



ONE PENNY.

“JESUS WEPT.” These short words contain a great deal of meaning. Have you ever thought of them, and applied them to yourselves? Have you ever thought of them as though it were *you* making Jesus weep? Have you ever thought that he weeps for you? Have you ever done that which has caused him to weep over you? Have you ever wounded him afresh? Have you ever thought of him as a *brother*, who takes all your afflictions to himself? Have you ever thought of him as one who sympathises with you in all your troubles and trials? Have you ever thought of him as a Saviour who loves you and redeems you? Have you ever thought of him as a sacrifice for your sins? Have you ever thought of him as a mediator between you and God? If not, indeed you have made him weep afresh! You have made him weep over your sins. Think what you have done during the past day. Have you caused your Saviour to weep over you as he wept over Jerusalem—as he wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus? Have you thought of him as a brother who feels for *all* your sufferings and sorrows—who weeps for *you*,—who does you good—who *died* for you? Have you taken your sorrows to him, and poured them into his sympathising bosom? or have you kept them to yourselves? or have you taken them to worldly friends, who could not do you any good? O, dear friends, if you have done so, do so no more. Your Saviour, your friend, your brother, weeps for you whenever you are in trouble and tribulation. The Almighty sends sickness; your Saviour weeps for you. Your Almighty Father takes one of your children, a friend, a beloved brother, sister, husband, or wife from you. Your Saviour weeps for you—he feels for your loss, but he rejoices at the spirit’s gain! Then, dear friends, can you despise, can you turn your backs upon this sympathising friend? Will it not make you take all your troubles to him, when you know that he feels for you? Having been in trouble and tribulation himself while in the body upon this earth, he can sympathise with you. *You* have never been

ried—you have never had such troubles as your Saviour had. Then, dear friends, when troubles press heavily upon you, look to that dear brother who weeps for you—who died for you, and who would save you. He says, come unto me; let me fold you in mine arms; let me embrace you; let me take up my dwelling-place with you; I will sympathise with you in all your troubles; I will rejoice with you in all your joys; I will shed heavenly love upon you; I will weep for you; I will intercede for you to your God. Then, dear friends, can you despise that Saviour, when you think of him at the grave of his friend Lazarus? He wept; why did he weep? Because he felt for those who had lost their only brother; he could sympathise with their feelings. You will say, having no sin, how could he feel for them, who had sinned, and deserved punishment? Because he had left his father and his home; he had left that bright and happy place to which I hope you will all some day come. He had left his father, and he could feel for those who had lost their brother, whose body was laid in the grave, and whose spirit had ascended to God. And he not only wept for them, but he comforted them by his words, and not by his words only, but by his actions. When he saw their sorrow, he called upon the spirit of Lazarus to enter his body again, and to come forth! Then, have you not a sympathising Saviour? Have you not a dear brother? Have you not a merciful Father, in sending one to die for you, who loves you, and who knows so well what are the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil? O, dear friends, how often does he weep over the sins of his people? How often, indeed, is he crucified afresh through their manifold sins? Look around you on this holy day, which is set apart for the service of God! How many are there taking their pleasure, doing their own works, and entirely forgetting that beloved Saviour, that beloved brother? Is not this sufficient to make him weep, when he remembers all that he has done for them? Oh, dear friends, if you really love your brother try not to make him weep, but try to do his will; let him take up his abode in your hearts. He is ever knocking. O, let him enter. Let him not weep for you, but let him rather rejoice—rejoice over you as the angels rejoice, because you have turned into his fold. O, dear friends, how blest will be your feelings when you feel that your Saviour is with you—when you feel that your brother is near you—when you feel that you have one who, though you cannot see, yet you know is near you, sympathising with you and directing you in all your ways, who will weep when you weep, rejoice when you rejoice, and comfort you when you are in affliction. Does he not say, “I am ever with you, even unto the end?” Then, surely, dear friends, you who know so much—or ought to know so much—of the love of God, and of his beloved Son, surely you will no more grieve, but think of one who has died for you—whose troubles were far greater than yours; for you are sinful, he was holy. He was tempted as you are tempted; but you being sinful do not feel the temptation as your Saviour did, who was holy. And yet he feels for you; he knows all the infirmities of the flesh, and he weeps over those who do not weep for themselves. He says, “Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves! O, dear friends, have you wept for yourselves? Have you wept over your sins—your misdeeds? Have you cried aloud to Jesus to ask him to forgive you? Have you, with tears of agony, called upon that beloved brother to take up his abode with you? Have you, with tears of entreaty, asked him to come to you? Have you, with tears of repentance, asked him to intercede for you? Have you, dear friends? or have you forgotten that brother? Have you forgotten that he can feel for you as he felt for Martha? Have you forgotten that he will weep for you as he wept for them? If so, forget it no more. If you had a beloved brother—which some of you have—in the flesh, and that dear brother was taken from you, and yet he was always writing to you and giving you words of consolation and of advice, would you not treasure his letters? Would you not think of this one with such great affection that you would not feel so much love for yourself as for him? Indeed, you would be ungrateful if you did not. Well, dear friends, if you would feel that towards an earthly brother who has not died for you, who perhaps could not have borne your infirmities, O, which ought you to love the most—the heavenly brother who died for you, or the earthly brother who can only advise with you? Dear friends, you know not; none can know what they do when they reject the love of their Saviour, their Redeemer, and Intercessor! O, dear friends, pause awhile, and consider ere you go further, and ask yourselves, “Do I love my heavenly brother? Dare I call him by that name? Are my affections such as entitle me to call him by that name?” Are they, dear friends? Each one severally ask himself or herself. If it is not so, you have only to ask that it may be so. You have only to ask that he will come and take up his abode in you. Shed tears of repentance and call upon him to come. Do not leave him alone until he does come. And O, open your hearts and let him in. When once he takes up his abode in your hearts, he never will leave you. Then, dear friends, will you, can you, do you, ask him to come? Do you, in your morning prayers, ask him to take up his abode with you during the day? Do you ask him whether he weeps over you? Do you ask yourselves, when you retire to rest at night, whether you have done that, during the day, which has caused him to weep for you? Do you ever hold self-communion like that, dear friends? If you do not, I would advise you to begin. I would advise you to reflect upon what you have done during the day: and if you feel that you have done amiss, that you have caused your dear brother to weep, call upon him and ask his forgiveness—ask him to intercede to his Father and your Father for you. Ask him to give you a portion of his holy Spirit to enable you to love him more and

serve him better. Ask him to give you that holy influence of contentment—that holy influence of love which will draw your hearts towards him. Ask him ever to be present with you, and guide you, and direct you in the right way. Ask him to punish you if you do amiss, so that you may do so no more. Ah, dear friends, have you not a dear brother? Have you not, I ask, a dear dear brother? Then can you give him sufficient love for all he has done for you? He asks not for houses, or lands, or money of you: he only asks for love. Have you love to give him? Surely that which he has put within you is his own; and you will not keep back from him that which doth belong to him. He has given you love; in your early childhood that love is shown. Take a little child on your knee, and tell him about the Saviour, and of his sufferings; the little thing will weep over the sufferings of the Saviour, and enquire more and more about him. But is it so with man? Is it so, dear friends? Alas! as soon as boyhood is passed, the Saviour is generally forgotten, or only thought of at intervals. If you will only consider those two words, “Jesus wept,” you have only to say Jesus weeps—why does he weep? Because of my sins:—what must I do so that I shall not cause him to weep? I will go and ask him to be with me—I will acknowledge all my misdeeds—ask for pardon and for grace; I will ask him to intercede to his Father for me, so that his Father may be my Father, and he will indeed, and in truth be my brother. I will ask him to give me that influence of love which will draw my soul towards him,—and I will ask him to open the doors of my heart, so that he can take up his abode within me. Will you do so, dear friends? Will you try? Do not delay to follow your Saviour; your path will be full of thorns, but, at the end of your journey, instead of seeing your Saviour weeping over you as lost, you will see him standing with a smile of joy and with a crown of gold to take you into his blest abode. Then, dear friends, for the little time which you have to spend upon earth, will you give up the world, and have the loving smiles of your Saviour, or will you still go on in the works of the world, and your Saviour continually weeping over you? The ways of the world are pleasures which delight the mind for a time; the ways of the Christian are thorny: but when away from worldly cares, worldly enemies, and worldly troubles, they hold a sweet communion with their Saviour. O, it repays them for all their troubles and trials; it repays them ten-thousand-fold for any little thing which may have afflicted them. Worldly friends may scorn them and laugh at them, but they can say “my Saviour stands with me: he weeps not for me but for you.” How much better to be enabled to say this, than to say “my Saviour weeps for me.” O, dear, dear friends, will you not love that brother? Will you not, I ask, rejoice with me for such a brother? Will ye not ask him to take up his abode within you—to be ever present with you—to intercede with his Father for you—and at last to receive you into everlasting life? Then let it not be said of you that Jesus weeps for you. As Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus from sympathy with his friends, so he weeps for the fallen sinner. But you will perhaps say “How am I to do this?—I fear I cannot come to him,—I feel I am unworthy.” You have only to think of the “Prodigal Son,” who was received with such rejoicing by his Father. You are none of you unworthy to come. Jesus loves you all. His arms are open to receive you. Will you not embrace the opportunity to go into them? If you feel yourselves unworthy and miserable sinners, it is a sure sign that Jesus is working in your hearts. He only wants you to be more penitent, more earnest, more submissive unto him, and, O, he is waiting to embrace you. He is waiting to kiss you with a holy kiss of love; he will weep for you if you are in trouble and difficulty; he will rejoice—O, how he will rejoice—when he folds you in his arms. Dear friends, you have a God and a Father to go to—one who loves you—one who made you: and surely that which the Almighty has made is not unworthy for him to receive. Then think not that you are unworthy to come: the longer you delay, the harder will be the task for you to turn. Come while your days are young; come while you are in the flower of youth, lest your Father removes your spirit from your body and gives you not time. O, value the love of Jesus while you are in your bodies. Value the love of Jesus, that dear brother, that friend, that Mediator, that Saviour. Value his love in your hearts and you will be happy. And, O, dear friends, may he never weep for you. Though your sins may indeed be as scarlet, remember he can make them white as snow; and though they be red like crimson he can make them as wool. He only wants you to come. He asks you to come. “Ask and you shall receive;”—you have only to ask for his Holy Spirit to take up his abode with you and you have it. It must not be asked for with the lips only, but with the heart. He says, “Give me thine heart,” not partly but wholly. Give, then, your heart to God, so that his son, your brother, may take up his abode with you.

May the blessing of God rest upon you; may your beloved Saviour take up his abode in you; may you, indeed, become the lambs of his flock, the children of his Father, now and for ever.

Sir,—Stock taking is my excuse for not replying before to the letter of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones does not attempt to disprove my quotations from the Bible; he simply asserts that spirit communion is unfolded in the Bible as a privilege appertaining to Christians. Why does he not tell us where it is unfolded? Let us have chapter and verse. But instead of doing this he asks three questions, which I have answered in the affirmative. We join issue on the third, and I hope, as he is an Englishman, he will, from the Bible, disprove my assertion.—Yours truly, SAMUEL PRICE, Norwood Green, Southall, 5th January, 1859.

FACTS & REFLECTIONS ON SPIRITUALISM.

Sir.—It would seem from many of the notices of Spiritualism that it is now passing through its second phase of trial. First, it was ignored as an imposition and a lie, and the various phenomena treated as conjurer's tricks. “Strong minded men” called them “old wives’ fables,” and weak minded men said “it was impossible;” “they would not believe, no, not on any account whatever.” “Talk of Spirits appearing now a day, or of invisibly talking to you, by signs and tokens, the thing’s perfectly absurd. It might have been true in days gone by, but the age of miracles was all over.” So said most people on first hearing of the facts of modern Spiritualism; but the facts are too stubborn to be thus for ever treated. For to dispute all or most of the facts would be to break down the laws of all evidence, reason, and logic. Thousands testify to having had the clear evidence of their senses and reason in witnessing the “Spirit manifestations,” and each one’s word solemnly given would be evidence in any court of justice. So the won’t believers say, “What’s to be done, the witnesses are too many on the Spiritual side, their testimony is too strong for us.” So they turn, and say, as complacently as if they even thought them wondering at them, “O, your facts may be true enough, but what’s the origin of them? They must be the work of the Devil, for God would never stoop to such things. He would never permit any of the ‘saints made perfect’ to come to write through mediums now as they did through the prophets of old, or to give physical manifestations as the Spirit did through the ‘Urim and Thummim of the the Temple.’ No, no, it can’t be, that God permits ‘Ministering Angels,’ or Spirits of our ‘brethren, the prophets’ to come to poor man now; he is too enlightened, man does not need it; he has the bible, and that’s enough for anybody.” Therefore, they say, that admitting these as facts, “they are the work of evil Spirits, or Satan himself, come as an angel, for who but Satan would raise a fable for the gratification, or at the wish of man.” Therefore, write it down, “All Satanic.” Sorcerers and witches were executed under the old law, and that divine law has never been repealed, for thousands and thousands were put to death under its dictation, not two hundred years ago; and sorcery and witchcraft has been in all ages, and this Spiritualism is but a revival of it; so it must be put down, for it is against our notions of the Bible, and our notions of God’s laws, and besides it touches God’s dignity; for would He or good Spirits condescend to come to visit earth again? No, no! No, no. And so, now, they set up the cry against Spiritualism of “Mad dog,” “Mad dog,” scaring some simple minded ones, and making others chuckle that Spiritualism was being cried down. But nature’s laws, and the variety of these facts are too strong to be put down; pressed here, they rise there, everywhere they are raising a protest against the money grubbing materialism of the age, which, with all its formal professions of Christianity and the Christian Book, really believe in nothing beyond the coarsest materialism. The future world, and state of being, to them is only a dogma of authority, a may-be of the future, but all understanding of which is left to the clergy, whose duty it is to study these things, and the clergy stick to the prescribed letter of the law of their sects and precedents, consequently all further progress in the knowledge of the spiritual state of existence is stopped, and “the blind become leaders of the blind.” Now none that believe in an after state of existence, but must believe that there are both evil and unhappy, and good and blissful existences. And as we differ so variously here, so must there be in the after state as infinite a variety of mental condition, in knowledge and feeling, i.e. unless the heathenish notions be true, of a dead level in all good and all bad; the one party always singing, the other and stronger part always for ever groaning. We say one of two, either a dead level, or an infinity of grade with power of progression in the spirit world. If you say a dead level, for ever and ever the same, without activity of mind, or fresh acquisitions of knowledge, then we say, we envy you not; heaven would be no heaven to us. These are the sayings of Christ, “As one star differeth from another, so do the angels in heaven;” “In my Father’s house are many mansions,” thus fully bearing out the idea of progression and development. But, if, as we say, and as the Scriptures just repeated countenance, there are infinity of grades of good and of evil—then we say the variety of spirit manifestations are at once explained. Evil beings, give evil communications; good beings, good ones; and extraordinary and apparently miraculous manifestations may be made by both, according to the circumstances. The devil tempted Christ in the wilderness, “and showed him the kingdoms of the earth,” &c., which was an evil spirit manifestation for an evil end; but after that we read, “And angels came and ministered unto him.” Now, as then, the evil is evil, the good is good; and man now, as then, has the power of communication with either; and their power, be it understood, is quite irrespective of opinion or belief. For if it is a law of God at all, then in various ways, according to favourable or unfavourable circumstances, it has and does manifest the presence and power of spirit beings everywhere around us. Therefore the position of Spiritualists is simply this, they cultivate acquaintance with the facts, and the legitimate issues of those facts; knowing that every thing given us, or permitted of God, has its good uses, but also its abuses. Thus the cultivating the company of good spirits is good, the cultivation of bad is bad; and mark, bad and good spirits act quite independently of your belief in them, for given the suitable medium or circumstances, they can manifest certain powers, and give various signs and tokens. To illustrate this, I call attention to the following spirit communication, received at my own house, through the hand of a female medium, on August 24th, 1856. We placed a copy of the Times on the table, containing a report of peculia-

cases of (so called) spontaneous combustion, just then having occurred at Bedford, and we asked if our spirit friends could give any kind of explanation of them. The pencil was moved involuntarily in the lady's hand, and wrote as follows: "Without doubt Spiritual agency has caused the destruction of which you have heard. You will hear of more like things soon, for if this does not call attention they will use other means of informing the world of their presence and their power. All this will do good, although these things are the manifestations of inferior spirits. Yet it will help to go forth to convince the world of the unseen power that surrounds them. Without doubt you will soon hear of mysterious rappings, and divers kinds of noises, where there has been this destruction by fire. There is a peculiar electricity which surrounds every spirit, and which, if you could see, you would think was a flame of fire. It is *Spiritual Electricity*, you will hear more of this soon, and from what I can see of the progress of Spiritual truths, you will soon hear of more wonderful things than these. It seems grievous that such injury should be done to things which are necessary for the use of those in the flesh; but in the end it will be for the good and instruction of mankind upon this subject, on which every mind ought to be enlightened." Signed "PIERRO." Let all enquirers think over this communication, and it may help to throw some light upon this important subject.—S. WILKS, Hoxton.

POWERFUL MEDIUMS.

(MRS. MARSHALL'S SEANCES.)

SIR,—It is but justice to Mrs. Marshall and niece to state that I have attended several of their seances, and consider them powerful mediums for the following physical manifestations:—

1st. RAPPINGS, by tickings on the table and knockings on the floor, produced in the one case by the thumbs of the niece when placed under the body of the hand, but which cease when the thumb is spread out; and in the other by the foot on the floor, table, or leg of the chair.

2nd. FOR WRITING, (called spirit writing,) on glass evenly brushed over with wet paint, performed by the hand when under the table, resting the glass on the knee, using the wrist joint as a swivel, and the finger and nail as a pen, and so write sentences; the spelling the same as in a note inviting me to their seances, the rules of Walker's Dictionary not attended to.

3rd. FOR TIEING KNOTS with the handkerchiefs of those present, when placed under the table; by drawing them from under the legs of the table with the feet, raising them one at a time with the foot to the hand, taken off the table when the eyes of the sitters are thought to be elsewhere directed—placing the handkerchief between the knees as a vice, and with the hand twisting the handkerchief round and tying one or more knots as time and opportunity allow—when done jerk the handkerchief towards the feet of Mrs. Marshall, or elsewhere.

That the day after boxing day the niece and operator, Mary Brodie, Mr. H. Whittaker, I, my four daughters, and housekeeper, sat round the table, but we could not get any handkerchiefs tied, &c., because Mrs. Marshall could not be present, as she was in an adjoining bed-chamber drunk, she made so much noise as to much frighten my children, who, by the bye, are teetotalers.

MUSIC, (called spirit music.) A lady, to-day, informs me, she is willing to attest, that the niece is a medium for playing an accordeon, because as she held one under the table, feeling a hand, and then a pulling, so producing sound; suddenly dropped the accordeon, and laid hold of the wrist of the operator—the niece.—JOHN JONES, Peckham.

P.S. There was, some two years ago, a very powerful rapper, called "Fisher." At a large circle, my son and I saw his foot, or rather boot, strike the under part of the table, and surprise the sitters with the numerous sonorous knocks; of course the stouter the sole the more powerful the manifestation. Having lost sight of him till a few days ago, at one of Mrs. Marshall's seances, and hearing that after I left, he went into a sort of trance, I think it well to inform you he is in the field again; and if there are any other powerful mediums for physical manifestations with their own bodies, I will, on receiving an invitation to see their performances, endeavour, at as early a day as my engagements will allow, to call, see, and report. "Truth must prevail." So says Mrs. M., and so say I.—J. JONES, Peckham. January 7, 1859.

SPIRITUALISTS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.—Last Monday evening, about forty friends of Spiritualism tead together at the Hoxton Class Rooms. The evening was occupied with addresses, music, and singing, which were both pleasing and instructive. Many remarkable incidents were related, and very judicious advice given. Great stress was laid upon the abuses into which injudicious advocacy may lead; but also strong assertions that Spiritualism is not answerable for every deed that newspapers narrate to give it discredit, any more than Christianity is answerable for it, or Teetotalism answerable for all its nominal followers. Spiritualism being the assertion of a great truth, and of an everlasting law of God, which has been acknowledged by great and good men in all ages, but to which we give greater prominence in proportion to its greater importance. The friends much enjoyed themselves, being cheered on by communion with each other, and by loving spiritual messengers permitted to minister unto them. The Hoxton Spiritual Society, in entering on a fresh quarter, feel encouraged by the past to persevere in well doing, seeing they already reap enlarged pleasure, happiness, and brighter views of Christianity, and everlasting life.—S. WILKS, Secretary

ALCOHOL IN COLD CLIMATES.

There has always been a discrepancy in the opinions of medical men, and even in the experience of Arctic explorators, as to the utility and effects of alcohol in cold climates, when used as a beverage, or as a dietetic or medicinal agent. Pereira, Liebig, and other standard authors are of opinion that its use serves to maintain the animal temperature, and thus enable the system to bear a greater degree of cold. On the contrary, Ross, Parry, and other celebrated travellers testify that those who use ardent spirits will freeze the sooner for it. There is a very important physiological and therapeutical principle involved in this question, for if it can be demonstrated that the heat induced by taking alcohol into the system is merely a temporary excitement, which is invariably and necessarily succeeded by a depression and loss of animal temperature, proportioned to the previous abnormal excitement—that the warmth derived from alcohol is really a fever, and a waste of the vital resources, then it may follow that the eating of such immense quantities of carbonaceous foods—fats, oils, etc., by the Esquimaux and other tribes of the frigid regions—so far from being a physiological necessity, is really a pathological error—a necessary evil, because no better food is obtainable.

Dr. Rae, who has made several exploring journeys in the vicinity of the North Pole, the last in search of Sir John Franklin, delivered a lecture lately before the Geological Society of New York, in which he made the following statement:—"Our fuel was a little grease and alcohol. Spirits, for any use but burning, were the worst thing to have in a cold climate."

This statement accords with the experience of several of his distinguished predecessors; but it is directly at variance with the general opinion of chemists, physiologists, and medical professors. Which is right?

WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT.

In one sense, nothing is wasted; as all matter is returned to the inorganic world when it is unfit for longer use in organized forms; and all the materials of all structures are indestructible. But, in many families, there is a waste, an unnecessary using-up of fruits, vegetables, and manufactured articles, which would render comfortable many homes now suffering for just such things as are misused.

We know a family of two persons, in which is daily cooked food enough for twice that number. The surplus stands about the pantry, exposed to flies, dust, heat, frost—any casualties—or it is re-cooked, at twice the original cost; half of it to be eaten, and the remainder, with vegetables, mouldy bread and fruit, etc., to be consigned to the pigs. Here is a waste of food which requires a pretty long purse to maintain. Yet, both husband and wife are constantly complaining of hard times; they lack money, and fear positive want. Well they may; for if anything is sure to bring want, it is waste. When the cupboard is empty, neither husband or wife seem to think that an unnecessary part of the whole has been devoured by pigs, nor that, if Miss Eve would have but two or three kinds for each meal, and put on the table only half the usual quantity at once, they, both, would enjoy their meals far better, and have the surplus in good condition to be relished at future meals. Nobody relishes bread that has been handled, broken, and rejected. But, newly cut, and wholesome looking, it is always enjoyed by the hungry. A meal consisting of but few kinds, is more enjoyed, as well as more healthful, than if composed of more kinds. Profusion is as unfavourable to enjoyment as it is to health and the purse. Simplicity and economy insure domestic comfort and prosperity; but a thriftless wife brings sure ruin. Don't laugh, Mrs. Eve, saying, "I wonder how neighbour Showoff would like that!"—It means you, *you*.

APPLES FOR HUMAN FOOD.—A friend desires us to republish the following, which we do with pleasure:—The importance of apples, as food, has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated in this country, nor understood. Besides contributing a large portion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refreshments, tonics, and antiseptic; and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural labourers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the powers of productive labour. The operatives of Cornwall consider apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the labourers asserted that they could stand to their work on baked apples without meat, whereas a potato diet required either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed, it is rare they sit down, in the rural districts, without them in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The labourers and mechanics depend on them to a very great extent, and frequently dine on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, cabbage, carrots, or by themselves, with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious dish. If our friends will only provide

themselves with plenty of choice fruit, we will venture that not one man, woman, or child in fifty would care for animal flesh to eat. Who doubts for a moment that many scrofulous and other diseases are traceable to a meat diet? It is well known that much of the meat which we eat is in a diseased state when slaughtered, and its effect may be well imagined. Yet your fruit is always in a healthy state, and cannot generate disease in the human body; but it has a diluting, purifying, and renovating tendency.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

TEMPERANCE AT THE ANTIPODES.

The Australian *Temperance Times*, just received, tells us that notice has been given, that it is in contemplation by the Ministry to bring in a bill for the purpose of legalising distillation in the colony. This is much to be regretted by the lovers of law, order, and morality. It is *retro-grading* legislation. Victoria is going back, while other nations are going forward. America is passing its prohibitory laws, Maine has just re-enacted its suppression law. Scotland lately got its Forbes McKenzie Act, and is pressing forward for the obtaining of yet more stringent measures: England is the field of great and earnest agitation in favour of district permissive bills, the object of which is the power, on the part of municipalities and corporations, to enact a total prohibitory law for the districts they embrace, when such law shall be called for by the majority of the people. And, while the people of Great Britain and America are steadily advancing towards the entire suppression of the whole legalised fabric of the drinking system, the people of Victoria are building up that system in their midst, and rivetting the fetters of moral degradation more firmly around themselves. Legalised distillation for Victoria! That is, legalised obstacles in the way of the highest welfare of the people!—legalised moral slavery for thousands and tens of thousands!—legalised weapons for the destruction of bodies and souls!—legalised poverty and wretchedness!—legalised fountains of crime, and woe, and death! And wherefore this? It will aid the revenue, pleads one. This is a fallacy. The expense incurred by a Government in punishing crime, consequent on the use of intoxicating drink, far outweighs any income derivable from the manufacture and sale of the intoxicating article itself. But even were this true, who is prepared to place the moral degradation of a people in the scale with even millions of gold, drawn from the producing cause of that degradation? It will prevent illicit distillation, pleads another. Even were this true, if the thing be bad in itself, that is no satisfactory reason for legalising it. As well might we legalise gambling-houses, in order to prevent illicit gambling; as well legalise Sunday traffic, in order to prevent its being carried on secretly on that day. If private distillation be illegal, why not take vigorous measures for having it put down? why not make the strong arm of the law do its appropriate work? But, says another, the drink that is privately distilled is bad: legalise distillation, and then the drink of the people will be genuine and good. But what is called good in a certain sense—in the sense that it is compounded of certain materials, and in certain proportions—is, in another sense, and that a most important one, in reality very bad. Viewed in its influences, its effects, it is bad, very bad. Viewed morally, we can conceive of few agencies that are worse. It is a great desolator. It desolates business and prospects, homes and communities, bodies and souls! If no more cogent arguments than these can be urged in favour of legalising distillation, we unhesitatingly aver, it ought not to be legalised. Many grave and conclusive reasons can be urged why it ought not to receive legislative sanction. It implies a frightful waste of precious grain, and we have none to spare. It not only wastes the people's food, but it converts it into poison. It impoverishes a people, by tempting them to spend in dissipation what ought to fill their homes with comfort. It opens wider the flood-gates of vice; it increases our criminal calendars; it fills homes with poverty, cities with daughters of vice, gaols with felons, and graves with the prematurely dead. Ought a system that can produce such fruits as these to be legalised? Time-serving legislation may say, Yes; but humanity, morality, religion, say, No.

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.—An Italian poet presented some verses to the pope, who had not gone far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed. The poet submissively entreated his holiness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so that that account would be balanced.

THE CIDER CELLARS.

From the Temperance Star.

Crossing that fine pile of massive masonry, which bears a name famous in the annals of England,—“Waterloo,” and which spans the magnificent Thames, I found myself involuntarily gazing down upon that buttress where the mysterious carpet bag and its horrible contents were found. I pass along, reciting the words of Cowper:—

“Oh, thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor;—thou freckl’d fair,
That pleasest, and yet shock’st me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity when I think on thee.”

Emerging into the Strand, I pass the front of that noble building, celebrated, the wide world over, for its glorious gatherings, “Exeter Hall,” where those Godlike words, that first thrilled along the electric wire, uniting the old and new worlds, two mighty branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, “Peace on earth, good will to men,” are often heard, and where good men gather from every clime. Would to God the “bray of Exeter Hall,” as it has been sarcastically termed, were embodied in the every-day life of the denizens of the world. “Then not a tear, nor aching heart, would in this world be found.” The appearance of the “Chief Baron’s” peripatetic touters, with lettered lantern on pate, tells me I am close to the famous “Cider Cellars;” and, as I turn down Maiden-lane, I find myself in front of the flaring gin-hell bearing that name. Descending *a la Dante* and *Virgil*, to the infernal regions, I deposit my “bob” to appease the Baron’s Cerberus, reflecting, as did Myn Herr Van Dunck, when he was setting off on his tour through many lands, “my guildier speaks every tongue.” I enter the famous “judge and jury” of “Chief Baron Nicholson.” There sits the “learned (?) Baron,” discussing his brandy and cigar, and now and then leering over to the two-legged animal in the witness-box, who, with beastly words, and in faded finery, is aping a worn-out London prostitute. Three or four gents in wigs represent the bar; but in the audience (men in the middle and higher walks of life), what a mass of pale and haggard looks is seen, for there is not a healthy looking man in the lot. The mock trial is now over, and we get a nearer survey of “his Lordship;” and if there is any truth in Combe’s phrenology or Lavater’s “physiognomy,” not a more animal head can be found in the Queen’s dominions. Short stature, diseased protuberant stomach, legs whose calves have long ago “gone to grass,” head like the sample advertised in the London omnibuses by the African Wine Company so well caricatured by our facetious friend *Punch*: eye dull and pentless; not an atom of the divine fire that bespeaks the truly intellectual mind, as he waddles up and down the room crying, with a croaking voice, and in his peculiar cockney patois, “Yer horders, gents.” Stripped of his feathers, like Plato’s man, you would fail to recognise any similarity between him and the robed, wigged likenesses that occasionally meet your eye in the vicinity of the law courts of London. On one side of the room, with his head laid on the table, and spewing over it the contents of his stomach, is the well-known O——, the comic singer. A few nights ago this noblest of the aristocracy were listening to his brilliant sallies of wit, to his genuine Irish humour; but there he lies, a deadly pallor upon his noble brow; his bonny brown locks now dragging in the filth. Ah! a dim vision of the past steals over my imagination. Old Father Time for the nonce rolls back his chariot and waves his magic wand of retrospection. ‘Tis a sweet little cot in the Emerald Isle, the land of Emmet, old “Erin-go-bragh,” whose evergreen shores are replete with legendary lore. A mother is dangle a sweet little cherub on her knee, and “pouring a flood of nonsense on its charms.” High hopes and aspirations fill that maternal breast; and as she peers into the uncertain future, she carves out for her darling boy a glorious career. Could her gentle soul have forecast the mournful scene that now fell upon a stranger’s eye, curses, unutterable and deep, methinks, would have fallen upon the hideous fiend that was to work the terrible change. ‘Tis well our heavenly Father shrouds the future in a mystic veil. Poor O——; a few more months of such a “living death,” and, like the strolling player, a stranger’s tear will drop upon thy early tomb. Where’s his jolly friend W——, the life and soul of a gin-hell concert hall on the south of the Thames? Raving mad in a lunatic asylum. These are the legitimate fruits of the foul and ungodly traffic in strong drink, this the foul ulcer eating into the social fabric and poisoning the life blood of England. The fairest of her sons are here blasted in their springing manhood; their noble aspirations are here drowned in the Circean cup. The horrible anaconda of the liquor traffic here wraps its terrible coils slowly, but too surely, round them. Would to God we had a Maine Law at once and forever to save them. Honoured brothers in the Temperance cause, “wait a wee,” work on, toil on, place your hopes on high, hurl the croakers out of the way, for such they are, and shame on them, and by the help of God it shall be done. Gladly we regained the

street, away from the stinking, foul contamination of this moral pesthouse; and as we journeyed home we felt proud of our Temperance pledge, chanting as we went, the noble song of Paxton Hood:—

“Blest be the cause that in patriot glory
Brightens the world with a vision of love;
Oh, for the pen that shall mention the story!
Oh, for the garland that Temperance hath wove;
Long have our fathers been doomed to inherit,
The curse of the bondsman o’er land and o’er sea;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapped all our fetters, and bade us be free.”
JUVENAL.

THE RECLAIMED FISH WIFE.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

SOME ten years ago, Bridget Larkins, or Mrs. Bridget, as she was called in courtesy, exercised imperial sway, not only over all the fishwives of the maritime town of Wexford, but over the gentry who frequented the market. Bridget was a large and singularly handsome woman, vigorous in body and mind; sometimes—always indeed, when not under the influence of ardent spirits—a kind and generous person, fair and honest in her dealings, and ready to assist the poor to the utmost of her power; but, unfortunately, I never met any one who could call to mind the time when Bridget did not drink. In the early morning she was always sufficiently sober to bargain with the boats, and so good a judge of fish that she was certain to have the “pick of the market;” but as the day advanced, poor Bridget’s infirmity increased—glass upon glass of whisky was swallowed until she became half-maniac, half-demon. She would stand at her stall, which was covered with the finest fish, inviting her customers in a thickened voice; and if they refused to purchase, or attempted to buy from any one else, she would utter the most violent imprecations, and hurl fish after fish against any who interfered with her business.

Many would visit the market on purpose—and a sinful purpose it was—to “get a rise” out of Biddy. She was frequently committed for acts of violence; so frequently, that it was suggested to her that continuing business at all was useless, for she was no sooner out of jail than she was in again. Bridget would certainly have been more severely punished for several of her assaults, had she not, despite this one most abandoned habit, maintained a hold over her companions as well as over the upper classes, by her frank, brave, and generous nature. She had plunged off the quay several times to save the lives of persons who had fallen into the water; and once, when more than half tipsy, and encumbered by her clothes, she swam several yards, tossing in the waves like a porpoise, and at last diving after the child of a rival fish-wife who, more intoxicated than herself, had suffered her infant to fall from her bosom into the sea. She saved it, however; and the remembrance of this heroic deed frequently got Bridget “only a week,” when any one else would have had a “month.”

When in prison, she was a perfect treasure to the turnkeys and prisoners; there she could not obtain whisky; and her energy and kindness found an ample field for exercise. Bridget, humble as she was in her sober moments, had one cause of exultation. “Well!” she would say, “I know I’m bad enough—sorra a worse you’d find when the drop’s in me, in all Wexford, and that’s a bould word; for I’ve heard say that in all Ireland, Wexford’s the greatest place for drink; high and low, rich and poor, ever and always fond of the drop. It was the whisky, God help us! drove them all mad in the time of their troubles: I’m not going to deny it—it was the drink! And I’m not going to give it a good word—there’s no one hates it worse than myself when it is out of my sight; and yet it’s my life, my comfort!—it has turned off my best friends—left me without a cloak to my shoulders—a shoe to my foot—a decent roof to cover me—a bit of fish on my stall—a friend to my back—often taken the blessing from my door—and turned my hand against my neighbour!—and yet,” she would add, while a bitter smile played on her lips, “and yet, as I’ve nothing left but the glass, why I must keep to it. I could not do without it—I never want to eat a bit while I’ve the whisky; and as I lived, so I’ll die. So here goes my last penny for half a naggin; sure the publicans won’t give me credit any longer.”

Poor Bridget! the very boys who used to tremble at the shake of her finger, now taunted and insulted her as she staggered along the streets. “I’ve done wicked things in my time,” she said, “but though greatly provoked, I never riz my hand to a child.” Even the solitary congratulation, this remnant of self-respect, was destroyed; for in a fit of intoxication, she hurled a stone at one of her tormentors, which nearly deprived him of life. When consciousness returned, the unfortunate woman’s agony was fearful to witness; she flew again to the source of her misery, and became more degraded than ever, even amid a congregation of drunkards.

About this time Father Mathew visited Wexford. At first Bridget shook her head, and said “it was too late;” but those who felt it never could be too late to reform, urged her to take “THE PLEDGE.” Others said, “do not, for you will never keep it.” Bridget, however, knew herself better, for she declared, “if I

take it, I will keep it.” And she did so. In a week she had resumed her old post in the market place. Worn and tattered she looked; and her stall, instead of the display of turbot and lobster of former times, only boasted “fine haddock, and black sole.” But these were quickly disposed of; and in less than three months, old customers crowded round her; her eyes regained some portion of their brightness; her dress improved her appearance; she looked the gentry in the face; and the medal Father Mathew had given her was hung round her neck.

“What! Bridget still true to the pledge!” was the frequent question. And Bridget’s reply was, “Yes, thank God, your honour, till death.” And so she was; each year increased her prosperity—each year added to her wealth. The temperance movement overcame its defamers in Wexford; and Bridget flourished in a sort of shop, where she was principally assisted by a youth, whose halting walk proved that he suffered from an injury inflicted—all but Bridget had forgotten by whom. Much of this woman’s energy was devoted to the promotion of the cause to which she owed all she possessed. She was not like too many persons similarly circumstanced, content to reap the advantage without extending the blessings of temperance to others. She was instant in season and out of season: and when she died, she left several hundred pounds to various persons and charities—a singular and most valuable proof of what temperance, unconditional and perfect, can effect.

Her funeral might be considered a triumph over old prejudices, for neither whiskey nor tobacco appeared there, and numbers took the pledge at its conclusion. This is one instance out of many, where persons, reclaimed at the eleventh hour, have redeemed their characters, and whose latter days have been blessings to all within their sphere.—*Ipswich Temperance Tracts.*

MELIORA.

MELIORA, or “better things,” is the necessity and hope of the day—a consummation for which the Christian prays, the philanthropist works, the legislator frames laws, the patriot hopes, and depraved, suffering humanity sighs.

We are not forgetful of the many manifestations of Divine goodness existing; for there is much that is good, beautiful, and true in the world, and within the reach of mankind; yet a slight acquaintance with things as they are will discover the existence of much wretchedness, while a more careful investigation will inform us that there abounds evils, self-produced, of appalling enormity,—that there is, indeed, need of *better things*.

Is it asked, What are those evils to which reference is made, and those circumstances which press so urgently for amelioration?

We answer, the evils produced by the selling and drinking of intoxicating liquors—evils which are to be seen every day and almost everywhere in some one of its heart-sickening forms,—in the shape of the staggering wretch who has drunk himself into temporary imbecility, and now, half-idiot, and half-maniac, stumbles through our streets, a thing to be laughed at and to be wept over;—of the drunkard’s wife, disappointed, hopeless, wounded, and broken, who sighs and hopes, yet fears to hope, for better things; of children born to misery, nursed in dirt and dissipation, educated in vice and driven to crime;—of homes without peace or comfort, scenes of strife, often of crime—awful crime, from whence love is driven, where children receive their first lessons in vice and take the first step to ruin; of murder, robbery, and bankruptcy; of brawls, fights, and mutilations; of hunger, nakedness, and shame; of idleness, ignorance, and failure; of prostitution, despair, and suicide; of crimes of every form, sufferings of every description, and misery beyond calculation; of 600,000 drunkards, and the 60,000 who descend annually to a drunkard’s dishonoured grave; of ministers ejected from the pulpit; of members cut off from their churches; of youth seduced, talents abused, and genius shrouded; of circumstances of crime and suffering which constitute our chief social adversity, and of evils of greater enormity than those which flow from any other source, and which the following statistics, given on eminent authority, will further illustrate:—The drinking of intoxicating liquors as beverages, is the cause of “nine-tenths of the pauperism, three-fourths of the crime, one-half of the disease, one-third of the insanity, one-third of the suicides, three-fourths of the juvenile depravity, and one-third of the shipwrecks which afflict this country.” Can any one reflect on the terrible misery represented by these statistics, and not feel there is room for better things?

Reader! we ask you, as you respect your duty to your fellows and to your God, to investigate this matter. Pursue the subject with earnest, anxious enquiry—seek your information in Temperance literature, and from the poor, blighted victims of intemperance.—

“Go, search the hospital’s unwholesome round,
The felon’s dungeon and the maniac’s cell,
The workhouse cold, the churchyard’s dreary mound,
And learn what suicide’s history can tell.
Ask, what does most the stream of victims swell?
And Truth shall answer, with a look forlorn—
Intemperance, greatest curse since Adam fell,
Parent of ills, Perdition’s eldest born;
Dark cloud without a bow—a night that knows no morn.”

ELEGANT LANGUAGE.—“That’s thunderin’ big lie!” said Tom. “No, it’s only a fulminating enlargement of longated veracity,” replied Dick. Harry took off his hat, elevated his eyes, and held his tongue.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SUBJECT—CONTINUED.

We are also under organic laws, having organic bodies. These bodies were originally formed of the earth, and are earthly. They also require sustenance, and preservation from evil, etc. Therefore, food in proper quantity and quality, air, exercise, etc., are necessary to its well-being. Obedience to any one of these laws will not of itself secure the three-fold end. Obeying the organic and intellectual laws, and yet rebelling against the moral, may bring upon us the chastising rod of our Heavenly Father, though this mode of punishing sin is not so often adopted by him toward us, under the Christian dispensation, as it was toward the Jews, ours being a more spiritual economy. Neglect of the organic laws will produce disease, pain, and premature death. A man may be very intellectual and devotional, but this will neither prevent disease, sustain life, nor avert other calamities. Nor is it right for a man to pray against sickness or peril, if he neglect the laws which affect the physical constitution. He would be thus tempting God to reverse the laws of the universe. This is a subject which has been much misunderstood, and has led to "charging God foolishly," with a large amount of the suffering of the world, but of which man has been the real author. We shall therefore pay a little more attention to this part of the subject, and try to "justify the ways of God to men," by throwing the blame upon its proper authors. When a man who thinks, as well as sees, suffers his eye to range over the various minor systems which compose the one grand scheme of the universe; when he looks at the planetary system, and beholds worlds whirling in countless numbers, with inconceivable rapidity, yet infallible precision; when he dwells on the vegetable system, and sees myriads of plants rising from the same earth, living in the same air, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, yet differing from each other, and affording year after year each his own peculiar product, with unerring exactitude; when, with more inquisitive glance, he penetrates the thicker veil with which nature has sustained the chemical world, and watches the several phenomena resulting from chemical operations—combustion, putrefaction, vegetation, fermentation, etc.—observes the unerring exactitude with which all these render obedient homage to the one great law of affinity; then, when he looks inward and contemplates his own system, beautiful as the most beautiful, and not less worthy of omnipotent wisdom than the most worthy; when he looks inward, and beholds there all confusion and imperfection; when he perceives that, of all the systems of nature, that of man alone is liable to derangement, etc.;—the mind cannot but be irresistibly struck with the anomaly, and the tongue cannot but exclaim, "Why is it so?" It is thus: that while all other systems of the universe are sustained and governed by immutable laws, as gravitation, chemical affinity, instinct, etc., etc., the system of man depends solely for support upon laws, the perfect or imperfect fulfillment of which has been left dependent on the capricious conduct of man himself. I am not attempting to prove that man is not "born to die;" I am only endeavouring to prove that he was not, by God, subject to disease, and premature death. I cannot believe that it formed a part of the original design of the Almighty Architect of the universe, that one half of mankind should die before they have attained the age of eight years; that is, before they have lived long enough to fulfil any one conceivable intention; in fact, before they are themselves fully formed. If any man dies while any one of his organs is unimpaired, he dies prematurely, and before he has fulfilled the final cause of his existence. For God is an economist in every thing: he creates nothing in vain—never falls short or exceeds the object in view. There is but one legitimate cause of death; and that is *old age*. And here we see the goodness of God: there is nothing painful in death from old age, if the soul has found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. It makes its advances with a gradual and steady step, which is scarcely noted; and the old man drops into the tomb almost insensibly—"his end is peace." Thus it will appear that nature's laws are immutable, and unchangeable, and that when they are obeyed there will be no exception to the enjoyment of health and longevity. Many such instances have occurred since the Christian era—a proof that man is not so constituted as to render it inevitable that he should live in a state of disease, and die at so early a period as now bounds his existence. Combe, in his highly talented work, the "Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects," says, "I hope I do not err in stating that neither disease nor death, in early or middle life, can take place under the ordinary administration of Providence, except when the organic laws have been infringed. The pains of premature death, then, are the punishments of infringement of these laws; and the object of that chastisement probably is, to impress upon us the necessity of obeying

them, that we may live, and to prevent our abusing the remedial process inherent to a great extent in our constitution. That death in old age only is the natural institution of the creation, is evident from all the philosophic reasoning we can bring to bear upon the subject. Drs. Smith and Arnott, in their celebrated report to the government, in 1835, say, "There is nothing in the physiological constitution of man to prevent his long surviving the age of seventy years, or more, if the causes which now prevent their doing so were removed. Dr. S. Graham, in his excellent "Lectures to Young Men," observes, "If mankind always lived precisely as they ought to live, they would, as a general rule, most certainly pass through the several states of life, from infancy to old age, without sickness; enjoying, through their long-protracted years, health, serenity, and peace; individual and social happiness; and gradually wear out their vital energies, and finally lie down, and fall asleep in death without agony—without pain." Disease is not natural, but artificial; as much so as any production can be artificial. Man, at his creation, was endowed with the gift of health, and was destined to enjoy longevity, and not to be the sickly, suffering creature we now behold him. "He was designed to enjoy health, and to sink by slow degrees into the bosom of his parent earth, without disease or pain."—*Vegetable Regimen*. Hesiod tells us that "before the time of Prometheus, (who first instructed mankind in the culinary and other uses of fire, and also set them the example of slaughtering an ox,) mankind were exempt from all suffering; and that death, when at length it came, approached like sleep, and gently closed their eyes." And Dr. Campbell speaks with his accustomed force and perspicuity, when he gives it as his opinion that "premature decay, sickness, and death, are matters very much under the control of man. Dr. Bigel asserts, "Man is, physically and morally, the author of his own ills." If we lived on healthy food and drink, such a thing as disease would be impossible."—*Whitlaw*.

Captain Claridge has presented his readers with some very striking remarks on man's organism, in which he clearly shows that man, as an organized being, must be subject to the organic laws. An organized being is one which derives its existence from a previously existing organized being, which subsists on food, which grows, decays, and dies. The first law, then, that must be obeyed, in order to render an organized being perfect in its kind, is that the germ from whence it springs shall be complete in all its parts, and sound in its whole constitution. If we sow an acorn in which some vital part has been destroyed altogether, the seedling plant, and the full-grown oak (if ever it attain maturity), will be deficient in the lineaments which are wanting in the embryo root; if we sow an acorn, entire in its parts, but only half ripened, or damaged in its whole texture by damp or other causes, the seedling oak will be feeble, and will probably die early. A similar law holds good in regard to man. For instance, a man, from high living and indolence, contracts gout; his sons, however temperate, may nevertheless be afflicted with gout by inheritance; that is, supposing gout to be an hereditary disease, as some assert. Here we have a clue to that declaration of Jehovah, in which he declares he "will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children," which he does sometimes "upon the children's children, unto the third and fourth generation."

A second organic law, according to Mr. Claridge, is, that the organized being, the moment it is ushered into life, and as long as it continues to live, must be supplied with food, light, air, and every other physical element requisite for its support, in due quantity, and of the kind best suited to its peculiar constitution. Obedience to this law is rewarded with a vigorous and healthy development of its powers; and in animals, with a pleasing consciousness of existence, and aptitude for the performance of their natural functions. Disobedience is punished with feebleness, stunted growth, general imperfections, or an early death. A few facts shall illustrate this. At a meeting of the "British Association," held in Edinburgh, in 1834, there was read an abstract, by Dr. J. Clarke, of a registry kept in the Lying-in Hospital of Great Britain-st., Dublin, from the year 1758 to the end of 1833, from which it appeared that, in 1781, when the hospital was imperfectly ventilated, every sixth child died, within nine days of its birth, of convulsive disease; and that after means of thorough ventilation had been adopted, the mortality of infants within the same time, in five succeeding years, was reduced to nearly one in twenty; thus showing that, as they approached to perfect obedience of organic laws, human life was preserved. Again, the Society of Friends, who are composed of all ranks and classes, and whose pursuits are as various as their local habitations, and who are therefore equally subject to all the contingencies of life, are nevertheless remarkable for their temperance, health and longevity. An inquiry having been made some years ago, previously to the formation of an assurance society exclusively for themselves, a search was made into the public register of the parish

of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, and also that of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting of Friends. The following are the results: the united ages of one hundred individuals, successively buried in Chesterfield churchyard, ending November 16, 1834, were 2515 years and six months—making the average of each life twenty-five years and two months. But of the individuals buried among "Friends," ending the 27th of November, 1834, the total of their ages were 4790 years and seven months—giving an average of forty-seven years and ten months, or nearly double that of the general population. Pursuing the calculation still further, they found that only two of the one hundred buried in the churchyard reached eighty and upward; but among Friends, nineteen attained to eighty or more. In the churchyard, twelve of the number were buried whose ages were seventy and upward; but of Friends, thirty died who were at least seventy years old.

From their *Annual Monitor*, for 1836, it appears that rather more than two hundred adults are recorded, of whom ninety were from seventy to eighty-four years old, averaging full eighty years each; and of those one fourth were from seventy-eight to ninety-eight, and ten produce an average of full ninety-four years. Now it should be remembered that these statistics were obtained and published by the above respectable society, in connection with the question of assurance, and that alone, where it became their interest not to exaggerate; and they are the more valuable to us as being incidental.

These facts speak volumes in favour of our system; and whenever our principles are more generally adopted by that religious society, as we believe they will be, not only by them, but also by all thinking, independent people, there is no question but their difference of health and longevity will be still more striking.

The effect of intemperance in shortening life is strikingly exemplified in the contrast afforded by other classes of society with the Friends. For it appears from accurate calculation that in London, only one in forty attains the age of eighty, while among the Friends not less than one in ten reaches that age.

Dr. Macnish says the children of drunkards "are more than ordinarily liable to inherit all the diseases of those from whom they sprung." On this account the chances of long life are much diminished among the children of drunkards. In proof of this it is only necessary to remark that, according to the London bills of mortality, one half of the children born in the metropolis die before attaining their third year; while of the children of Friends, one half actually attain the age of forty-seven years.

PRESERVATION OF THE DEAD.—M. Falcony, a French chemist, has patented a process for preserving and embalming dead bodies. M. Falcony uses a powder, composed chiefly of a neutral salt, mixed with sawdust, which absorbs moisture, and so combines with the most deadly exhalations that no injury can be sustained by persons being brought into the closest contact with the deceased, and, by preventing putrefaction for more than a fortnight, will enable families to be brought together from distant places in time for the interment. In large cities the possibility of contagion when people have died of fevers or cholera will be avoided, as, by the use of the powder, the body is dried up, and after a time falls into dust. The process for embalming is by means of a liquid which appears to answer its purpose: but in this the public will feel less interest than in the temporary preservation of bodies to prevent injury to the health of the living.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COUNTRY RELATIONS, AND COUNTRY FRIENDS.

"Would you be well received wh'er'er you go?
Remember each man vanquished is a foe;
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right.
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that has escaped your sight."

Zimmerman.

RAILWAYS were in operation at this time, and it was arranged that Tiny should take the train on Christmas eve, at Euston-square, for Birmingham, and from thence, on the Liverpool line, to Whitmore, where John would meet him at the station with a conveyance, in which, to proceed to Hodnet, a village near to Shrewsbury. Tiny's means were very limited, and as he must provide for his wife and

children during his absence, his financial position obliged him to take a third-class carriage, then an open conveyance, and a disgrace to the "cattle pens" of the present day, being such as are now used on every line for the transport of coke, coals, and other unclean commodities.

The day of departure arrived, and at six o'clock in the morning, Tiny was safe on board; his companions on the journey being a number of half-drunk soldiers. The rain, snow, and wind did wonderful execution on Tiny's face and chin, so much so, that he envied the man who sat besides him of the mass of whiskers, and the large hairy cap which enveloped his frontispiece.

A dreary nine hours passed away, and Tiny was safely landed in Birmingham, where he had the felicity of standing by a tap-room fire in a public house, or sauntering about the streets, carrying a bundle which contained a change of clothes, &c., till three o'clock p.m., fearing to spend an extra penny, because he had to take care of money enough to bring him back to London again. Three o'clock came, however, and at dusk that evening, and in a storm of snow, the porters shouted out Whitmore. Tiny alighted, wet, stiff, and cold, with his heart beating most uncomfortably, and looked most anxiously among the crowd assembled there to find an individual of that stature, portly dimensions, and cast of countenance, which, by letter, he had been taught to claim as Brother John. All right, said the guard, and the train was off; and ere the sound of the puff puff of the engine was lost in the distance, Tiny was standing alone, like a babe in a wood. He now ascended some steps, and found himself in a dreary-looking waste, pitch dark, and as silent as the grave. Some mistake here, thought Tiny, so he entered the station, and asked to be directed to Hodnet. The comforting information given him was to the effect, that Hodnet was fourteen miles from that place, and at about half that distance was a place called Black Brook, and here several roads met, and the night being very dark, he was cautioned not to take the *wrong one*. There was no conveyance on that road after three o'clock in the day; so he must walk, and if there had been he could not pay for it. Wet, cold, and hungry, he set forward on his journey, without even the friendly light of a moon. In all his life he never felt so great a disposition to weep.

Having groped his way about half a mile, he halted, and listened, for he thought he heard sounds of voices behind him, calling him by name; he turned his head, and saw several lanterns dangling in the darkness, like so many "Will o' the Wisp's," and in a few moments two men neared him, and in breathless haste, asked is your name Tiny Baxter? he was about to reply, when he found himself in the embrace of a strong man, whose only words, amidst tears, and strong emotions, were, "Are you my mother's son? are you my brother Tiny?"

"Hold them lights up here," said the man, and three lanterns were thrust to Tiny's face.

"Yes, yes," said George, for it was he, "that's my mother's face, I know." Unmanly those ecstasies and weepings, some say; but those who know and feel the power of love, never even *think* such a thing.

Hand in hand George and Tiny walked together back to the Whitmore Inn; the latter was not aware that such a place existed. On the way, George informed Tiny that a little difference had arisen between him and John, as to which should have the honour of coming to meet him. They could not, through pressure of business, both come together, and as George was the elder brother, he claimed the office as his right. John assented to this, but would not agree to it; hence they disagreed. And, to punish George, John had not informed him of his arrangement to meet Tiny on the platform, so George hired a horse and chaise, and drove down to the Whitmore Inn, and had a good dinner prepared, expecting to meet him there, and was not aware of the arrival of the train till accidentally told of it; he then hurried to the station, and heard that certain enquiries had been made, and that the gentleman had started on foot for Hodnet, so he employed five men, with candles and lanterns, to chase the fugitive up the road, himself following in the rear, shouting Tiny, Tiny, Tiny Baxter.

George led Tiny into a well-lighted room, in which was a large country fireplace, and whilst the horse and chaise were got ready, Tiny contrived to eat a hearty meal, answering questions at every mouthful. It would be impossible to find two faces more alike than those of Tiny and George.

The brothers spent an hour or two in conversation, and whilst Tiny gauged the educational abilities of George, the latter chuckled within himself at having the honour of first introducing among the rustics of Hodnet such a prodigy of learning—such a casket of knowledge—his brother, too! from London, too!

Presently the conveyance was brought to the inn door, and Tiny, warm, dry, and full, felt quite another being. On the road, George explained the geography of the country, and told stories of ghosts and witches, and while ascending a bank—a hilly part of the country—the moon peeped out, the weather having cleared up, and George used this opportunity to point out to Tiny the Wellington Raking—a dark mountainous mass, which loomed in the distance; at the same time, with a credulous expression of countenance, he assured Tiny that some hundreds of years ago, he could not recollect exactly when, his Satanic Majesty, having a desire to extinguish a tribe of the ancient Britons, dug up that large lump of earth from some place across the sea, and flew through the air with it on a large shovel; but, before he could get it to the place he intended to destroy, it slipped from his hand, shovel and all, and fell into that spot, where it still remained, with the shovel sticking out at the top, the handle of which could be plainly seen in the day time. When they arrived at Black Brook, George rendered a faithful account of certain battles and murders which had occurred there in days of yore. And, as they passed through the quaint, old-fashioned town of Market Drayton, George sought to astonish Tiny by a relation of improbable feats, done by men, ghosts, witches, and fairies; but as Tiny was very sceptical on these points, they failed in their intended effects, and whilst George was expressing the annoyance he felt at Tiny's unbelief at what he had himself seen and heard, and Tiny in turn deplored the superstitious and credulous capacity of George, they neared the Bear Inn, at Hodnet. Here they alighted, and the horse and chaise were delivered up to the care of the stableman, and George took hold of Tiny's hand to save him getting an ugly fall, for the village was intensely dark, and the road and foot-path being paved with cobble stones, two square, three square, and every other square, intermixed with pointed stones, made it a matter of no small difficulty for a stranger to find his way, and to keep his equilibrium without a guide and support.

They now halted at the door of a cottage, George lifted up the latch, and in a moment, Tiny found himself in the midst of a goodly number of relations and friends, who had long been anxiously waiting to examine the London brother, first from

head to foot, and next on every topic of London life and London doings. Having, with a good grace, endured sundry cuddles and kisses from his brother's wife, her sisters, cousins, and other button-hole relations, the party sat down to a supper of roast pork, of their own feeding, Welsh flat pies of their own making, composed of solid fat pork and apples, a layer of each alternately, bread of their own make and bake, butter and cheese of their own manufacture, and beer of their own brewing. Three chubby children claimed Tiny as uncle, whilst an old joker, who sat in the large chimney corner, smoking his pipe, and who rejoiced in the name of Potty Jony, said funny things to make the company laugh.

Tiny had occasion to remark that the "wind had been very high and severe that day."

Potty Jony, "spected them wind hud bin vary low in thum parts, 'cos it had blown down many gate-posts and hedge-sticks, when the wind was high in thum parts, it blew high up over head, he 'spected, and did no harm."

The night passed cheerfully, but Tiny felt the absence of Lizzy. He, however, went to bed, and slept soundly. In the morning he was made a show of to not a few of the village gossips. The strange way in which the brothers were brought together had created an unusual interest among folks of all classes for some distance round; and in the morning, when Tiny and George went out for a walk the good folks ran out of their doors to have a look, to give a nod, or to drop a curtsy. But where was John? Nobody knew, till a letter sent to Tiny on the second day after his arrival, in which John offered an apology in gentlemanly style for his absence at the Staffordshire Potteries, referring the cause of his not being present to an unfortunate quarrel with George, and a large share of abuse received on Tiny's account from George's wife.

CHAPTER XXXV.

STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

"The spacious West,
And all the teeming regions of the South
Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
Of knowledge half so tempting or so fair
AS MAN TO MAN." *Zimmerman.*

TINY accepted invitations to visit from one or two friends, and was introduced to the gentleman who acted in the three several capacities of village schoolmaster, sexton, and church organist, and joined the choir at the church on Christmas day, in which George was the leader. Tiny had a slight knowledge of music—and having a fine bass voice, proved himself an acquisition to the choir much to the delight of the somewhat eccentric organist, and much to the wonder of a very many of the congregation who were strangers to that part of music. On the following day he received an invitation from the rector, Mr. Macauley, to join the annual social gathering of the gentry, farmers, tradesfolks, and labourers, held every Boxing night at the Rectory Hall. At this gathering he was requested by the rector, in person, to sing, and being in good voice, he sang a song accompanied by music, named "My gentle mother dear," commencing "There is a place in childhood, that I remember well," which was received with an enthusiastic burst of applause and encored. At its conclusion, the rector advanced, took Tiny's hand in his, and thanked him in the name of his friends, adding "should you at any time require a friend I hope you will think to apply to me; I shall take it as a privilege to serve you." We venture to record these incidents, as in the course of Tiny's experience, he had occasion to apply to that gentleman for the fulfilment of his promise.

At the expiration of a week John made his appearance. He was a tall young man, of gentlemanly mien, of handsome features, and of dark complexion, of a cast of countenance that wore a shade of melancholy when the mind was charged with anxious thoughts. It was thus when Tiny first looked upon him, but when they recognised each other as sons of the same mother, the beautiful light that danced in his eye, and the sweet smile that quivered and played about his well-formed mouth, chased away from his fine face all traces of melancholy, and the emotions enjoyed by the one, like an electric spark, took possession of the other, and they embraced and loved each other with a refined and endurable strength seldom found between men. His love for Tiny, and the conflicts he endured in defence of the wrongs inflicted upon him, brought this sensitive, dignified, and manly heart to a grave; but we are anticipating our story. Perchance a man man die for his friend; better love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.

Tiny saw all that could be seen, and rejoiced much in the society of his friends, but more especially in that of John. He was a Christian, and drew a lovely picture whereon was painted instruction from the meekest thing in God's creation. He saw all the works of a God of nature and of grace, through the one medium—love. He had excellent natural abilities, and was fond of good books, and although a good scholar, was in the main self taught; he was benevolent both in profession and practice; he was beloved by all who knew him, and known many miles round the country as "Gentleman John."

John and George were excellent musicians, could read the most difficult notations at sight, and could each play on several kinds of instruments. They were both respected members of the North Shropshire cavalry band, and had a splendid uniform each, and yearly went to Oswestry, accoutred in their uniform, John with his bassoon and George with his trombone.

George was fond of money, and of a selfish turn of mind; so was his wife. They both worked hard and were diligent in business. They had an extensive connexion and made a great deal of money, and although much respected they were talkative and mean. George could read and write but indifferently; to use his own words he hated reading anything but music. He would work any number of hours to get money. He went to church once a week, had a little fuddle once in six months, and a great drunk once a year. In the month of May when he went up to Oswestry with the cavalry band, each musician was allowed fourteen shillings per day for the support of himself and horse; they were away for nine days. George would carry his own provision in his saddle-bag, save all the money he could to bring home; but on the last of the nine days he would send his horse home by John and get thoroughly drunk—tie his money up safe, and strap his music books and instrument tight on his back, and when he had got a "skin full," would stagger toward home, sometimes laying down on the road to sleep. The horses were lent to the band by the farmers, and these in return were exempted from the payment of duty on horses.

The time for Tiny to return home had arrived, but the third class train for Birmingham called at the Whitmore station at nine o'clock, a.m., and to get over fourteen miles of ground he would have to travel nearly all night to reach the station in time. The night before his departure John

and George each gave him a sovereign to bear out his expenses, and having fitted up a parcel of about fifty pounds weight, containing a hare with a bottle of wine in its belly, a goose, a Welsh pie about the size of a man's hat, a leg of pork, and a half gallon jar of jam, &c., &c., he bid an affectionate adieu to his brothers and friends, and at two o'clock in the morning started from Hodnet, in company with a countryman hind, to go with him half the journey and help him carry the load.

The load became heavier at each mile, and at the appointed spot his companion left him, and Tiny walked in the dark by himself, dragging, drawing, and carrying his load by turns, till foot-sore and wearied he sat down and half resolved to leave the parcel on the road. Tired and worn out he arrived at the station one hour after the train had started. A first class train had just come up which cost him three times the fare of a third class. In running bundle in hand, to secure a place in that, he tumbled head foremost down a flight of not less than twenty stone steps. In the fall he was much bruised, and all the articles in his bundle, including shirts, &c., became a mixed medley; the bottles, jar, and pie were broken. However, sleepy, sore, and vexed, he was thrust into a well-cushioned carriage—he cast himself down on the soft foot-mat he being the only one in the carriage, and had just begun to dream of home, when he was roughly awoke by a porter, who in no gentle tone shouted in his dreamy ear, "Birmingham, sir."

Tiny walked into the first public-house in his way, to await the train for London. Here he opened his bundle and sorted over the unfortunate contents, scraped the jam and broken glass from the hare, goose, and pork, and with the Welsh pie, gave it to a man and his wife, who, with three hungry-looking children, sat on a settle in the tap-room. He reached home, late in the evening, in time to console his afflicted wife; one of his children had died suddenly that morning, of croup, another one died the following day, and to add to their sorrows, the master for whom he had worked, being busy, had employed another man, and Tiny was thrown out of employ.

The funeral of the loved little ones exhausted all Tiny's resources. As they sat sorrowing together, Lizzy remarked, "God has spoken to us again, Tiny."

"Rather loud too," he replied.

"We have still much to be thankful for," said Lizzy.

"I hav'nt," answered Tiny, "if I had some work I should be thankful for it."

"But we have got each other, and this dear one," said Lizzy; she kissed her baby, who was vigorously pulling at her cap strings, and who looked in his mother's face, and dabbled his little fingers in the tears which trickled down her cheeks. Tiny coughed, and drew his shirt-sleeve across his eyes, and as he applied the poker heavily to the last lump of coal, which was on the fire, he muttered, "True, true, dear, we have indeed."

Tiny got an occasional job of work, it was winter and work was scarce; he often said "I'm an unlucky fellow."

Another two months of privation passed over; "they obtained bread, and their water was sure." He had made his brothers acquainted with all his troubles; John's letters were frequent and consoling.

One day, in the month of March, when their fortunes were at the lowest ebb, he received a letter, full of "love and money," from his brother John; it enclosed a post-office order for three pounds, and John informed him that he had procured work for him, with the principal master in Hodnet, and earnestly entreated Tiny to sell up his home, and come and reside near to him.

This was cheering news, but John had done all unknown to George and his wife, and this act widened the breach already made between them on Tiny's account. He sold up his home though, and with the cash so obtained, released his own and Lizzy's clothes from the pawnbroker's. This was done on the Tuesday, and Tiny had written to John, requesting him to meet them at Whitmore station on the following evening, Wednesday. By that night's post, Tiny received a letter from George, dictated by his wife, heaping much blame on John for his precipitancy, saying, that "if Tiny had been a single man all would be well enough," as it was, and as Lizzy was near her confinement, he had better leave her behind, in some institution, and send for when he had provided a home to take her to. Had this been only a suggestion, and having some wisdom in it, it would still have been painful to them both, to have adopted it. But its tone of dictation made poor Tiny's heart sore. He wrote back and explained his awkward position, but at about the time that George received this communication, Tiny received a letter from them conjointly, stating that they had secured a lodging, and requesting them to hasten down as soon as they could.

A night or two on the bare boards did not prove very acceptable to Tiny and Lizzy, but they made the best of it, and with child, boxes, and parcels they were on the line for Birmingham, on the Saturday following.

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Tiny had received instructions, from his brother John, to sleep at the Whitmore Inn, on the night of his arrival there, stating, further, that he had engaged with a friend, a wagoner, who passed the Whitmore Inn, every morning at nine o'clock on his way from Newcastle to Hodnet, to take them and their luggage up and bring them on to Hodnet. So far, so good, Tiny paid to have his luggage taken to the inn, and the proprietors allowed it, after some haggling, to be placed on a settle in the common drinking room, which was accessible to all sorts of people; but they could not furnish them with lodgings, neither would they for money or out of charity permit them to rest in the common-room all night; Lizzy pleaded eloquently, but their ears were like a deaf adder's—stopped, and no traveller could procure lodgings thereabouts; Tiny thought he could find the direct road to Hodnet, if Lizzy's strength would hold out, after the fatigues of the day. Lizzy gave the old, kind, and familiar answer, "Where you go, dear, I'll go."

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(To be continued.)

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MYDDELTON HALL, ISLINGTON,
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 On **MONDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1859,**
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DR. LEES and COL. REALE, (of Kansas, U.S.)

Tea on Tables at 6 o'clock. Public Meeting at half-past 7.
 Tickets for Tea and Public Meeting, 1s., may be had at all the
 Temperance Halls. Admission to Public Meeting, 6d. at the doors.
 W. MALTRUSSE, hon. sec.

IMPORTANT LECTURE!
 BY
DR. F. R. LEES.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 24th, 1859, in
Portman 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.

DISTINCTIVE MARK.
 For Particulars see next Number.

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

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

The gentlemen who write to the Alliance Leaders asking them
 to influence me (gentlemen who never complained of the recent
 outrages upon myself!) will please to mark that the Alliance is
 not at all responsible for my actions, not I for theirs. I have given
 them my aid, my money, my thoughts for some years, when they
 have asked me; but I do not suffer dictation either from them, or
 any of their friends; and I suggest, therefore, that Messrs. C. and
 A. et hoc genus omnes, if they have anything to say, should write
 to myself like men.—Yours truly, F. R. LEES, Dec. 12, 1858.
 [The Proprietor of this Paper begs to say he received the printed
 advertisement, prior to 26th of Oct. last, and that Dr. Lees has not
 recently advertised it in its columns.]

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.
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 at 8 o'clock, to take into consideration the best means of raising
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Contents for January. No. 1, Vol. VIII.
 To our Readers—Medical Sectarianism—Medical Eclecticism—
 What is Medicine—Beautiful Hands—Good Bread, and How to
 make it Light—Hydropathy for the People—Papers on Homoeo-
 pathy—Dipsomania—Literary Notices—Notices to Corres-
 pondents, &c. &c.

THE Weekly Record of February 5th will
 contain a graphic Illustration, by George Cruikshank, of the
 Adulterations of the Brewer and the Publican—The Three
 Drinking Pictures at Madrid, by J. L. Bright—A Sketch of Mark-
 lane, by J. Ewing Ritchie, &c. &c. Double Number, price Two-
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