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In giving a more detailed account of individuals in different ages and countries, who have been remarkable for health and longevity, we may mention Democritus, the searcher of nature, a man of good temper and serene mind, who lived in good health to one hundred and nine years. Zeno, the founder of the Stoical sect, and a master of the art of self-denial, attained nearly to the age of one hundred years. Palemon, of Athens, in his youth led a life of debauchery and drunkenness; but when about thirty years of age, he entered the school of enocrites, when in a state of intoxication: he was so struck with the eloquence of the Academician, and the force of his arguments, that from that time he renounced his dissipated habits, and adopted the principles of the "Nature's Beverage Society"—drinking no other beverage than water. He died at an extreme old age.—See *Tem. Biblioth. Class in loco*. Cato, who was said to have "an iron body and an iron mind," was fond of a country life, a great enemy to physicians, and lived to near one hundred years.

(To be continued.)

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't cry, aunty. I love you." And a little sunny-haired thing bounded into the weeper's lap, and a pair of soft, white arms were drawn tightly around her neck.—"Don't cry aunty. I love you." Kisses fell warm on the mourner's lips and cheeks. "Do you, darling?" and Mrs. Overman, taken almost unawares, and drawn out of herself, returned the child's kisses with unwonted fervour. "Yes, aunty, indeed I do," replied little curly head. "And I don't like you to cry so much. What makes you cry so aunty, dear? didn't Mr. Elder say that uncle Overman had gone to heaven? When mother died, didn't you wipe my tears away and kiss me, and say, 'Don't cry little Matty; your mother is in heaven among the angels?' "And now let me wipe your tears all away, aunty"—and the child put her wet handkerchief to the wet eyes of Mrs. Overman. "Uncle is in heaven among the angels, and he will tell my sweet mother how good you have been to her dear little Matty; and then she will be so glad." With what a sudden outgush of feeling did Mrs. Overman hug the child to her heart. But she could not trust herself to answer. Matty nestled close against her bosom, and lay there very still. "Aunty." She moved at last, and looked up as she spoke. "What, dear?" Mrs. Overman's voice had in it a new expression for the child's ears. "Won't you show me how to cut paper dolls?" Mrs. Overman did not reply at once. Cutting paper dolls for a child! The very thought disturbed her. What uncongenial work for an almost heart-broken mourner? "I'll get your scissors." And Matty dropped down from the lap of her aunt, and went, with light tripping feet, from the room. "O, deard!" sighed the mourner. "How can I come to this?" But ere her mind had reached any decision, Matty returned with her scissors, paper, and a coloured print of fashion; and laying them all upon the lap of Mrs. Overman said— "Now, aunty, show me." Thus importuned, and with everything at hand, there was no retreat; and so, with a feeling of reluctance that it was almost impossible to overcome, the aunt of little Matty took up the scissors, and began fingering the materials, which had been supplied. "We must have some gum," she said in a half absent way. Matty looked up curiously, and with a slight shade on her face; for she did not know to what extent this want of gum might interfere with the work in hand. "Open my writing case that stands on the table there, and you will find a bottle of gum." So this difficulty was met. There being no escape now, Mrs. Overman went forward as by a kind of necessity,

making garments of various kinds and colours, and arranging them on figures cut from the fashion print. Soon the child's eager delight began to impart warmth to her heart; then her feelings stirred with interest; and, ere long, there came a temporary oblivion of suffering. "You are so good, aunty. I wish mother knew how good you are to your little Matty." What an impulse of pleasure leaped along the veins of Mrs. Overman at this warmly uttered sentence. She bent over and kissed the child fervently. For almost an hour longer she was engaged in showing Matty how to cut and fit dresses for paper dolls. The work grew quite largely on her hands; and her interest increased with the child's eager delight. After a certain number of dresses had been made, the necessity of a box to keep them in became apparent. So Mrs. Overman was searching among her drawers for a paper box, and soon discovered one, nicely lined with delicate pink tissue paper. "O, aunty!" exclaimed the delighted Matty, her eyes rounding to twice their ordinary dimensions, as they rested on the paper box, the outside of which was ornamented with a handsomely-coloured group of children at play among flowers in a garden, "is that for me?" "Yes pretty," Mrs. Overman's voice had nearly lost its sadness. "O, isn't it beautiful?" Together, the aunt and child placed their dolls and dresses in the box, both interested in the work. "You must keep them in the nicest order, Matty," said Mrs. Overman, smiling down upon the face that was lifted to hers. "I shall look at them every day." "Will you?" The child's loving heart perceived dimly that it was good for her suffering aunt to take interest in anything out of herself; and, so, in the query, her voice expressed both gladness and sadness. "Yes dear!" "Will it please you to have me do so?" she answered. "Oh, yes! Ever so much!" And now, this light employment, done, the spirit of Mrs. Overman went back into shadow. Matty amused herself all the afternoon with the box and dolls, her heart in sunshine. Tired at last, the child left her play, and taking up a little book, went and leaned against her aunt, who sat near a window, shading her face with her hand. "Aunty?" "What dear?" "How very cold and absent that voice! But Matty knew that love was in the heart of her aunt, and she was not repelled. "Won't you read me a little story?" "Not now dear," said Mrs. Overman. How was it possible for her to come down from the solitude of her great sorrow, to the trifling themes written for the pleasure of a child? Matty laid her cheek down upon her aunt's knee, and raised her large eyes to her face.—At first Mrs. Overman did not return the earnest gaze that rested upon her. When she did so, she was struck with two things; the sober aspect of Matty's face and its singular likeness of her mother. "Poor babe!" she said in her thoughts, as a feeling of tender interest awakened. "Poor motherless babe!" One arm drew itself, from an impulse of affection, around the child, showing that the current of feelings in the aunt's mind was beginning to move in a new direction. "Poor motherless babe!" repeated Mrs. Overman. "Shall I forget you in this almost paralyzing affliction? Have I not something more to do than sitting in idle sorrow?" A deep sigh came shivering up from her heart. "Aunty." "What, dear?" "I do want you to read me a story so much." "Do you?" "Yes, indeed, aunty." It was not hard work now for Mrs. Overman to take the book from Matty's hands, and read as she was desired. At first her thoughts did not go below the surface of the words; but, as she read on, now a palpable truth, now a pleasant image, and now a cheering illustration won her attention, and soon she was as much interested as Matty herself, and certainly instructed in a much higher degree; for the author was a close thinker as well as an apt describer of eternal things, and possessed the rare power of writing up to the mature thought, at the same time that he wrote down, to the childish comprehension. Both parent and child were learners alike from him. "Wasn't that a beautiful story, aunty?" said the eager listener, as Mrs. Overman closed the book, after reading for nearly half an hour. "I think so," was the quick answer. The mind of Mrs. Overman was busy with thoughts which the story suggested. The author had spoken a few sentiments just suited to her case, and she felt their reminders of duty—duty to herself as to others. She had actually indulged in self-rebuke, for the pleasant interest felt in such frivolous work, as cutting paper dolls for a child. It seemed so like heartless indifference to her great loss. But, from this simple story, she learned that into all useful employment, the mind enters with a degree of pleasure; and that a denial of self for another's good is ever accompanied by interior delight. The truth had come to her at the right time, and as she dwelt upon it, her mind opened more and more in the right direction. To sit in idle grief was wrong. Clearer every moment grew the proposition.

"How much wiser and better it is," she said, "to make others happier, and so secure a measure of peace for our own hearts, than to neglect others, and remain miserable ourselves." "This is very clear. There is no double wrong in the one case, and a double blessing in the other," she added. Strength had come to the mourner in her weakness—light in the darkness of her sorrow. Most reluctantly had she stirred from her leaden repose to respond to a child's want and even the motion had brought its measure of relief. In that hour of instruction and reproof, Mrs. Overman passed from under the thick shadows that grief had drawn so gloomily around her soul; and though clouds had still mantled her sky, feeble sunbeams were struggling through many rifts, and their warmth went even to her sorrowing heart. Love grows by activity. Passive love gets feebler and feebler each weary day, while active love gains ever renewed vitality. Something of indifference to little Matty had begun to creep into the heart of Mrs. Overman, and the care of her was beginning to be felt as burdensome. But now a new state was born. She had compelled herself to harken to the pleadings of a child, and in giving she had received a double measure. In the darkest hour light had come; in the weariness of weakness, strength. Though Mrs. Overman had bowed herself to the earth under the weight of her heavy affliction, like one whose strength was wholly exhausted, she was not, naturally, a weak woman. But she loved her husband with a love that was almost idolatry, and when he was taken from her, her bereavement seemed greater than she had strength to bear. Now, as she made an effort to take up the duties of life again—to be active instead of idle—the native strength to her character appeared. Clear seeing is an important accessory to right acting. Mrs. Overman saw clearer and clearer every day; and every day she entered more earnestly into the duties that lay at her feet, or presented themselves on every side. And so, as time wore on, the mourner, who lay prostrate for a little while, grew more and more erect, and looked with calmer eyes into the faces of tried friend and stranger. Not around little Matty were bestowed all the good offices in her power to render. As she looked up there came higher teaching to her soul; and she walked on in the way of duty. How calmly the days began, at length to pass with Mrs. Overman. She had ceased, through a daily increasing interest in others, to think of herself or act for herself. Into a higher region her mind had risen, and there she found strength. Many blessed her in their uprisings and in their down-lyings, and prayed that she might have peace even as she brought peace, comfort, or hope to them. But, even before their grateful prayer went upward, her reward had come. She had found a Divine strength in the very abandonment of human weakness. MATTER TO THINK OF.—The number of languages spoken is 4,064.—The average of human life is 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of 7. One-half before the age of 17. To every 1000 persons, one only reaches 100 years. To every 100, only six reach 75 years; and not more than one in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,833,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 every hour and 60 every minute, or one in each second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chance of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after.—The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 100. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes, during June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population. NEVER NE HADUET.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a drawing doll." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar." So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superior. THE BRAIN CLOCK.—Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go to the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop still; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silenced at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—Dr. Holmes. TEACH THE EDITORS.—The *Daily Telegraph*, on Friday, most unprovokedly assaulted the Maine Law movement as ridiculous and utopian, and representing the law in Maine to be a shocking failure. Letters appeared in Monday's issue, teaching the Editor the fallacy of his suppositions. One from the Rev. Dawson Burns, showing that, "so far from Maine having confessed the failure of this legislation, there is no act of which the people are more justly proud, or which they rely upon as the guardian of public property and prosperity, with greater security," and another by "A Total Abstinence," answering Mr. Editor's question, "Can an army encamp in the wet, without ruin, rations, or beer?" by quoting Lieutenant Lynch, who commanded an exploring expedition to the Dead Sea, and who says:—"I took with me twelve sailors, and obtained from them a promise that they would use no intoxicating liquors. After enduring fatigue, such as seldom falls to the lot of the explorer, I have brought them all back again safe and sound, and in good health; and I owe it to their entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHAPTER OF TROUBLES.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs xiv. 12.

They had been in Hodnet just four months. It was on a Friday evening. Tiny had left work as early as seven o'clock, having, with great difficulty, obtained a draw of six shillings from his employer, four of which he spent in necessities for his family. He seemed cheerful, he even laughed and joked, and Lizzy looked thankful.

"What has happened to please you, dear?" asked Lizzy.

"Why," said he, "I'm going to London. Will you go?"

Lizzy looked up anxiously, but doubtingly, and said, "I fear there is no chance; the journey would cost more money than we could raise."

But little more was said on that subject, but the evening meal being over, Tiny began to pack up his clothes in a bag.

"What are you going to do?" asked Lizzy.

"I'm going to London," replied Tiny.

"What, and leave me behind?" she asked, and wept aloud. "Yes; it must be done," said Tiny; "we shall starve and die here. One more of your womanly struggles to keep up my spirits, and we'll turn our backs on this place, my girl, and strive to do better."

"But how will you get to London?" asked Lizzy.

"Walk to it," was his laconic reply.

"Walk to it! why how far is it?" asked the astonished wife.

"Only one hundred and sixty miles!" answered Tiny.

"I'm sure I couldn't walk all that way; it would kill the dear children, and me too," said Lizzy, and her agitation was extreme.

"Now be guided by me for once," said Tiny; "I have written a letter to the rector, telling all our troubles since we have been here, and reminding him of the promise he made to me, when I sang a song that pleased him, at the hall, last Christmas, 'That if ever I waited a friend, he should esteem it as a pleasure to serve me.' I mean to shoulder my tools at three o'clock to-morrow morning, and tramp to London, trusting to God to feed me on the road. I have asked the rector to pay the fare for you and the children to London. John is in the secret, and he will go with you and give the letter to the rector on Monday next, by which time I shall have gone a good many miles."

"But do you think he'll do it?" asked Lizzy, brightening up.

"He promised," said Tiny, with emphasis, drawing himself up proudly, "and he's sure to keep his word. He's a gentleman!"

"One would think that you was a gentleman, too, my proud Salopian," said John, who at that moment entered the room. "Oh yes," said he to Lizzy, taking her hand, "He promised, and he always keeps his word."

"Good," said Tiny.

At two o'clock next morning, Tiny entered the workshop on tiptoe, and selected his own tools and brought them home; and, with John's help, stowed them away in his bundle.

At three o'clock, the cocks began to crow, and the brothers took a last and affectionate embrace of each other. Tiny kissed his sorrowing wife and two sleeping children, and then crept stealthily down the rickety staircase, and in a quarter of an hour was one mile away from Hodnet on the road to Shrewsbury.

He sat down, and tried to count the difficulties of his adventure; he had but fourteen pence in the world; he was half a mind to return. But he stood up and looked on the quiet and picturesque scenery; the glorious sun rose in majesty behind the steeple of the old church in the village he had just left; the birds chirped "cheer up! cheer up!" and shouldering his bundle on the end of a knotty stick John had cut for the purpose, he walked cheerfully on.

That day he put a distance of twenty miles between him and his dear ones, and slept that night at a village named Allbrighton. He arose on Sunday morning refreshed. Lodging, supper, and breakfast being paid for, he had threepence left. Not discouraged, he cleaned himself, and cut rather a respectable figure, and at the request of the person in whose house he had slept, he attended a Methodist meeting opposite. Here, among the cracked voices of several old men and women, his voice was distinguished from the rest, and several persons turned their heads over their shoulders to look at the owner. When the little service was over, several old ladies, and some few young ones, dropped a curtsy to him, which he returned with a pleasant smile, and some little vanity. A respectable man, who had led the singing with an old bass viol, asked him to favour him with his company to dinner; this request, and another to stay to tea, and to sleep that night, he was not in a condition to refuse; and as the good folks here were not aware that he was poor, he saw no need to enlighten them in that particular. A substantial breakfast comforted his inner man, the following morning; and his host having gathered from him that he was a gentleman's fancy boot-maker, went to the principal employer in that little town, and he deputed his son to ask that gentleman (meaning Tiny), to favour him by staying one week, and to make a few pairs of best patent boots, at best London wages. This offer was irresistible, but he would not appear anxious to accept the offer, and suffered himself to be persuaded to accede, and went to work accordingly.

Our hero kept up his respectability, and in the course of the week he wrote to London, to his wife, care of "Bill Cotton," stating every necessary particular concerning his own circumstances; and on the Friday he received a letter from Lizzy herself, making mention of the rector's gentlemanly conduct; and stating he was pleased at Tiny's decisive measures, and sent his gardener to help her luggage into a light cart; that the folks where they had been living refused to let them be removed till thirty-two shillings owing for rent was paid; that the good rector paid the money, and then, as he and his lady were going to London on urgent business, they took her and the two children into their own carriage down to Whitmore (much to the chagrin and jealous vituperation of certain friends) followed by the cart in which was the luggage; with their own eyes saw all put safe into the luggage car at the railway, and took her and the children, in a first class carriage to London. "And ain't God good?" she wrote.

"Well," said Tiny to himself, musing, and with a heart overcharged with thankfulness, "it does somehow look like it; now don't it?"

At the end of the week he had carried out his agreement, having done the work much to the satisfaction of his employer. He attended the Methodist meeting on Sunday; and on Monday morning he wrote to Lizzy, having calculated that by steadily walking twenty miles each day, he could get into town by the following Monday, which would be Whit-Monday. He promised to meet her at the station. And after settling the expenses of the week, and receiving many wishes of "God speed," he again vigorously took to the road, with twenty-one shillings in his pocket.

Tiny continued to wear his best clothes, and his respectable appearance, and with his pack on his shoulder, he was kindly treated wherever he halted for refreshment. Many persons taking him to be a travelling "Tallyman," asked him what he had for sale? But he always took care not to have the articles they desired to purchase; wishing that he had, but not deceiving them, but in a business-like manner he took any and every order given to him, carefully entering the date, quality, and kind of articles ordered, into his pocket book, to deliver—terms cash—when next he came that way.

Hitherto Tiny had not in any manner estimated the value of the Sabbath as a day of rest from physical toil. But now as he tripped along the road with cheerfulness and alacrity, his mind ran over his experience of the previous day, and of the Sabbath which had preceded it—the providential provision of which had intervened to restore his wasted energies of both body and mind, proving: "rest to matter and liberty to mind."

He had passed the frowning height of the "Wellington Raking," and had pushed on through roadways cut through towering rocks, the height of which, on each side, darkened the path he trod, whilst here and there the mountain goat, a stranger to fear or danger, peered curiously over the ledge of the precipice, or walked along its edge, nipping the verdant herbage growing so luxuriantly in their world of content and plenty. Still he walked on full of hope, examining in turn the mill, the farm, and the strong and well made stone and flint roadside hedges, which separated roads and fields; the snowy whiteness of which showed out in bold and pleasing relief from the green meadows and pasture lands in which the cattle were quietly grazing, and the sheep sportive and gambolling.

Now he passed through Wolverhampton, and entered that vast hive of industry, "Brynmagon," with its countless chimneys of every height and form, which shot out from furnaces and factories innumerable. The atmosphere was thick and murky, the black smoke that ascended from these chimneys in tortuous wreaths and fantastic columns, hovered between heaven and earth like a vast funeral pall, impervious to the rays of the sun; whilst the roar of fires, the clanging of machinery, the noise of engines, the clatter of wheels, and the fall of heavy hammers on the various kinds of metals in the course of manufacture, wielded by the muscular arms of stalwart men, or by the means of complicated, but beautifully adjusted machinery, conspired to fill him with amazement. Never before had he heard such a continual din and deafening noise. A little while, and he became somewhat used to the noise, and walked—as well as sore feet and stiffened limbs would permit—over some of the smoky and sooty-veiled grounds adjacent, to examine the shaft of a coal mine, and from which more than one mysterious looking being ascended to the earth's surface, accoutered in a heterogeneous kind of habiliment—half-feminine, half-masculine—the whole surmounted with a rimless hat. To discover the gender of these moving lumps of dirt, rags, and mortality, he set up all his mental and arithmetical calibre, but gave it up in despair, and looked upon things and creatures that he could better understand. He dealt sparingly with his cash, and lived on the homeliest fare. The uncomfortable lodgings he obtained, and the restless nights he passed, added to a swollen feet and rigid limbs, very much retarded his pedestrian progress, and told upon his health to a very great degree.

(To be continued in our next.)

NEWSPAPERS AND THE LATE WAR.

The war in which we were recently engaged, probably sacrificed 500,000 human lives. It wasted 250 millions of money. It spread havoc and ruin over some of the finest provinces of Europe; carried anguish and desolation into myriads of hearts and homes; and added some thirty or forty millions to our annual expenditure. It deranged commerce, depressed trade, increased taxation, and raised fearfully the price of bread, and of all the necessities of life. It utterly put a stop to all social and political reform; placed England in a position of humiliating dependence upon

France; strengthened the power of all the continental despotisms; and involved us in a most dangerous quarrel with America. And yet if any one mentions the very name of peace, there is a perfect storm of abuse raised against him by almost all the newspapers of the kingdom, and by those third and fourth-rate orators, parliamentary and otherwise, whose opinions are always a mere echo of the newspapers. There is scarcely a statesman of any mark (out of the ministry) or belonging to any party in the House of Commons, who has not, either condemned the policy of the war altogether, or declared that peace might and ought to have been made before it was, including such names as Gladstone, Graham, Russell, Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Herbert, Cardwell, Lord Stanley, Walpole, Parkington, Roundell Palmer, Heathcote, Laing, &c. &c. And yet the newspapers cry up to the last was—"Push on the war." And why? The writers for the press did not scruple in the freest manner, not only to denounce the conduct, but to impeach the motives of all who opposed the war. They were "pro-Russians," "men devoid of patriotism,"—"traitors to their country"—who hold "a slavish theory," and advocated "peace for the sake of the till." They were either persons of mean, sordid, mercenary principles, or selfish intriguants for place and power, at the expense of their country's honour. Gentlemen so exceedingly liberal in their imputations against others as these newspaper writers—who did not hesitate to brand as base, selfish, and unpatriotic, the highest and most honourable names in the land, ought not to object, if others venture to inquire what made them so fierce and strenuous for the war? The answer is obvious.—A time of war is always a rich harvest for the newspapers. It adds enormously to their profits; it clothes them with authority; it every way ministers to their consequence, power, and pride. Whatever trade may suffer, the newspaper trade is sure to expand and flourish. That the unsophisticated reader, who accepts everything the newspapers say, as pure patriotism, may be able to judge for himself, we subjoin a short statement, taken from the Parliamentary returns of the stamps issued to the newspapers in 1853 and up to the repeal of the stamp duty in June of 1855, showing the prodigious increase in the circulation of newspapers since the war began.

We have taken as examples a few leading papers, in the daily and weekly press:—

Increase of Daily Circulation.	
The Times—in the year	14,188.
Daily News	1,549.
Morning Chronicle	570.
Globe	1,422.

We entreat the public to take these facts into account, when they read the fierce cry for a war of indefinite duration which the newspapers are raising. What does it mean? It means putting thousands upon thousands into the pockets of proprietors and editors. Take, for instance, *The Illustrated London News*. This paper was wont to affect the character of a family journal, eschewing all violent share in the politics of the day. But now, it hounds on the people to demand for war to the knife, is instantly alarmed at any prospect of returning peace, and assails with unmeasured vituperation all who contribute in any way to realize that prospect. And is all this warlike furor pure patriotism? Look at the above figures. They show that since the war began the circulation of *The Illustrated London News* has increased by the enormous number of 51,346 weekly. If we assume that there is a profit of only one penny upon each paper, (and as all this additional circulation is from type already set up, with the cost only of paper and labour, our estimate must be below the mark) it will give an aggregate profit on the war circulation of more than eleven thousand pounds a year. Need we wonder then that *The Illustrated London News* denounces those who speak of peace, and insists upon prosecuting the war with vigour? Look again at *The Times*. With an increased circulation since the war began of more than fourteen thousand copies daily, its additional profits must be immense. But this is not all, nor with such a journal as *The Times*, the principal advantage derived from the war.

It has added still more enormously to its power and influence. How conscious it is of this, anybody may see who has observed the tone of unbounded arrogance in which it speaks, since the war began. How it alternately browbeats and patronizes successive cabinets, as though they were its mere creatures! How it appoints and dismisses generals and admirals! How it lectures the Queen! How it dictates to all departments of the state! How coarsely it insults all Foreign Powers! How grossly it vilifies the foremost men of the country if they presume to have an opinion different from its own! And how implicitly other papers, metropolitan and provincial, adopt its tone and echo its opinions! Nobody knows better than the newspapers themselves, that when peace returns, and the morbid excitement which attends a time of war has subsided, there will be an immediate collapse in their circulation and profits. And hence it is, that with some honourable exceptions, they nervously dread and deprecate the very appearance of peace. But let the country determine who are the most trustworthy guides at such a time as this—the most eminent statesmen and public men of their day, who pronounce their opinions openly, in their own names, and under a sense of their responsibility to their country and to posterity; or anonymous newspaper writers, of whom nothing is known, beyond the certain fact, that they are gaining enormously—gaining not merely in profits, but in power, authority, and fame, by that which impoverishes, distresses and exhausts all other classes of the community.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When we consider how uncertain are life and health, and their value is appreciated by all human beings, it is strange, indeed, to observe how often men neglect the means of preserving these blessings at even the most trifling cost. They pay heavily to insure their premises from fire or their goods from accident on flood and field, but they often put off until it is too late the expenditure of a few shillings on a box of Holloway's pills, which they might keep by them as an unfailing safeguard—as a charm which will protect the possessor against all diseases. They must certainly do good, if used according to instructions given with each box.

CLOTH, 2s. 6d.

OUR NATIONAL SINEWS;

OR,

A Word on, to, and for the Working Classes.

Showing their present condition, socially, intellectually, and morally, and the desirability and practicability of its being improved.

By STEPHEN SHIRLEY,

Hon. Secretary to the Band of Hope Union.

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Contents for February, No. II.

The Philosophy of Sleep; Mentally-Adult Infants; The Two Roads; Alcohol in Cold Climates; Willful Waste makes Woeful Want; Happy and Unhappy Marriages; Judge Crampton's Charge; What is Medicine? Homoeopathy and its Failures; Is Sulphur good for Medicine; Remarks on Diet; The Artificiality of the Natural; The Spiritual Body; Apples for Human Food; Notices to Correspondents.

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