



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

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[ONE PENNY.]

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THE UTILITY OF MESMERISM.

To say that to do good to our fellow-creatures by all the means in our power is obligatory upon us, is a truism which will bear any amount of repetition, and chiefly for the reason that so long as doctrines of expediency unhappily prevail over the eternal principles of truth, the reiteration of the Almighty behest is a necessity. If, therefore, it be proved that curative mesmerism is a truth and a benefit, it is incumbent upon all to examine it, closely, and without prejudice. Now, the proof has been tendered in every age of the world, in every clime of the earth, among every race of mankind, and every condition of civilization—from the degraded Papuan, to the highly developed European type. It has entered, moreover, into every relation of life—exists in a thousand forms, from the smitten schoolboy, who rubs the palm yet tingling from the ruler—from the lap-dog, caressed and constantly stroked by its admiring mistress, up to the secluded studio of the electro-mesmerist, who, fighting stern death and conquering the animal sufferings of man, is endeavouring to understand the delicate—almost inexplicable laws—guiding these holy and wonderful phenomena.

The look, the touch, and the word, are the instruments of the mesmerist; what the essence may be, that he can employ in so subtle a manner, we need not, as positivists, at present inquire. Its identity with the spiritual essence of man's inmost soul may be demonstrable, or it may be unattainable. It is enough, at present, that we are satisfied this beneficent power exists; the mode of rendering it more and more useful to our fellow-creatures is what we must seek; the best way of regulating the supply of vital magnetism is not an unimportant matter for consideration.

We shall not here enter upon a description of the ordinary processes of cure. They are well-known to all; mesmerists, and their recapitulation would be, therefore, unnecessary, and to those unacquainted with them, a mere description would convey no accurate idea. Cases of cure are more important than the manner of curing itself, because, in addition to the necessity of seeing such method to understand it, every mesmerist, by his individuality, has some peculiarities of his own of which time has taught him the value. But it may be interesting here to describe the phenomenon of clairvoyance, probably the least understood of all mesmeric operations, but certainly the most important, and highest development.

Imagine yourself in a quiet room in company with two, or, at most, three individuals, one of whom, we will say, is to be subjected to mesmeric passes, and who, while under their influence exhibits powers of clear-seeing. The operator, all persons remaining passive and attentive, takes the hands of the person about to be mesmerised in his—looking steadily into the eyes of the subject, summoning to his aid all the force of his will which he directs to the object of producing sleep. He has also, it should be observed, divested himself of metallic substances—which in this condition have an extraordinary influence upon the mesmerisee. Cases have occurred, for instance, in which the presence of mercury has produced salivation, which has only been removed by the presentation of sulphur, to the patient. The will of the mesmeriser being now concentrated, the person speedily falls into the magnetic sleep, and with a few passes the mesmeric condition is perfected.

The next proceeding is the questioning of the mesmerised sleeper, as to whether he or she is ready

to examine the case, for which the mesmerisation has taken place. The paper containing hair, or another paper on which the patient—the person to be examined—has breathed, is then handed to the sleeper, or, if the person whose interior is to be scrutinized is present, that person takes the sleeper's hand for an instant.

Usually beginning at the affected part, the clear-seeing (clairvoyant) sleeper then describes the condition of the organ diseased, tracing out the state of the surrounding parts, and the effect which the complaint had had upon the whole frame. Occasionally, but rarely, the bounds of time are passed, and the future changes in, and the course of the disease indicated. Remedies are also prescribed with more or less exactitude. The operator then carries on a conversation with the sleeper, using his own anatomical or medicinal knowledge for that purpose, and eliciting replies upon various points as may be required, passing from one organ to the other, and recording his diagnosis thus ascertained.

When this has been satisfactorily done, the sleeper is restored to a waking condition by transverse passes, removing, as it were, the electric cloud which has enveloped, in wondrous sympathy, the operator and subject—nor, unless specially desired, does the sleeper remember anything of what has been said in sleep.

In addition to this clairvoyance, by means of an operator, there are some persons, who, like Apollonius of Thyana of old, can so abstract themselves as to induce in their own persons the lucid faculties which perceive the causes and course of complaints. The most eminent example of this power is exhibited in the case of Andrew Jackson Davis, who passes at will into this interior self-illuminated condition. Of this remarkable man, however, it is not our intention at present to speak at further length, as, at a future time, we purpose devoting considerable space to an examination of his life and labours.

Thus is accomplished the wonderful phenomenon of clairvoyance, and if a person has once seen it, much of the dread that is naturally felt by those who are ignorant of the way in which these things take place, is overcome. But Cahagnet, Andrew Jackson Davis, and many others do not only make the faculty of clairvoyance of use in the cure of disease, but also for many other objects. They enter the Spiritual Spheres and dive into the recesses of the Universe—they give themselves up to the influences of intelligences who, in various ways, obsess them and turn the course of their lives—shewing them, it is true, portions of that land whither we are all travelling, but shewing it incorrectly, and depriving the next life of a consistent character—this should be avoided. There are means open to all, in which there is not like danger—for obsession is dangerous and may ultimately prove fatal. How many tales of witchcraft,—unfortunately too untrue!—are a sorrowful commentary upon this.

For the satisfaction of sceptics all sorts of experiments are tried, curious enough in themselves, but destructive to the sensitive power of the clear seeing person. Some months ago, at the house of the highly gifted Adolphe Didier, we watched with painful interest the hard labour which was required of him—traversing at the merciless command of the candid investigators, wide oceans and sultry climes, borne on the mystic wings of the spirit from shore to shore of the Atlantic—from Temple Bar to Peru and Chili, thence to the northern lands of Europe—the fatigued clairvoyant naturally faltered in his replies, hesitated, was incorrect; and because the proper means were not possible by which he should be isolated from the surrounding influences—there were in that chamber persons of every grade of life, shade of intellect and opinion in religion—the honest and candid investigators went their way rejoicing, and proclaiming that they, in their own persons, had exploded clairvoyance, and proved it a humbug!

Indeed, in clairvoyance, the failures are sometimes more singular than the successes. Even with the greatest precaution, the most honest belief and care, mistakes of an inexplicable nature occur. In justice to the opponents of mesmerism, such occurrences should be stated.

Being very desirous to obtain news of a friend, Mr. George R. Gliddon, the well-known traveller and archæologist, who had left England for Honduras some year or eighteen months before, we once placed in the hand of a clairvoyante a piece of his writing—the last which had been received from our friend; this was in the November, or early in the December of 1857. The clairvoyante proceeded to describe a tropical climate, and also the actions of our friend,

saying that he was then writing, and drinking wine—a peculiar wine of the country. She admired the fruits of the place, and insisted upon having a pine before her return; she astonished us by the clearness and exactness of her enumeration of his mental qualities and personal appearance, and mentioned circumstances as to which we could have no knowledge, and which were yet the case and in keeping with all other matters. She returned to her waking condition; we expressed our satisfaction; but very soon after we received from America a newspaper informing us of the death of our friend some fortnight before the clairvoyante had sought him. The whole was a singular failure! Exact in the most trivial minutiae of description, she described that which could not exist, and the only conclusion at which we could come was that at the time he wrote the paper employed, he might have been engaged as stated. But no, this was an impossibility, as he at that time was in Philadelphia; and yet the scenery of Honduras was most minutely described, and it is quite impossible for it to have originated in the minds of any of those present.

These facts must remain among the mysteries of clairvoyance. We should be glad of a solution; to us, at present, they are singularly problematical.

The powers evinced in the mesmeric trance are evidently weakened by such experiments, however, and, in this case, as in that of M. Adolphe Didier they do not serve the cause of mesmerism. Indeed, we doubt whether mere wonder-working is of any service to the science; for, those who really desire knowledge, seek it by tests consonant rather with the dignity of scientific inquiry, than descending to the tricks and sleight-of-hand by which the conjurors of modern days regale their audiences.

Ere we close, we would wish to add a few considerations on the employment of clairvoyance for the discovery of the interior secrets of nature, the scientific uses of materials, the properties of drugs, and so forth. This range of speculation is such as was taken by Andrew Jackson Davis; in which he departed into the utmost limits of the universe, and returned with sayings which, it cannot but be seen, are not in accordance with the analogies of ascertained science. And yet, here an occasional gleam of discovery breaks through. Davis perceived the existence of Neptune before it was known to astronomers, just as Swedenborg, in his time, had, by a different process, predicted the discovery of Herschell, or Uranus. It is a grave question, indeed, to which such things would lead us.

May it not be asked whether in many cases of clairvoyant persons, the subjective mental atmosphere of the person has not first to be overcome, and the objective spiritual realm gradually entered? and whether the mistakes are not caused by an absence of sufficient exaltation of the mind—enough being present to set the imagination at work upon the distorted spiritual forms it perceives around, as the natural eye in mist and darkness, or exposed to extreme light, will form shapes conveying mistaken ideas to the sensorium.

This might be the case. It is at any rate worthy the attention of mesmerists to examine the subject from such a point of view. There can be no doubt that many remarkable discoveries have been made; but we think it would be doing better service to electro-mesmerism to examine the exceptions, and ascertain the laws which induced the failures and the mistakes, than to confine the attention solely to registering our successes.

We say this the more readily, as we know that mesmeric trance and clairvoyance belong to a numerous group of unexplained phenomena, some of which we must refer to spiritual influences, others to natural causes themselves; and if the Occult Sciences were but studied with the attention they deserve, many riddles might be solved, that now are the veriest superstitions to the learned man,—to be scouted by him at every opportunity,—and the truest guides to the poor uneducated classes, who reason not from education, but experience.

JEWISH MUSICIANS.—The Musical Society of London, which numbers nearly 1100 subscribers, 900 of whom are practical musicians, and consequently is probably the largest in existence, counts many Jewish members. On casting a glance over the list of honorary fellows, eight in number, we were surprised to find that half of them were Jews or of Jewish origin. Meyerbeer, Ernst, and Joachim are within the pale of Judaism; and the fourth, who, we believe, forsook the religion of his fathers, is Herr Moscheles. Surely there must be something in the Jewish mind congenial to the musical art since there are so many co-religionists distinguished either as composers or musicians.—*Jewish Chronicle*.



HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SOLID FOOD.

If a regular and reasonable mode of life be of such importance to the healthy and robust, how much more essential must it be for weakly persons and invalids? We are justified in asserting, that no cure can be effected without a suitable and natural diet.—*Dr. Weiss.*

The choice and measures of the materials of which our bodies are composed, and what we take daily by pounds, is at least of as much importance as what we take seldom, and only by grains and spoonfuls.—*Dr. Arbuthnot.*

ALL solid food is either of animal or vegetable origin; and difference of opinion prevails as to whether of the two, or an admixture of both, be best adapted to the constitution of man. A. we do not wish to lead our readers blindfold—because we believe in the force of truth—we will lay before them the substance of what has been said on both sides of the question, in order that they may judge for themselves, as we have. The author was, in part, a carnivorous animal when he commenced these sheets, but became wholly a herbivorous and frugivorous one before he had finished them. *Magna est veritas!*

In favour of animal food, it has been asserted, that it is more allied to our nature, and more easily assimilated to its nourishment; that it is highly favorable to corporeal exertion; that we can subsist upon it much longer without becoming hungry; and because it consists of parts which have already been digested by the proper organs of an animal, it only requires solution and mixture, whereas vegetable food must be converted into the substance of an animal nature by the proper action of our own viscera, and therefore requires more labour of the stomach, and other digestive organs. [And yet are not the Irish, who live almost exclusively on potatoes and butter-milk, as strong as any race of men in Europe? It is notorious that they are vigorous, even to a proverb; so that if a man remarkable for the largeness of limbs be exhibited in London, it is ten to one but he comes from the sister kingdom. We find also, in Ulloa's book on South America, that men may be abundantly sustained on vegetables. He tells us that "instances are common," on that continent, "of persons in good health at one hundred and thirty or forty years of age." The habits of the Spaniards are very different from ours. And we are told by travellers, that it is astonishing what a distance a Spanish attendant will accompany, on foot, a traveller's mule or carriage—not less than forty or fifty miles a day—raw onions and bread being his only fare.] Dr. Cheyne has combated this notion, viz: the greater facility of the digestion of animal food, and asserts that the jelly—the juices or chyle of animal substance—is infinitely more tenacious and gluey (vide "Memoirs of the Academy Royal," for 1729 and 1730), and its last particles more closely united, and separated with greater difficulty, than those of vegetable substances. The flesh of animals, I say, must with far greater difficulty be digested and separated. As a proof of which, is it not said in favour of animal food, that a person can go longer on it than he can on vegetables? Yes! because the former is not so easily or so soon digested, or cleared off the stomach.

The common notions of stimulation entertained by the medical faculty, have led to a practice incalculably injurious. When the digestive organs have been worn down, as it were, with excitement, over-burdened with concentrated and improper aliment, and over-worked by stimulating food, drinks, nervines, condiments, etc., it is the general practice to undertake to counteract the consequences by giving additional intensity to the causes; that is, to lash up the stomach, digestive powers, and nervous system to additional efforts by new, and ever-varied, and constantly increasing stimulants. This is exactly analogous to whipping a horse whose strength has been overtasked by two heavy loads. The application of the lash causes the abused animal to expend his vitality faster than he could in any natural use of his muscles, and he seems stronger. But nobody supposes a horse thus treated will live as long, or do as much work during his natural life, as one whose exhausted strength was invigorated by rest instead of violence.

To re-invigorate the exhausted digestive powers of the human animal, rest and quiet are nature's indications. This implies the absence of all stimulating or irritating ingesta. We know that in a depressed state of the vital powers, in those accustomed to various stimuli, stimulating food feels the most agreeable for the moment; and in these cases animal food, to those in the habit of using it, of course, feels more pleasant than vegetable. But it oppresses the body more in the end by its very power of stimulation." I (Dr. Trall) have treated many bad cases of dyspepsia, and my experience has been uniformly and most decidedly in favour of the strictest vegetable diet. The great advantage of this consists, in my opinion, in its greater purity of material, in its natural adaptation to the human constitution, and

in its complete destitution of all stimulating properties."

For these reasons it is said the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the nervous, whose organs of digestion are weak, find in general animal food the most suitable; that men inhabiting northern regions, where the system is liable to be weakened, and even exhausted, by extreme temperature, and especially by the depressing agency of cold, a large quantity of animal food is required, as being more stimulating and invigorating. This is, perhaps, the best reason of the whole, if it be applied to cases in an extremely cold climate. Hence the Russian will consume his three pounds of tallow, and three quarts of train oil per day, which contain about sixty per cent. of carbon—and which is also about the per centage of fat bacon and ham. This "best reason" will appear, one of the very worst when rightly apprehended. The fact that people can bear in a very cold climate what would kill them outright in a very warm one does not prove that they can do no better. Persons in temperate latitudes can bear, in the winter season, a kind and degree of gross, greasy, and impure animal food, which, in the summer season, would immediately endanger their lives. For what reason are oysters adjudged, by popular sentiment, to be unhealthy during the months which have no letter *r*—the four hottest months of the year? The only scientific argument yet brought to bear in favour of animal fat, or animal food, in a cold climate, is the carbonic theory of respiration. He further remarks in this place, that the carbonaceous theorists singularly enough seem to overlook the fact, that the various kinds of vegetable food known, contain as much carbon as the various kinds of animal food in use. Nature has not done her work so blunderingly as to forget to put the proper quantity of carbon in the purest and best kinds of food. It is true that the fixed oils, both animal and vegetable, contain a much larger quantity of carbon than other forms of animal and vegetable matters do. But ample experience has demonstrated that all oily matters are the very poorest dietetic substances, even if they are useful at all. In every part of the earth, the people whose diet consists of a large proportion of animal oils, are among the lowest and most degraded of the human family, physically and mentally. Those who refer to the diminutive and deformed Esquimaux, who devour immense quantities of train oil, as evidence of the necessity or utility of fat in a cold climate, should be reminded of the Russian Cossacks, and a tribe of Finlanders, who inhabit an extremely rigorous latitude, subsisting on the most simple and rather scanty vegetable fare, and who enjoy a high degree of physical strength, symmetry, and activity.

It has long been a popular fallacy that alcohol was necessary in cold climates; but recently Sir John Ross and other North-sea navigators have dispelled this delusion by actual experiment. Similar experiment, no manner of doubt, would dispel the similar error in relation to blubber oil and fat meats.

It is also said, that considered anatomically, man is evidently designed to live on animal food, at least in parts. This is a most unfortunate argument in favour of animal food, because the reverse is notoriously the fact. Comparative anatomy teaches us that man resembles frugivorous and herbivorous animals in every thing, and carnivorous animals in nothing; he has neither claws wherewith to seize or hold his prey, nor distinct and pointed teeth, to tear the living fibre, as is the case with the lion, tiger, wolf, dog, cat, etc.; the vulture, owl, hawk, etc. It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparations, that it is rendered susceptible of mastication and digestion, and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horns do not excite intolerable loathing and disgust. The orang-outang perfectly resembles man, both in the order and number of his teeth, and is the most anthropomorphic of the ape tribe, which are strictly frugivorous. This animal, which lives on fruits and vegetables, is so vigorous, that when first taken it requires half a dozen men to hold him. Formerly those who had the care of them in menageries, etc., fed them on flesh, from which they have now ceased, or nearly so, because it rendered them gross and shortened their lives. There is no other species of animals, which live on different food, in which this analogy exists. In many frugivorous animals the canine teeth are more pointed and distinct than those of man. The resemblance also of the human stomach and that of the "Man of the Woods," is greater than that of any other animal. The intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous animals, which present a large surface for absorption, and have ample and cellulated colons. The cæcum also, though small, is larger than that of carnivorous animals; and even here, the orang-outang retains its accustomed similarity. See more on this subject in *Cuvier, Leçons d'Anat. Comp. tom. iii. etc. Rees, Cyclop. Man.* Also "The Vegetarian Armed at all Points," which have several engravings to illustrate this point. Price 4d. And lastly, it is argued that nature seems to have provided other animals for the use of man, from the astonishing

increase of some sorts. So large is the increase of pigeons, that in the space of four years 14,760 may come from a single pair; and in the same time, 1,274,340 from a pair of rabbits. But it should be remembered, that the increase of animals, as also the production of a certain amount of any kind of vegetable food, depends, to a large extent, on the will of man. Hence we sometimes obstruct this increase.

Against a vegetable diet it has been argued, that it has a constant tendency to sourness; is not so easily assimilated to our nature; distends the stomach by the quantity of air which it contains, and which is extricated or let loose by the warmth of the stomach; * that it does not contain so large a proportion of nutriment, † and is not, therefore, so nutritious and invigorating as animal food; and that vegetables of the pulse kind are liable to strong objections as articles of diet by civilized man, as being very indigestible, at least to all but the robust, etc. Not so, then, it seems to the man of nature, who only eats to answer the demands of nature, and not merely to gratify his appetite.

The capacity of the stomach to digest any given article of food is so much a matter of habit, that no correct conclusions can be drawn from the first effect of any kind the stomach has not been accustomed to. The digestive powers are also very much modified by the sum total of all our voluntary habits. Persons who have been for a considerable time trained to a correct vegetable regimen, can eat, not only with impunity, but with pleasure and profit, cabbage, cucumbers, spinage, asparagus, simply boiled, and even many esculent roots without any preparation at all; whereas, in a stomach just from its concentrated food, stimulating flesh, warming condiments, and enervating hot drinks, they might produce a regular fit of colic. The same remarks apply to various kinds of nuts, which in some produce extreme indigestion, while others can use them with entire impunity. The fallacy of reasoning from the immediate feeling produced in the stomach depraved by false ingesta, thus taking a morbid habit to guide us instead of an ascertained physiological principle, may be well illustrated by referring to the article of old cheese. What is called old, rich, strong cheese, is, in our judgment, one of the most indigestible, injurious, we had almost said *poisonous*, articles of diet known. Yet it is in extensive use; and most persons say it feels well in the stomach. Indeed, many persons who eat pretty heavy dinners take a piece of it as a "digestive," just as others do a glass of brandy. That it is essentially a bad thing we have proved in the following manner—we have known several persons who have disused it several months, living at the same time on plain food, mostly vegetable. In this way the natural sensibility of the tongue, palate, throat, stomach, etc., was measurably restored. On eating a moderately sized piece of good, old, rich cheese, a "canker in the mouth," and a constipated state of the bowels would always exist the next day. We have known the experiment repeated, and have tried it several times always with these results.

On the other hand, it has been argued in favour of a vegetable diet, and against animal food, that in temperate climates, like ours, an animal diet is more wasting than a vegetable, because it excites, by its stimulating properties, a temporary fever after each meal made of it, by which the springs of life are urged into constant preternatural and weakening exertion; that persons who live chiefly on animal food are subject to determination of blood to the head, to corpulency, ‡ and to various acute and fatal disorders, as the scurvy, malignant ulcers, inflammatory fevers, etc.; and that there appears in this mode of living a strong tendency to promote

* This is true of cabbage, greens, etc., which are fit, as articles of diet, for cows, pigs, etc. Nevertheless, this distension of the stomach, to some extent, is essential.

† From analyses by experienced chemists—such as MM. Percy, Vauquelin, etc.—it is found that the proportion of nutritious matter, in some of the most common human aliments, is as follows:

Gross Weight.	Kind of Food.	Net amount of nutritious matter.
lbs.		lbs.
100	Lentiles (dry)	94
"	Peas (dry)	93
"	Beans (dry)	89 to 90
"	Wheat	85
"	Barley	83
"	Rye	80
"	Rice	80
"	Bread	80
"	Flesh (average)	35
"	Potatoes	25
"	Beet Root	14
"	Carrots	10
"	Cabbage	7
"	Greens	6
"	Turnips	4

‡ If adopting a vegetable diet should occasion considerable paleness and shrinking of features for a time, it is no bad sign, and is not essential to the system, as young children who are so brought up have a fine colour in the second year, and enjoy perfect health and considerable strength. Nor should such paleness, etc., excite our apprehension, since the vessels being less loaded, it is thus the determination of blood to the head is prevented.

the formation of many chronic diseases, as we seldom see those who indulge in this diet, remarkable for health and longevity. Besides, it is said a man could not live entirely upon animal food,* but he could on vegetables; and a vegetable diet, when it consists of articles easily digested—such as bran bread,† pulse, Scotch oatmeal, potatoes, plain puddings, rice, etc.—is highly favorable to longevity.

There are also instances of persons making great exertion with this aliment. Dr. R. Jackson says, "I wandered a good deal about the world, and never followed any prescribed rules in any thing; my health has been tried in all ways; and by the aid of temperance and hard work, I have worn out two armies, in two wars, and probably could wear out another before my period of old age arrives. *I eat no animal food, drink no wine, or malt liquor, or spirits of any kind; I wear no flannel, and neither regard wind nor rain, heat nor cold, where business is in the way.*" This food has also a most beneficial influence on the mental powers, and tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those who live chiefly on flesh. Dr. Cullen observes of vegetable diet, that it never over-distends the vessels, or loads the system—"never interrupts the stronger motions of the mind; while the heat, fulness, and weight of animal food, is an enemy to its vigorous efforts." The celebrated Dr. Franklin, partly on the recommendation of Tryon, and partly on the ground of economy, took entirely to a vegetable diet. His frugal meals frequently consisted of only a biscuit, or a slice of bread and bunch of raisins or a bun with a glass of water. At one time, he and another printer at Philadelphia spent only *eighteen pence per week*, in diet, between them; and he mentions that his progress in study was proportional to that clearness of ideas, and quickness of conception, which are the fruits of temperance in eating and drinking. It also further appears that animal food is more easily carried to excess; has a continual tendency in it, as has also the human body itself, to putrefaction; fills the blood-vessels, and loads the brain, which causes heaviness and stupor, and lays the foundation of disease; in particular, corpulency, obesity, and putrescent acrimony. Animal food is less adapted to the sedentary than the laborious, and least of all to the studious, whose diet ought to consist of vegetables. Volney, in his "Travels," speaking of the Wallachians, says: "They are in general tall, well built, and of very wholesome complexion. Diseases are very rare among them," and that "their manners, so far as I have been able to judge of them, are simple. Temperate in their repasts, they prefer vegetables to fruits, and fruits to the most delicate meats." Sir W. Temple, speaking of the ancient Bramins, says: "Their temperance was so great that they lived upon rice or herbs, and on nothing that had sensitive life. If they fell ill, they counted it such a mark of *intemperance*, that they would frequently die out of shame and sullenness; but many lived a hundred and fifty, and some, two hundred years.

* The late Sir E. Barry prevailed upon a man to live eight days on partridges, without vegetables; but he was obliged to desist, from the appearance of strong symptoms of putrefaction.

† Bread made of flour having only the broad bran taken out of it. See "Our Daily Bread"; or the value of bread made of unbolted wheat meal," 2d.

HOW TO TREAT DULL CHILDREN.

The teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what had passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her.

"Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing."

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day, as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane and one of her school-fellows.

"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take the hint, dear fellow-teacher, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavour to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discriminating culture and well-timed praise. Give them the credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irremediably stupid by constant fault-finding, or ungenerous sarcasm. And, on the other hand, how often has a genial smile, or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar!

THE AMERICAN WATER-CURE ALMANAC.

THIS sixpenny almanac as usual abounds with useful articles on Hygeio-Therapy; Water and its uses; Little Things; Ideas on Women; Inflammation of the Lungs; Scarlet Fever; Advice to Consumptives; Woman's Rights, or Something exclusively for our Male Readers; Incontrovertible Testimony; Singular Physiological Fact; Where Mosquitoes come from; Adulteration in Food; Noses; Love, Honour, and Obedience; Men and Women; Food for Man; Build Bathing-rooms in your Houses; Can a Woman keep a Secret; Calisthenic Exercises; Bowel Complaints of Children, &c. &c.

HYGEO-THERAPY, by R. T. Trall, who asserts that "the irregular branches of drug-medication—Homoeopathy, Eclecticism, Physio-Medicalism and Chrono-Thermalism—are merely offshoots from the parent tree, Allopathy. Fundamentally they recognize the same theories; substantially they employ the same remedies. It is true that they have a world of contention about mere technicalities, and with regard to isolated and oftentimes unmeaning propositions. But the theoretical disputations among them really involve no important principle; and, practically, the only quarrel relates to a selection of particular drugs to be employed as remedies."

Homoeopathy recognizes the intrinsic virtues of the allopathic drugs, but professes to employ them in a better manner, and on a different principle. But as both confessedly cure the primary disease by inducing a drug disease, the apparent distinction is without an essential difference. And this is all that can or need be said of Chrono-Thermalism. Eclecticism and Physio-Medicalism deny this principle of "curing one disease by producing another" altogether, yet they practise upon it always. They reject a few of the most powerful drugs of the Allopathic school, retaining those of milder potency; and so far so good. But when these reformers pretend that those drugs which they think best to employ, because less potent than those they see fit to reject, are not poisonous at all, "sanative," and as truly "hygienic agencies" as are air, water, and food, they assume a position whose absurdity has no parallel in a science which is chiefly made up of "incoherent expressions of incoherent ideas."

These systems or plans of medication are loved and patronized, not so much from any belief in or respect for their intrinsic merits, as on account of the hatred and fears of the people for the old, regular, or allopathic system. There is certainly a consolation, when we put ourselves into the hands of a physician, in the thought that we are not going to be killed. The common sense and experience of mankind, as well as the testimony of its standard authorities, long since determined; that the system whose principal remedial agents were bleeding, calomel, opium, nitre, antimony, and arsenic, was not only hazardous, but often, very often, fatal. And it is not at all to be wondered at that any system which could insure greater safety, even if it could not promise better cures, should be eagerly caught at by the people.

Not so with Hygeio-Medicalism. This system rejects all and singular the drugs of all of the drug systems. It rejects their weak poisons [sanative medicines] because they are, to some extent, injurious; and it rejects their strong poisons because they are, to a great extent, injurious. Not only this, but it rejects also the doctrines on which the use of drugs of any kind is predicated. Hygeio-Medicalism could not reject the remedies and retain the theories, for the reason that they are "one and inseparable." As is the theory of a physician, so will his practice be, let his experience be as it may—whether his patients live or die—because he interprets the data of his experience according to his theoretical standpoints.

Water-Cure in America is now undergoing a trying, perhaps a final ordeal—a change of name. The system of curing diseases by an adaptation of air, water, food, temperature, exercise; the regulation of personal habits and mental influences, etc., to the circumstances of the patient has been known to a portion of the world for about one third of a century as the "Water-Cure" or "Hydrotherapy." The term is as inappropriate, as it would be to call the treatment of a case of consumption by means of blisters, cod-liver oil, port wine, "old Bourbon," digitalis, opium, quinine, and drug-stuffs generally, a "whisky-cure." Our system is as much an air-cure, diet-cure, heat-cure or cold-cure, exercise-cure, sleep-cure, light-cure, or passion-cure as it is a water-cure. It is a hygienic cure. Hygienic agents are our remedies; and as therapy, therapia, or therapeutic, expresses the application of remedies to the cure of disease, so the term Hygeio-Therapeutic exactly tells what our system is.

But the danger is this: Physicians of other schools will charge us with having "got up" a new name because the "Water-treatment" was running out. And many people will imagine if they do not take a little pains to understand us, that our principles have changed with the name. The truth is just the other way. Our system is a progressive one. It will and must keep up with all the collateral sciences, or die. Its principles have been reduced to a scientific demonstration. It is founded on laws as immutable as the laws of nature, for those laws are its foundation. It should therefore have a name which correctly represents its nature. "Water" expresses but one of its many remedial resources, while the term "pathy" which means disease, and which is strictly applicable to all systems whose remedies are drugs, is a misnomer when applied to our system. We have therefore adopted the title which we expect our system to live until it dies a natural death—that of HYGEO-THERAPEUTIC.

THE CABMEN'S CLUB.

THE rear of Lisson-grove is well known as one of the great slum localities of London. Densely peopled with a poor and untaught population, the streets abound with evidences of vice and heathenism, and to the accompanying rags and dirt there is scarcely any cheering contrast; for the courts and alleys pour out their thousands, and on Sunday evenings the streets are vocal with uproar, and the gin-palaces as busy as if each adjoined a theatre. To the timid Christian the idea of doing any good in such a home of the wild tribes of London would appear impossible; yet some courageous men have taken up the task, and made at least a good beginning in the work of reclamation. The close proximity of the great railway stations of Paddington and Euston-square has increased the evil by bringing thousands of the poorer classes towards a scene where much miscellaneous employment is to be found. But there is a special feature in the population, in the vast number of omnibus-men and cabmen, who occupy lodgings and small houses in the better part of the district, and with a special regard for these men, who have less opportunity of rightly observing the Sabbath than perhaps any class, two places of meeting have been established, and in connexion with them religious services and various means of social recreation provided. It is an understood fact that omnibus-men and cabdrivers will not associate together—hence no permanent good could be expected if the two classes had been brought together under one roof—in fact, it would be impossible to bring them together, and the first step was to deal with them as they were, without waiting for the desirable change when they may forget their prejudices and shake hands with each other. Respecting the meetings of the omnibus-men, we have no particular knowledge beyond the fact that they do meet, and that on Sunday afternoons and evenings many of them are engaged in the study of the Scriptures in Bible classes and in devotional services. On Sunday 20th inst., we visited the Cabmen's Club, which is situated in Bell-street, Lisson-grove. You enter by a narrow passage, and presently find yourself in a comfortable coffee room, with good fire and honest faces around it. When we arrived, at six o'clock in the evening, the men were taking tea together, and had just concluded their exercises under the teaching of Mr. Bennett, the able and industrious missionary who conducts the establishment, and whose wife co-operates very heartily in securing the comfort of the men. A mere meeting and dispersion would not suffice, most of these men are accustomed to spend the few hours they have in the public-house; and the object of providing them with tea and a comfortable fire, is to give them no excuse for leaving, or the good accomplished by the reading and hearing explanations of the Scriptures might all be undone within an hour afterwards. So highly do the men appreciate what has so far been done for them that many have exchanged their seven-days for six-days licenses, so as to have the whole of the Sabbath to themselves for the enjoyment of peace with their families, and the performance of the religious duties incumbent upon all of us.

The pleasing spectacle of cabmen in the enjoyment of some of the blessing of Christian civilisation was heightened when the hour arrived for the evening service, which is conducted in a large room by supplies of ministers and lay preachers. On the occasion of our visit the preacher was Mr. Shirley Hibberd, of Stoke Newington, and the congregation consisted of the cabmen previously assembled in the Bible-class, and such of the inhabitants as accepted the free invitation given them to attend. There was room for more than had embraced the opportunity, and that the room is not regularly filled to overflowing, but proves how very dark must be the condition of the vast population by which the place is surrounded. The singing of the hymns was so hearty and devotional as proved that those present were not unaccustomed to the pleasures of Divine worship; and though many of the people were in rags, there was every evidence that their hearts were not dead to the invitations of the Gospel. The preacher took for his text, 1 Peter ii. 7, 8, and dwelt upon the various hindrances to the full acceptance of the Gospel by the people, showing that even the Saviour himself was a stumbling-block to the unbelieving Gentiles, no less than to the Jews of old, but precious indeed to those who believe.

We trust the foundation of spiritual and social progress among that hitherto neglected, often unjustly maligned class of men, the London cabmen, has been laid in this benighted district, and that the labours of Mr. Bennett and his supporters will speedily show good fruit among the thousands of the spiritually destitute by whom he is surrounded.—*City Press*.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.—Two bills of great importance to the working men of England have been read a second time in the House of Commons without attracting much public notice. One is intended to "amend and explain" an Act of the Sixth of George IV., relating to the combinations of workmen, and it has been brought in by Mr. Drummond, Mr. Duncombe, and Sir R. Bethel. The other, which has for its object the establishment of "equitable councils of conciliation and arbitration to adjust differences between masters and operatives," bears the names of Mr. Mackinnon and Mr. Slaney on the back. The Government, through Mr. S. Estcourt, have promised their support to the first bill, and have announced their intention of opposing the other. It seems that the latter was read a second time by mistake, and, on its reaching the next stage, Mr. Estcourt will take steps to procure its summary rejection. Before the time arrives for this catastrophe it may be well for those whose interests are affected by the measures in question to give some consideration to both.

THE CHIEF BUTLER at the Sovereign's coronation.—This office is held by the Lord Mayor for the time being, and his appointment to it is coeval with, or even anterior, to the institution of the Mayoralty itself *eo nomine*. For at the coronation of Richard I., in 1189, we find the chief magistrate of London, under the title of *butliff*, officiating as chief butler. This office was afterwards contended for by the chief magistrate of Winchester, but on what grounds either side rested their pretensions cannot now be ascertained; but according to Maitland, a free gift of two hundred marks was the cause of its being decided in favour of London. This post confers the honour of presenting wine to the sovereign in a golden cup, and the perquisite of retaining it, together with an ewer of the same metal. It has ever since been claimed by the Mayors of London, by prescription.—*City Press*.

Our Letter Box.

SPIRIT CIRCLES.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

SIR,—I am sorry that the M.S. I forwarded for the TWO WORLDS has been mislaid, as it was an answer to the assertion, that communion with spirits is forbidden. Having no copy of the communication, I would refer your readers to an article of mine, in the *British Spiritual Telegraph* of the 15th of March, 1859, on the "Lawfulness of Spirit Communion." I pass on to notice one or two letters, headed "Spiritualism a Delusion," &c., and am glad those correspondents are adopting the only safe and creditable path—personal investigation.—I am sorry that they were gratified by the failures of the medium; said to be one well-known, and residing in Blackfriars, as I had never heard of one in that neighbourhood, I inquired of several friends well-known as leading spiritualists, and they, like me, were ignorant of the person so designated, and therefore simply object to the phrase "well-known." I have given proof through the TWO WORLDS, that all is not gold that glitters. Knowledge on so important a subject as the Existence of Spirits, is worth a struggle. I therefore recommend your correspondents to persevere in the right path.

I find that on an average, 1 woman in 3, and 1 man in 5, are mediums. Teetotallers and Vegetarians ought to develop first-rate mediums, (Daniel the seer and pulse-eater a proof;) and if I were so connected with them, as your correspondents appear to be, I would without loss of time form 5 or 6 circles in different parts of London; to consist of, say 12 persons each, who would promise to attend regularly for 6 weeks; that nothing but sickness would keep them away; let them meet twice a week, and sit round a table, hands on or off as convenient—let articles for and against spiritualism be read, and conversation be carried on in a kindly spirit; let one of the number carefully note any incident that occurs, and at the end of the six weeks, report progress in the TWO WORLDS. If this be done, I will buy and distribute 500 copies of the TWO WORLDS which contains the record of the results of the 5 or 6 circles so formed and conducted; and if it will assist, I will take the leader of each circle, to one or more persons, where they will see and possibly hear spirit manifestations; so as to report to the circles what they have seen or heard.

Having thus thrown down the gauntlet, in firm faith in and knowledge of the power of God on man through the agency of spirits, who amongst you takes it up?—JOHN JONES, Peckham.

TO ENQUIRERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

A stranger, the other day, seeking information on the nature of our spiritual existence, called at a friend's house. We formed a circle as an experiment. The known mediums being away from the table, and yet every answer given by the table-tilting was correct, which was much to my surprise, as it was done as an experiment. One answer in particular I give, as concerning the gentleman above mentioned, and which was strong proof to him. The spirit presence said it was a son of his. I asked how many years have you been in the spirit world? Fifteen. How old were you when you passed to your spirit home? Can you tell us? Yes. The table then began to tilt, and to tilt on. We thought it was wrong, and I was about stopping it, but the gentleman, more serious, said, Let it go on, sir; and it did tilt on thirty-four times. We thought the gentleman too young to have a son that age; but he said, "Tis true; he's right, though none could know it but myself and him. It must be, that my son that was lost, is found." These answers gave a solemn turn to our sitting, and made us feel the truth of spirit communion, because all were awed by its beautiful revelations. On a subsequent evening, he came again, and directly, there was written, through the hand of a gentleman under spirit influence, the following:—"I wish to say a word to him. Mr. dear friend, regard not what the opinions of men are, for they need enlightenment on these subjects. Seek, and ye shall find." Seek what? "Man wants more than the fleshly joys of life. Material life is as the grass, a breath destroys it. Many suffer from the calumnious breath of their fellow men. It is in trials and difficulties that man thinks of his God; because then he finds how shallow are the joys of earth—how fleeting—like the summer's cloud that floats across the landscape, gone before discovered. Seek, then, dear friend, seek further; dive deeper. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, 'tis said; but it is not always so; for a little knowledge has stimulated you on, and you will have much more; for those relatives you have loved on earth may come again to you and cheer you on, even when the lamp of life is flickering, casting but a feeble ray around; then the spirit will be longing to burst its bonds, and to fly to its eternal destination. Farewell, farewell. God be with you now, and for ever, is the earnest prayer of one who, though unknown to you in the body, is

anxious, in the spirit, to lead you on to know your God."—J. C., and many others.

Again was written to the same gentleman: "Go on in faith; regard not what you hear from man, or what he does not understand. Can man give you peace?" No. "Can man ever demonstrate to you the immortality of the soul?" No! Who can? "Those whom God has permitted to come to you; even those who have gone a short time before to those heavenly mansions, which are looked upon by some only as a beautiful fable. But it is a reality, dear friend, which you may enjoy when you leave your house of clay. I am a spirit of truth, commissioned to console the afflicted and sorrowing, leading all to God who will be led by us."—W. W.

In this case, the physical manifestations were of great use in leading to further enquiry, and have ultimately in thorough conviction of the truth.

Now, we cannot help these facts; they come with angel messages. Why should we quarrel with them because the causes are hard to be understood? We only place ourselves under as fit conditions as we can to receive them, and we thank God, and take courage.

Others, who treat the matter lightly, may have experiences of a different kind; for there may exist the power to commune with bad spirits, as well as the glorious privilege of communing with holy and happy ones. And, we think this must be true if Scripture, and facts, and history are good for anything, as evidence or demonstration.—S. WILKS, 25, Cambridge Terrace, Dalston.

VEGETARIAN DIFFICULTIES.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

SIR,—I have been waiting before I replied to mine of 7th February, to see if any of your correspondents would have given me the information I require. Not having had any replies, Sir, except your own, I will now answer the questions you put to me, viz., "the books looked into, and the nature of my difficulties."

I have read Graham's "Science of Human Life," and "Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man," &c.; but in neither of them, as I see, do they inform us as to the best way of commencing the principle as to diet, &c. They only prove, to my satisfaction, that the principle is correct, both physiologically and morally.

I cannot explain myself better than I have done, except to observe that if you, Sir, can inform me of the best kinds of diet to commence with, and how to apportion them to our daily meals, it would guide me in my operations.

Your reply, Sir, would oblige yours respectfully, W. R.

April 6th, 1859.

[As we are anxious to enlist the talent of our readers, many of whom have both the time and knowledge requisite, we prefer that they should deal with this practical question, and have, therefore, not answered W. R. ourselves.—ED.]

HOW TO PROCURE SOCIAL HARMONY.

BY ROVING HARRY.

Can music be produced from a single string? It may. But then how difficult the task of producing it, and how inferior the music when produced!

Thus it is with the human family. There is no real harmony in a company of girls, nor yet in a tea-party made up of matrons and maiden ladies. Much less may we expect to find harmony in a gathering of boys, a "club" of young men, or a bacchanalian late supper gathering of husbands and bachelors.

Where, then, shall we look for harmony, if not in any of these? I'll tell you.

Never expect good music from a one-stringed instrument, nor expect social harmony from any one class of the human family, isolated and alone. The only true social gathering is that which embraces both sexes and all ages, from the infant to the hoary-headed grandfather. If true social music is anywhere produced, it must be in a complete circle like this. Excess of any kind has no place here. Each class and age has a restraint upon the others, and all errors and improprieties which either class alone might be guilty of, are here excluded.

How agreeable must be that social intercourse which purifies the mind and happinesses the soul! Like oases in the desert of sordid and selfish business pursuits.

THE DIFFERENT AFRICAN RACES.—At a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Dr. Bodichon, a resident of Algeria, in Africa, presented a paper of great interest on the races of that country, founded on his own observation. He stated that there were two white races: one inhabited the mountains, the Numidians or Berbers, and the Arabs. The former were small in stature, warlike, independent, democratic, and polygamous. They dwell in villages and plant vineyards. They are fine soldiers, able to compete with Europeans. They are not governed by laws, but refer their difficulties to the first man that chances to pass by. Dr. B. considers them an indigenous race. The Arabs are a tall race, of dark complexion, equestrian, nomadic, warlike, religious, poetical, and polygamous. They divide their time about equally between fighting and praying. He also referred to a mixed race of Turks, and the women of the different tribes of the country, which, not having the stamina of the parent race, are fast disappearing before the French. He found in the interior of Africa a Germanic race, with blue eyes and light hair, which are probably the descendants of the ancient Carthaginians. They are polygamous, and, unlike all other nations, the females are sovereign both in family and state. They also possess the characteristic superiority of white races—the enslaving of the neighboring blacks.—*Feliciana (La.) Dem.*

LIGHT IN STABLES.

Stables should be so constructed, by the insertion of windows in various parts of the building, that they should be "light as day." A "dark" stable is only a suitable black-hole prison-house for such a vicious specimen of the equine race as the notorious "Cruiser;" it is also the very worst location for any kind of animal. Sir A. Nylie (who was long at the head of the medical staff in the Russian army) states that cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barracks at St. Petersburg have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of three to one to those on the side exposed to a strong and uniform light. Humboldt has also remarked that, among bipeds the residents of South America, who wear very little clothing—thus allowing the cutaneous, as well as the orbital surfaces, to receive a free ray of light—enjoyed immunity from various diseases which prevailed extensively among the inhabitants of dark rooms and underground locations, and so excellent an authority as Linnæus contends that the constant exposure to solar light, is one of the causes which render a summer journey through high northern latitudes so peculiarly healthful and invigorating. Dr. Edwards has also remarked that persons who live in caves or cellars, or in very dark or narrow streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and that men who work in mines are liable to disease and deformity. Light, therefore, is a condition of vital activity, and in view only of preserving the sight of a horse, it is absolutely necessary that while he be the habitant of the stable, his optics shall have free access to the sun's rays.

If a horse was in the same condition as a polyp, with no organ of vision, who shuns light, a dark stable might prove to be his earthly paradise; but as the horse has special organs of vision, evidently susceptible to the influence of light, and the integrity of his organism, or a part of the same, depending entirely on the admission of light, it is absolutely necessary that stables should be constructed accordingly.—*Amer. Veterinary Journal.*

AUSTRALIAN REVENUE.—The Sydney *Pleader* says the gross revenue for 1858 was £1,422,466. The whole customs were £559,298, of which £346,567 were on intoxicating drinks; "the other items (military canteen, night licenses, &c.), making up a revenue of nearly half a million sterling in our small community, wholly derived from sources destructive of morality and social order." The next paragraph in the *Pleader* is a report of a Maine Law Lecture, by the Rev. W. Ridley, in Francis-street Temperance Hall, Sydney.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XLV.

DISAPPOINTMENT—NEW LIGHT GIVEN—AN ADVENTURE.

"'Tis hard to wrestle with the mountain waves
Of human destiny. Ye who know the feelings of
A parent—say, could ye bear
Your tender babes to suffer, day by day,
The pangs of want and hunger? 'Tis too much."

JOHN LAWRENCE.

In the course of twelve months Tiny had seen over twenty of the most vile and profligate reformed and fitted out with every necessary, as emigrants to the United States. Every fresh batch of three or four sent out, did Tiny mix with in the steerage of the vessel which was to carry them to the far west. He observed and recorded their every action; but poor Tiny remained unreclaimed. Mr. Cramp had seen and read the coveted letters—ten in number, and had sought to raise their value in the eyes of Tiny by pronouncing each seal to be worth a guinea; but Tiny was not so enraptured with them, and offered the letters, seals and all, to the Reformer for five shillings. He declined the purchase, but never after spoke of their value.

Another winter of untold and stern misery passed away, during which Tiny ruminated over strange schemes and projects. Numbers of candidates for reformation and emigration were on the lists; Tiny argued and Lizzy reasoned—wept—persuaded, but could not remove the conviction from Tiny's mind that Mr. Cramp was a cold-hearted Jesuit. Ill weed's grew in Tiny's mind, and he maintained a cautious bearing toward the Reformer, till an incident occurred which goaded him to desperation, but which resulted in one of the "all things which work together for good."

The Reformer was making preparations for his autumn trip to the United States, and intended to escort seven individuals to New York, four of whom were men, the other three were fallen women. Tiny had watched these worthies when in company with Mr. Cramp, and when out of it; their language and general conduct, heightened, no doubt, by envy and jealousy—were, to Tiny's mind, scandalous; and their reformation only a sham. One of these fellows in particular had excited Tiny's dislike by his constant jeers. He was a man big of limb, broad in body, and of an incompact and sprawling gait; his face was full and pale, as if the life's blood never visited it. When he sat down he seemed like a man oppressed with his own weight, too much for him to raise; his hair was bushy and entangled, "and all wild, as a thicket in a waste." His uncouth and dirty habiliments—his coat in particular—hung loosely upon him; and all the fire in his body was contained in a pair of small twinkling eyes, deep set in his massive head; the tone of his voice was harsh, and his general manner was repulsive in the extreme. "So, such as these," said Tiny to Lizzy, "are petted and

pampered in idleness and deceit, to the exclusion of such as we? And this crew, with such a demon as Maggay at their head, will sail in the 'American Congress,' which will be hauled out into the Stream at midday to-morrow, and I am invited to the prayer meeting to solicit God to shower blessings down on this thieving lot. I'll go to-night; I've made a speech before to-day; and I'll lay the law down before the whole of them, and, through the Newspapers, I'll inform the public how they are gulled."

Lizzy begged of him to be calm, to be careful, and used every form of persuasion with a hope to induce him to stay at home. But his determination was fixed; Tiny said, "I'll go to-night, though I die for it to-morrow."

The evening was cool, and the rain fell rather heavily. Tiny had near a mile to walk; thunder rolled and rumbled in the overcharged clouds, and the lightning seemed to shoot from every quarter of the compass. But on Tiny went, drenched to the skin, but with resolution unalterable. He reached the meeting-house; but the room was in darkness, the door was fast. He stood looking up at the windows, and the rain descended in copious streams on his upturned face. He knocked noisily at the door, but the only answer received was the echo given back through the long passage. What could be the meaning of this? thought Tiny; but undaunted, he started off to the Reformer's house, a mile distant from the meeting-house. May be, thought he, the meeting will be held at home. He arrived there, and knocked at the door; all seemed quiet within. The door was opened by Mrs. Cramp, who informed Tiny that the "American Congress," with three hundred passengers, among whom were the reformed and the Reformer, had been hauled out of dock at ten o'clock that morning, in consequence of a favourable tide, and had gone away down the river, and by that time must be considerably beyond Gravesend. Tiny felt as if he must fall to the ground. He was overwhelmed—crushed. He shivered with cold and wet, and as he turned his footsteps sluggishly towards home his head swam, and the gas lights seemed to dance before his bewildered eyes.

Lizzy was unhappy, and forebodings of something strange about to happen oppressed her mind. Her children slept in happy unconsciousness of their parents' sufferings. She resolved to follow her husband, and, hastily throwing her thin shawl over her shoulders, she closed her room door, and sallied forth in the pitiless storm in search of Tiny. She had left her home about half-an-hour, when Tiny, with slow and measured steps, entered the yard at the rear of the house. No light, as was usual, illuminated the window of his miserable dwelling. He opened the door and entered the room, and called his wife by name; but no answer being returned he felt alarmed; her absence was unusual. His garments hung closely to his body and the wet streamed from them upon the floor. He had neither fire nor candle, so he sat down on a chair by the chimney-corner, and bowed his head on his hands; his spirits were broken; all fortitude had fled, and agonizing sobs, blended with the heavy breathing of his children, sounded ominously in the half-emptied room. His thoughts wandered away down the thorny vista of past years; he had entered upon a waking dream, from which he was aroused by a hand placed on his shoulder, and a familiar voice, saying, "Don't fret so, Tiny dear, or you'll break my heart."

Lizzy had been over the same ground as Tiny had, and had heard the same news. She had returned, had procured a light, and had lighted a fire before Tiny was conscious of her presence. She had removed her dripping garments, and entreated Tiny to do the same, and he submitted to her kind hands as willingly now as he did on the day that she led him into her mother's kitchen many years ago. It was in vain she questioned him as to the cause of his grief, his countenance was fearfully distorted, his sobs were violent, and his eyes wandered around his miserable abode with an expression of despair that filled Lizzy with terror. At last his eyes settled on Lizzy's face; he rested his burning brow upon her shoulder, her arms entwined his neck, and she whispered in his ear the story of the Cross; she spoke, in angel-like words, of the Saviour's love, and in eloquent strains reviewed the privileges set before them both, and how manifestly the works of the flesh had hitherto presided over his doings, and had cursed them in their goings out and comings in, in their basket and in their store, and that, like Ephraim, he was joined to his idols, and that his sufferings were a sure mark that the hand of God was upon him.

Tiny argued now but faintly, and Lizzy followed up the advantage she had gained. "Come," said she; "Come, Tiny dear, kneel with me beside our dear children, and pray to God to have mercy upon us; we have rebelled against him, and our sufferings are a just reward for sinful doings."

They were at the bedside; Lizzy's arm still encircled his neck. Shortly she sank into a reverential posture; Tiny yielded to the pressure of her arm; they buried their faces in the scanty bed covering, and in silence wept together. Timidly but earnestly did poor Lizzy pray for her husband. Hitherto the strong denunciations of the Law, and Mr Cramp's vehement and graphic pictures of death and of a future Judgement, had failed to influence Tiny, but now, the scenes of an ill-spent life with panoramic distinctness passed in review before his mind; he laid his heart bare before his God. He confessed his sins, and asked the Searcher of all hearts to help him to forsake them. His prayer was heard and answered too. At that hour he became a changed man, and desired to do nothing upon which he could not ask a blessing. With this change of character and pursuits, came aspirations of a nobler kind. The aspects of external things were still the same, but the light from within seemed to have placed them at another and more cheerful point of view.

On the following morning Tiny took counsel with Lizzy, and at her suggestion determined to wait upon the clergy-

man in whose district he lived, and to follow the counsel he would give as to the best means of lightening domestic cares. The off-hand advice given was "Go to the workhouse; was I in your condition, I would not hesitate for a moment."

An unpleasant matter this said Tiny to himself; but for the sake of my children I'll apply for relief. That day Tiny procured an order to attend before the board of guardians on the following day (Wednesday). Wednesday came, as all Wednesdays do, but Tiny's courage was at a very low ebb. However he went, and soon found himself in company with about a hundred others in a waiting room at the workhouse. An hour or two had elapsed before Tiny's turn came to be admitted into the presence of that august assemblage—"a board of guardians," among whom is sure to be found at least one individual well qualified to dole out insult to the timid applicant for parish relief, during which time he heard more of slander, banter, and senseless gossip, and saw more of double-dealing, cunning, and well-laid schemes of begging and idleness, than in all his former experience, proving to his untaught mind that profligacy, vulgarity, and sottishness, were not confined to that particular class that came under Mr. Cramp's notice, and made a shrewd guess that the same class of impositions and delinquencies penetrated further up into the social scale than he had previously imagined, and that under a somewhat respectable garb were to be found some educated specimens of the lazy. Certain and numerous well-known workhouse loungers had been before the board, and in due time emerged from that sanctuary, with the green baized door so delicately poised on its hinges as not to make a noise, but at each opening of that veritable door a wrangling and noisy-like sound of voices broke upon—the noise in the waiting-room. But Time—that wonder-working genius—came to give Tiny a turn, and a consequential little man, called a beadle, with the important document in his hand on which was inscribed the name of Tiny Baxter, walked pompously forward, and singled out his victim, and with a dignified air—almost martial—ushered our pale-faced and trembling hero into the board-room. Around a long table, with a smoothly-polished surface, sat the guardians, while at one end, but at a very respectful distance from those persons, was an eminence not much unlike—but how much we fear to define—to that in which criminals are placed at a police-court, and at the other end sat a gentleman of rather a hard visage, whose cranium could not boast of much futility in growth of hair, but a struggling shock or two stood bolt-out at those points just above where the temples are said to be, and of a colour slanderously termed by ill-bred persons a "dandy grey russet." Before him was a ponderous book in which were recorded the "Facts and Scraps" of the lives, fortunes, wants, and names of applicants, both lucky and unlucky, of all ages and sizes, of gender masculine and feminine, but against most of which that diversified gender "neuter" was remarkably prominent. A pair of pebbles, with gold frames, were supported by a prominence, remarkable both in size and shape, and so formed by nature at one end (the reader knows which end we mean) as to preclude the possibility of having the trouble of re-adjusting, either by slipping or falling off. Beneath this useful feature, and adhering closely to that bony structure named the jaws, was a pair of thin and bloodless lips, which however much of mother's milk had passed them in baby days, could not boast—at least since he had been raised to fill that well-cushioned chair as a public functionary—of permitting any of the milk of human kindness to pass them. His cheek-bones were rather too high to be termed handsome, and his chin—oh that chin—came off to a point so sharp as only to be equalled by his eyes and his tongue, and these were in constant and rapid motion. And his dress and his shirt-front and wristbands—the one so black, the other so white—and both of them so fine, too; and that ring on that finger, and that silver snuff box, contrasting so beautifully with the table on which it lay, and that never-to-be-forgotten and almost coveted bandanna, suspended so artistically between his two long white fingers, and with which he dusted his face, and that benevolent glance at Tiny over the rim of his spectacles stamped him at once as the law-giver—the rest were merely spectators. His nod was that of an emperor, his judgment that of a Bacon, his whole was a compound of fish, flesh, and fowl—the shark, the dog, and the chicken-snapping, snarling, and pecking.

"Well, young man, and pray what do you want?" said Mr. Woolf, addressing Tiny.

"I was told to come here for relief for my family," replied Tiny.

"Told to come here for relief," said Mr. Woolf, with a lame attempt to look astonished; "I should have thought that such as you could have found your way to some factory or warehouse."

Then followed questions on his name, and how it was spelt, where he lived, and whether he was lawfully married, what sort of a woman his wife was, how many children he had, and why they had not come too, who his father was, how long he had been dead, and where was his parish. All these questions, and a number of others, were answered in a becoming manner by Tiny. Whilst some of the Guardians talked and laughed with each other, one was reading the *Times*, another was standing with his back to the fire, with the tails of his coat supported up one under each arm, acting the fire screen to his fellows, to the comfort of his drab-coloured kersimeres. Here was one portly individual engaged to a profitable extent in weeding surplus hairs from his nose, till the water trickled down his jolly-looking face; there was a slender individual, who commenced a sentence in Double G, and ended in a falsetto, betting a bottle of brandy on a pigeon-match with a neighbour, an undertaker, who had but two feet, each encased in a very muddy boot, one of

which rested on the seat of a damask-covered chair! And one other noble personage, who could not believe his own eyes, or was doubtful as to the ocular powers of one of them, distorted an otherwise decent-looking face with an eyeglass, fixed by the contraction of his eyebrow so as by habit to give a rather noticeable curve to his nose. This eye was on Tiny and Woolf, who were not talking exactly alike.

"I tell you, once for all, Sir," raved Mr. Woolf; "you can have an order to come into the house, and your wife and children too; we'll find work for you, if that's all you want. Now, come, be quick, we've something else to do than to waste time with healthy, idle young fellows like you; will you have it, or will you not?"

"I do not wish to become a burden to the parish," replied Tiny, in an excited tone, "I only ask for a little present help."

"Turn him out, turn him out, Mr. Crow," said Mr. Woolf, in a rage, addressing the Beadle; "Turn that fellow out, and bring in the next case."

Mr. Crow, at the bidding of his superior, laid unceremonious hands on Tiny, and the two struggled together. Tiny in vain tried for a hearing, till the gent with the eye-glass shouted, "Hear what more the fellow has to say."

"What do you wish to say? Come, be quick," asked Mr. Woolf, rising from his seat.

"I will not take up your time gentlemen," said Tiny; "I did hope to be heard, but—"

"Now, will you say your say, and go about your business?" screamed Mr. Woolf.

Tiny looked at Mr. Woolf, and said, "Sir, when next you pray—if ever you do such a thing—ask God to teach you how to respect the sorrows of a poor striving man, though you may not feel disposed to help him."

"Now, Beadle, put that insulting rascal out," said Mr. Woolf, "and if he says another word, hand him into the custody of the policeman."

One of those persons appointed by the wise and paid by the public to keep the peace, was on duty outside, and had occasionally walked into g room to keep order among the minor wranglers, now walked hurriedly into the board-room, and gave Tiny such a smart push that but for the intervention of the door, he would have measured his length on the floor. His love of retaliation was rising fast, but he remained passive, and walked quietly out, muttering some views he had of the difference between law and justice. Tiny arrived safe at home, and had related the whole of his adventure to Lizzy, and she had consoled him all in her power. A morsel of bread had been procured, and shared among the family, and they were about to regale themselves on their limited purchase, when the veritable Mr. Woolf entered their room, bringing with him an order for the family to go into the workhouse that very night. He swaggered about the humble room, and frowned and abused by turns, and having expended himself in a futile attempt at moralizing, he turned his back toward the owners of that humble residence, and looked through the windows into the street.

"You have done talking now, I presume," said Tiny, rising from his chair.

"I have, Sir," said Mr. Woolf, "and it will be well for you to attend strictly to this order, and to mine, too."

Tiny put on majesty, and walked to the room-door, and opened it, and, pointing to the street-door, exclaimed, "Now, make your exit, as quick as possible, or I shall help you."

Mr. Woolf walked up to Tiny in a menacing attitude, as if he meant to crush him with a glance, but Tiny was at home now, and casting his eyes round his room, took up a short broom, but this not being a weapon formidable enough he neared the fire-place, as if preferring the poker as the most impressive instrument; but before he could become possessed of it, Mr. Woolf had gained the street, and was looking in at the window, and with vehemence assured Tiny that he should smart for his insolence. The order to come into the workhouse had been placed on the table; Tiny took it up and tore it into fragments and opening the window, cast them in Mr. Woolf's face. The wind blew the bits of paper up the roadway; Mr. Woolf walked rapidly up the street, and was seen by Tiny no more.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"How many rise this morn with aching heads and most unquiet hearts!"

AMERICA—THE TWO REFORMERS.

MR. CRAMP and his chosen ones had arrived at New York, and, with the exception of troubles incident to a steerage trip across the Atlantic, were all in good health. Fortune, too, had lifted up her beneficent countenance upon them, and enabled them to escape from the numerous boarding-house runners and loafers, who, more or less, harass and plunder the unwary traveller in most sea-port towns, and of whom New York is especially prolific. Mr. Cramp had distributed a sum of money among the worthies who had shared so largely in his solicitude; and with sage instructions as to their future career, directed them to separate, and to work their way inland, seeking for work by the way, and not to refuse work at any wages, however low. Having given hearty promises of being honest and industrious, and exchanged mutual expressions of good-will, they separated.

A heavy weight of responsibility had been removed from Mr. Cramp's mind, and a much heavier amount of luggage from his care; but a quantity of cash extracted from his long bead purse, made it too light to be thought lightly of. To get quit of the two first proved gratifying; and the removal of the latter was embarrassing; but Mr. Cramp would not, not for the world, be considered as having a love for filth

lucre; so, with one little sigh, whether caused by the loneliness of his position, or occasioned by the lightness of his purse,—it would ill become us to define,—he ordered the runner to convey him, and his individual luggage, to the pier on the North River, adjacent to the Camden and Amboy Steamboat and Railway line. Crack went the whip, and the loud "g'lang" of the carman mingled among other noisy sounds; and the party, and which includes the "oss," the carman's own property, wended their way up "Peck Slip," across Pearl-street, and the Broadway, from thence, through Courtland-street, into Greenwich-street, that side of the city vying with the other in an interminable round of activity, bustle, and confusion. Having arrived at the Camden and Amboy Pier, the carman received his "dollar," and, not believing it necessary to say "thankee," as uncivilised Englishmen do, drew his car up to a rum store, into which he sauntered to have a "nip." At this point, and at the hour of two, at which time, Mr. Practical had arranged to meet Mr. Cramp, our friend stood looking over the beautiful bay of New York, as the poet says,

"Like patience on a monument smiling at grief."

A huge, but elegantly constructed steam-boat came ploughing its way up the river; its finely-rounded bows thrusting aside immense volumes of water in its stately progress. The river boats have two stories above the deck, around each of which is a kind of balcony. The whole is like a floating castle of two stories high, and will carry upwards of one thousand passengers. The rooms are fitted up with surpassing elegance, and contain every convenience. The balconies were crowded with chairs, occupied with gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen. The deck was crowded with hundreds of human beings, and stored with almost every description of agricultural produce and manufactured goods, intermingled with boxes, bundles, bales, casks, and every kind of portmanteau and travelling cases; live and dead stock, pigs, fowls, horses, cows, and ice, as heterogeneous in character and complexion as were the owners thereof. The bell rang; the boat entered the pier; and after about ten minutes of indescribable confusion, bustling, boltering, and clamour, the boat, with but few exceptions, had entirely exchanged her cargo, and the steam getting up for a continuance of the journey on towards the falls of Niagara. Mr. Cramp was in a "brown study," observing and being observed. One individual seemed to come in for his especial notice,—that was a sunburnt Yankee "Cap'n," accoutred in blue cloth pantaloons and a red serge shirt, the whole surmounted with a palm-leaf hat. An immense bundle of hair clustered about his chin, forcibly reminding Mr. Cramp of that sure-footed animal, who, in unshaven innocence, gambols along the precipitous ledges of rocks and mountains in Wales, and to which naturalists have given the name of goat. His face, as is usually the case with Americans, was clean shaven; but an awkward-looking protuberance or swelling in the "Cap'n's" left cheek, was a source of mental disquietude to Mr. Cramp. Poor man, he was soon set at ease on that matter; for the "Cap'n," who, with both hands thrust in his trowsers' pockets, had been parading backwards and forwards on the deck, suddenly came to a halt, and casting his weather-beaten face heavenward, or skyward, with half-closed eyes, as if in search of a squall, suddenly lowered his head, and expectorated an immense volume of dark-coloured liquid from his mouth, about the consistence of thin treacle, which fell with rather a disagreeable splash on the deck. Having accomplished this feat, he inserted a finger between his cheek and gums, and drew forth a no very despicable (as regards size) piece of plug tobacco; but before the wind had time to fill up the cavity caused by the ejection of that stimulating jubbe, he had dexterously supplied its place with another succulent lump of proportionate dimensions. There was no need of the "swab," for a lady who had just crossed over the gangway became the ignorant substitute of that necessary article on board an American river boat—a swab—and wiped up the sickening product of a Yankee stomach with the flounces of her merino dress; and which, as it could not, by the nature of the material of which the dress was made, long retain the nasty deposit, transferred a share of the spoil obtained to the heels of her lavender-coloured gaiter boots, and to the net-work of an exquisite pair of white stockings, which had previously adorned her ankles. "Beast," muttered Mr. Cramp, as his pleasant-looking English face assumed that qualmish form and hue common to those who are first attacked with sea sickness. "Beast;" but the "Cap'n," alike careless and unconscious of Mr. Cramp's observations and ejaculations, recommenced his tour of the boat from stem to stern. Mr. Cramp gave a sigh of loneliness, and was about to shift his position, when a hearty slap on the shoulder obliged him to turn short round, with a sudden "Lord bless my soul," and he found himself face to face with that man of strange views, Mr. Practical.

"Bless me," said Mr. Cramp, "I hav'n't been so startled for many a day; never before, I think; dear me."

"Always the way with you phlegmatic Englishmen," said Mr. Practical. "At home nowhere but in your own country, thoughtful and mooping. You have been about a two hours automaton witness of the bustle, activity, and life of some of the most persevering and business-like people on this earth. But your hand, your hand; how are you? There, now to the point, how are you?"

"Rather dull, rather dull," replied Mr. Cramp, "hungry, dry, and most unaccountably lonely; but I'm thankful to see you; glad from my heart; never was so glad before; no, never; upon my word. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man that of his friend."

"Ah," said Mr. Practical, "it takes us Yankees to

sharpen you Englishers. But don't let us stay here; that boat won't trouble the waters of the Hudson for two hours to come; so we'll drop into Nat Harvey's restaurant, and be revenged on a veal cutlet, a peach pie, and a sherry cobbler. There, now, don't say no; your testotal tricks won't do for me. A man of your size, stamp, experience, and love of the principles of goodness, hath that spirit which controls the flesh,—the same spirit, friend Cramp, that you teach your lads to encourage when they are hungry, and which although surrounded with plenty within reach to eat, will prevent them from taking it. They would starve first, you know. No, no, it won't do, Cramp, come along; there's no temptation for you to steal. A honest dollar will suffice; and your wonderful power of control enjoyed by yourself, and urged upon others by your example and precept, is a sure safe-guard for you against even the approach of intemperance or gluttony."

Mr. Cramp was somehow at sea, and was at a loss to understand whether Mr. Practical was in earnest or not. However, he replied.

"Now, my dear Mr. Practical, I've not the least objection to a veal cutlet; but I have a great objection to the sherry cobbler. It's the first glass, you know, that a man has to fear; so I don't intend to touch it."

"Not up—well up in your own doctrine? Eh, friend Cramp, which of the two do you fear most, the sherry cobbler or yourself?"

"I confess that I'm a little cautious of both," said Mr. Cramp, "so I am determined not to tamper with either."

"Well, as you will, as you will, I shall subject you to temptation, I guess."

"I'll endure that, Mr. Practical," replied Mr. Cramp, "and hope not to be led into it. That will be the test of my principles; the sin does not lie in the temptation, but in the transgression of a principle."

The two friends arrived at Nat Harvey's Restaurant. The lunch had been served, and had disappeared under the united and continued application of knife, fork, and fingers. Mr. Practical had considerable advantage over Mr. Cramp, for the latter retained, in all its fulness, the volubility of Englishmen at meal times; but Mr. Practical eat, nodded, and grunted out an occasional word only, and was prepared to lead the way to the upper room, set apart for smoking, spitting, drinking, and lounging. However, Mr. Cramp did smoke, he loved his pipe; but he would not touch sherry cobbler. Mr. Practical had a liking for both; but no particular love for either. He could drink and smoke, and he could leave them both alone. Mr. Cramp declared that he could not do without his pipe, no; he would rather go without his dinner; and on this account, Mr. Practical prided himself on his superior strength of principle. He would not go without a meal for all the pipes, tobacco, and sherry cobbler in the United States. Like wise men, they did not fall out, being both well governed by those sterling principles which always enable the fortunate possessors to agree to differ, however diversified their opinions. Such men as these can govern themselves or a monarchy, and every phase in life which intervenes between an individual and a state.

In ten minutes after leaving the restaurant they were on the Camden and Amboy Pier; and in passing over the gangway leading to the boat, Mr. Cramp encountered the "Cap'n." He could not help looking at the "Cap'n," and their eyes met, and the look must have been mutually disagreeable; for the "Cap'n," whether in wickedness or innocence,—doubtless it was the latter,—shot a stream of tobacco juice, with explosive force, between Mr. Cramp's feet, to the great risk of bespotting his polished boots. Mr. Cramp threw his legs apart suddenly to avoid such a disaster, and as he did so his head protruded forward. In this position he had blocked up the gangway, and was mentally calculating the amount of dirt and damage this one unceremonious person could perform, when the "Cap'n," with hands in pockets, came in hard collision with Mr. Cramp's head, which cleared the way, and the "Cap'n" walked on in a surly mood, shouting to a Negro man to "Let go that ar haws'r, hor he'd chuck him inter ther drink, him 'bout er minit." The command was obeyed with Negro alacrity. The bell rang out in tones to be heard the whole length of North-street. The engine groaned, and the beautiful boat trembled under the stroke of the ponderous piston, and with her living freight she moved out into the stream.

Mr. Cramp looked enquiringly around him. The scene was grand. The largest hills and the tallest trees in Great Britain were puny and insignificant when compared with those along this coast. The two friends were on the balcony of the upper story. The day was clear and bright, and the forests and rivers stretching out in immeasurable distance on all sides filled Mr. Cramp with adoration of that supreme being, that could, by the power of his word, call such colossal wonders into existence. And, as his cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkled, and holy aspirations filled his soul, he muttered, "Beautiful, beautiful. Wonderful are thy works, O Lord." Mr. Practical was not insensible to the grandeur and magnificence of the surrounding scenery. But this was his native earth, and from childhood he had been accustomed to its wonders. In silence he watched the effects on Mr. Cramp; but at this time made no reference to them, his attention having been called to some other object.

Approaching Mr. Cramp, he whispered in his ear, "Do you see that female yonder?" at the same time pointing to a female who was disporting herself in the grand saloon, and who was richly attired. Mr. Cramp followed the direction of his friend's eye and finger, and replied in the affirmative.

"Well, now," said Mr. Practical, "if you are not too

much in favour of reforming raw material, and could do something toward reforming her, you would confer a benefit on the state, and some day have your portrait adorning the City Hall, as one of the greatest benefactors of the union."

"That lady," said Mr. Cramp, "you astonish me. What a lovely creature. The finest woman I have seen in your country. What is the nature of her case, Mr. Practical?"

"That lady," said Mr. Practical, "is the most confirmed thief; the most accomplished swindler, shoplifter, and pickpocket the world ever produced. America is not honoured by being her birth-place. London, in England, has the credit of producing that gem, and nearly every other inferior *artiste* of both sexes that abound here, and who excel in every contrivance in the code fraud. She can keep a countenance that would deceive the very,—what's his name. She's,—there, she's a devil."

"Do you know her?" asked Mr. Cramp. "Did, or do you ever speak to her?"

"Oh dear, yes. Let us walk inside. Follow me, Mr. Cramp, follow me."

They were about to enter the saloon as a young dandy was making his exit, dressed in the ton of fashion. The young gentleman had been sitting beside the lady in question, but had suddenly vacated his seat, and was eagerly making pursuit after some object that a moment previously had passed the window near to where he was sitting. Mr. Cramp knew him, at least, he thought so, and it would seem by the penetrating glance that the young man bestowed on Mr. Cramp in exchange for his, that he knew Mr. Cramp. Be that as it may, he pushed on his way, and the two friends walked across the saloon. Mr. Practical accosted the lady with much diffidence, and addressed her as Miss Jemima Trackless, at the same time raising his hat and making a slight inclination of his head. Miss Jemima Trackless rose from her seat, and acknowledged the honour done her by a slight, reserved, but lady-like movement of the body, at the same time extending her jewelled fingers to Mr. Practical, remarking with a winning smile, "Dear Mr. Practical, how delighted I am to meet you here; how do you do?"

"Well, quite well, my dear miss," said Mr. Practical. "Allow me to introduce my esteemed friend, Mr. Cramp, from the old country. Mr. Cramp, Miss Jemima Trackless, —Miss Trackless, Mr. Cramp, a well-known English philanthropist, a Christian man, too, miss."

"Very glad to see you, sir," said Miss Jemima, holding out her hand to Mr. Cramp. "Very glad, indeed. Mr. Practical has so few friends,—that is, his choice of friends is so remarkably select, and he is so prudent in the friendships which he forms, that I consider myself quite honoured by your acquaintance; but, do pray sit down here. There is a splendid prospect before us, and my Charles has just gone to order some refreshments; he'll be here directly, and will be delighted to meet you; but here he is, well, I declare, how pleasant to meet with friends." Charles had joined the party, had shaken hands with Mr. Practical, and said a few soft words to Miss Jemima, during which, they had conversed with that expressive feature, the eye, in a manner not altogether unintelligible to Mr. Cramp, whose turn it was to be introduced to Mr. Charles; but their hands remained locked in each other, and their eyes fixed with mesmeric openness,—the face of each was ultimately pale and red. Mr. Charles was the first to break through the embarrassment, and affecting a hearty laugh, he exclaimed, "Well, I never, don't you know me?"

"Is it possible," said Mr. Cramp, "Do my eyes deceive me? Are you the same Charlie Delphy?"

"Hush," said Mr. Charles, "not so loud, here, if you please, Mr. Cramp," and his lip curled, and his eye flashed, as he released his hand from the grasp of Mr. Cramp; "you are not in the old country, sirrah."

(To be continued in our next.)

MONEY V. BEER.—S. Sayo writes to *Bell's Weekly Messenger*.—"North of North Warwickshire" asks for information as to what would be a fair sum of money to allow a workman in harvest in lieu of beer. In reply I remark, the amount must be according to what quantity of beer it has been usual to allow; and on my own farm, where the allowance in harvest was three pints of beer, and four pints of table-beer, per day, I some 14 years ago did away with the beer, and paid 6d. per day in lieu thereof; in the haying season, while mowing, I paid 4d. per acre more for the mowing; and for those employed in carting and stacking paid 4d. per day more instead of the two pints of beer per day. At first the workmen preferred the old system; but after trial they found the advantage of money payment, and volunteered the statement to me, that by substituting coffee for beer they had the means of buying meat; that in consequence of the change they could go through their labour better, and were better off than under the former mode. I have continued the money payment ever since.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Spiritualism, Wilks, and Delusion," by W. Malthouse. "Are there not Evil Spirits as well as Good?" by S. Wilks.

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