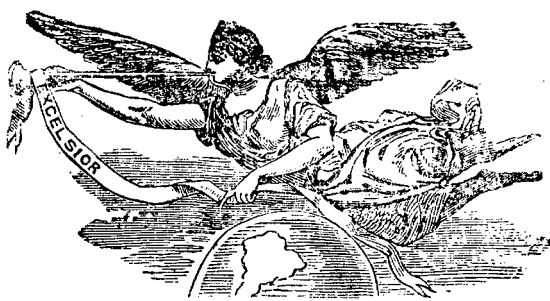


The Two



Worlds.

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

No. 21, Vol. I.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

[ONE PENNY.]

TO OUR READERS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles on Spiritualism received, some of which will appear in our next.

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SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

In the Rev. Mr. Landell's sermon on the above subject occurs the following:—

"A little girl in a family of my acquaintance, says the narrator, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child, was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early; she would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care over her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, 'Now tell me about Mamma,' and when the oft-told tale had been repeated she would ask softly, 'Take me into the parlour; I want to see my Mamma!' The request was never refused, and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours gazing on her mother's portrait; but—

'Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer
As the trial-hour grew nearer.'

"That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbours assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life's sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically; 'Do you know me, darling?' sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst upon the child's colourless countenance. The eyelids flashed open; and the lips parted; the wan, curdling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above. 'Mother,' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tones; and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom. So said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death. Oh, if I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

This extract also occurs in "The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," the author of which adds:—"Thus the spirits whom our souls most attract often draw nigh to us, even when, through the grossness of our material senses, we see them not; for they take pleasure in whatever influences us to harmony, tranquillity, and happiness."

Spiritualism seeks to make the angelic manifestations and ministrations sensible to us, so that we may realize it as a fact, cultivate it as a matter of knowledge, and believe in the ever-ruling presence of God and of his spiritual messengers, "who do his bidding."—S. WILKS.

HOMŒOPATHY IN RELATION TO MESMERISM.

By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.

During the past century the world has resounded with the discoveries which have been made in the various departments of physical science. Man has triumphantly pointed at the subjugation, by his intelligence, of the elements of material nature to his will; and a materialist philosophy has lamentably prevailed in the scientific mind. Materialist philosophers have separated themselves into sections of

specialists, each section making light of, if not ignoring, all subjects but its own special one. The electrician *par excellence*, the chemist, the pathologist, the physician, as physical philosophers, have scarcely troubled themselves with anything beyond their own particular subject. But some there have been who, trained specially in some one of these several subjects, have nevertheless felt attracted to the study of others with which they discovered them to be interlaced, and who progressively rose to the perception of the great truth that all philosophical subjects are indeed "but parts of one great whole." Among physicians, such exceptional men were Mesmer and Hahnemann. Both these profound observers—so incomprehensible to materialist-specialists—echoed the venerable axiom of ancient philosophy, "omnia ab uno in unum," to which their comprehensive minds were led by deductions of the highest reason. This, as preliminary.

The animating principle in man is a spiritual individuality, to which the body, when normally formed is but a complete organ, or instrument. The functions of the organisation, therefore, are fundamentally of the spirit, which has—through its material envelope—to maintain a harmonious relation with the material universe, in conserving itself in this phase of its existence, and in producing conditions for others following into the same state. Some of these functions are voluntary, and performed consciously; others involuntary, and performed unconsciously; but there is an interblending of the two series, demonstrating that they are the active and re-active functions of one spiritual individuality. The operations of this individuality are characterised by the term *vital*, in contradistinction to those which are purely chemical, of which latter there are numbers perpetually going on in the organisation, from the commencement of its formation to the spirit's withdrawal from it, but all directed by the spirit, through its own force.

There is an analogy between what takes place in the earth, which has a species of organisation in the formation of its acids, alkalies, salts, and gases, and what takes place in the human organisation: in the former, electricity positive and negative, in the immediate controlling force, under supreme creative law; in the latter, the electro-chemical changes are under the agency of the spirit's vital law, the disturbance of which constitutes disorder, the complete departure—death, when the material compound of the body falls under the chemical laws regulating the earth.

But there is not analogy, but relation between the earth's electrical force and the spirit's vital force; hence the term applied to the latter of vital electricity. The earth's electricity can be made to quicken the flow of water through tubes; it is the vital electricity of the human organisation which causes the fluids to circulate. By the administration of earthly electricity this circulation may be quickened; the vito-electric force reacts in the telluro-electric force. It is this vito-electric force in the organism that reacts to the electric force of medicines; therefore medicines have spirit as well as body. Every medicine has a distinctive property, peculiar to the drug from which it is derived. There is a distinctive forming spiritual principle in all beings and created things. This spirit of each being and naturally-formed thing converts the earth's electricity, and modifies it to its own use, as it does other things, by processes analogous to those by which the human spirit converts and modifies electricity, air, water, &c., to its nature and use.

It is only by a study of facts and principles here glanced at, extending our mental vision and our reasoning beyond the limits of the enclosed fields of materialist-specialists, that we are able to concur with Hahnemann when he says, "The spirit dynamically moves the body and its organs."—"The action of medicines upon the patient is dynamical:" and with Mesmer when he says "There is a reciprocal influence,"—in other words, there is dynamic action and re-action—"between the planets, the earth, and all animated nature."

The philosophy of such men aims at universality, necessarily leading from special particulars in "Nature up to Nature's God;" while that of the mere materialist-specialists tends to keep the mind to the earth, contemplating and reasoning solely upon special phenomena in material nature.

The materialist school of physic, for instance, contemplates and reasons solely upon the material of the organization and the material of drugs, while the spiritualist school—illuminated by facts and philosophy of Mesmer and Hahnemann—contemplates and reasons upon the organism as tenanted by a spirit, and as affected dynamically by the spiritual elements of things; viewing their ponderable elements

as the vehicles of the imponderable elements resident with them.

The process by which Hahnemann arrived at his distinctive conclusions in this particular, is instructive. He had found, in using drugs homœopathic to any disorder, that he must abandon the scales and weights of the materialist school, the ponderable pound and its parts: he proposed to deal with qualitative rather than quantitative medicine. He found the smallest quantitative doses of drugs of the materialist school, when administered according to their homœopathicity, sometimes aggravated. He therefore took a definite portion of a drug, and mixed it with ninety-nine portions of a medicinally inert substance—sugar of milk and triturated them together for a definite time, with the object of insuring perfect division of its particles. But he found this first mixture approach still too nearly the gross drug in its homœopathic effect; he therefore triturated one portion of this with ninety-nine other parts of sugar of milk, with the same labour and with the same object. But still he found that to obtain a medicine of sufficient homœopathic delicacy for some cases, it was necessary to continue this system of sub-triturations until he had finally reached to proportions that were infinitesimal in relation to the original quantity of the drug. Hence the rational deduction that medicines so prepared consist simply of an inactive material methodically charged with the special dynamic property of a drug, as a magnet is a piece of steel methodically charged with the special quality of the magnetic stone. Such facts, and the deduction from them, have been confirmed by thousands. Now comes another point, vital to our subject, which is only applicable by including in our view the philosophy of Mesmer.

The materialist school, viewing things quantitatively, would call these successive triturations so many successive *reductions*; the more enlightened homœopathic school, viewing them qualitatively, calls them, as Hahnemann did, so many successive *potencies*. The labour of preparing the triturations is great, and, to save it, machines have been invented; but triturations made by their agency have been found, by experiment, to be comparatively inert; they are, in fact, mere *reductions*—and, in the case of liquids, *dilutions*. Thus, for the induction of the spiritual or dynamic property of the drug into the inert menstruum, the spiritual or dynamic property of the human hand is requisite as a medium; and thus Hahnemann's original methods of manipulating drugs and *potencies* from them, is again universally observed, with unimportant variations. This is as incomprehensible to those practitioners of homœopathy who decline the Hahnemannian philosophy as it is to the other materialist-specialists through whose mental fog no spiritual light penetrates; it is incomprehensible, however, to the disciple of the mesmeric philosophy. The mesmerist who knows, by experience, that he can impart his magnetism—can potentialise—water, and other objects, to dynamically act upon, and excite a definite reaction in his patient, may believe that the spiritual magnetoid aura passing from the human hand may coalesce with the spiritual magnetoid aura of a drug under trituration, and excite it into greater potential activity.

The mesmeric philosophy proclaims that "all objects in animated nature reciprocally influence each other," that is, dynamically act and react upon each other; and every mesmerist can furnish innumerable facts in proof. The Hahnemannian philosophy proclaims that "the spirit dynamically moves the body and its organs, and that the action of medicines is dynamical upon (the spirit of) the patient." The records of Homœopathy furnish facts innumerable of cures by the Hahnemannian dynamic "potencies;" but the rationale of their action must be looked for from the philosophy of Mesmer, which necessarily includes the spiritual philosophy of Hahnemann.

Here is an interesting field of enquiry for explorers in the facts and philosophy of mesmerism.

The natural, and therefore truly philosophical, relation between mesmeric and homœopathic science first presented itself to the writer on witnessing the intuitive perception of homœopathic remedies in the clairvoyant state of mesmerized patients, and their accurate appreciation of the Hahnemannian potencies. But this opens another part of the subject, which must be left for discussion to a future opportunity.

AN OLD PROVERB DIFFERENTLY RENDERED.—It is easy to let fall a crystal glass. To restore it and cement the pieces is another task. Never will it be what once it was; but he who let it fall may learn.

PHRENOLOGY WITHOUT A TEACHER.

A LADY inquires by letter if it is "possible for a person to acquire a good knowledge of Phrenology without the aid of a teacher, and if so, what books will be necessary, and the price for the same?"

Undoubtedly a competent teacher would be as valuable to the phrenological student as to one in any other department of knowledge; still, the oral teacher is not absolutely indispensable. If a person is above the average in mental clearness and strength, he can learn any science or art by practice and the use of well-written text-books and proper illustrations. Geography hardly requires a teacher at all; the same is comparatively true of grammar and mathematics.

In Phrenology, the location of the organs can be learned by a well-marked bust about as readily as the map sets forth the continents, islands, oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers of the earth. The standard works and the published lectures on Phrenology are quite as adequate to teach the nature of each faculty of the mind, their combinations and modes of activity, as are geographical text-books to describe the nature of the soil, the productions, the political divisions, the systems of government and religion of the different portions of the earth.

There is one point in the study of Phrenology, either with or without a teacher, which is more difficult to master, and that is, learning the real and the relative development of the several organs. This requires practice and good judgment. But these difficulties are not insurmountable. In learning to use a musical instrument, we acquire a little at a time, until we find the keys of the piano or the strings and notes of the violin in the dark, or without using the eyes; so practice teaches us to find the Phrenological organs, and to estimate their size.

The wool sorter will make sixteen sorts from the wool of a single flock of sheep, and we have often tried the discrimination of these men by taking a handful of wool from any one of the qualities to see if they could readily determine to what quality it belonged, and to our surprise they could uniformly tell instantly, and that without looking. We could see and feel a difference between the fourth and the fourteenth quality, but between the fourteenth and fifteenth we could not be at all certain. A paper-maker will tell, by feeling the thickness of the paper, as it comes rapidly from the machine, and this he will do to such a degree of accuracy as to know whether the paper would weigh 50 lbs. to the ream. Paper is not very thick, but practice will enable one to distinguish the increase or decrease of a fiftieth part of thickness of the sheet. So, also, persons who buy cattle for slaughter, learn to judge of their weight by the eye alone, so as to come within a very few pounds on an ox which will weigh fifteen hundred pounds. All this is done by the strength and trained activity of the phrenological organ of Size.

Now if these examples be applied to practical Phrenology, many of the seeming difficulties which loom up before the beginner will be much diminished, or at least he will understand that experience in this, as in other things, will nearly obviate every impediment, and bring about a readiness and accuracy of judgement which at first would seem impossible.

Most persons become discouraged if they cannot play a tune the first time they try the instrument, and many who have read, understand, and believe the philosophy of Phrenology, approach examinations, expecting at once to recognize, all the minute differences in the developments of the organs, and because they cannot achieve the results and feel the confidence of an expert, they withdraw from the effort discouraged, and perhaps join in the cry of the uninformed multitude, that Phrenology may be true, but not practicable.

To answer the remaining question of our correspondent as to the proper works and their price, we would state that the works most necessary for the student are, Fowler's Phrenology; Self-Instructor; Memory; Self-Culture; Physiology, Animal and Mental; Combe's Lectures; and the Phrenological Bust. The bust cannot be sent by rail. Its price at our office is 5s., box and packing, 1s. 6d. If the above books are ordered to go by rail, their prices will be as follows, respectively:

Fowler's Phrenology	7 6
Self-Instructor, bound	2 6
Memory	4 6
Self-Culture	4 6
Physiology, etc.	4 6
Combe's Lectures	12 0

Other works are very desirable, and would ultimately be required by the student, viz.:

Defence of Phrenology	3 0
Constitution of Man	3 0 & 4 6
Marriage	4 6
Spurzheim's Education	7 0
Combe's Physiology	4 6
Hereditary Descent	4 6
Natural Laws of Man	1 6
Amativeness	0 9
Phrenological Journal	per ann. 8 0

WATER-CURE IN THE FAMILY.

I send you this unpolished production to insert, if you think proper. I feel to complain, yes, complain of a serious inconvenience felt by those who are termed "Water-Cure folks." I allude to the female "help" which we are compelled to employ in times of need, here in the country, knowing far more of the state of our health and the remedies necessary, than we can possibly admit. And this "wall of ignorance" is perfectly impregnable. At the recent confinement of my wife I was determined to employ no "doctor," and allow no bandaging, slopping, or dosing, having learned a better way from your publications. And now mark the result. My wife suffered but very little at parturition, and the next morning was in the kitchen, able to oversee her domestic affairs. The child was dressed, and washed without a bandage, which perfectly horrified the nurse, who declared she would not "raise her hand to the baby" if we were going to "carry sail in this way," and stating some cases of rupture she had known, though she admitted they had been thoroughly bandaged. But we had confidence in our "notions," and mildly told the nurse we would try our way this time; and now at the end of eighteen days we have dispensed with her services, though my wife has a dairy to tax her strength in addition to the cares of my family. The child has grown finely, is a picture of health, has not had a single dose of any kind of medicine or herb tea, though constantly cautioned by our worthy neighbours who said we would "see by-and-by how we should come out."

We have now a family of five children, and since we have adopted a mode of living in accordance with the principles laid down in the "Encyclopedia," we have had no occasion to call an allopath to any of our family, and we enjoy incomparably better health than we ever did before. We therefore count the opposition of friends, and misrepresentation of nurses, and the sneers of allopaths as "light afflictions," compared with the benefits we have received. And what is better still, we can see that the heaven is beginning to work in the neighbourhood around us, and in spite of allopathic learning and dignity, we see occasional short flights taken into the region of thought; and when the new-fledged advocates of Hydropathy shall learn the strength of their own wings and the powers of their own resources, we confidently hope they will soar to such a height, that the greedy "doctor" will reach to pluck their feathers in vain.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

Our readers must be aware that the Public Health Act of last session, giving power to public vaccinators and other officials to prosecute, with parochial funds, parents who decline to vaccinate their children, will soon expire. Consequently, the question of compulsory vaccination will come up again next session. It is important, therefore, that petitions, both individual and collective, should pour into the House of Commons, praying for the repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Act of 1853, and for the rejection of any measure making vaccination compulsory. We append a form of petition, which may be altered to suit the views of individuals, or adopted as it is; the following rules must be observed in preparing and forwarding petitions. Let every person who has an opinion, or conviction, unfavourable to compulsory vaccination, send in a petition, as soon as possible, and get others to join if they can.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Hon. the Commons of the United Kingdom in Parliament assembled,

The humble petition of the undersigned inhabitants of—[or of the undersigned William Wilson, carpenter, residing at—]

Sheweth, that your petitioners [or petitioner] regarding compulsory vaccination as a violation of constitutional principles and parental rights, urgently pray (or prays) for the early repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Act of 1853, and the rejection of any measure making vaccinations compulsory, and your petitioners will pray.

[Here follow the signatures]

Rules to be observed in preparing and forwarding petitions:—

Petitions to the House of Commons should be addressed, "To the Hon. the Commons of the United Kingdom in Parliament assembled, the humble petition of the undersigned, —sheweth." Petitions to the Lords should commence in like form, "To the Right Hon. the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom," &c. A petition must be in English and entirely in writing, without any erasure, or interlineation; no printed matter whatever will be received; should a petition extend to two or more sheets, they must be pasted together in the form of a book, by the upper edges, or lengthwise as a scroll; a petition must state a grievance and conclude with a specific prayer; it must not be written on two sides of a sheet, signatures on the back of a sheet are not counted; at least, one signature must be on the same sheet on which the petition is written; each signature must be in the handwriting of the petitioner, unless

when he (or she) makes a mark, thus X, or in case of sickness, when another person may sign, stating the reason. Neglect of any of these rules may cause the rejection of a petition. Petitions are post free, if left open at the ends like newspapers, marked on the cover "Petition to Parliament," and addressed to a member by name, adding "House of Lords," or "House of Commons, Westminster, London, S.W." as it may be.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

MISS MONTAGUE AND ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—The most wonderful and attractive entertainments that have for some time been given in this district are Miss Montague's performances of electro-biology and animal magnetism. She has lately been performing during consecutive evenings in this and some of the neighbouring towns, nearly in all of which (particularly here and at Newport) vast crowds of people have been attracted to witness the magical effects of her "passes" and manipulations, and hundreds of them failed to obtain admission to the several halls in which she performed. No pen can fully describe the boisterous enthusiasm of the audience whilst witnessing the sudden, curious, and unique transformations of the various subjects who submit themselves to her treatment, and who, by the way, are taken promiscuously from the body of the people that congregate around the performer. As many of the lady's subjects are sceptical on the point of her extraordinary abilities, they endeavour to resist the influences with which she seeks to surround them, and in some few instances (as we have witnessed) men of brawny limb and physical development have succeeded, temporarily at least, in their endeavours to do so; but at last, having been obliged to succumb to a power, the force of which they neither could resist nor understand, they fell captive at the feet of the operator, and have been made to obey her behests, of whatever nature she determined, provoking the laughter and applause of the audience. Some graver novelties are also introduced, which, to the inquiring and philosophical mind, afford problems requiring some serious thought in their solution; so that, under all the circumstances, there can scarcely be much wonder that these performances have become popular, since the majority of visitors are amazed and delighted, and the more serious and thoughtful are profitably entertained and instructed. Another pleasing feature connected with Miss Montague's operations is that of her generously devoting some portion of her proceeds to the benefit of some good and useful institution of the town in which she may happen to be performing: thus at Newport some £6 was transferred to the funds of the Dispensary, and a like amount proved available for the benefit of the Pontypool Reading-room, whilst a large quantity of bread is distributed amongst the poor and needy of the inhabitants.—*Correspondent.*

Concerning the same lady we find the *Merthyr Telegraph* saying:—The great fact of the last two weeks, has been the sensation caused nightly at the Temperance Hall, by the wonderful illustrations of Electro Biology displayed there. Every night, long before the hour of opening, a dense crowd assembles, and the moment the door is thrown back, there is a fight and a wild scramble to get in, such as is rarely witnessed in Merthyr. It is so long since anything of the kind was exhibited here, that a new generation of wonder-seekers has now crept up, and those who as eagerly thronged to hear Davy and Jackson, are occupying responsible positions in the paternal or maternal way, and finding other duties and pleasures to occupy themselves of a more sober character. Sufficient proofs are given that there is no deception in the matter. By an exercise of the lecturer's will, and moving of hands, many individuals are compelled to climb over benches, tables, or whatever may be in the way, and run towards the lecturer. There is no mistake about it. People who close their eyes cannot open them again, and susceptible subjects, readily acted upon, keep the audience in a roar by their grotesque exhibitions, eating cabbages in the belief that they are pork pies, and shouting woefully with a cold loaf under the waistcoat, supposed to be hot. Altogether, Miss Montague's "demonstrations" are wonderful. They afford the lover of fun sufficient for a year, and yield problems difficult of solution to the philosopher.

THE PRINTERS OF THE REFORMATION.—Nobles and people, castles and free towns, rivalled each other in zeal and enthusiasm for Luther. At Neuremberg, at Strasburg, and even at Mentz, his smallest pamphlets were enthusiastically caught up as fast as they appeared. The sheets were hurried and smuggled into the shops, all wet from the press, and were greedily devoured by the aspiring literateurs of the German companionship, by the poetic tinkers, the learned cordwainers. Nothing seconded Luther more powerfully than the zeal of the printers and booksellers in behalf of the new ideas. "The works that were favourable to him," says a contemporary "were printed by the printers with the minutest care, and often at their own expense, and large numbers were struck off. Many old monks too, who had returned to a secular life lived on Luther's works, and hawked them through Germany." *Michelet's Life of Luther.* (1s.) W. H. Collingridge.

A "PUBLIC READING SOCIETY" is now established in London to provide public readings for the working classes. Its plans are to secure the use of public halls, schoolrooms, and other convenient places, and to supply evening readings from English literature adapted to a general audience, only a penny being charged for admission. The first readings of the society took place on Monday at Crosby Hall, when the readers were the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, and the two honorary secretaries.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

By PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

STRUGGLES IN LIFE—A WELCOME GUEST.

"Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green."—POPE.

AVAILING ourselves of the tale-writer's privilege, we now invite the reader to follow us into a sick chamber. In a small and damp room, unfurnished, and cheered only by the blaze of a small fire, and situate near the end of a narrow street in Islington, which abutted on an open space once known as Shepherdess Fields, sat Tiny and Lizzy, the former on a borrowed chair, the latter on a low stool, her own property. Tiny's swollen head rested on a small pillow, supported by the low mantelshef. He slept, but was uneasy, and occasional incoherent and unintelligible words escaped his fevered lips. On a sideboard laid out for burial was the dead body of little Susan. The thin white cloth that covered it adhered close to the moist, lifeless flesh, showing its rigid angles with painful distinctness.

Lizzy looked now at her husband, then at the stiffened form of her dead child. A lisping blue-eyed boy stood beside her, and reclined on his mother's lap; her hand rested on his well-formed head, and while her long fingers roved among a profusion of light curly hair, the little fellow looked around him at the several objects of his childish affection, as if trying to interpret the meaning of a scene so uncongenial to his healthy merry childhood.

Dusk came on; the lamp on the opposite side of the street facing the room was lighted, and some of its rays shot through the window and alighted on Tiny's face. He breathed heavily, and the little boy's head sank down on his mother's lap, and soon real things faded from his little mind; he, too, had fallen asleep.

Lizzy leaned her head back against the damp wall, and continued nervously to entwine the child's hair around her fingers. She covered her eyes with her unoccupied hand, and the darkness seemed to render more audible the deep breathings of the two sleepers. No other sound broke the stillness of that hour, and at length Lizzy too sank into forgetfulness. She had wept herself to sleep; but the mind ever awake seemed to have vacated its suffering tenement to revel in scenes of "other days." She dreamed of childhood's home, and that she stood by the bedside of her dying mother, saw her smile sweetly, and in fancy followed the eye and the upraised finger of that mother in search of angelic forms, and to catch the sounds of heavenly music. Now the tall, gaunt figure of Bill Cotton darkened the doorway, and extinguished the vision; the scene changed, and in maidenly activity and at the dawn of womanly pride, she leaned joyously on Tiny's arm, and with friends who seemed to love them both were threading the streets of the crowded city. Bells were ringing merrily, a beautiful bouquet was presented to her, by an invisible hand; her cheeks were crimsoned; she was about to become a wife; now she was in a carriage and neared Fleet-street; the carriage stopped, and as the steps were being let down, foot passengers halted and looked at her and Tiny. A wedding, a wedding, said some; a funeral, a funeral, murmured others. Now another form appeared: old black Sam, with polished ebony face, and hair of spotless white, helped her to alight, guarded her through the mob, and led her up a passage, and into a labyrinth of houses—many-storied business houses—in the midst of which, with its spire towering high up above the surrounding houses, stood St. Bride's Church. The happy party neared the sacred edifice, and entered the low porch. Lizzy felt faint, her knees trembled, and her heart beat audibly, but she felt happy. They approached the altar; suddenly the church was lighted up, and the organ poured forth soul-enlivening strains, now swelling in sound till joined to voices innumerable, the edifice seemed to shake; then, in silvery cadence, the last note died away, as if gathered up in the folds of "etherial air." A painful and solemn silence prevailed, and the several actors in the important scene were stationed around the altar. One of Lizzy's cheeks wore the rosy hue of health, the other was pale as the marble slab inserted in the church wall in memory of the dead. She knelt before the altar, her hand was grasped by Tiny; the ring, yes, the ring, and the words, "in sickness and in health," in solemn sound, and as musical as when heard years ago, reached her ears. "And wilt thou have," reached ear and heart,—"I will, I will;"—"In sickness?" "Yes, oh, yes; I will, I will!"

Now was heard a noise like the rumbling of the distant thunder—all eyes were turned towards the porch; the lights were extinguished; Lizzy turned to look for Tiny; he was pale, sick. She flew to him, and supported his sinking form. Now she was surrounded with men arrayed in black garments. She tried to bring Tiny out into the street, but a bier intercepted the path. Suddenly a black pall was thrown over them; they felt stifled in its thick folds. Lizzy struggled, and took hold of the deep white border of the pall, and walked from beneath it, leading Tiny. A voice shouted, "Lizzy, Lizzy! in sickness and in health?" "I will, I will; I always have! yes, I will, and always will!" shrieked Lizzy—and awoke.

"Lizzy, dear Lizzy," murmured Tiny, "What's that noise in the passage? Some one is calling and knocking."

Lizzy was now made aware of some persons having obtained access to the passage of the house, and she heard her

name called in a voice well known to her, and a rumbling noise at the room door, indicative of determination to come into the room, if not by fair means, by foul.

The fire had gone out; there was no candle, nor money to purchase one. She was now awake, and laying the still sleeping boy on the ground, she opened the room door, and admitted four persons, all men—the first was Bill Cotton.

"I thought you was all dead!" said that worthy. "We've been knocking, and shaking, and calling, half an hour."

"There is one dead, father," said Lizzy, sobbing. "Perhaps there'll be another dead soon."

"None on us will live for ever, I s'pose," said Bill Cotton. "We'll all go when our time comes. These here chaps has brought a coffin for the young un; and I've brought an old chap you'll be glad to see; he's been looking all over London for you this two days; but he found me out, and I've brought him up to see you."

A candle was borrowed, and the several persons who composed the group were enabled to see each other. One among the number was singled out by Lizzy for special attention. It was one who in her dream had acted a prominent part—old black Sam, with hair white and silvery.

"Good God!" said Sam, "dis yer's a sight I didn't s'pect ter see, no ways; my ole eyes won't b'liev it. But, nebber mind, I'm cum in good time, bress der Lord! So get dese yer men to put der babby in der coffin; I've got sum dollars has hasn't seen der daylight for sum years, as shall see it now, my little Lizzy, and I s'pect you'll soon be right again."

Lizzy, and Sam, and Tiny were soon engaged in talking about old times. Sam had buried his wife several years since. Eighteen years had passed away since he last saw Lizzy. He had seen Tiny when a boy, and had heard of his troubles from Lizzy's mother. On several of his return trips from the United States he had made enquiries after his little Lizzy among some persons in the neighbourhood of Temple-bar, but without success. For several years past he had served as cook on board a vessel running between New York and Havre, but, within these three months, he had changed his situation to serve as steward on board a packet ship running between London and New York. He had been in London over a week, and had once more enquired after Lizzy. In the course of his diligent enquiries, he had met with the grandson of an individual to whose care it will be remembered Mr. Jepson had consigned his daughter, and who was under great pecuniary obligations to him. This young man was slightly acquainted with John Baxter and Bill Cotton, and, being of the same trade, had, for a short time, worked shopmates with them. He had heard from Bill Cotton of Lizzy's marriage with Tiny, and was directed by him to the church in Fleet Street. Thither Sam went, and paid the fee to search for the register. While so doing he fell into conversation with the sexton, for whom Bill Cotton had done much in the "black line." This individual knew the several public houses at which Bill was well known, and to these Sam went, and, by dint of perseverance, found the residence of Bill Cotton, and but a few hours previous to the incident mentioned above, he had met with and learned the whereabouts of Lizzy, and Bill Cotton, ever willing to leave a day's work for the sake of a long walk and sundry drams on the road, undertook to guide Sam to the place where Lizzy and Tiny lived.

While these explanations were being given, the little body had been placed in its coffin, and before twelve o'clock that night, several of old Sam's dollars had seen "gaslight" in exchange for furniture and provisions, and thus, by the kindly interposition of a good Providence, the room was transformed, as was the cupboard, from emptiness to fullness. That night the sacrifices of grateful hearts were offered upon the family altar. A measure of cheerfulness decked the brow of each, and content reigned in the house of affliction and mourning.

(To be continued in our next.)

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

Americans, says *The Morning Herald*, often declare that one of the first things which strike them on landing at Liverpool is the immense number of beggars whom they see loitering about the town, and wearying the passers-by with their shrill and incessant importunity. The same spectacle greets their astonished eyes when they arrive in London, and hence they not unnaturally conclude that we are overwhelmed with poverty in the whole country, and indulge their self-complacency by contrasting the happier condition of their own land, where the public exhibition of mendicity is so much more firmly kept down. Many a true conclusion, however, has been inferred from premises which are false or unsound, and so it is here. Of poverty we have enough; and to spare. Beggary has long since settled down into a recognised profession, in the pursuit of which there has been displayed so high a degree of skill that it may fairly be classed among those which are called the learned. But for all that, and indeed for that reason, it is absurd to suppose that those who make a vocation of mendicity (and it is of those only that we speak) are either poor themselves, or the legitimate representatives of the actually indigent. The professional beggar (although there are thousands besides foreigners who wilfully persist in ignoring the fact) is an animal of quite a different breed from the genuine son of toil. For all his astuteness and cunning he is a creature of the lowest kind; filthy in his habits, and in his pleasures gross and sensual. Subtle and sly, he fawns upon the hand that feeds him, but is seldom not ungrateful enough to revile the giver when his back is turned. His favourite haunt is some low tavern, where he exhausts at night in drunken revels the gains for which he has cringed, and crouched, and whined the live-long day.

The ordinary types of these reprobates are too familiar to all of us. That howling vagabond, who stumps about in the guise of a sailor, with his kneecap fitted into a wooden

socket, and cracks the air with his hoarse, guttural intonations, was the bugbear of our earliest childhood. Now-a-days, we can hardly pass a blank wall without coming upon some weak-eyed impostor, propped up against the brick, upon whose breast a lying placard announces that by sickness, fire, or other accident (which ever species of misfortune is most compassionated in the neighbourhood) he has been deprived of sight, and is reduced to the brink of starvation. This fellow, if you stop to speak with him, will tell you that he was formerly engaged in some lucrative trade, and that it humbles him grievously to be compelled to appeal to the pity of the public. Moreover, there floats about the man a stale odour of sanctity, an affectation of meek submission to the will of Providence, which is inexpressibly disgusting to those who are conscious of his mendacity. Something good, however, although of a negative kind, may be said even of this hypocrite. At least he does not dog our steps half a mile along the street, and pester us with mingled blessings, murmurs, and petulant solicitations. That torment, to which residents in the suburban districts, who travel daily to and from London by rail, are peculiarly liable, it is the usual province of the female sex to inflict. The Waterloo-road, between the bridge and the railway station, was for months together infested by a harpy in woman's garb, who took her station in time to waylay the passengers by the earliest train in the morning, and did not retire until late in the evening. She was usually accompanied by a couple of half-starved, half-naked, shoeless brats, whom she hired for the day at sixpence a head, and whom she occasionally changed, when she could procure others of a sicker cast of countenance. The appearance of the trio was certainly most pitiable. The woman herself, tall, gaunt, and sharp-featured, and the wretched children, pinched with hunger and shivering with cold, composed a group whose doleful and reiterated supplications might have softened a heart of flint.

The impostures of this woman were most impudent, but most successful. She shunned old faces, and constantly addressed herself to strangers, particularly foreigners. Her tale (for we made many inquiries as to her proceedings) she varied continually, so as to adapt it, we presume, to the supposed sympathies of her shifting audience; and we know she sometimes earned as much money in a few hours as would have maintained a decent woman in affluence for a week. One day she vanished from her accustomed post, scared at last, probably by the police; but we afterwards stumbled upon her not far from one of the inns of court, with a shade over her eyes, a meagre infant squealing in her arms, and a packet of steel pens in her hand, which she made a pretence of selling to the lawyers' clerks.

The above are a few specimens—the worst, perhaps—of the genus beggar, with whom to confound the real poor would be a great injustice to the character of the latter. Such creatures are, in plain language, an unmitigated nuisance; and that they should dare thus openly, and in defiance of the law, to annoy the quiet passenger, to frighten the timid, and to delude the credulity of the ignorant, ought not for one moment to be tolerated. That the baneful custom has been so long and patiently submitted to is owing in a great measure to a certain class of silly and unthinking persons, who have heard that charity covers a multitude of sins, and aspire to blot out their iniquities by the cheap and easy process of sprinkling a few loose coin at random in the public thoroughfares. These amiable persons are, if well intentioned, yet so dull that they cannot perceive the distinction between charity and almsgiving, or else so vain and frivolous that they regard charity as a commodity to be valued only for the reputation it may fetch them with the vulgar, and not as a virtue, highly estimable if used with discretion, but the abuse of which becomes a mischief and a vice. The smart young gentleman who frequents marine hotels, and amuses his vacant hours by throwing out of window hot pence to be scrambled for by the mud larker, has a better title to the name of charitable than such as these. They not only lend themselves to the encouragement of a habit in itself most pernicious, but do a great deal towards diverting benevolence in general from its natural and proper objects. Undoubtedly, if to reward pain were the sole end of charity, the common street beggar might easily substantiate his claims. Scantily attired, he exposes himself to the inclemency of the hardest weather; and his lean and hollow lips and shrunken limbs indicate something very near akin to physical suffering. But can there be conceived a more degraded parody of a man, and less worthy of commiseration, than one who is too much of a coward to labour honestly, but will consent to undergo a vast amount of unnecessary pain so that by trickery and fraud he may enjoy the base delights of sensuality and sloth? The advice we would give to all who desire to contribute to the relief of those distresses of which, perhaps, they hear much, but in truth see so little, is to avoid all promiscuous almsgiving, but to visit for themselves the dwellings of the poor. A little help in season, and accompanied with kindly sympathy, produces far more lasting good, and is far more gratefully remembered, than a profusion of indiscriminate and ostentatious bounty; and it is by personal inspection alone that you can ascertain where your charity is needed, and how it may best be bestowed. To those (and they are numerous) who are too busy or too indolent to follow this advice we would say, "Subscribe your annual guinea to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, and get tickets, which you can distribute to what beggars you please. Their cases will then be investigated by the society, and if they deserve it they will be assisted. You will thus have the satisfaction of relieving the poor without trouble to yourself, at the same time that you will become instrumental in extirpating a tribe of professional impostors, in whom the poor have ever found their most bitter and unrelenting foes."

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Contents for February. No. II.

The Philosophy of Sleep; Mentally-Adult Infants; The Two Roads; Alcohol in Cold Climates; Wilful Wives 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 Artificial v. the Natural; The Spiritual Body; Apples for Human Food; Notices to Correspondents.

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