (the Bramble chosen for a king, &c.,) were beautiful allegories, with a high moral intention. In the New Testament also there is no word to prove that it is a command for us to observe the Sabbath. (At this juncture, some indiscreet friends kept interrupting Mr. Baxter Langley.) He thought it was a shame for him to be kept out of institutions that were purely national, such as the Museum, &c., seeing he had a small share with every man in the national institutions of the country. Mention was made of the Dublin Zoological Gardens; how well kept, &c., at no more labour than when not opened on the Sunday, after a few more remarks, Mr. Baxter Langley sat down amidst the cheers of his friends.

The chairman stated that he would put a resolution handed to him, when Dr. Newland wished to speak. It was decided by the meeting that the resolution be put, which was, "That in the opinion of this meeting it is not desirable to form any society in South London, to increase Sunday labour, and thereby rob the working man of his day of rest."

This resolution was seconded by Dr. Newland; when the proposer, Mr. Jeffrey, said, he was glad that the meeting was composed of working men, so that each might justly claim right to speak as such, being a working man's question; he would just say that a public meeting had been called of working men, to form a branch of the Sunday League; (at this period, great and unseemly interruption was given.) Mr. Jeffreys said he had not spoken five minutes, and he was interrupted; while Mr. Baxter Langley had spoken an hour and a half, and had rather given them a lecture, than taken the sense of the meeting; he thought this question ought to be supported apart from the Bible, when the National Sunday League are composed of nearly all infidels. The chairman objected to such statements, amid cries of question. Well, then, it is a question of rest to renovate our bodies, or of recreation, Sabbath-day after Sabbath-day, to weary the body. Our friend, Mr. Langley, admits that it is desirable to have a day of rest, he would ask the question would the opening of the museums, &c., decrease labour? (No! no!) We value, then, the Sabbath; I. for bodily health; and II. for family duties. We claim the Sunday then, and mean to maintain it, and to keep it without violating our social enjoyments.

Dr. Newland replied to Mr. Baxter Langley, on the Scripture view of the question, and not without effect.

Mr. Baxter Langley rose to reply; which ended in the Doctor giving a challenge to Mr. Langley to meet and discuss the question of the Sabbath (loud cheers, and bravo Doctor.) The resolution having been put, was carried unanimously, and was acknowledged by the chairman.

It was then announced that cards of the branch were ready; thus annulling the voice of the majority of the meeting. After a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting separated at 12 p.m.

A CLERGYMAN'S REASONS FOR TEETOTALISM.—A useful tract, by the Rev. W. W. Robinson, A.M., of Chelsea, giving an account of his conversion to Teetotalism, how he was encouraged in his Teetotal labours, and how five religious denominations were represented at the vicarage tea meetings, in union against strong drink. It also contains twenty reasons for abstinence, and the opinions of eminent men on the subject; and is worthy of a wide circulation.

## THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

## Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

TELLS HOW TINY AND LIZZY BAXTER BEGAN TOGETHER TO BREATHE THE "WIDE WIDE WORLD,"—SMOOTH BEGINNINGS.

"You who your souls to trade have sold,  
Who only breathe to grasp and hold;  
Has life no better worth than gold?"

Move on!"

W. C. BENNETT.

TINY had hastily thrown aside "The man who killed his neighbours," and was thrown some little beside himself. He succeeded, however, in passing his fingers through his hair, so as to ensure a kind of "Brutus," wishing to look as killing as possible in Lizzy's eyes, and exceedingly fine before his rival. He had just released his fingers from the grease taken therefrom in that operation, on his pocket handkerchief, when he turned his head, expecting to encounter the new intended; instead of which, he was met by a kindly glance from Lizzy; at the corner of whose mouth a kind of satisfactory smile was lingering.

"Dear me," mentally ejaculated Tiny, when he had looked at her; "What a pretty creature!" Lizzy saluted her father and step-mother—and now came Tiny's turn. Tiny stood up, and eagerly took the proffered hand. Lizzy was neatly dressed; and her form, though slender, bore all the marks of budding womanhood. Her face had the same glow of health, of innocence, and candour of expression, and was alternately pale and crimson, as when several years since she comforted him, and called him, her "dear" brother. Steadily they gazed in each other's face, till Tiny bowed his head. Remembrances of the past were both sweet and bitter. It was long, very long, since last he wept; but again the fountains of his head were opened, and in vain he tried to suppress the tears which suffused his eyes, and unbidden rolled over the outlet, coursed down his cheeks, and fell quietly on Lizzy's hand. It was contagious—Lizzy wept too.

Bill Cotton looked at his wife, and then at Tiny and Lizzy; and giving an uneasy shift on his chair, muttered "What stuff, your like two great babbies,"—parcel of snivelling nonsense—yer ought ter laugh, yer ought."

No doubt he was right, for certainly they had no cause to weep that they knew of; and they are a strange people who cannot give a reason for what they do; but they could not assign a reason, neither can we. So we must place it with other anomalies of the times, and pass on to matters of an understandable and reasonable nature. Tiny did not expect to see her *alone*, and it was obvious by the questions put to her by her father, that the extensive preparations for tea had been made, more on *his* account than on hers. Lizzy coolly said, "That she hadn't seen him for some time. The conversation now became unrestrained and animating. Jokes were bandied in matters of courtship, till Tiny forgot his good manners, and plainly asked Lizzy, how many beaus she had? This question caused a laugh, and the ingenious answer given was, "only four!" Bill Cotton run over the catalogue, and found names for three, but was in the dark as to the fourth; he asked Lizzy for the other name, but she laughed heartily, and declined to satisfy him. Tiny and Lizzy sat beside each other, and by some means, her hand had crept into his. A moment of silence ensued, as if every theme of conversation had run out; when Tiny, who had before made so very free, asked Lizzy, "Which of the four she liked the best?" She turned her face upon him, and Tiny feared he had offended her; and in a firm and emphatic sentence said, to the surprise of those present, "I like you best, Tiny!"

We have ample materials for the construction of a "Love Tale," but we refrain from using them; preferring, rather, that love shall show forth its own praise. Pure and undiluted love, like a golden cord, runs through all the difficulties of a working man's life, and strings them together, helping, soothing, cheering his rugged way, and sustaining him in his perseverance to overcome temptation incident to ignorance, and every other phase of his existence. Without this strengthener of domestic and social ties, life, at best but a vapour, loses its great charm; cold and formal duties performed between man and his help-meat, enforced by obligation, become worse than "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal," and individual life is always out of tune; no real happiness in this life, and no hope beyond it. Whilst love in possession is enjoyed, it lessens and sweetens the burden of life, and affords the possessor a holy aspiration after the glories of the unseen world.

Tiny was now a man—at least, so he believed. He was twenty years old—a married man! and had taken upon himself the responsibility of renting an *empty room*; in one corner of which lay a make-shift bed, a box, in which was Lizzy's wardrobe was converted into a table, and two smaller ones were used to sit upon; an old, but bright fender, graced the hearth, and that was flanked by a bit of old carpet, as a substitute for a hearthrug; a few common pictures dotted the walls, and these, with a broom, a pair of bellows, a kettle, and a saucepan—all new—comprised his worldly estate. Tiny was rich in promises, and full of hope, to "very soon" have his room decently furnished, out of an average weekly income of about fourteen shillings; and which could only be obtained by dint of close application to drawing the "threads of misery," (as some have named them) for twelve or fourteen hours a day. Whilst Lizzy pledged herself to do her best with his earnings, and to make them suffice, if Tiny would be steady. Poor girl! yours will be a thorny path for many years of your way in life. Want, deep heart-grief, loneliness, infirmity, bereavements, neglected, yet loved, dealt harshly with, yet still loving, gentle, truthful, artless, confiding, hoping all things, enduring all things.

For a few months all went on well with our young friends. Tiny worked diligently, and each week some fresh article of furniture was added to the home. The evenings were spent in a cozy way at their humble fireside. Lizzy plied her needle, whilst Tiny philosophised over future prospects; declaring that they would do well in the world "some day." Tiny had read and heard of poor boys who had become great men, and he determined to become one also; but his philosophy served up to him the wrong tracery, and draped him in romance. Poor fellow, he was steeped in ignorance and wilfulness. Bad habits clouded his mental vision, and an hankering after the society of various companions, only suppressed by the novelty of his new position, commenced a fierce struggle in his heart; his affections were divided between them and his wife, who had thrown around him

domestic attractions worthy of women of more mature years. Lizzy saw the struggle that was going on, and wept; but left no means at her command untried, to wed him to his *home*, and for a time succeeded. Lizzy was on the way to become a *mother*. She had a sweet voice, and could sing sweetly—at least, so thought Tiny. He, too, could sing, and had a good ear for music. The desire for company was again stifled, and the evenings were spent in blending their voices together, in duets, hymns, and songs; or in drawing pictures of happiness to be enjoyed in efforts rightly directed; but Tiny, like thousands of his class, knew nothing about the fabric of the human mind.—"That it is curious and wonderful, as well as that of the human body. The faculties of the one are with no less wisdom adapted to their several ends, than the organs of the other."

Of the various powers and faculties we possess, there are some which nature seems both to have planted and reared, so as to have left nothing for human industry. Such are the powers we have in common with the brutes, and which are necessary to the preservation of the individual, or the continuance of the kind. There are other powers of which nature hath only planted the seeds in our minds, but hath left the raising of them to human culture. It is by proper culture of these that we are capable of all those improvements in intellect, in taste, and in morals, which exalt and dignify human nature; while, on the other hand, the neglect or perversion of them, makes it degeneracy and corruption. "But it is the intention of nature, that human education should be joined to her institution, in order to form the man, and she hath fitted us for human education, by the natural principles of imitation and credulity." In following the fortunes and misfortunes of Tiny and Lizzy, we shall glance at the scenes and systems of men of talent, education, and celebrity, ancient and modern, English as well as foreign. We are dealing with facts; and things which we call facts are stubborn things, and place common sense and ideal philosophy at variance in such matters as those which we shall discuss.

Tiny had something in his compound being which the world calls good; but thus far in his life it had been buried from himself, and was hardly perceivable by others. An occasional burst of natural feeling, at times approaching to eloquence, would bring to light an intelligent expression of thought, but which, as it arose only from the "native vigour" of the mind, the absence of the force of "mental culture" marred its growth, whilst nearly every other principle in his nature was so strangely perverted from its natural form, through his early training and manner of life, as to render abortive the occasional suggestions and appeals of the mind to his moral courage.

All created nature have natural wants, and for these wants the Creator has made ample provision.

It is common to man to be subjected to the accidents, misfortunes, and diseases of this life; and numerous other vexations and perplexing circumstances which he cannot control; some of them light, while others are grievous to be borne. Although, if he viewed the dispensations of a good providence in a proper light, he would esteem it as a favour and mercy to be preserved from the latter, and next to a *miracle* to escape from one or more of the former. But as the providential bestowments God are common and cheap—and which include all that is conducive to health and longevity—men cease to regard them as blessings, and by the combined influence of acquired bad habits, cast a chilling blight upon their social and domestic intercourse with their neighbours and families, by which many of the good principles in our nature are blotted and blurred, and others quite eradicated. And who's to blame? Wise men agree (or should agree) that there is but one way to the knowledge of these matters, the way of "Observation and experiment!" By our constitution we have a strong propensity to trace particular facts and observations to general rules to account for other effects, or to direct us in the production of them. This procedure of the understanding is familiar to every creature in the common affairs of life.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

IS RATHER PHILOSOPHICAL AND DREADFULLY DRY.

"Then should we turn our eyes to heaven,  
With better hopes in view;  
And gently lean upon the world,  
Lest it should pierce us through."

MANY are the theories advanced in relation to the human mind and its connection with the material world. Bishop Berkeley's system went to prove that extension and hardness, and figure and motion, that land and sea, houses and our own bodies, as well as those of our wives and children and friends, were nothing but *ideas* of the mind, and that there is nothing existing in nature but minds and *ideas*.

Poor, untaught mortals (like us) believe undoubtedly that there is a sun and moon and stars, an earth which we inhabit, friends and relations, land, houses, and moveables, which we possess. And that there is violence, and crime, and immorality, drunkenness and poverty, and their attendant evils, causes for effects, good and bad, natural and unnatural, and a general want of social, domestic, and personal improvement. Common sense declares that society is diseased; that it has traced it to its source, and will seek a remedy, and apply it. Ideal philosophy says "Stuff—its all fudge, it is in thought, it is only *ideas*." And yet, such is the horror some men have felt and expressed at the moral turpitude of society, and that there can be no remedy for it, as to fancy themselves imbued with a spirit of prophecy, and have proclaimed that the world shall be at an end in a month, or, at furthest, in a year. Moralists have established societies, and were going to have a millenium upon earth in the twinkling of an eye. And one modern moral philosopher would take men's eyes and hearts from the direction of Heaven—place them in communities—make a "New Moral World," and people it with a race of highly-trained moral monsters. Whilst others have thought that the lot of mankind had been cast in the wrong place, and invite us to go to the "Promised Land," somewhere near the "Salt Lakes," in America; whilst others would, if possible, put masts and sails to England itself, and pilot it across the wide Atlantic, or construct rafts of many miles in width, and then run away with the whole population, and take them to a country where shoes and hats grow on the trees, ready made, and where with but the expression of a wish, all the clothing needed will be instantly produced, and the winds of heaven commanded to accomplish all the labour required; while the imagination is filled with pictures exceeding all that we read of in "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and approximating to the bliss enjoyed by our first parents in the Garden of Eden. And thus our country abounds with moral schemes, and the followers of "Robert Owen, the

Socialist," Joseph Smith, the Latter-day Saint, the German Hetzler, the Frenchman, Cabot, and the "O'Conorites," like moral lunatics, cry peace, when there is no peace, making England (as some one has said) like a "large lunatic asylum," while building, emigration, and loan societies, schemers, planners, and projectors draw largely from the pockets of the weak and credulous.

Society is mapped out into "several classes, but, for convenience, we will bring them into two, namely, the good and the bad. The reputation of each we will presume has been earned by the quality of the fruit with which they have deluged society; always taking care, as far as human sagacity can penetrate, that the motive-action of each class shall have due consideration, because we infer that the good *intended*, if it fails in its accomplishment, it being placed beyond doubt that the motive sprang from the pure principles of Christianity and humanity—shall stand in the archives of the memory of every well-wisher of his species as an intended mercy, overweighed by want of discrimination, as to its value or worth, by the parties it was designed to benefit, or by what is called "uncontrollable circumstances." On the other hand, and by the same rule, we infer that the usurpation of good, manifest by *declaration* only, and by the vitiated fruits we taste by lively experience we find, in spite of the close enfoldments of the garb it wears, that it tends to thwart the well-ascertained (intended) but unaccomplished good by another, and yet by *associating with the really good*, and from which it borrowed its light, it assisted unintentionally to confer a good to an individual or to society,—being overruled by the force of circumstances it could not controul—such examples of bad motive should act as a beacon to warn us of danger, and as the *bad* intended *did not* succeed in its aim, it should be referred back, without credit for the good accomplished, as we should judge by motives more than by successes.

We will conclude this chapter by taking a glance at the class we have termed good, placing them under the head of *moralists, philanthropists, and religionists*.

The first in order we conceive to be moralists. A very numerous class, and which embrace an extensive variety of systems and opinions of morality. Now we believe there are many men very skillful in the construction of instruments, musical, astronomical, and mathematical, and yet, as the maker of them, cannot play upon the former, or put the latter to their legitimate uses. From this rule, but to which there are valuable exceptions, we infer, that all teachers and projectors of schemes of morality are not in themselves moral men; but whether by rule or exception they are useful in society to that class of persons next in order, who are known as philanthropists. By this rule we find that a man may be a moralist, and may at the same time be a moral man. In this case we distinguish the valuable exception referred to. Further, so various and multiform are the principles partaken of by mankind, that the individual who proves to be an exception to the above rule, may be precluded from having the principle of philanthropy added to him. Further, a man may, to a large extent, have the principle of philanthropy developed, even to become a passion; still he is not a moralist—even the reverse to a moral man. Yet, in the chain of social progress, these classes are useful, indeed necessary. For, as the one class plans and projects, the other supplies the means to carry into practise those just deductions made from the plans and schemes of the moralist by the wise and prudent, who, like precious gems are found scattered here and there among all classes. These classes, then, are indispensable. They bolster up society, and are, in a worldly point of view, the maintainers of order, and the promoters of improvement. But they leave the accomplishment of that great work—the temporal and eternal good of mankind—to the religionist. This train of reasoning obliges us first to understand, and next to believe, that one man may be a moralist—a moral man and a philanthropist, but not a *Christian man*! Then why does the work of social regeneration devolve upon the religionist? Because, as a Christian, he *must*, by the nature and practice of his profession be a moral and philanthropic man! These, and these only, besides being valuable, are blessed exceptions to the rule laid down, and are, without alloy, the golden links which strengthen and sweeten society, the only stay to the lava-like streams of corruption which flow incessantly from the troubled and impetuous fountains of vice and depravity which constantly threaten to overwhelm society. They are, in one sense, the saviours of our country, and which, but for them, would, long ere this, have fallen into anarchy and confusion.

\* \* \*

Three years had sped away, and, with them, Tiny had been hurried on in a career of folly. His ability as a singer or dancer was flattered, and his society was courted by many whose years and presumed experience should have taught them the value of that working-man's blessing,—domestic happiness; but his ready wit, social disposition, and sanguine temperament, made him a welcome guest at the concert, ball, or party. His heart was full of love for poor Lizzy, and often, in the midst of applause for some feat of song or dance, his thoughts would recur to home, the gentle bearing of an affectionate wife and the innocent prattle of two little ones. It was at such times that his heart smote him, and accused him of dissipating time and health; but conscience found a plea—he was not a drunkard, neither did his friends wish him to spend his money. They only wanted his company, and would often pay him for that; but more than once, the question intruded itself,—is the *thief* the only dishonest man in society, or is the drunkard the only intemperate one?

Poor Lizzy, during long winter evenings, and through weary summer nights, till the grey dawn of morning rendered visible the chimney pots on the houses opposite, would sit plying the needle, leaving off only to hush her babes to sleep, or with anxious, straining, tear-bedowed eyes, watching through the window, to catch a glimpse, or to recognise the well-known rapid footsteps of the man she loved so well, but only to resume her seat, and to sometimes encourage, with an anguish-wrung heart, a hope akin to that expressed by the poet in the "Wife's Dream:"

"An evil thought came in my mind, and bitterly I said,  
I never wish to see him more, I would that he was dead."

(To be continued in our next.)

*Holloway's Ointment and Pills* Wonderfully Efficacious for the Cure of Bad Legs, Sores, and wounds, even if of Twenty Years' standing.—The number of cures effected by these remedies would appear incredible if they were not vouched for by the patients themselves, who, grateful for the benefits derived from their use, permit the facts to appear before a discerning public. These remedies, if used conjointly, will cure old wounds, ulcers, and scrofulous sores, after all other means have proved unsuccessful. The pills also proved an admirable remedy to those suffering from debilitated constitution, as they create appetite, remove bile, headache, and palpitation of the heart. The pills effect internally what the ointment does externally, together they radically purify and heal.



**Soiree to Dr. Lees, and Col. Realf, of Kansas, U.S.**  
**THE Demonstration in St. Martin's Hall.** At the Conference, on Tuesday Evening, December 28th, held at Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row, the following gentlemen were elected to carry out a Maine Law demonstration in St. Martin's Hall:—Messrs. W. Horsell, F. Wright, W. Malthouse, W. Pope, A. Andrade, John Bowen, H. Brown, R. B. Starr, C. V. Boniface, G. Grove, J. Humphries, Isaac Couter, J. W. E. Corner, with power to add to their number. All societies and persons interested, will please communicate. Conference adjourned, to Wednesday, January 5th, 1859, at Eight o'clock.—W. MALTHOUSE, hon. sec.

**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, nor 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 it in his 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 MALTHOUSE, 8, Penton-row, Walworth, London.  
 Next Conference, January 14, 1859.

#### FOUR ALMANACS FOR 1859.

THE Trade and Advertisers are informed that W. HORSSELL 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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**MARTER'S NEW and IMPROVED SYSTEM** OF WRITING guaranteed to persons of all ages, and adapted to any pursuit, in Eight Lessons, from 10s. 6d. Bookkeeping, Arithmetic with Mental Calculation, and Short-hand practically taught. Private Tuition at the convenience of the Pupil.  
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**THE Best Receipts ever Published for Summer** and Winter Beverages, viz. Ginger Beer, Lemonade, Raspberries, all of which are fit for use or sale in a quarter of an hour after being made. Also, Cordials and Fruit Drinks. H. HOWARD, 98, Berwick-street, Golden-square, W.

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No. 6, Wilstead-street, Euston-road, Somers Town.  
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**THIS is the Best and Cheapest House in the** neighbourhood for fashionable, spicy, and durable hats. Old hats completely metamorphosed, the shape altered, the colour restored, and the body made waterproof at a very low figure.  
 Hats from 3s. 6d.

**The Old Established Coffee & Dining Rooms,**  
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 E. GILLAN, Proprietor.

**THE extensive patronage with which this es-**  
 tablishment has been and is still honoured (now upwards of Twenty years), is a conclusive proof that its arrangements are of the first order. The culinary department is presided over by a professed cook of tried ability. Parties visiting the Colosseum, or enjoying the pure and salubrious air of the Regent's-park, can obtain refreshments here at a very economic figure. Private rooms. Omnibuses pass the door every five minutes. All the daily and weekly papers.

#### 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.

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