



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

No. 20, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

TO OUR READERS.

The friends of truth and progress can aid the *Two Worlds* in three ways. First, by circulating our window bills, prospectus, and small hand-bills among Booksellers, News Agents, and in letters, &c., to their own private friends. Secondly, by sending us their business advertisements, and those of their friends; and thirdly, by sending their copies, when read, to their friends. By remitting, in advance, parcels will be sent as under, free:—
6 Copies for . . . 0s. 6d. | 6 Copies per Quarter . . . 6s. 3d.
12 . . . 1 0 | 12 . . . 12 0

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE: A Line of Black Letter; Six Words of Large Type, or Nine Words of Small Type . . . 6d.
Every additional Nine Words, or part of a line . . . 2d.

How to get the "Two Worlds."

Either send to the publisher stamps to pay for it and postage; or order your bookseller to get it for you every week till further orders.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

It would not prove an unprofitable speculation to those whose souls have of late been stirred within them by reading narratives of woe and suffering, to ascertain who the really poor are. Almost daily our eye alights on some one or more cases of misery and destitution, followed by some ebullition of charitable feeling for their relief. Experience teaches us that real distress assumes a widely different aspect, and is much more isolated and decent than is that which is periodically forced upon the attention of the benevolent, in a mass, under the names of idleness, vagrancy, and mendicancy. When real charity burns in the bosom objects of real distress have to be sought out, and the individual philanthropist becomes a blessing to an individual sufferer or family. We have been in the homes of those "bodieable" individuals, half of whose time is spent in hunting after gifts from private individuals, or at the church, or at the workhouse; whose homes and persons never were any better than we now see them—it would not do! they know that—while the other half of their time is spent in riot and drunkenness, whilst their children become candidates for the reformatory, the night refuge, the prison, or the penal settlements. We know numbers of those who, out of their precarious callings, can and do make two, three, and four pounds a week during a great part of the year, and who expend it in brutal orgies, whose homes by the hundred are just like the few visited by the *Times'* correspondent. It is these classes who congregate in the low quarters of the metropolis, who enrich the publican, who attend wakes and fairs, low concerts and low theatres, dogfights, cockfights, and races, who fill our prisons, refuges, and reformatories. It is such as these who make it their business to ascertain the times and seasons for obtaining gifts, and who, to use their own words, will have them. It is the offspring of these who, when reduced to vagrancy and mendicancy, crowd our night refuges, soup kitchens, and washhouses; and it is in behalf of these such an exhibition of excitement is at present going on, and which has resulted in loosening the purse-strings of those who, it is obvious, are not much accustomed to real acts of charity; and over £8,000 has been drawn from sources from whence, under ordinary circumstances, it would not have flown for purposes of charity. Far be it from us to oppose any ameliorative measure for the reduction of an evil so patent, but we would urge upon our fellow-men the necessity of learning to distinguish between idleness and vagrancy—which sap our philanthropic resources, and in the bargain find so much employment for our judicial machinery—and the industrious and suffering, who never transgress the laws of the land, who are innocent of the way to procure a trifling gift, and who to all intents and purposes are the really poor. A case in point. We once went into a quiet street; the houses on one side had a particularly neat exterior; one in particular attracted our attention, the parlour windows were beautifully clean, so was the window blind, and a table near the window groaned beneath the weight of neatly-coloured garden pots, each one containing a healthy

fusia or a geranium in full bloom. We knocked at the street door, it was opened; we tapped at the parlour door, we were invited in. The exterior was no libel on the interior. A snug clean home this; the poor bits of carpet that covered the floor, and every little adornment in the room told of thrift and breathed a charm. A poor sick woman sat on a chair by the fireside. She was in the last stage of consumption. The husband now entered; he was a hardy and happy-looking creature, but when we spoke of his dear wife manly tears trickled down his cheeks. His wife, too, wept, but said, "I hope soon to be better, dear." We paid several visits to this home, but heard no complaint. We became acquainted, questions were asked and answered. The income enjoyed by this couple was 15s. per week, of this 3s. a week was paid for rent. "Two years ago, sir, we were in a little business, but we were unfortunate; we left in debt. We have regularly paid 3s. 6d. a week off that debt; my medicine and the attendance of the doctor is only 2s. 6d. per week; I pay a shilling a week to a person to keep my room tidy, and another shilling for washing, &c." Poor creature! she died. This is one of ten thousand pictures of real poverty in this great metropolis—dignified, suffering, unobtrusive, respectable poverty. The clamorous and canting beggar will always find that point where charity holds her audiences, but real poverty must be sought out. The former finds no difficulty in procuring help; but most of our charities—and which are numerous, and are really meant for the respectable poor—are so difficult of access that should the sick and weary one make an effort to obtain the succour needed, whether widow, orphan, or other, the route to it is made long, tortuous, and expensive, and in numberless cases is never obtained. And what more shall we say? Time would fail us to point out cases of genuine poverty, and which, wearing the garb of decency and unwilling to trumpet their woes and wants, remain uncared for.

We hope yet to become vigorous opponents to that system of indiscriminate distribution of parish gifts. We know those who have means at their disposal for the benefit of the really poor, but who will not give to any but who come to "my church;" and others, too, who arrogate to themselves rights, and dictate to others terms that they were never empowered to advance by the will of the donor. And we would humbly suggest that while the Poor Law Board are contemplating a scheme to relieve much of the public destitution which now burdens the metropolis, each parish district will furnish its committee, who will investigate the condition of the really poor who pine in private, and after a judicious consideration of the details of the several cases, seek to remedy them permanently and substantially.

Our Letter Box.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

SIR,—Mrs. Marshall's *seances* are the subject of Mr. Jones's recommendation in your number of the 22nd ult., allow me to give the result of my experiences with the same persons:—

1st. Rappings very sonorous, and certainly not brought about by the means mentioned by Mr. Jones, for, upon the most subtle observing, no vibration of the limbs or bodies of the mediums can be traced. It is useless for me to enter into the details of observation, as I do not want any controversy on the subject.

2nd. Writing on glass, supposed to be spirit writing. This has been effected in my presence under, what I consider, fair test conditions. The medium's legs and feet were secured; I tested the operation when done, and, notwithstanding, the writing occurred on the glass placed on the ground, and written upside down to the medium, I thought the restriction of securing the

limbs useless, and as impeding better and more forcible results, and preferred a more subtle experiment of placing the glass at different angles of the table and the floor. The result was favourable in each instance; the writing was clear; words and sentences were written out at my suggestion; and the spelling was correct. I must say, I left this experiment very much astonished, and, I may say, gratified. I have since seen the writing performed, the slate on the medium's lap, and both her hands on the table, as also those of the aunt, keenly watched by more than one observer. I have seen the writing performed, the medium holding the glass in her left hand, and, lastly, it has been written upon in my own hand.

3rd. Tying Knots. — In the course of an evening's *seance*, in the presence of a relation and a friend of mine, a handkerchief belonging to that relation was whipped against my legs and those of the friend, at a distance of four feet from the medium, who was holding the slate at the time, and the writing served to call my attention to the fact of the handkerchief being knotted, and that the influence present had endeavoured to introduce it into my lap.

I have here endeavoured to place my experiences as nearly as possible to compare with the conclusions come to by Mr. Jones, but, in addition, I have had many more curious things happen to me than all these. At a distance of four feet from the medium and aunt, a piece of glass has been held by a substance, conveying the feeling, that a finger and thumb was holding it; this glass has been suspended during an interval of some seconds, when I introduced my hand to my friends, and returned it under the table, finding the glass still held for me; and, further, it has been literally pushed into my hand. During this latter operation, my friends have kept watch on the hands. At a private house I have seen the screws of a loo table unscrewed several times, by desire, and numerous other curious and utterly confounding experiments.

I have no comment to make in addition to this statement. I have endeavoured to recount the various manifestations with the greatest deliberation and with respect to being strictly within the bounds of truth. I intend ceasing to seek for such demonstrations, inasmuch that I have seen enough. There is an extraordinary similarity in the minor features of the manifestations, through Mrs. Marshall's niece, and in those I have witnessed in private circles, where the results have been quite as, or more potent; and this similarity, in addition to the means I adopted, has induced me to come to an opposite conclusion to that of Mr. Jones.—I am, &c., J. CHINNEY, 2, Tyssen-terrace, Hackney, January 24, 1859.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE. CHAPTER IV.

FACTS AND FIGURES—continued.

Francis Secardia Hongo died A.D. 1702, aged 114 years, ten months, and twelve days. He left behind him forty-nine children—was never sick in his life. His sight, hearing, memory, and agility were the surprise of all who knew him. At 110, he lost all his teeth; but he cut two large ones, in his upper jaw, the year before he died. He never used to drink strong drinks, coffee, etc.; never used tobacco; and his only drink was water. His habits, in other respects, were temperate.

In the "Miscellanea Curiosa" may be found an interesting account of a man 120 years of age, without the loss of a tooth, and of a brisk and lively disposition, whose only drink, from his infancy, was pure water.

Sinclair, in his "Code of Health, etc.," speaks of the famous civilian, Andrew Tieraqueaus, who is said, for thirty years together, to have given yearly a book, and by the same wife a son to the world, and who lived to a good old age. He never drank anything but water, from his infancy.

In the year 1792, died in the duchy of Holstein, an industrious day-labourer, named Stender, in the 103rd

year of his age. His food, for the most part, was oatmeal and butter-milk. He rarely ever ate flesh; he was never sick, and could not be put out of temper. He had the greatest trust in Providence; his chief dependence was in the goodness of God, which no doubt greatly conduced to his health and longevity.

Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, died at Padua, in 1565, at above 100 years of age. In early life he had been very intemperate, and consequently greatly diseased. From his thirty-fifth to his fortieth year, his life was a burden to him. By a regular way of living, he repaired his health, in a remarkable manner; and in his eighty-first year says, "I am free from apprehension of disease, because I have nothing in my constitution for a disease to feed upon—from the apprehension of death, because I have spent a life of reason. I know that, barring accidents, no violent disease can touch me. I must be dissolved by a gentle and gradual decay, like oil in a lamp, which affords no longer life to the dying taper. But such a death cannot happen of a sudden."

Richard Lloyd died near Montgomery, aged 132 years and ten months. He was a tall, strong, upright man; had no gray hairs; had lost none of his teeth; and could see to read without spectacles. His food was bread, cheese, and butter, for the most part; and his drink whey, buttermilk, or water, and nothing else. But being persuaded by a neighbouring gentleman to eat flesh-meat, and drink malt liquor, he soon fell off, and died.

Dr. Lower speaks of a man in the north, aged 120, who had been accustomed to eat very little animal food, but lived upon oatmeal pottage and potatoes, and sometimes took a little milk. He was a labouring man, and never remembered being sick.

Dr. E. Baynard gives an account of one Seth Unthank, then (1706) living at Bath, whose chief drink was sour buttermilk. He was wonderfully nimble, and, above two years before, had walked from Bath to London, 106 miles, in two days, and came home again in two days more. His uncle was 126 years old when he died, and had been one of the Bishop of Durham's pensioners. The doctor also speaks of one John Bailes, of Northampton, whom he visited, then living, in his 129th year. He says he had a very strong voice, and spoke very loud; and told the doctor he had buried the whole town (except three or four) twenty times over. "Strong drink," quoth the old man, "kills 'em all." He was never drunk: his drink was water, small beer, and milk; and his food, for the most part, was brown bread* and cheese. He cared not much for flesh-meats.

Mrs. Hudson lived 105 years, and then died of an acute disease, brought on by catching cold. She could see to thread a needle at that age. Her food was very little else than bread and milk; all her life-time.

Louis Wholeham, of Ballinamona, Cork, died at the age of 118 years and seven months. He had not lost a tooth, nor had he one gray hair on his head. His diet, all through life, was mostly potatoes and milk; but, on an average, he had flesh one day in the week, until the last ten years, when he took a dislike to it, and could not eat it. It is a remarkable fact, showing how we cling to life, that he declared, on his death-bed, that he should have been more resigned to die eighty years ago than he was at that time.

*Bread, being an article so much in use, it is of importance we should use the best—that which is most calculated to promote health. The best bread is made of equal parts of wheat and rye, ground down together, no bran being taken out, and made into unfermented biscuits. Fine wheat flour, being of a starchy nature, is apt to occasion constipation, acidity, and flatulence. This bread would be found of great service to weak stomachs, which are often injured by the least exhalation of air, when bread ferments a second time in the stomach.

+Much has been said for and against milk. In favor of it, we are told of persons being cured of long-standing diseases, by living exclusively upon it, for six or seven years; and also we are referred to the health and longevity of some who have made much use of it. On the other hand, in our large cities and towns many thousands of cows are kept in close, ill-ventilated, and horribly filthy stables, fed on distillery slops, and every other kind of foul refuse material, subjected to the unnatural and unhealthy influences of bad air, want of exercise, and improper food; and their milk, which is an absolute poison, is sold to our citizens, and swallowed by our infantile population. Cows are also diseased, through the vegetables they eat, and that, if the animal be diseased, so must the milk, as also the butter and cheese. (See Whitlay's "Treatise on Fever," and Clark's "Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.") Annatto and arsenic are sometimes added to cheese; the former to give it color, and the latter freshness and tenderness. (See "Library of Health," vol. ii. p. 9.) The animals thus treated soon become diseased, when they are killed, and their carcasses peddled out to the people, under the name of beef. Although books have been written on this subject, and although the press has, during the last ten years, often and repeatedly called the attention of the sovereign people and the constituted authorities to these enormous evils, they still remain unchecked and untouched. The rights of property appear to have a much stronger claim on legislating powers than the rights of persons. The right of a rich man to get richer, in the prosecution of a nuisance-business, is regarded higher than the right of a poor man to live. Because "private rights," as the phrase goes, are not to be meddled with; the public, who happen to be too ignorant to know their wrongs, or too feeble to defend their rights, may be cheated, defrauded, maimed, robbed, and poisoned, all because a certain select, few, privileged, rich distillers find it profitable (?) to sell their putrescent slops to be manufactured into a fluid resembling milk, after having converted the natural food for man—the grains and fruits which God gave him to eat—into alcoholic poison. If there is a business on earth pre-eminently nefarious, it is this; if there is any system of legislation more thoroughly barbarian than all others, it is that which cherishes and protects the property principle at the expense of the image of God.

Joice Heath, of America, was being exhibited in several of their large towns, at the age of 162; and when asked what was her food, said "Corn-bread and potatoes is what I eat."

Francisco Lupatoli, of Smyrna, lived 113 years. He drank nothing but water and milk; having used neither tea, coffee, etc. He lived chiefly upon bread, figs, etc. He could hear well, and see without spectacles, even to the last.

Zeno, is said to have died at the age of ninety-eight years, having never experienced any sickness or indisposition whatever.

If we refer to the American Indians, we find, at the first arrival of Europeans among them, it was not uncommon to find persons who were above 100 years old. They lived frugally, and drank only pure water. Strong drinks were unknown to them till introduced by Christians, by whom they have been taught to drink; and now they hardly reach half the age of their parents.—*Kalm.*

The same traveller says the natives of Shetland give an account of one Fairville, who arrived at the age of 102, and never drank any malt liquor, distilled water, or wine. They say his son lived longer than he; that his grandchildren lived to a great age, and seldom or never drank any stronger liquor than milk, or water, or bland. This last is made of butter-milk, mixed with water.

The natives of Sierra Leone, whose climate is said to be the worst on earth, are very temperate; they subsist entirely on small quantities of boiled rice, with occasional supplies of fruit, and drink only cold water; in consequence of which they are strong and healthy, and live as long as men in the most propitious climates.

Herodotus tells us that the average life of the Macrobians was 120 years, and that they never drank anything stronger than milk. But if there be one portion of the globe more than another, to which the general consent of mankind accords the first place in point of beauty and symmetry, it will be the Circassian race; and we are much gratified in being able to adduce this nation as an illustration of the position we have taken. We will make one short extract from "Travels in Circassia, Kirin, etc.," by E. Spencer, Esq., who says, "Owing to the robust firmness and temperate manner of living, the Circassians generally attain an advanced age; their diseases being neither numerous nor dangerous." This must be attributed, independently of their simple diet, to their constant exercise, pure air, etc.

It is mentioned in Keppis' "Life of Captain Cook," that when that great navigator first visited the New Zealanders he was astonished at the perfect and uninterrupted health they were found to enjoy. In all the visits which were paid to this people, not a single person was found who appeared to have any complaint, nor among the number who were seen naked, was once perceived the slightest eruption on the skin, or the least mark which indicated that such eruption had formerly existed. "The wounds heal with remarkable facility, without any applications. It abounds with a great number of old men, many of whom, by the loss of their teeth and hair, appeared to be very ancient, and yet none of them were decrepit. Although they are not equal to the young in muscular strength, they do not come behind them with regard to cheerfulness and vivacity. Water, as far as our navigators could discover, is the universal and daily liquor of the New Zealanders." But how are the mighty fallen! In the South Seas, and also in New Zealand, the most heart-rending contrast is now presented to their former comparative state of health and happiness. Disease and mortality abound almost unparalleled in character, arising from the introduction of strong drinks. Traders from Christian countries threaten to depopulate these islands in a very few years, unless missionary influence and exertions, in connection with teetotalism, prevent it, and save them from their fate. That we do not exaggerate, we refer our readers to the state of the population when Captain Cook landed, and their present state—the contrast is humiliating and alarming. Then, according to the statements of A. Chapin, M.D., late a resident in those islands, the population was not less than 400,000. Estimating a period of fifty-seven years since their discovery by Europeans, and also taking into account losses occasioned by their wars, he supposes, with great reason, that their population should have increased at least one half, making at present a probable total of 600,000. The terrible facts, however, are well known, that the population of these islands only amounts to 135,000, making the fearful loss, during fifty-seven years, of not less than 465,000, which, Mr. C. adds, is chargeable to the customs or vices carried there from other places. These appalling facts will excite less surprise, when it is known, on the authority of Mr. Ellis, that a sum of not less than 12,000 dollars was expended in Tahiti alone, in one year, for intoxicating drinks.

(To be continued in our next.)

WIT, ITS NATURE AND USES.

WHILE I would vehemently condemn all brawling jollities, or sports unworthy the nobler faculties of man, let me advance an earnest plea in behalf of elegant and refined mirthfulness. I love cheerfulness and hilarity, and wit founded upon the subtle and almost magical relations of things. Wit is an intellectual faculty, and God placed its organ at the outer angle of the forehead so that it may look all ways for subjects of merriment. Kingsley, than whom a more religious man has not written in our day, and whose love of nature is only less than his love of humanity, suggests that there are certain animals whom God created in the spirit of fun. I like the Homeric idea that the gods of Olympus loved a joke. I refuse my approval only because their jokes were unworthy of gods. The element of wit, like that of benevolence or veneration is within us, and the sources of its legitimate gratification are all around us and inexhaustible. The subtle genius who can discern, startling or incongruous relations and thus create delightful surprises, is, next to him who can discern a new truth, a benefactor to mankind. A jocular physician will restore more patients by his jokes than by the physic, and a witticism that hits the mark will disperse a mob quicker than bullets that hit the men. [After the French Revolutions of 1848; which dethroned Louis Philippe, Lamartine, who had been placed at the head of the Provisional Government, and who had enjoyed unbounded popularity, suddenly incurred the vengeance of the Parisian mob, who marched forthwith to the Hotel de Ville, where Lamartine and his colleagues were in council, and demanded the presence of their foredoomed victim. No sooner had he appeared on the balcony than a wild roar, like a noise of many waters, filled the air: "His head," "His head," shouted the angry mob. "My head," said Lamartine, "would to God you all had it on your shoulders!" The infinite contrast of ideas between trampling his head under their feet for vengeance, or wearing it on their shoulders for wisdom and guidance, transformed them suddenly as another Pentecost, and he escaped.] How exhilarating to think of some master-stroke of wit, started thousands of years ago, descending along the path of time, crackling and coruscating, creating new explosions of laughter before the old echoes have died away, expanding both mouth and heart of all men, until, in our day and time, it flaps and vibrates all living diaphragms, and is then destined, like a *feu de joie*, to run down the line of all future generations. Ignorance and the brutishness of ignorance, crime and the retribution of crime, can alone extinguish this love of mirthfulness in the heart of man. It is bad enough to see a man who always looks as Adam may be supposed to have looked the morning after the fall, but a child that never laughs is one of the saddest sights in the world.

But mirthfulness should always be associated with the higher faculties. When allied with the lower or animal propensities of men it is as debasing as it is elevating when associated with the higher nature. It should always be employed to adorn benevolence and wisdom, to increase our scorn for falsehood and our righteous detestation of hypocrisy. To be attracted by one of the most attractive of all things—warm-blooded laughter—and when you expect to see a Hyperion, to behold, instead, only the foul eyes of a Satyr leering but upon you, is one of the sorest and most grievous of moral affronts. There can be no greater misalliance than that of genius and vice; or what is almost as fatal, that of education and vice.

What is remarkable and most pertinent to our purpose here, is, that almost all these living and enduring treasures which now constitute the world's "capital stock of wit," have come from the scholar. In this single department the true student finds a thousand-fold compensation for all the course, buffooneries, and vulgar jollifications of the world. But let him remember that his wit, in order to be enduring, must be genuine, heart-exhilarating, truth-flashing, virtue-protecting, vice-exposing; not the empty laughter of Bacchus nor the loathsome grimace of Silenus.

Nothing unpurifies a man's character so suddenly, and so surely as what he laughs at. Laughter is so unpremeditated and spontaneous, that it turns the soul inside out before one has time to think. The moral nature of that man needs to be reconstructed who laughs at what is obscene, profane, or wicked. The sardonic grin is painful as the bite of a viper. The hyena laughs; the saint laughs; what an infinitude of moral distance lies between them! The earnest college student, under proper intellectual and moral illuminations, and however unfortunate may have been his early education and associations, will soon give evidence that he is undergoing a refining process of character. His first change will be to repudiate and spurn all those monkeyisms of "trick," and "prank," and "practical joke," as they are called, which descend in college life from one low order of students to another the legacy of folly to fools. We all know that there are colleges in this country whose vicinity to poultry-yards, and hen-roosts is more formidable than if every building on the college premises were a burrow for Sampson's foxes. The doctrine of the "Golden Rule," as applied to the whole visible nature of man is simply this: "This is not fun which is not fun for both sides."

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

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TROUBLES THICKEN—TINY AND LIZZY IN LONDON AGAIN.

"Remember, man, in time. Stop, do not fear,
Good counsel taken well secures, then hear,
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee."

JOHN BUNYAN.

The greatest difficulty experienced by Tiny in the art of pedestrianism was walking over the cobble stones in the ancient city of Coventry. His sufferings were intense, and excited the pity of several persons. Nevertheless he persevered, and took observations of the streets through which he passed, had a look at the Town Hall, and inquired his way to Peeping Tom's Corner; and with his mind full of the adventures of the Lady Godiva, he emerged from the town. He was now only, or but little more than half way to London. It was Saturday, and his funds were reduced to twelve shillings. The weather had become unsettled, the rain fell at intervals in sharp drenching showers, and but a thin partition of leather between his feet and the wet and unkind gravel stones.

He halted at a beer-house for the night, and whilst in bed he called over the roll of the past, the present, and soliloquised over future prospects; but tired and worn out, he tumbled off to sleep, leaving the reckoning in an unsatisfactory state. On Sunday he walked but little, for the rains continued. On Monday (Whit-Monday) he reached Rugby, and an enlivening thought took possession of his mind—viz., as he could not walk sixty miles and get to town that night, as he had promised Lizzy he would do, had not he better take the train? Common-sense, joined to necessity, answered, "To be sure."

The rain descended in torrents, and Aquarius had penetrated plentifully into the loose and woolly material of Tiny's pilot coat; whilst his boots gave free ingress to the watery element at one end, they afforded an easy egress at the other, so that his toes, by being constantly exposed to water and the friction of tattered stockings, looked like a washerwoman's fingers and thumbs after a hard day's work.

He inquired his way to the railway station; and after going down one or two wrong turnings, and having to return again, he was rewarded for his patience and perseverance by finding the identical spot two hours after the third-class train had left for London.

"And when does the next train go," he asked of the clerk, a civil and obliging young man. "At half-past three P.M.—first-class," replied the clerk. "And how much is the fare?" asked Tiny. "Ten shillings," was the reply. His heart behaved itself very unquietly whilst he plunged his hand into his pocket, pulled out his money, and counted it. Fare to London ten shillings, said he to himself. He paid the fare and took his ticket, reserving for himself a balance in hand of one farthing. Tiny had to wait three hours and a-half, so he asked permission to wait, which was granted. It was a warm day, but he was hungry and wet, and heshivered and felt like a lonely sparrow on the housetop. Never before did three hours and a-half seem such a long way off.

Two ladies, sisters to the clerk, sat in their brother's sanctum, basking in the warmth of a clear fire, and were doing ample justice to that kind of lunch which thousands of the poor would gladly identify and partake of as a Sunday's dinner. As we have before stated, Tiny, when dressed, had something of a respectable and attractive nature about him. The young clerk had cast several glances at him, so had the sisters. They whispered together; and the young man addressed Tiny by saying, "You are very wet, sir, and you don't look well; there are yet three hours to wait. There is a respectable old lady living in the village below, and who, I'm sure, will make you comfortable, and provide refreshment at a very reasonable charge. Shall I call the porter? He will show you the cottage." "If you please," said Tiny, for he felt somehow like an intruder. The porter answered the call, and readily undertook to escort Tiny to the village cot. With great pain and difficulty he gained his feet, and followed his conductor, first asking permission to leave his pack in the clerk's office. When they had gained the road, Tiny said to the porter, "Now, my friend, I thank you for your kindness, but I will walk about here till the train arrives; I have no money with which to pay for refreshment, and I've no friends here from whom to get any; I have walked a long way; I have missed the cheap train, and have but one farthing in the world." "You're joking, sir," said the man, eyeing him from head to foot. Tiny assured him that he was not, neither was his position a joking matter. At this earnest statement of facts, testified to by the tears which, in spite of every effort to suppress, came into his eyes, the man scratched his head, begged pardon if he had spoken unkindly, and generously offered to pay for some ale and bread and cheese if he would accept it. Tiny gratefully accepted the offer, and will never forget that friend in need—no, never.

A few minutes, and he was comfortably housed, and was left alone with his old hostess, who entered freely into conversation with him, and Tiny told her some of his troubles, over which the good creature wept. She made him go to bed for two hours whilst she dried his clothes. She brought out the shaving tackle of a son long since dead, cooked some meat and made some tea, caused him to bathe his feet and limbs in warm water, and in every way she could acted the mother over again.

Whilst Tiny slept, the porter had returned to the cottage with a sealed packet for Tiny, on opening which he found nearly the whole of his railway fare had been returned to him, as a subscription sent by the clerk and his two sisters. The man said that on his return to the station the ladies asked him questions as to the cause of Tiny's lame and toil-worn appearance. He told them what he knew, and they promptly and generously subscribed the trifle sent, earnestly requesting him to accept it.

Tiny was overwhelmed with this benevolent act; he felt much recruited by rest and the care taken of him by the old lady, who refused to accept any pay, wishing to enjoy the sense of having done good for a fellow-creature in distress; adding that God paid debts without money. I wonder whether he does? mentally ejaculated Tiny.

The train arrived, Tiny thanked his friends for their kindness, and was soon on the way to London. At Euston-square he was met by Lizzy and Bill Cotton. But Tiny and Lizzy had now no home into which to put their heads; but they were in the great metropolis, and Tiny had no fear about getting work at this season of the year. They sought and obtained a lodging for that night, and on the following day they procured a furnished lodging in Islington, near to where they had lived previous to going to Shropshire; and having obtained employment at fair wages, they doubted not but they would soon get a home of their own again. They had realised the truth of the old saying, that a rolling stone never gathers any moss.

Tiny now resolved that the future of his life should be devoted to home and steadiness; and several weeks of what the world calls real happiness passed away, and Tiny having taken counsel with Lizzy, resolved once more to embark on the ground floor of a house, with a stock of furniture less in convenience and comfort than that with which they started in life. But man is born to trouble; and at the end of the first week Tiny was taken ill, and was for many weeks covered with boils, and consequently unable to work. At the same time the youngest child was taken ill also, and whilst the whole family lacked even common nourishment, Lizzy sat and watched her sick husband and child both day and night with her usual patience and endurance, till the flood gates of maternal anguish were once more torn open. The child died, and the doctor expressed some doubt as to whether Tiny would recover.

Friendship is a sacred name. The great orb of day has its attendants, and all animated nature does willing homage to his majestic light, and worships him as the sustainer of life. The moon and the whole planetary systems have their satellites, and who, as they glide through the azure skies, attend their mistress, following in her track with unwavering constancy, all combining to do honour and to give glory to the majesty of him who, by the word of his power, called them into being and fixed their bounds.

Descending to earth, we observe lessons of providence. The ant, the bee, and innumerable other creatures who exult in the rich provisions of love and instinct, and who flit from tree to tree, from flower to flower, or wing their way over trackless seas, darkening the vault of heaven by their countless numbers; and others who dwell on earth's surface or burrow in its bowels; the kings of the forests and lords of prairies—till we come up to stately man—have their loves and their friendships, ministering, and being in turn ministered to by attendants set over them or near to them to succour, to defend, and to cheer them, and work in an harmony so loveable that its music soothes the sick and weary, smooths the rugged way, renews the worn places by their God-made sufficiency for their office; so that every leaf in the book of created life tells of love, friendship, and truth—in their agencies and effects—as being the companions of that God who numbers the sands, the hairs and the feathers, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

(To be continued in our next.)

"THE PEACEFUL HOME."

HOME! How deep a spell that little word contains! it is the place where our purest and best affections move and consecrate themselves—the hive in which, like the little "Busy Bee," youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to feed upon. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine, the ark of the past and future. "Home,—we love the name. The spot is made sacred by a thousand remembrances—it was there we first heard a mother's voice and caught the mild look of her loving eye. It was there we were first enfolded in a father's arms. It was there gentleness watched over us, and love, deep heart-felt maternal love protected us. It was there we first felt the warm impulses of a sister's love and a brother's generous kindness. Home! its name is sweet music which thrills through every chamber of the soul. Home! the soldier dreams of it as he sinks to rest on the red field of slaughtered when the fight is done! It nerves the gallant seaman in his strife with the mad waters, when the tempest's fury dashes the seething foam around his barque, and strained timbers crack and heave as if life were in them. In that fearful hour the thought of home rushes like a beacon o'er the swollen billows of the angry deep: its voices are born to him upon the mighty wind's breath and sound like angel's prayers. And in the fearful hour of death the christian's face is radiant with a holy joy as he dimly sees his heavenly home in sight.

In passing through Alresford, a village of Hampshire, our attention was directed to the sign of "The Peaceful Home;" we thought it strange that such a sign should have been chosen to represent a public-house: the very place that does more than anything else to wear a man from his home and convert it into a hell. We cannot attempt to describe our indignation at such sacrilege. O thou sacrilegious publican,

thou who hast by thine infernal traffic stole away the happiness of childhood, blighted his youthful days—destroyed his brightest prospects—converted his home into a hell. Yes, thou hast destroyed peace, happiness, and love, and made his home a wreck; and his mother a wreck, with a crushed heart and blighted hopes; and his brothers and sisters a wreck, with bare backs, thin cheeks, and dark minds; and the father, he who should have been a model of manhood to his children, thou hast made a miserable shattered wreck, with character lost, hopes decayed, peace gone; and then, as if to mock his very despair, you call your den the very thing you have deprived him of, a *peaceful home*. How bitter the sarcasm, how keenly the poor wretch who has robbed himself of every thing to satisfy the avarice of that publican, must feel it as he thinks of his once happy home, when his children met him at the garden gate and made the air ring with their innocent prattling welcome, and when the joyous wife, bright and beautiful to behold, met him at that pretty porch with its honeysuckles and woodbine climbers, with the smile of welcome; how his heart must sink within him as he thinks of that cheerful fire, when with the curtains drawn, and the candle lighted, he was wont to read aloud the wondrous stories of that good old book—whilst his wife plied the needle and little Mary sat at his feet, her deep blue eyes turned up to catch the expression of his face, and little Tommy sat on his knee with eyes and mouth wide open, equally anxious to hear and understand. Oh, what must be his feelings as he looks at that sign board swinging backwards and forwards, creaking in every wind, and thinks that that *peaceful home* is only a thing of the past, a bright spot in the long long ago of his life, and that all before him is a hot burning desert. See, to drown his feelings and drive dull care away he enters and partakes of that fire-water that men take into their system to steal their brains away. Let us follow: What a strange sight presents itself! What a strange household, what a loathsome family! True the fire blazes cheerfully on the hearth and every thing is tolerably clean, but the family are sleepy, careless, sluggish,—there are old and young, men, women, and children

There is the poor frail creature wearing a hollow smile upon her painted face, decked in a gaudy dress, and by her side a flashy youth whose cheek the blush of innocence has long forsaken. Here the matron may be seen whose half downcast eye seems to say she has but newly learned to tread the downward path. There the stout bold faced woman whose leering grin tells of one long accustomed to the ways of evil. Here a man with bloated features and large staring eyes—there a ragged urchin with shoesless feet, and yonder a girl whose tattered frock covers but half her form. There sits the Parish Clerk big in his official dignity, and here the village blacksmith, whilst the ever active publican with his round face and swollen cheeks, bloated frame and feverish mouth, and little eyes, is the presiding genius of the home; Oh! the peace of that "home," its folly and blasphemy, its idiot smile and savage grin, but too frequently precede the blow of violence, and the murderer's crime; its peace, like the smoldering fire, requires but additional fuel to rouse it into fury. Its pleasures are those of sin and folly; lust and debauchery reigns there.

Oh! the desolate abodes of utter misery from which these poor wretches come! Go to the house of that poor sot,—behold his unhappy wife and children as they gather round the few remaining embers found on that poverty-stricken hearth, and with that dim light see if you can trace any remains of youth and beauty, intermingled with the distress and misery depicted on that once lovely brow—mark well the sunken eye, the haggard look of the almost broken-hearted mother, view her as she grasps her helpless babe, with what tenderness she clasps him to her bosom, as she thinks of him whose duty it is to support her, but who has through the influence of strong drink robbed him of a father's care. But hark! Why that little group? Why that anxiety to conceal themselves? Why! because a father's step is heard to approach the door. But why those fears on the part of the mother? Why that deep sigh that seems to rend her inmost soul as the latch of the door is raised by the hand of him who has sworn to protect her? Why all this? The answer is given in one word; because he whose very footsteps as he drew near his home should have been hailed with delight; he whose voice should have fallen like the sweetness of music upon the ears of his family, is drunk. But here we think it better to let the curtain drop; the reader can anticipate what may probably ensue when a drunkard returns to his miserable home, quitting a gay and cheerful company for that of a broken-hearted wife and starving children; the warm fireside of the *peaceful home* for the cold damp hovel, where exists the partner of his bosom, the choice of his happier days; she who had borne a more than equal share of his sorrows, she for whom life itself has long since ceased to have any charms; and all because her husband has been deceived and ruined at the *peaceful home*. Working-men, when will you cease to be gulled by these men? When will you cease to esteem the publican's wife better than your own? When will you cease to prefer his smoky tap room to your own happy fireside? Leave the publican to keep his own wife and family, to furnish his own house, to fat his own pigs, and you see to it that your home is not neglected, or your wife or children ill-fed, or badly clothed, through frequenting his house; and wives you see to it that your homes are made happy and comfortable, or depend upon it the publican will try and excel you. You possess a mighty influence over your husbands, use it for good; and keep your husbands at home, teach them to prefer their own home to that of the publican's, so shall yours be IN REALITY, a *peaceful home*.—J. W.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Air—variations in the temperature—dryness and moisture of the atmosphere—chiefly produce disease. They not only affect the health, but the perfection of the species. Hence, the noblest of the human race is the Caucasian, because a medium temperature ever there prevails. In England, but too frequently, Russian cold and Italian heat divides the day, excessive changes which few can bear with impunity. Colds, influenza, consumption, fever, dysentery, are the diseases usually springing from our variable climate; these, in their early stages, may be readily cured with Holloway's remedies, which neutralise in the blood the morbid products of the changeable and impure atmosphere, brace the relaxed frame, prevent inflammation in the robust, and annul fever.

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.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury.

This work is especially adapted as a

New Year's Gift to a Working Man.

PART I.

A WORD ON THE WORKING CLASSES;

(In Three Sections;)

Showing their Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Condition, and is addressed to **Agriculturists, Mechanics, Factorymen, Clerks, Shopmen, Porters, and Carmen, Sailors; Soldiers, Servants, and Needlewomen.**

PART II.

A WORD TO THE WORKING CLASSES;

designed to show them that much of their distress originates with themselves, and that their improvement depends, in a great measure, upon their own exertions.

PART III.

A WORD FOR THE WORKING CLASSES;

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, RAGGED SCHOOLS, LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, CITY MISSIONS, AND THE PRESS.

A WORD TO PARLIAMENT AND TO THE CHURCH.

London: W. HORSELL, 13, Paternoster Row.

THE PURE AND MEDICATED

LOZENGE & GENERAL CONFECTIONERY

MANUFACTORY AND DEPOT,

17, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

W. DUNSMORE, Proprietor.

Strongly recommended by the Government Analytical Chemist, and the most eminent and learned of the Medical Profession.

The Proprietor, in calling attention to the true and disinterested report of that eminent analytical chemist and M.D., Dr. HASSELL, the Government Analytical Chemist, who on several occasions purchased various descriptions of Confectionery at his establishment, and submitted them to the most strict and searching analytical tests, and found them composed of PURE and UNADULTERATED materials, and the COLOURING used perfectly UNINJURIOUS and of purely Vegetable extraction.

W. D. is not actuated by either vanity or egotism, but a conscious satisfaction that the public can with confidence rely on all the goods which he sells being pure. In justice to himself, W. D. begs to state, that at the same time, and by the same eminent individual, several samples of Confectionery were purchased in various parts of the metropolis, and, on being analysed, were found to be highly adulterated, and the colouring matter used to be earthy or mineral substances, both of a poisonous and highly-injurious nature. This significant fact W. D. leaves entirely with the public, feeling confident that they will appreciate the honest character of the tradesman who stands in the enviable and honourable position which he has ever enjoyed, and which will be his anxious wish and study to maintain. The experience of W. D. in the Confectionery art extends over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, and in the manufacture of his Medicated Lozenges he extracts, by a novel process, the medicinal virtues of the herbs, roots, barks, flowers, fruits, and gums, which he uses, and which will be found for the purposes intended to carry out the wishes of the manufacturer and the expectations of the parties using them.

The Compound Medicated Herbal Lozenges.

This highly-prized Lozenge promotes expectoration, dissolves the phlegm, and for dry hacking coughs they never fail in giving instant relief, and eventually effect a cure.

The Throat Lozenge.

The best preparation extant for all inflammations of the throat; in cases of quinsy and inflammation their soothing influence is invaluable, as they allay pain and irritability, and quickly restore that sensitive member to a healthy state.

The Compound Lozenges

For all disorders of the respiratory organs; the most effectual remedy for colds, wheezing, difficulty of breathing, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and all disorders of the bronchial tubes, chest, and lungs, a never-failing remedy, highly patronised by the faculty.

The Aperient Medicated Lozenges.

For bilious affections, to strengthen the tone and action of the stomach, regulate and cleanse the liver, and give a healthy and regular action to the bowels. Strongly recommended.

DR. HASSELL'S REPORT.

(See "Lancet.")

"I have subjected samples of each of the LOZENGES named and manufactured by MR. DUNSMORE, to careful chemical analysis and microscopic examination, and am thus in a position to state:—First. That they are perfectly GENUINE; Second. That the MATERIALS of which they are composed are of the BEST QUALITY; Third. That they are made according to EXCELLENT RECEIPTS and are well-adapted to accomplish the purposes for which they have been specially prepared.

(Signed) "ARTHUR HASSELL, M.D., &c. &c."

The original may be inspected at the Establishment,

17, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

No connection with any other Establishment.

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

Contents for January. No. I., 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 Homoeopathy—Dipsomania—Literary Notices—Notices to Correspondents, &c. &c.

Contents for February, No. II.
The Philosophy of Sleep; Mentally-Adult Infants; The Two Roads; Alcohol in Cold Climates; Willful Waste makes Woe! 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 Artificial v. the Natural; The Spiritual Body; Apples for Human Food; Notices to Correspondents.

Mr. DIXON, L.S.A.,

ATTENDS to receive Patients at the Homoeopathic Institute, 25, Bedford-row, on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from nine till eleven o'clock. Subscription:—Five shillings quarterly; and for the medicine one shilling each time it shall be required.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

AND PRONOUNCED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS, to be THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING, & PERFUMERY

ESTABLISHMENTS,

73, OSSULTON STREET, AND 1, CHURCH WAY, SOMERS TOWN.

W. ALBERTON, Proprietor.

At these Establishments, Cleanliness, Civility, and Expedition are the leading characteristics. The cleanliness is carried on by a liberal supply of pure water and clean towels, brushes, combs, &c. The civility is experienced by every frequenter to either of the above establishments, and the poor man receives the same attention as the rich. The expedition is apparent from the staff of experienced officials who are ever ready to attend to customers instantly.

TAILORING & DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT,

131, DRUMMOND STREET, EUSTON SQUARE.

R. TRAILL, Proprietor.

THE Proprietor begs to acquaint the inhabitants of this district, and visitors to London per North London Railway, that, in addition to the above business, he bestows every attention to Cleaning and Repairing Gentlemen's Clothes, and finishing them with neatness and dispatch.

Gentlemen's own materials made up, and the taste of the customer consulted regarding style, &c.

Mourning made on the shortest possible notice.

Orders by post punctually attended to.

M. ASCOLI,

Sworn Broker, Appraiser, House, Estate, and

General Agent, and Furniture Dealer,

72, GREAT COLLEGE ST., CAMDEN TOWN.

Every description of Furniture, Wardrobes, and other Property Purchased: Sales attended: Pictures, Glass, China, and Furniture securely packed and safely delivered at the shortest notice.

J. SWINDELLS, Medical Botanist, &c.,

34, HIGH STREET, WOOLWICH.

THE extraordinary consumption of Swindells'

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

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

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

"On some fond breast the panting soul relies."

THE Advertiser offers his services as UNDER-TAKER to parties whose means are limited, but whose wishes are anxiously directed to bestow all becoming decency and respect to the last office of departed relatives.

J. MACK, FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

30, BAYHAM STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

The Old Established Coffee & Dining Rooms,

26, Buckingham-place, Fitzroy-square,

E. GELLAN, Proprietress.

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

THE WORKING MEN'S HATTER.

No. 6, Wilstead-street, Euston-road, Somers Town.

E. GOUGH, proprietor.

THIS is the Best and Cheapest House in the neighbourhood for fashionable, spicy, and durable hats. Old hats completely metamorphosed, the shape altered, the colour restored, and the body made waterproof at a very low figure.

Hats from 3s. 6d.

The cheapest and best house in London for superior

Durable Waterproof and other Hats.

JAMES H. CLARKE, Proprietor.
The Proprietor's long and extensive experience in the trade enables him to supply his customers with superior goods, including every style of shape and fashion. Prices exceedingly moderate. The Proprietor would respectfully suggest the justice of encouraging native manufacture.

39, Chapel Street, Somers Town.

The Hope Coffee and Dining Rooms,

JOHN JOHNSON, Proprietor.

364, EUSTON ROAD, OPPOSITE FITZROY SQUARE.

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

French Cleaning, Dyeing, and Scouring

Establishment,

34, PARK STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

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

W. H. HARDING, Proprietor.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.

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

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

GENERAL CUTLERY AND EDGE-TOOL

Manufactory,

39, CHAPEL STREET, SOMERS TOWN.

W. LOG, Proprietor.

THE Proprietor begs to inform the public that having taken advantage of the depressed state of the markets, he has purchased largely every description of cutlery, manufactured from the best-tempered steel, and which he is selling at prices which defy competition. W. L. having been brought up to the trade, parties intrusting their cutlery to repair, may rest assured of its being done in a superior manner, and not in that botched and clumsy manner which characterises the majority of work done by persons who have no pretensions to the trade.

THIRTY-TWO PAPERS ON

HOMOEOPATHY,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A SUPPLEMENT:

SHOWING ITS PRACTICAL VALUE.

By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

The Thirty-Two Papers may be had in assorted 6d. packets.

London: W. HORSELL, 13, Paternoster-row.

G. L. LEE, 9, HOLBORN BARS.

THE CHEAPEST LITHOGRAPHIC AND COPPER PLATE PRINTING OFFICE in London. A Card Plate Engraved and 50 Cards for 2s., sent post free.

BATTLE BRIDGE BOTANIC DEPOT

And Great Northern Herbal Dispensary;

291, PENTONVILLE ROAD.

W. STORY, Sole Proprietor.

THE Proprietor begs most gratefully to acknowledge the kindness he has received from the patrons of this establishment, during his connection with it, and to acquaint them that he has purchased the business of Mr. Brunsten. It will be the anxious wish of W. S. to retain and uphold that distinguished and extensive patronage which has been so liberally bestowed on this establishment, by vinding nothing but pure English and Foreign Herbs, Roots, Barks, Seeds, Flowers, and Gums. Having been long engaged in investigating the medicinal properties of the vegetable kingdom, and having arrived at a satisfactory and chemical conclusion regarding the extraction of these virtues, he begs to state that his preparations are characteristic for that purity and virtue which it is impossible for human ingenuity to excel.

W. S. can recommend with perfect confidence his Cough Candy for alleviating and curing all diseases of the respiratory organs. His Worm Preparations, for destroying every species of these vermin, has obtained a universal celebrity. Specimens and testimonials may be seen at the dispensary, and references given to parties who have been cured. The Stomach and Liver Pills, prepared by the proprietor, are vegetable; to the former organ they give a muscular strength and healthy action, and to the latter they regulate the amount of bile necessary for digestion and sound health. Prescriptions accurately prepared.

Consultation Free.

Published Monthly, Price 3d. ELLIOT'S Original

LONDON GENERAL RAILWAY, STEAM-

BOAT, AND OMNIBUS GUIDE.—This indispensable work

(supplying a want that has long been felt) gives Omnibus Times, Fares, and Routes, with alphabetical list of the streets and environs of London passed by the different Omnibuses; Steamboats on the Thames; Ships leaving London for America and the Continent; Continental Steamboats (times of departure of); General Post-Office-Intelligence; Cabs; Abstract of the Act of Parliament, and upwards of 2,000 cab fares, to and from the different Railways, Public Buildings, Theatres, &c. &c.; Time Tables of all the Railways thirty miles round London; Railway and Telegraph Stations; quantity of Luggage allowed each Passenger free of Charge by the different Companies; Guide to the Metropolitan Amusements, Free Sight, &c. &c., thus rendering the work a complete Metropolitan and Suburban Conveyance Directory.

ELLIOT, 475, New Oxford-street, and all Booksellers.

Now Publishing, price 1s. 6d., post free 17 stamps,

THE Carpenter's, Joiner's, Cabinet-Maker's, and

Gilder's Companion: containing rules and instructions in the art of Carpentry, Joining, Cabinet-making, and Gilding, veneering, inlaying, varnishing, polishing, dyeing, and staining wood, ivory, &c.; the best methods of preparing glue, cements, and compositions, and a variety of valuable receipts; with illustrations showing the various methods of dovetailing, mortice, and tenoning, &c. &c. By F. REINSEL, Architect and Surveyor.

London: ELLIOT, 475, Oxford-street, W.C.

Now Publishing, price 1s. 6d., post free 17 stamps,

THE Mason's, Bricklayer's, Plasterer's, and

Slater's Assistant: containing all that is useful and necessary in the above branches, with a variety of valuable receipts and instructions for mixing mortars, compos, washes, &c.; with illustrations showing the various methods of laying bricks, cutting stones, &c. &c. By G. REINSEL, Architect and Surveyor, Author of the "Carpenter's, Joiner's, Cabinet Maker's, &c."

London: ELLIOT, 475, Oxford-street, W.C.

Sixth Edition, corrected by the Author, price 2s.,

post free 26 stamps,

THE Painter's, Grainer's, and Writer's As-

sistant: containing the colours and the quantity to be used in the imitation of all kinds of fancy woods, marble, granite, &c.; also, a variety of receipts and information for general work, writing, &c., with receipts and instructions for making all kinds of varnishes, &c. &c., being upwards of 250 valuable receipts connected with the above trades. By E. BARBER.

London: ELLIOT, 475, Oxford-street, W.C., and all Booksellers.

THE ST. PANCRAS AND HOLBORN TIMES:

A weekly paper of Local interest. Published every Saturday, price One Penny. This paper circulates very extensively in the districts bearing its name; and as its opinions on parochial matters are read by all parties, it offers to advertisers a medium of a very superior class. The St. Pancras and Holborn Times has consistently exposed all parish jobbery—advocated the rights of the poor—and discountenanced all extravagance with the money of the ratepayers. In an article on "Local Journalism" contained in the Statesman, of June 19th, the St. Pancras Times was eulogised as a worthy parochial reformer. Advertisements, three lines, 6d., and 2d. per line for all beyond.

Offices, 39, Hampstead-road, and Middle-row, Holborn.

THE HOLBORN JOURNAL.

A WEEKLY RECORD OF LOCAL NEWS

and Advertising Medium for the Holborn District. Every Friday. Price One Penny. Advertisements 2d. per line.

Office: 22, Featherstone-buildings, High Holborn.

THE METROPOLITAN ADVERTISER, and

WEST CENTRAL NEWS. Published every Saturday morning. Price One Penny. Published at 67, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, W.C., and 4, Brydges-street, Strand, W.C.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

SYPHILIS PREVENTED by using PURCELL'S

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

Sold in bottles, at 1s 1d., by all respectable chemists, and at BEATTIE'S, 133, Goswell-street; where also may be obtained the celebrated

SARSAPARILLA, IRON, & QUININE PILLS,

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

Sold in boxes, 1s 1d and 2s 9d each, or by post, 3d extra, at BEATTIE'S, 133, Goswell-street, London.

AGENTS WANTED.

Surgical Advice, in all secret diseases, daily, after six in the evening.

Printed by JOHN EVANS, 16, Yardley-street, Exmouth-street, in the Parish of St. James's, Clerkenwell; and Published by W. HORSELL, 13, Paternoster-row, in the City of London.