



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

No. 16, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

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### SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

MR. EDITOR,—As I find by my remarks in a former letter, I have increased or rather excited Mr. Malthouse's native element, which I certainly did not intend, may I be permitted as briefly as possible to correct one or two of his perversions in reference to what I have humbly advanced on the subject of spiritualism? I feel it right to state that it is contrary to my intention if any passage in this letter should be construed in a personal sense. At the same time I must affectionately state that if mere denunciation is to be the weapon wielded by Mr. Malthouse and his "grey goose-quill," and if he still continue to sneer at spiritualism, after what he has said about "probabilities," calling it "an Ignis Fatuus," "a delusion and a snare, a failure and a dead letter" and that "ridicule is a true test to apply to it" and the men who are able to investigate the question, equally with himself, compared to Joanna Southcote, &c., &c., can he wonder that he should be compared, as our Lord and Master did the wise ones of his day, to the lower animals? Doubtless, Sir, if we examine our hearts, we shall all find a very capital defect is the want of that interior sympathy which, in the Apostle's sense of the term, is called Charity. As to the question at issue, a great mind has lately said, "Show me the church pretending to the name of Christian, over whose portals you may boldly write 'Spiritualism disavowed,' and I will show you the dry bones which lay in the valley before Ezekiel prophesied;" Ezek. xxxvii. 1—14. It is no answer to urge that we shrink from the follies and trivialities of spiritualism; for it is precisely with the follies of the world that the church has to contend. We are, as spiritualists, called upon to test certain alleged facts; in doing so, certain strange things arrest our attention and draw largely upon our vision; our senses are excited by extraordinary events, occurring in many places at different times, and which are attested by the most credible witnesses, whose veracity, to say nothing of judgment, it would be a libel to impeach, and how are we met? Mr. Malthouse and his clique gather their garments around them and say, "Stand by, we only are able to decide, and all else is enigmatical;" and that, as to himself,—“I am mounted on my Pegasus and am gilded by the light of truth, and thus I can shiver into eternal chaos the delusions of these new philosophers.” I have no doubt our friend was very restless until he saw this fine assertion in print, and if I shall not descend to vulgarity, I think he could have added, "Shiver my timbers, what luck to be able to write such trite and classical sentences!" To be serious, an Apostle has said, some men are prophets, some are teachers, some interpret, some speak with tongues, some have the gift of healing, and some the discernment of spirits. Alas! that the world should so disagree with these some on the subject of spiritualism, and that such unloving judgment

should be passed upon those who have tested the question, and believe the fact. I trust I shall be pardoned, for I fear I am offending against the rule, namely, "To be brief." I will at once turn to Mr. Malthouse, and his letter referred to above. In his ire he tells us "argument is wanting" to convince him of the truth of spiritualism—"Logical argument." I for one beg most respectfully to disclaim all notions of argument in such a case. What amount of argument is needed to convince a man that his country cousin was seen at the cattle-show?—simply that I saw him move, and he answered my questions. So much for a denizen of this natural world. Well, and about these spirits, did you see them move and answer questions? Yes, most assuredly, if I am to believe my eyes. And here I am reminded of a circumstance which occurred to me. A friend of mine teased me for months to allow him to go with me to see these spirits—this alleged "delusion and snare." Well, I at last consented, and determined not to speak, or offer a suggestion to him, beyond the advice, "Take care and examine minutely every article you see moved, especially where all visible connexion is said to be out of the way." He did so, and when we left the room, these were his words, "Well, sir, I thank you, but this is the first time my eyes have deceived me." What amount of argument could convince a man who did not believe his own eyes? and yet Mr. Malthouse asks for logical argument. Mr. Jones has kindly advised him, and also told him how he may test the fact, and as all things have their *modus operandi*, as some fine people would say; therefore, to this favour our friend must come. You see "how absolute the knave is." Try the spirits, says Mr. Jones. Give me arguments, says Mr. Malthouse, and the public can easily decide why. If I remember, and it is a remarkable instance of human frailty, not disposed to believe, the Jews said to the crucified Saviour, "Let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe." I question whether they would not have instantly said, had he complied, "Now go back again; and then we will believe." Surely there was no want of logical arguments in this case, or facts well attested. If Mr. Malthouse could give any show of argument to prove that spirits have nothing to do in this matter, and that his notions of a clear natural phenomenon are founded on logical argument, we could entertain them; but the very reverse is the fact, and yet he cries for argument rather than follow Mr. Jones's advice. I am a stranger to Mr. Whittaker and others named by Mr. Malthouse, but if Mr. W. will permit, I will just remark that Mr. Malthouse cites his failures in obtaining answers to questions. I ask the editor, what have ten thousand failures to do with even one attested fact? "If spirits are men of a superior kind, and angels are men in lighter habit clad," &c., as a celebrated poet has sung, and if Scripture is silent upon the silly notion that angels were created as such, it is easy to see that spirits are not the "its" Mr. Malthouse would have us to suppose where he says, "If there had been spirit power, it could have moved the table by itself." Now, sir, I for one feel that some of these spirits, whose proximity to this world the good and the true men of our day have never doubted, are very questionable characters. There are, doubtless, good as well as evil spirits concerned in this new demonstration. Can we wonder at the repulsion of a materialist and the attraction of well-disposed spiritualists to these said spirits? and if they have similar feelings to their earthly, I speak advisedly when I say similar, is it not rational to suppose that they have other duties besides table-turning, &c., and that they have a difficulty in acting, or even approaching when such contending spheres are near, as those so peculiar to materialists and scoffers? Hence the failures so proudly quoted by our friend Mr. W. Again, Mr. Malthouse can see no logic in my statement, that whether lies or truth are told it is an evidence of

intelligent agency in the work. I can only refer him to Dr. Johnson, who, when he was told by a friend that he could not understand him, replied, "Well, I did not say you could, nevertheless there's the statement." Tables, I repeat, cannot answer questions without such agency, visible or invisible; and, of course, when people go to test spiritualism, they take care they are not Andersonized, and they look out, of course, for collusion, if any is attempted. Need I say to our learned friend, that a question can only proceed from a being where the combined action of the will and understanding, the two faculties of the mind, are active; for all things in man have relation to the will and understanding. I apprehend, then, an answer whether true or false must proceed from such a medium. Either in a spirit or a man I fancy this is logic. Mr. Malthouse has done his best to get up a laugh; I fear he has failed this time. The marvel is that various articles and tables do move without the aid of visible agency, as far as we poor "pretended philosophers" can judge; and we fancy it is a self-evident problem, and one so obvious, at least to the investigators, as to need no argument or explication. "Try the spirits," said an apostle; and so I say. Try them, Mr. Malthouse, and cease your nonsense about "eternal chaos" and telling us poor unlearned men about our "strange fantastic tricks." Dear Mr. Editor, may I refer briefly and finally to two other points in our friend's letter?—"Perhaps Investigator will cite a case where spiritualism, &c., after five weeks' toil, is found to be an old fact demonstrated to the few in every age," &c.—namely, by raps. I fancy I detect frail humanity in Mr. Malthouse, and which he is very anxious to apply to poor Mr. Investigator. Sir, I said, and please to refer to my text, that spiritualism is an old fact demonstrated to the few in every age. I have not called the present movement a new philosophy, but a new demonstration. Spiritualism is one fact, and as old as Adam; but our new demonstrations or particular forms of manifestation are new facts. I trust my readers will see the distinction which Mr. Malthouse has not seen. It appears Mr. Malthouse, on his Pegasus of course, fancies he concludes his letter triumphantly, by asking "Investigator," if he can produce a single case of an angel visiting a man for the purpose of telling him whether his coal-scuttle was brass or gilt metal. An odd question, to be sure; and the first time I have heard anything so brazen. I answer, it would indeed be an odd sight to see one of Mr. Malthouse's angels "with a crown upon his head," condescending to do such dirty work. This, I know, that the proximity of the spirit world; is, by all learned men, now recognised as a fact; whether it is believed by our friend is of no importance in this case; nevertheless, I have seen, as I have said in a former letter, various articles moved, when no visible agent was near. Barring all trick, I have been told by spirits the plan, in answer to a question, how to cure a case of disease in a young lady which had baffled the skill of seven celebrated physicians, and she is now perfectly restored to her family. I have also been touched, palpably touched, by an unseen agent. I once saw, with these poor eyes of mine, a young person's hand so clenched, because she refused to act upon spirit suggestion, that her finger-nails penetrated the skin, and she cried out lustily with the pain; and on her assenting to the request, the hand was instantly relaxed, and the blood oozed from the wounds or nail cuts. Well, sir, and what of all this? I shall be told by our materialistic friends that I am beside myself, and they will doubtless find an excuse for not believing, by perverting thousands of facts like the above, calling them delusions and a snare. I here take my leave of our friend, Mr. Malthouse, and the subject, and shall be glad of a chat with some friend upon the vital question of the resurrection. A thousand thanks to you, sir, for your kindness, and am faithfully yours,  
 INVESTIGATOR.

SIR,—To every challenge to a fair public enquiry, the Spiritualists, like the Hindoo before his shrine, or Simon Stylites upon his perch, treat us to an endless repetition of hole and corner manifestations. To go on further would only be to reiterate the same statements and arguments. The one thing now required is a public manifestation and proof of their assertions.—I am, &c., W. MALTHOUSE.

Newgate Market, Jan. 10, 1859.

### VEGETARIANISM.

SIR,—It is really astonishing that so many persons can be so simple as to put faith in what some chemists say about food, and the exact amount of nutriment contained in each substance, which they pretend to have measured, but well knowing they have not done so, nor have even attempted it—nutrition not being a substance at all, but an effect. The only evidence we have of the amount, is by the effect it takes on the eater, some sort of food suiting best to one individual, some to another, some to one time, some to another. A horse finds more nutriment in hay than a man would do, a man more on beef than a horse would do. Nor can it be determined by the amount of solid matter, as some chemists lead us to believe; as then we might eat clay or sand. Nutriment is not so simple a thing as some persons imagine; when food is taken it nourishes immediately and gives strength, before it is at all digested, and will even, it is said, cause a flow of milk in a wet-nurse as soon as swallowed, but when it enters the stomach it soon becomes digested, and is converted into flesh and blood, &c., and then of course tends to the support of the individual, but its value cannot be ascertained by the amount of its elements, such as the oxygen or charcoal, or iron, &c., it contains, but on its organization, which should in some degree resemble that of the eater, more so in the carnivorous animals than in the graminivorous ones, and the action of the fire and cookery being necessary to assist the stomach in separating the parts and rendering it fit to be assimilated, (which the chemists say little or nothing about.) But the formation of flesh, &c., is not the only thing the food has to do, it has to produce also the power of exertion, such as steam, electricity, or nervous fluid, or anything else which gives motion to the body. Some sorts of food may contain most of this motive power, and some others most of the flesh-forming power, and one individual may require most of the one sort, and another of the other. But from what source the motive power arises I do not know, perhaps from the blood; but it is remarkable what becomes of the motive power when the eater takes no exercise, as no great difference would, I think, be manifest in the blood or even in the body after exercise, or repose. Whether this power may be passed off by the breath or not, I will not presume to say, but it is not accumulated and confined to a great extent. And the amount of nutriment itself is not an exact criterion of its wholesomeness, as some foods may contain too much for some persons, if taken enough of to satisfy, nor can we judge of the amount simply by weight of each article, because some sorts can be eaten of more largely than others. With respect to alcohol, the teetotalers set it down as a theory that it is always injurious, however small the quantity or however diluted, but they offer no proof, and though I am inimical to its general use, I do consider that at times a little, when diluted, is very beneficial, though to take too much of it is a disgusting vice. And if it is beneficial, it would of course be wrong to deprive the world of it, because some persons will take too much. I with deference submit these remarks to your judgment for your valuable periodical if suitable. I am respectfully.—

L. G.

### PHRENOLOGY.

SIR,—Phrenologists generally admit of four primary or fundamental temperaments, viz.:—1. Nervous; 2. Sanguineous; 3. Bilious; 4. Lymphatic. In some individuals the temperaments are pure; in others they are mixed; and the mixture may exist in various degrees; e.g. the nervous may exist with the sanguineous, or the bilious, or the lymphatic; or, there may be a mixture in various degrees, of the four. The pure and unmixed temperaments may be thus described:—1. Nervous, indicated by delicacy and irritability of frame. The skin is soft and fine, and not thickly covered with hair; the muscles and bones rather slender, and the muscular motions quick and lively. 2. Sanguineous, a florid complexion, blue eyes, light hair. The skin soft, the superficial veins large, the pulse full and frequent, and the body round and plump. 3. Bilious, a swarthy or leaden complexion, dark eyes, coarse black or brown lank hair, slow pulse. The bones are large, the muscles wiry, and the countenance sunken and melancholic. 4. Lymphatic, light hair, light or grey eyes, a pallid complexion. A weak soft pulse, a cold skin, and a torpid state of all the functions; the countenance is soft, heavy, and unmeaning. Of these temperaments, the nervous imparts quickness of mental manifestation; the sanguineous, energy; the bilious, durability; and the lymphatic, torpidity; circumstances which must never be forgotten in estimating the character of any individual. I wrote on phrenology in No. 6; after re-reading, I find it advisable to leave out (that is should any one feel inclined to discuss on this important question) number 2 of my then phrenological principles. I should like some

Phrenologist, or any of your readers, to state their opinions about phrenology. It is doubted by many whether phrenology is a science. If it is a science, they say, why do phrenologists give characters of ability, and of opposite characters? Does the anatomical view of the brain justify phrenologists in making any sub-divisions? The above questions I should like to be answered. I have waited patiently for a reply. I hope some of your readers will arouse themselves, and see if it is really a science or not. Some religious people say, that according to the opinion given by phrenologists, such and such a man is sure to be a madman, and the character may be justly read as such; but the habits of the individual knowing his position—the result may be avoided by avoiding everything that tends to bring that about, although it might have been the result of his own conduct, or hereditary. I do not see that that does away with his accountability; there is a way of escape to a certain extent, although he may never attain to a perfect healthy state. I believe that every man can better his physical condition; it is the want of knowing the right means and being determined to adopt them.

J. MANN.

### EXPERIENCE IN HOMŒOPATHY.

By JACOB DIXON, Esq., L.S.A.

During a quarter of a century of the time that I have been in the ranks of the medical profession, I used to smile at Homœopathy—not that I knew anything about it to smile at, but it happened that the books and journals I read, and professional friends smiled—indeed, some of them frowned—at it. But I began gradually to cease smiling, as I found some, whose minds I respected, speaking tolerantly of it, and even experienced professors beginning to admit that there was “something in it;” a few of these latter, indeed, whose position enabled them to act with independence—the late Professor Liston, for instance—were practising it, and with success, in hospitals, &c. Then I heard of men of all grades, up to the university professor, Dr. Henderson, of Edinburgh, for example, openly adopting it. I therefore concluded also that there must be “something in it.” But love of the Old, and habit, prevailed over the rising wish to look enquiringly into the new; still, I did propose to myself, now and then, to do so, from little occurrences which it would be inappropriate to go into here. In this balancing disposition, I, one day, about four years ago, was called on by a physician, upon some professional business. In the course of conversation, this gentleman said that he had, for some years, treated the disorders of children and sensitive persons homœopathically,—that his attention had been called to it in the case of a child in his own family, attended by himself and a friend; they thought recovery impossible; that, upon their unfavourable opinion being communicated to the mother, she had placed her child under homœopathic treatment, and recovery followed. He had then, he said, looked into it, and found the homœopathic system well worth his study. A little evidence of this sort was all that was required to decide me. The question of adhering to the old merely on personal grounds, fell before the consideration, that medical men are bound in conscience to practise, not for the satisfaction of personal views, wrapped up in an old theory, but for the sake of curing. Resolved, now, to investigate for myself, the merits of the New system, I conferred with other practitioners who had already embraced it, and consulted the standard works on the subject; and having satisfied myself as to the validity of the theory, if the data were true from which it is deduced, I proceeded to put it practically to the test. The first case in which I employed it, was one of the measles, in which there was congestion of the lungs passing into inflammation. Under the homœopathic use of *aconitum*, the little patient was brought into a state of safety in the course of a few hours. Under the old treatment the disease would have been, if not fatal, at the dangerous point for days. The *aconitum* seemed to begin at once to resolve the disordered action of the lungs. My next trial was in a case of vomiting and diarrhoea in an infant; here a few doses of *Chamomilla* acted like a charm. Then came one—in a child of a scrofulous habit—of chronic inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, which recovered under the employment of *Sepia* alternately with *Sulphur*. The child had suffered from its early infancy. I continued, and found that in all the disorders of children, homœopathic remedies were more rapid and effective than those to which I had been, for so many years, accustomed. Having established the facts, so far as they related to children's disorders, of every degree of gravity, my transition from the Old to the New treatment, in the cases of adult patients was rational; and in all cases, whether acute or chronic, I found the theory of Homœopathy confirmed.

I am aware that there are practitioners who admit the applicability of homœopathic treatment to chronic disorders; and who still incredulously “smile” at the notion of trusting to it in those of an acute character. But let them investigate the subject practically, and they will find it equally successful in acute as in chronic cases, and that febrile disorders, especially, of every variety, run a shorter course under it. With respect to chronic diseases treated by the old school with small doses of powerful drugs, long continued, it will be found that when cures follow, they are due to the use, experimentally or empirically, of drugs

which, taken in health, have been found to produce similar disorders; in other words they have been cured unknowingly upon homœopathic principles. The treatment of chronic diseases in the old school is confessedly obscure, often baffling the acutest and most experienced; but this obscurity is less in the new. Homœopathic science furnishes the practitioner with data, which may enable him to proceed with clearness, in bringing to a successful termination every curable disorder. Anomalous internal derangements, complicated disorders of long standing, baffling all treatment under the old methods, yield more or less rapidly when viewed and treated homœopathically.

CHINESE JURYMEN.—A new and alarming phase of the Chinese question was witnessed in the Court at Castlemaine during the trial of an Italian for stealing. Mr. McDonogh, demanded for his client Rosetti, a jury *de medietate lingue*—half foreign and half native. The common law gives this privilege to an alien indicted for an offence, but the right is usually suffered to remain in abeyance. This unexpected request caused a temporary postponement of the case, and, when it was again called on, six grinning Celestials were brought up by the sheriff, and ranged vis-a-vis to the half-dozen Europeans composing the jury. At this solemn burlesque of a legal form, the decorum of the Court was broken by an universal guffaw, which shook the sides of judge, clerk, counsel, and spectators. The unsophisticated Mongolians, captured by the officers, and compelled to play a role which they were as well qualified to perform as the duties of his Honour, must have been considerably relieved by the general merriment. But for the fun, which sparkled in every eye, it is probable these gentlemen of the “long tail” would have fancied they were the criminals whose fate was about to be decided, instead of Rosetti's. The trial went on, an interpreter explaining to the opium-eaters the evidence, as well as his ignorance of English would permit. The judge's charge was similarly “done” into Chinese, most likely receiving considerable additions and improvements during the process of translation. The Celestials, as men do when they listen to what passes their comprehension, looked wonderously wise, and sat with jaws distended wide. His Honour ceased speaking. The porcelain statues evinced signs of animation; low murmurs, like subdued sounds from a rookery, escaped from their lips; and at length the interpreter announced that these six Wise Men of the East had found the prisoner not guilty.—*Miner's Right*.

### THE SABBATH.

“O day most calm, most bright!  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
The endorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;  
The couch of time; care's balm and bay:  
The weeks were dark, but for thy light;  
Thy torch doth show the way.”

“The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal, glorious King.  
On Sundays heaven's gate stands ope;  
Blessings are plentiful and ripe;  
More plentiful than hope.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

### THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

By PAUL BETNETS.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

EXPERIENCE AND REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY—TINY'S PROSPECTS BRIGHTEN.

“While food and plenty stored our home,  
None e'er supposed the time might come  
When famine would consume.”

A CHARGE—if the term is not too hard—may be made against the benevolent Christian; who, in his zeal to do good, often does by a too free, and in many instances, injudicious distribution of his means, encourage idleness, and a sinking down (in many) from a boasted independence, to dependence, mendicancy, and begging; and thus the intended good is sometimes perverted, converting an already half-formed intention in the recipient, into a solid determination not to work at all. These remarks apply more especially to individual delinquency. But every righteous method should be set forth and persevered in for the rescue and salvation of those who are suffering in misery, self-inflicted; as by their continuance they become obstacles to local improvement. Neither is their any difficulty to find the whereabouts of social, domestic, and personal evils. The division, and sub-division of large church districts and parishes, which of late years have distinguished the metropolis, afford abundant facilities for social and moral amelioration. Every such district and sub-district being under such surveillance by a kind of moral police agency, both lay and clerical; who, by house to house, and room to room visitation, have access to them, that there remains no longer an excuse. We know that much has been done, and that much more remains undone, and if moral suasion fails to effect that which is recommended for the accomplishment of general improvement, of what value are those local enactments, which give to certain bodies power to make the unclean, clean, to rule the unruly, and to reduce and repress public obscenity and pollution—if those enactments are not enforced?

It is not our intention, in this place, to discuss whether rookeries were made for men, or men were made for rookeries.

These haunts of moral turpitude are made up of social and physical degeneracy and corruption in a mass. And all the moral force that moralists, philanthropists, and religionists, could devise, has been brought to bear upon them, for their reduction. That the wickedness of man gave birth to necessity for the exercise of stringent measures we will allow! And that wise men have marshalled intellect and utility, and set them on the march; by the way, calling to their aid, that powerful and wonder-working genius, improvement. And these, in a brief space of time, cleared away whole districts; rearing in their places, buildings, certainly more in accordance with the wants of the times; but most decidedly not in accordance with the wants of the people. And on they continue to work in company with a spirit called sanitary; through wretched alleys and filthy lanes, wrestling with every obstacle. Mind also sets forth an enquirer named intelligence; who, beaming with delight, sets out on its holy mission. Providentially—Intelligence numbers many thousands; and although each is found to differ in particulars irrelevant to this question, they are unanimous on the grand and important point, namely, that that great proportion of the human family, the "labouring class," needs the aid of improvement in their "homes and habits." But here, improvement discovers obstacles to progress, and takes counsel with wisdom, who never errs. And has employed that diligent, enlightened, and persevering spirit, investigation, who has ascertained and reported to improvement, what the chief obstacles to its progress are. The vast, comprehensive, and benevolent schemes of practical and matter of fact men found among the class we have called good, have been put forth for the acceptance of those classes whom they propose to benefit; but how far they have succeeded in clearing away obstacles, and effecting improvements in all that law could enforce, or experience could suggest, we leave the man of observation and experience to answer?

Another winter of discontent had passed away, and the privations, in shape of cold, want, and lack of friendship, endured by Tiny and Lizzy were, (as is usual, when the worse passions predominate,) greatly aggravated through want of that discernment which does not find lodgement in an irreligious heart in the absence of mental culture. Tiny laboured to the utmost verge of physical endurance, and whilst partaking of a scanty meal, in one hand he held a book, over the pages of which his eyes ran with surprising rapidity, and with the other he mechanically conducted his food to his mouth, very often so unconscious was he of having masticated his share of bread without butter, or potatoes without meat, that he could not detect—from the fact that the cravings of his stomach were unappeased—that he had even commenced operations upon it. His favourite reading, and which was supplied by a friend, were Paine, Volney, Voltaire, Owen, and other celebrated infidel writers, from the perusal of these works he wondered that his eyes should have so long remained closed to the priest-ridden condition of mankind. Again and again he settled the political and social condition of mankind to his own satisfaction, in less than ten minutes. He worked and thought, and at times gave vent to threats against the aristocracy and government of the country, and with vehemence confessed himself ready to join with the wise men of the earth to cut the throats of one party, or to blow out the brains of the other; but as these sensible deductions from his own reasoning were not proclaimed by him an inch beyond the four walls of the room in which he was cribbed, caged, and confined, they had no effect whatever in the political world out of doors; so at his pleasure he knocked down one plan of government and set up another. He lived in a world of his own, and did not so much as go out to take his work to the warehouse, neither did he trouble himself about the outer world. Occasionally, and that on a Sunday night, he would take his old coat, and which had been reduced to the menial office of pillow and bolster for his head to rest on at night; smooth out the wrinkles—struggle his way into it—brush up a bit, and down a bit, and start off to some infidel institution to hear a man "prove that there was no God, or if there was that he ought to be ashamed of himself to let people suffer so;" a brave philosophy, that.

Tiny thought it a strange feature in his wife's character, to bear pains, afflictions, and destitution, with such fortitude and resignation. She acted uniformly kind, and often spoke of her suffering mother, who, a few minutes before she died, said, "Hush, Lizzy, do you hear that sweet music? Hark, my dear, hark! how beautiful; look, dear, the angels have come to fetch me, clothed in white, and oh, what sweet music," and she took my hand, said Lizzy, and she pressed it to her bosom, and I felt her heart beat, and she kissed me and said, "I'm going to Jesus, my love, I shall not return to you, but you shall come to me in heaven, my dear; I will watch over you; remember me, I'll remember you," and her face looked so handsome, said Lizzy; and mother said, "now, listen again, dear, the music comes nearer, it's in the room; now, kiss me again, dear, good bye, good bye," and then she gently died. Tiny, I know that I shall go there too, and when I do die, I should like to know that you would reach heaven too."

Tiny loved his wife dearly, and this kind of talk made him weep, he would embrace her, and kiss her pale cheek, and wish that he might go to heaven—if there was such a place—but he wished that she wouldn't talk so strange, because it made him feel somehow "soft," and to use an infidel argument, "It was only weak minds that made room for such superstitious feelings." He thought that when he died, there was an end of him, and Lizzy would quaintly remark, "but I ain't a cat, Tiny, nor you ain't a dog, are you?"

"Why no, not exactly," Tiny would answer, "but let's talk about something else." A conversation like the foregoing, was sure to put all his logic and infidel philosophy in the shade, at least for a few days, and when he next took down a book from the shelf, it required the dust wiping off.

The youth of a new year began to grow into vigour, the trees and hedgerows put forth their buds and leaves, the mornings were bright and balmy, all nature was clothed with varied hues of colour and degrees of life and animation; Lizzy improved in health, her cheeks so long pale and wan, began again to resume their colour, and a cheerful alacrity of spirit stole over Tiny as he saw the only creature he had ever loved gliding about their humble home. The month of May had commenced; "Trade ought to be better now," said Tiny, "I shall seek for a change of work and increase of wages, and in a week or two I will make you look like a little queen, Lizzy."

"Me! oh never mind me, dear," replied she.

"Oh, but I do though," said Tiny.

"Will you go to church with me on Sunday night?" asked Lizzy; "I wish to go and, in my way, return thanks to God, that he has spared me for your sake."

"For my sake," said Tiny, in surprise.

"Yes," said Lizzy, "I had no wish to live only for you." Tiny hung down his head, and Lizzy stooped and took his hand, kissed off a tear, which, as a tribute of thankfulness, stood on his cheek.

"You will come with me, won't you, dear?" she asked. "Yes, if it will please you," he replied. "It will please me," she replied, "for we have not been to a place of worship together, once, since we were married." "I'll go," said Tiny. "Thank you," replied Lizzy.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER—TINY BECOMES A CONFIDENTIAL MAN.

"There is nothing by chance.  
There is no *perhaps* in the will of God."

Rev. W. Romaine.

A few days after the conversation above alluded to, Tiny and Lizzy were walking in the neighbourhood of the Hampstead-road; Tiny had lost his work the day previous, in consequence of asking his employer for a better class of work. They talked cheerfully, and, although with but one shilling in the world, Tiny felt indescribably happy. The sun shone forth transcendantly beautiful, the air was invigorating, the dear partner of his joys and sorrows leaned upon his arm, and as he looked and thought and talked about "things in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath," a gleam of appreciative talent lighted up his mind, and he felt a presentiment of something good in store. For some time he fell into a train of thought of a philosophic and suggestive character, his eyes being engaged, taking a brief survey of the countenances of individuals of both sexes, and of all ages as they passed along the street, wondering at the endless variety of features and physiognomy on a form of a body common to all the human family. This kind of observation led him to look within himself, and make ineffectual efforts, by exercise of his mind, to trace back those varied operations which had employed it since he first began to think and act, but found vain to pursue a train of thought which neither nature nor education had planted in his mind. Again he enquired of himself, is there not as great a diversity of thought, of prejudice for and against, of opinion on and about things of the external world, passing in the minds of each, as there are differences in the expression of countenances? With what velocity, thought and idea traverse the mind, transporting us hither and thither, reverting to scenes and places past and far away, and conjuring up new ones with which to feed the fancy, whilst facts in our individual experience return in thought vividly before our mental vision, upon which, at the time and place of their occurrence, we attached no value, nor

bestowed a thought, and which we now regret, remembering too how neglected, through ignorance or indifference, matters of a vitally important character, and treasured up with eagerness, thoughts which proved stumbling blocks through life, thoughts upon which men build an ideal structure, sometimes prostituting no ordinary amount of talent in the rearing of it, in which building they invest their stock of life in this world, staking upon what they consider to be their strongest convictions, all chances of life in the world to come, setting up their opinions as so many gods, and worshipping them as such.

By the time Tiny had asked himself these questions, but had failed to answer them, even to his own satisfaction, they had reached Kentish Town, a pleasant suburb. On the north-west was seen Hampstead, on the north Highgate-hill. The beauty of the scene was enhanced by hills and dales, the view here and there being interrupted by clumps of tall and stately trees, but for which the sweet warbling of feathery songsters who hopped hither and thither among their foliage, was a full compensation. The lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep, pasturing in the long grass, were sufficient to relieve any monotony that existed. They turned down a green lane, the quiet of which was soothing in its effect, and the balmy and fragrant morning breeze gave comfort and solace to Tiny and his convalescent wife. They were happy in the confidence of each other; they sat down on a green bank to rest, and whilst so doing a very respectable-looking man passed them; as he did so, he looked very hard at each of them, smiled, gave a nod, and a "good morning," and passed on; now he halted and looked back, hesitated a little and then, as if undecided, walked on slowly.

"Do you know that man?" asked Lizzy.

"No," replied Tiny, "but perhaps he has seen me somewhere, perhaps at a ball or concert."

They arose and walked on into the fields. Tiny had many times, in boyhood's days, crossed these fields, and knew that they would lead to Hampstead Heath. They frolicked and played in the beautiful green fields, like two happy children, unconscious of any one was looking at them, but on lifting up his head, Tiny saw the man who had wished him "good morning" leaning over a stile, looking and laughing. Lizzy blushed, and Tiny felt a little confused. They prepared to get over the stile at which the man stood.

"Are you a shoemaker?" asked the man.

"Yes," answered Tiny, "but what made you think that I was a shoemaker?"

"I was near you in Kentish town, and heard you talking about the trade," answered the man. "Do you want work?"

"Yes," replied Tiny.

"Are you a very steady man?" he continued.

"Yes," said Tiny, "but if I was not, you certainly would not expect me to tell you so."

"Well," he replied, "if you will go with me, I will find you plenty of good work, at good wages," backing this promise with the remark, "That he had in a moment conceived such a liking for Tiny, that he could not help soliciting him to work for him."

They walked together, and settled the price of labour by the way, and presently arrived at Flask-walk, Hampstead, where their new-found friend owned a shop well stocked with boots, shoes, and every description of wearing apparel, and a good stock of field and farming utensils. They all three sat down in a prettily-furnished parlour, and the man talked to Tiny and Lizzy like a friend or a father, more so than a new acquaintance. The man next introduced his wife and two children; they all dined together, and after agreeing that Tiny should go to work in his house on the following Monday, and slipping a five-shilling piece into his hand, as an earnest of good intentions, they parted. This man was a native of Portsmouth, and by profession a journeyman barber; he had tramped to London several years previous, and while wandering across those very fields in which he met with Tiny, he encountered an old widow who kept a hair-dresser's shop, and she engaged him as her journeyman. In twelve months from that time, by marrying the widow, he became master of the business. In about two years after, the wife died. He was of temperate habits, and had saved a little money, and gave up being "Knight of the Razor," to follow the fortunes of "St. Crispin."

Tiny and Lizzy returned home, the latter thanked God for his goodness, the former thought it a lucky affair, but didn't know *who* to thank. It was Thursday when they met with such good fortune, and by the Monday following they were on their way to Hampstead. They had taken a furnished

room near to the work. Tiny was to work in the house for his new employer, and after he and his wife had installed themselves in his new home, Tiny was introduced to three dirty-looking fellows, who worked in the garret of his employer's house, as their future foreman. These fellows eyed Tiny with some little curiosity and distrust, and at the end of the first day he came to an open eruption with them on account of being determined to have that workroom cleared of half a cartload of leather shreds, and other accumulations of an unsightly and unhealthy character. Tiny discovered that his new master had no one in the neighbourhood to compete with him in his trade, he had unlimited credit for leather, and his profits on an extensive trade ought to be very great. But these men being entrusted to fit up their *own work* made great havoc and waste of material. Tiny pointed out this to his employer, helped him to take stock, and showed the alarming loss that had accrued. His employer was no scholar, and being inexperienced in the art of leather cutting gladly accepted Tiny's offer to instruct him in this mystery, and testified his satisfaction by intimate association, taking counsel from him in all matters relating to his trade, and evincing his gratitude by deeds of a solid and acceptable kind. Tiny had worked here twelve months, during which time his employer's kindness and appreciation increased; and elated with his success at Hampstead, he opened another shop at Holloway, and well stocked it after the manner of the one at Hampstead, into which Tiny and his wife were put to establish a trade. Tiny's average earnings whilst a journeyman was thirty shillings a week, and by carefulness in the expenditure, and having added to his savings the gift he had received from his employer, his position and future prospects were most cheering; their family had received the addition of a daughter, and Tiny thought he was now so strong that he should never be moved.

In about a year a remunerative trade had, by Tiny's unwearied assiduity, accrued to the new shop. But while his employer gathered from one direction he scattered in another, his propensity to speculate caused pecuniary embarrassments. Not content with Tiny's co-operation and the profits derived from the two shops, he opened a bakehouse; in this speculation he lost all his ready money. Unrebuken, he opened an eating-house, through which he lost his credit; under these losses his moral stamina became lax, and from being temperate, he mixed up with drinking usages, and ere another year had sped away he had disposed of his two businesses and his stock in trade, and had turned undertaker and broker. Ultimately he became restless and dissatisfied, and making all the money he could, he left his wife and children, went abroad and purchased two tigers, a leopard, and a few monkeys, with which he returned to England and set up a penny show; this also failing, he died, and left his widow and children unprotected. Tiny's family had another increase he had three children, he had a good home, and had saved few pounds, but he felt the imprudence of his employer as calamity to himself and his family.

He now removed to Islington, and procured employment at but middling wages. He lived, what is called, a moral life, went occasionally to a theatre, or to a ball; read history and other works, some of them of a very doubtful class. He never entered a place of worship, nor entertained a religious sentiment. He worked on the Sabbath, when he saw that it would secure pecuniary advantage. His greatest ambition was to have a decent home in which to entertain a friend, and keep up a decent personal appearance. Order, regularity, and neatness, reigned predominant in Lizzy; and what Tiny lacked in these, or in other respects, she strove to develop in him; and by this "continuance in well doing," she succeeded in implanting and nourishing in him a love for home. And thus the ties of friendship and love between them prevented the rising up of that disorder and confusion, which is commonly the result of "ungodliness."

Tiny was now twenty-six years of age—the father of four children—and in circumstances, comparatively comfortable. He had read a great deal, and as opportunities offered, he practised writing and arithmetic, and sometimes looked into "Murray's Grammar." He had arrived at that stage of life in which reason should hold some sway over vicious habits, formed and indulged in through the force of the vitiated education which he had received in childhood and in youth; and which had become so identified with, and incorporated in his nature, as to appear necessary to it. Reflection often came to his aid, and conscience often charged him with dissipating and prostituting time and talent to purposes more base than right; and he would, in extenuation, often mentally ejaculate, "Ah, all will come right in time."

We mentioned, in the early part of this narrative, that Tiny's two brothers, John and George, had been sent away from the bad influence of John Baxter, into the care of some well-to-do relations residing in Wales. Tiny often thought of them, and wondered whether they were still alive; but the only clue he could think of in connexion with them, was the name of a relative, a country magistrate residing near Castle Foregate, in Shrewsbury. These names, he had often heard his step-mother mention, and they were always, when thinking of his brothers, strongly in remembrance. Tiny consulted Lizzy, as to using a means to find his brothers, and to get a communication from them if living, or about them, if dead. This conversation opened up new thoughts in Tiny's mind, and forthwith a letter was concocted, and sent forth in search of his brother bearing the following direction on the cover,—"To John or George Cartwright, care of Mr. Madely, Castle Foregate, Shrewsbury, or to any one related to, or acquainted with, either of the parties living on or near the spot." At the expiration of a week of the most intense anxiety, Tiny received a letter direct from his brother John, loaded with the most affectionate, and some of them unanswerable questions. George was alive—was married—had a family—and was in a prosperous business. John was single, but was doing well as a journeyman; but what appeared the most strange to Tiny was, that his two brothers were of the same trade as himself. Letters passed between the brothers daily, and nothing short of a visit to Shropshire would suit John and George. Christmas was near at hand, and it was proposed that Tiny should go and spend a week or two with them and their relations. This was a pleasing and elevating episode in Tiny's life, and we shall confine ourselves to relating such incidents in connexion with it, as will prove instructive and interesting.

(To be continued.)

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## SOIREE TO DR. LEES.

THE Demonstration in Myddelton Hall and SOIREE TO DR. F. R. LEES. COL. REALF, of Kansas, U.S., and others will address the Meeting. At the Conference, on Wednesday Evening, January 9th, held at Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row, the following gentlemen were elected to carry out a Maine Law demonstration:—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, Bingham, and Swindellhurst, with power to add to their number. All societies and persons interested, will please communicate.—W. MALTHOUSE, hon. sec.

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## DR. F. R. LEES.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 18th, 1859, in

New Church Street Chapel, Edgware-road.

Subject: "TEMPERANCE."

The Rev. J. BURNS, D.D., will Preside.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24th, in

Fortman Hall, Carlisle-street, Edgware-road.

Subject: "PROHIBITION."

THOMAS HATTERSLEY, Esq., will preside.

Chair taken on both evenings at Eight o'clock.

Admission, THREEPENCE. T. R. WALAND, Sec.

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## CORRECTION.

PERMISSIVE Bill Canvas, Borough of South-  
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form a Canvasing Committee, will take place on Tuesday, Jan. 18.

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WILL Deliver a LECTURE (D.V.) on TEM-  
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