

The Two



Worlds.

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

No. 2, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

OUR PROSPECTUS.

The *Two Worlds* will contain a Synopsis of the General News of the week, foreign and domestic, political, religious, and commercial. In politics, it will be perfectly independent of party influence. All questions will be treated with impartiality, as viewed from a Christian stand-point.

The *Two Worlds* will be devoted to the free ventilation of all matters relating to the well-being of man. It will contain leading articles on the Physical, Scientific, Mental, Moral, and Religious questions of the age, irrespective of creeds. As a family paper, nothing will be admitted into its columns which can offend against propriety or morality.

One department of the *Two Worlds* will be devoted to the review of new works, the Editor pledging himself to give an honest notice of every book sent for that purpose.

Physiology, Dietetics, and Medicine, embracing the application of Allopathy, Hydropathy, Homoeopathy, Botany, Biology, Clairvoyance, and Mesmerism to the healing art; Temperance, Maine-Lawism, Vegetarianism, and all matters relating to the Science of Human Life, will find a place in the *Two Worlds*.

Another department of the *Two Worlds* will be a novelty in literature—we shall allow any one to attack our sentiments, the only qualifications we require being the ability to write a sensible letter, or article, and the good temper and feeling to do it in a gentlemanly spirit.

With this number, is commenced a NEW WINTER TALE, founded on fact, entitled "THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS," or, Troubles of Life on both sides of the Atlantic, by PAUL BETNEYS, late of New York, America. Being a Romance of Real Life, it abounds with thrilling, yet truthful incidents in the career of persons now living, and is full of important information for intending Emigrants.

The friends of truth and progress can aid the *Two Worlds* in three ways, First by circulating our window bills, prospectus, and small hand-bills among Booksellers, News Agents, and in letters, &c., to their own private friends.—Secondly, by sending us their business advertisements, and those of their friends; and thirdly, by procuring for us a good list of Subscribers for the first quarter, to aid them in obtaining which, blank forms may be had of W. MONSELL, 13, Paternoster Row, London, post free. By remitting, in advance, parcels will be sent as under:—

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PHYSIOLOGY AND MESMERISM.

(From the "Journal of Health.")

THE Medical Profession, some of its independent members excepted, appears still to question the reality of Mesmerism; it pretends to smile at the idea of curing disorders by "waves of the hand," whispers that its cures are either fictions or effects of imagination, and fearfully holds aloof from examining its proofs. This position is also that of perhaps the majority of people who are not thinkers. Some, indeed, have faith in their fellow creatures and believe them, even when they relate "facts in Mesmerism." Some believe in cures performed nearly two thousand years ago, by "laying on of hands," but regard cures by a similar process, now, as satanic. Some are quite ready to acknowledge them, and even effect cures themselves, yet regard the subject as one of just passing curiosity. All agree that the subject is too "hard to be understood," and dismiss it accordingly; in this there is some excuse for those not fond of abstruse study, for if even they wish to know what Mesmerism really is, they can get but little aid from popular books; these containing for the most part only pages of remarks of not particular depth, directions how to mesmerise, and details of cures; so far, however, such books are useful. We propose to supply their omissions in a series of papers; for the present, we refer those of our readers who have religious scruples on the subject, to 1st Corinthians, ch. xii., verses 4 to 10, where St. Paul speaks of the *gifts* which every man has *to be used*; in verse 9 he speaks especially of the gifts of *healing*. To those who are disposed to look at the subject from the merely physiological ground, we have to say that they may aid themselves to an understanding of it by a preliminary glance at the elementary relations of the human organism. The chemical constituents of the body are the earthy salts, minerals, and water, common to material nature, and worked out of the simple elements by the spirit or inner principle of the organism, which causes the development and maintenance of the body; in which each constituent chemical element is required to be in a certain proportion. If one kind of food is always taken, there is soon a development of some constituent of the body in excess or in diminution: as the laws relating to quantity and quality of food are neglected, so will such neglect be registered in some form of disorder or disease.

The organism having received food into the

stomach, converts it into chyme, then chyle, then blood; and, by virtue of laws of affinity and correspondence, the spirit attracts from the blood, in its passage through the system, at particular parts, the quantity and quality proper for such parts for the performance of special functions,—nerve, bone, muscles, juices, &c., which are chemically nothing more than vito-electrical modifications of the constituents before mentioned; the unnecessary parts of the food, their virtue being extracted, are rejected from the organism.

The conversion of the food into blood is partly effected by the subjection of the chyle to the action of the atmosphere and its constituents in the lungs.

The organism is not only constantly attracting, but as constantly repelling, by the skin, the lungs, &c., chemical essences. In these operations it seems to be a vito-electrical battery, in which the serous and mucous surfaces of the body's tissues play the part of the positive and negative metals as an electro-galvanic battery. That the human organism is also ever throwing off a peculiar vital essence or aura, is indisputable; witness the facts connected with the scent of animals, showing that every individual has an aura. This distinguishable aura, old philosophers called *sympathia*, which they regarded, and truly, as strict correspondence with his chemical or physical constitution, and as distinctive of individuals to instinct as form and features are to sight, and which electrical aura, the organism is as constantly giving off as it gives off material breath, perspiration, &c.

Every being and naturally-formed thing throws off its proper electrical sympathia. Flowers, for example, throw off invisible essences for good or ill; plants, in a bed-room at night, throw off what is injurious to human life. Chemists say it is carbonic gas; all plants give off carbonic gas at night; but, besides that, they give off monadial or spiritual essences, each plant its own, demonstrable by its effects. Minerals throw off essences not chemical, each a distinctive one; you have an instance in the loadstone, which throws off the magnetic essence.

The power, known by the term WILL, is so subtle as to be known only by its effects; by it are moved the bones of the delicate player of fine music, as well as those of the muscular smith: from a state of listless, death-like repose, the will—moved by the soul—moves man with the suddenness of lightning, to start up, to walk, to run, to strive, &c. This will has a control over the vital electricity of the body—it sends to the organs of motion that which would pass off from the body as sympathia, and which uniting with the life essence in the nerves, gives the requisite power for carrying out the soul's intent; and so with the several members of the body as the soul wills to bring them into action. Does the builder require extra strength in his arm? He wills—vital electricity pervades it; his hand becomes warmer; he feels increased energy; his blows tell with effect; his surplus electricity having a specific direction given to it, passes off through the hand, and continues to do so till the surplus stock is exhausted—till a larger amount is drawn from the rest of the body than it can afford; fatigue and weakness follow, and till the organism has had repose and food to recruit in its laboratory the materials for its electrical battery, the builder must leave off building.

This vital electricity of every individual is the mesmeric aura or "fluid" which acts in the curative processes of mesmerism. It passes from the active operator to the passive patient by the exercise of his will, chiefly from the hand—as in the action of the mechanic, with the difference that the latter *shows* something,—the implement he holds,—to which the result may be attributed,—the mesmerizer shows nothing except results themselves; the will and the human electricity, both invisible, do their work in either case, and the result in either case demonstrates equally their existence and power.

Vital electricity streaming from the healthy living body directly passes into the organism of the patient, tending to reduce disordered parts to order.

Many cases of disease arise from an obstruction of the circulation; in such cases there is a languid movement of the blood, from the want of due vital electricity, which has led to a false proportion of its chemical constituents, as referred to before, preceding congestion, inflammation, &c. The electric essence streaming from a healthy man, directed by his will upon the diseased part, suppose it be a rheumatic joint, causes a warmth, with tingling, perhaps the veins swell, the obstruction seems to dissolve, the large veins, like expanded tubes, give free passage to the congested matters, and the onward course of the blood is re-established with restored action and ease.

The process of operation—a few words upon which will not be out of place here,—is termed "making the mesmeric passes;" in this, each operator *feels* his own mode to be the best for him to produce desired results. Some operators point the fingers at the distance of a quarter of an inch to two inches, as if holding a pen over the diseased part for a minute or so, then moving them gradually from the part at the same distance, and off at the nearest point:—for the arm, off at the fingers; for the legs, off at the feet; for the head, off at the shoulders; repeating this with kindness and good will, for fifteen to thirty minutes, observing to keep the hand loose between one pass and another. This is repeated day after day at the same hour, should removal of the affection not follow the first few operations. If the vital electricity is received by the patient, the operator feels as if something were passing from his fingers' ends; then it may be certain that the negative state of the patient is attracting positive vital electricity from the operator. If at the end of the sitting there should be any rigidity of the limb operated upon, you make reverse passes or blow over the part until such rigidity be removed. If the patient feel inclined to sleep, this should be encouraged, and the sleep be allowed to expend itself: but, let me exhort, that if any phenomena, beyond the simple restoration of health, present themselves, have some one present who understands the subject. It is right, always and without exception, for a third kindly person to be present at every mesmeric operation. This should be held to as a rigid rule.

Thus, curative Mesmerism, or *Magnetism*, as some one has called it, speaking of it as a substance, is simply Vital Electricity, charged with qualities derived from food, &c., and which proceeds from every healthy human being, and which, absorbed by a diseased or disordered body, acts medicinally, nay nutritively, inducing return to health.

In the course of the cures by this process, in some cases, light breaks in upon the mind of operator and patient, showing forces in operation, as well as results; for instance, a strong muscular hand is sometimes able, without touching, to draw a feeble hand up or down, to the right or left, as a strong magnet is drawn by a weak one. From this fact we may deduce this conclusion, that the vito-electric power in the operator induces a magnetoid relation between himself and patient, and that in the exercise of this power the vito-electric element of the disease is drawn from the patient's organism; a circuit, in fact, is established between operator and patient.

These magnetoid phenomena lead some to speak of this subject as "Animal Magnetism:" others call it "Mesmerism," after Mesmer, who introduced the subject to modern science. The nutritive curative aura has many names, according to one's views. In a very suggestive pamphlet published at sixpence, by Bailliere, are some views well worth consideration; it is entitled, "Mesmerism Solved." Mr. John Jones, its author, viewing the electro-chemical nature of the mesmeric "essence," recommends it to be inhaled in chest diseases.

On this point Mr. Jones writes:—"In inhalation, I suggest that the operator simply place his fingers, in the position of holding a pen, close to the nostril or mouth, and every breath drawn by the patient will carry in the essence to do its duty. Avoid conversation, you are at your work, do it, and talk after; keep before your mind the great truth that your fingers are the wires of your chemical battery, and that your essence is streaming off as surely, although as invisibly, as electricity by the wires in connexion with a galvanic battery." We see no reason why it should not be effective, knowing as we do that water will absorb the mesmeric essence, and that it may thus be administered to patients; *Medicine* may be dissolved in water or taken dry in the mouth—Why not *Magnetism*? for they act alike.

MUSIC ABUSED.

THE reprehensible practice of displaying science in Church music, instead of worshipping God by "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs," is somewhat extravagantly, yet well satirized in the following sketch by a musical critic, who has evidently witnessed what has vexed and saddened us more than once:—

Our organist commenced by rolling up his coat sleeves, so as not to interfere with his fingers; then he rolled up his pantaloons, so as not to trouble his toes; then he unbuttoned his cravat, and loosened his vest. At this instant a muscular man disappeared from the ranks in the gallery, vanished through a cubbyhole, and was instantly lost in the anatomy of the organ; then there was a great rattling in the bowels thereof, as if it could not digest the muscular man, but had a great deal of wind on its stomach. These were the preparations.

Then the organist commenced a violent struggle with the key board, as if he regarded the unfortunate organ as a fist-cuff enemy whom it would require his utmost strength to overcome. So he went in; he hammered him on the white keys; he pelted him on the black ones, he punched in the semitones, he kicked in the double bass, he put a series of running kicks in his chromatic scale, he pelted him on the flats, he smote him on the high keys, he hit him in the low notes, then grabbed both hands in his octaves, and shook him until he squealed; then ferociously jerked out the stops on one side, as if pulling half the teeth out of his head; then savagely jammed in those on the other, as if knocking the rest of his grinders down his throat. After three quarters of an hour, the left hand, which had been doing manual duty in the lower suburbs, began to fail, and sent for reinforcements; whereupon the right hand, after hitting the chord G-sharp a furious dig to keep it quiet in the interval, scampered to the rescue, only stopping by the way to bestow upon the middle C a couple of punches by way of reminder; then the player went at the poor instrument's lower pipes, there belabouring him so unmercifully that he lost his wind, and cried, "Enough," in a groan of agony. This was the prelude.

Then the singing commenced: the opera folks stood up to earn their money. They sang as if the musical scale had been greased on this occasion; they would go up a note, and then slip back; each one went a notch higher than the one before him, but fell back, and his voice subsided in a discontented growl low down in the ribs. At last after five trials, each one of which ended in an attenuated squeak, a female with mouth open to the utmost, loosening her bonnet strings, made a desperate scream, and went so high that she seemed to have finally got a firm hold; then they all looked satisfied and stopped. This was the singing.

Then the muscular man came out of the interior, with perspiration dripping from coat tail; and not having a change, apparently, with him, he sat down in a draught to dry. This was the finale.

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE Lord Mayor for the ensuing year has been chosen. Mr. Alderman Wire has been declared duly and truly elected. For so active a mind as Mr. Alderman Wire's, the high position he has now attained to offers many opportunities of usefulness; and as there is a halo about the acts of a Lord Mayor, when they are directed by a kindly and patriotic spirit, so it is well for the public to know that London bestows not her honours regardless of the moral and intellectual claims of those who aspire to the dignity of wearing them.

Parliamentary matters "drag their slow length along" during the recess, with but few outward manifestations of excitement. At Greenwich, Mr. Alderman Salomons swims along in public favour, and at present may be said, to stand at the head of the poll. Mr. Angerstein is pushing hard to divide favours with him, and as a *bonne bouche*, lately gave 100*l.* towards the library fund of the local institution. The Committee of the Ballot Society have issued a form of a bill for securing election to the House of Commons by Ballot; to which we direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the subject. The steps towards fitting St. Paul's Cathedral for popular services are nearly completed, and the great dome is already assuming an altogether new aspect. The large area will be filled with hundreds of chairs, in a similar way to those used at the recent services in Westminster Abbey, the marble pavement being covered with matting. The mode of lighting will be similar, to a certain extent, to that carried out on the occasion of the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, when the dome was lighted up by a thousand jets of gas round the circle of the whispering gallery. The effect will be very grand, the dome having been renovated and beautified since the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

The London Letter Carriers must be an ill-nerved body. Signs of an impending insurrection are talked of as apparent

in the establishment; and we fear positive injustice to a most deserving and ill-paid class of public servants will, ere long, lead to the disorganisation of a system which, with its immense responsibilities, will not bear to be disturbed for a single hour.

Mr. Anthony Seard, of 8, Bow Lane, Cheapside, offers his guinea towards a fund for erecting drinking fountains in the City. Wanted 999 persons similarly disposed, so as to start the movement with a clear 1000*l.* Who will join in giving healthy relief to the "thirsty souls" that wander daily through the City?

The news brought from Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, by the mail which has reached London, continues to be conflicting as to the results of the struggle. While, for example, we have a Bombay paper leading the public to infer that the struggle is at an end, we find the Calcutta journals grumbling against everybody because they think it is not. At Calcutta, people would seem disposed to blame every officer in the field and every individual connected with the Government. It seems, however, that Behar and Oude are by no means tranquillized, and that General Roberts does not look as if he ever would effect the extermination of the Gwalior rebels. The Oude rebel forces, in considerable strength, exhibit great desperation. Additional accounts received relative to the recent Punjab mutiny show that the reports of a formidable conspiracy were under the mark, and the authorities there are stated to know a good deal more on the subject than they feel disposed to reveal. The Governor-General remains at Allahabad, and Lord Harris is recovering from indisposition. Sir John Lawrence has been unwell. From China there is no political news, but we may mention an opinion which prevails at Hong Kong that the Emperor has not signed the treaty with England.

The illness of the Earl of Derby deserves mention in our record of events at home. His lordship, says the *Evening Star*, has been assailed by his old enemy, the gout, and in such a way, we believe, as entirely to render him unfit at present for superintending the business of the nation.

Nothing, in politics, could be more readable at this moment than the lively talk on the Reform question that took place at the meeting of the Radnorshire Agricultural Society. Sir G. C. Lewis, who represents the borough, and Sir John Walsh, who represents the county of Radnor, were present, and both appeared to have little hesitation in expounding their hopes and fears on the question of the impending change in the British constitution.

In the case of Frances Johnson, a young woman only eighteen years old, charged with attempting to commit suicide, the Lord Mayor has sentenced her father to one month's imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. The pity is, that the law could not punish him more severely. The young lady made the effort to destroy herself rather than accept the parent's advice to maintain herself by a career of iniquity.

At Manchester, two German doctors have been charged under revolting circumstances, with having caused the death of a young unmarried woman, by endeavouring to procure abortion. They were committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder. At Greenwich, on Saturday, the case of Mr. Roper passed through another stage. He was examined on a charge of attempting to defraud the Kent County Fire Company. An adjournment took place.

The Austria steamship, while pursuing her passage from Southampton to New York, has been totally destroyed by fire. There were six hundred persons on board.

The plenipotentiaries of the Powers, parties to the treaty of Paris, assembled in Paris on Saturday and exchanged the ratifications of the Convention settling the constitution of the Danubian Principalities which was signed on the 19th August last. On Saturday the Emperor arrived at the Camp at Chalons, where he was received with mighty acclamations by the soldiery. From Madrid we learn that the division in the Progressist party is increasing.

The Asia brings the important news of the departure of Gen. Walker on a new filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. Also that the signals at the Newfoundland end of the Atlantic telegraph were satisfactory. The precise importance of this piece of information we are not, at the present moment, able to determine.

THE COMET.

AMONG the numerous orbs which compose the Solar System, there are none so calculated to strike the mind with feelings of reverence and sublimity as those bodies known by the general name of comets. In one respect they differ in a great degree from the ordinary planetary phenomena. The planets known to the ancient astronomers, and in the present day to those who know anything of the stars, have in their general appearance something which distinguishes them from the ordinary fixed stars. Thus, any individual who contemplates the starry concave can at once see the difference between Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and the bright stars Sirius, Arcturus, Spica, Capella, &c.; but with the world of comets this remark is out of place. The members of the family of comets are not, in all cases, visible to unassisted vision, requiring, very frequently, powerful instruments to exhibit these extraordinary appendages known by the general term of "tails." In other instances, the comets differ from the planets in this way: when a person unacquainted with the heavenly bodies is shown for the first time, through a powerful telescope, the magnificent rings of the planet Saturn, the belts of Jupiter, the ruddy colour of Mars, he will again be able to recognise either of those planets from the surrounding stars; but place before the same person the comets of 1811, 1744, 1835, 1680—supposing it possible that he could see any of those bodies at different times—and he will be utterly unable to decide wherein one differs from the other.

With this preface, let us observe in the present paper that a brilliant object is now engaging the attention of all persons interested in astronomy—the comet discovered by Dr. Donati, of Florence, on the 2nd of June last. This object is very plainly visible in the north-west quarter of the heavens soon after sunset. Those who know the conspicuous constellation Ursa Major (Charles Wain) will readily detect the new comet if they observe the following directions:—The constellation Ursa Major faces any observer who looks at the northern quarter of the heavens. It is composed of seven brilliant stars, mostly of the second magnitude. It is supposed, on celestial globes, to represent the body of a bear; the star at the extreme end of the tail is called Benetnasch, then follow two other stars called Mizar and Alioth; these stars form an extended series: continuing this line we have two other stars, Negreze and Dubhe; under these two latter Phad and Merak. Dubhe and Merak, on closer inspection, will be found to lead to the polar star in an upward direction. If a line be supposed to be drawn from the star Benetnasch to the horizon, and another line from the two stars Dubhe and Merak to meet the other line near the horizon, the part where the two lines meet below the constellation Ursa Major, will represent the present position of the comet. The morn-

ings of the early part of October will be more adapted for favourable views than the evenings—chiefly because the object is situated at a much higher elevation, whereby the great atmospheric refraction is avoided: on such mornings the observer must look in a N.E. direction, when, if the weather be clear, the tail will be seen to perfection. Mr. Hind, in Regent's Park, at the observatory of Mr. Bishop, has had several favourable views, and from those views made a series of calculations, by which he thinks that this comet will rival the celebrated one of 1811. Every night the situation of the comet will have sensibly changed from the position it previously occupied, and on the 6th of October it will have approached the brilliant star Arcturus, at a direction W. of its present situation.

From what has been observed of this comet there can be no doubt that it is not the same body expected last year, which appeared in the year 1556. There are a number of comets which appear at regular intervals, which can be readily detected with a good telescope, and which can likewise be identified at each return. One of these, Encke's comet, appears every 3½ years. Every time of the appearance of this comet it has been subjected to a severe scrutiny by the most celebrated observers, from which the elements of its orbit have been deduced. So accurate have been the calculations that Professor Encke has predicted its reappearance for several periods. It has been seen in the years 1818, 1822, 1825, 1828, 1832, and so on till 1855, and is now visible, though with less brilliancy, than the Comet of Donati, all which appearances confirm the accuracy of the predictions of its orbit. Now, by comparing the elements of the orbit of this comet of Encke with that of any other body, we can readily distinguish any strange visitant from some distant point of space. If, soon after the comet of Encke is lost from the gaze of the telescope, another comet makes its appearance, we can safely affirm it to be a new body; applying to the new body the same processes of investigation which held good in the case of Encke's comet, we shall be in a position to judge whether any other unexpected comet be a fresh object or not; and in this manner, judging from the orbits of the comets more than by their optical appearance, we have a number of these bodies which appear and are in turn lost in space till the allotted time of their return. Such, for instance, are the comets of 1507 and 1811, which at the time attracted so much notice. These two bodies were closely watched and found by Professors Bessel, Schroeter, and Herschel, to have extensive orbits, one nearly 3,000 years, and another in like proportion, before they again return to visit our earth. Knowing this for a certainty, we can safely affirm that the comet now visible in our north-western sky is not the same comet that our ancestors have gazed at, and probably will not again appear for several hundreds of years, during which time it will have extended its rapid flight beyond the outskirts of our planetary system, yet at the same time kept from leaving that mighty centre by the powerful attraction of the sun. The velocity with which such bodies traverse the depths of space exceeds our imperfect comprehensions. In 1680 a comet appeared of extraordinary brilliancy, drawing after it a tail 80,000,000 miles in length, and approaching so near to the sun as to be only 120,000 miles from the centre of that luminary. At that moment its velocity was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be 880,000 miles per hour.

With reference to the present comet we cannot do better than adopt the description of Mr. Watson, F.R.S.A.:—

"With respect to its nearest and greatest distance from the sun nothing can yet be said with certainty. I have before me five or six 'elements of its orbit,' which have been calculated hastily from short observations, but they only seem to agree to differ. The path of the comet may be represented on paper by a kind of egg-shaped curve, with the sun within the narrow end, and the earth a little beyond it. The broad end, probably extends beyond the orbit of Neptune. The comet is now turning the narrow end of this curve, and, by watching its motions until it turns the sun, along a comparatively small portion of its great orbit, astronomers will be able to deduce its path for perhaps hundreds of years to come. Speaking roughly, it will be nearest the sun about the end of this month, and it will then be from sixty to seventy million miles distant from the sun. It is now above 100 million miles distant from us, and, although apparently moving very slowly, it is really coming in nearly a straight line headlong in the direction of the earth, at the amazing rate of more than 20,000 miles a minute! But don't be uneasy, dear reader. The sun is holding a steady rein, and will pull it up so that it will not come within fifty million miles of our little world. That will be in the beginning of October; it will then wheel away as fast as it came, and pass within ten million miles of Venus. The size of the comets varies very much. The present is not one of the largest nor the smallest kind, but it is seen under rather unusual circumstances. The comet of 1811 (tail included) was 600,000,000 times larger than our earth. The present one will be accurately measured when it is nearest us in two or three weeks' time. In the meantime it is altering in appearance every night. I saw it at two o'clock in the morning, when it appeared exceedingly bright, and with a tail about five million miles longer than when I examined it on the previous evening, owing to the favourable circumstances under which it was seen. I have attempted a rough estimate of its size on two occasions; but when I see it next I shall probably find that the former estimates were much too small. The nucleus, or central point of light, was about 2,000 miles in diameter, equal to the size of our moon. The tail on the 13th inst. was 12,000,000 miles long, at least. Breadth across the brightest part of its tail, 500,000 miles. When the nucleus was examined with a small telescope it appears like a well-defined solid star; but when scrutinised with a high power in my telescope it presents a hazy nebulous appearance, and were it to pass over a bright star, I have no doubt the fixed star could be seen through the head of the comet."

We shall return to the subject at an early opportunity.

Morbid Sympathy.—There is a form of sympathy which compels us to imitate what we witness in others. This tendency is greatly aggravated under certain circumstances, as, when persons are secluded from the domestic and social duties of life. Thus, a French medical practitioner of great merit relates that in a convent of nuns, one of the inmates was seized with a strange impulse to mow like a cat; and soon, the whole sisterhood followed her example, and mewed regularly every day for hours together. This dismal caterwauling assounded the neighbourhood, and did not cease to scandalise more rational Christians until the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers were to surround the convent and to whip all the holy sisterhood with rods till they promised to mow no more,—a remedy which would be equally serviceable in many other mental epidemics.—*Moore's Tower of the Soul over the Body.*

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

By JACOB DIXON, Esq., L.S.A.

IV.—HOMŒOPATHY—NOT POISONOUS.

MERCURY is in hourly use in the Old School; some diseases it treats with a long course of it until the system is saturated. Hear what Samuel Cooper, a Hospital Professor, says about it:—"Mercury sometimes attacks the bowels, causing violent purging even of blood; at other times it is suddenly determined to the mouth, producing inflammation, ulceration, and an excessive flow of saliva. Mercury, when it falls on the mouth, produces, in many constitutions, violent inflammation, which sometimes ends in mortification." "Blue pill," says Dr. Sharp, "has caused mortification of the lower jaw in a case of fever." "Mercury sometimes produces a mercurial rash," says Dr. A. T. Thompson, "not to be subdued by any mode of treatment, and the patient sinks under its (poisonous) effects." Even the little doses of the Old School sometimes poison. Professor Taylor, an authority on poisons, says that "two grains of calomel have destroyed life. In another case, a little girl took 3 grains of grey powder for 3 days running, the mouth was affected, mortification ensued, and she died in 8 days. In another, 3 grains of blue pill, twice a day for three days, salivated a young woman, and she died in 12 days." These are extreme effects, but there is every degree between them and what are called in old practice "bad consequences," resulting from absorption of the poison into the blood, and thence into the bones, skin, &c. Of this there is unhappily too much evidence, not only with respect to mercury, but also arsenic, lead, iodine, &c. Such "consequences" are, of course, medicinal disorders; the poor patients fancy their changes in the complaint, and sometimes their Old School doctor does so too. Of late, electro-chemical baths have been invented, by which mercury, &c., have been drawn out in quantities from sufferers who have then got well. Contrast such "bad consequences" from chemical doses, with the New School's refined medicines, and minute doses given only to induce reaction into health.

V.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS OPPONENTS.

THERE is an old saying that between disputants he who gets in a passion is sure to be wrong. It is painful, and sorrowful, to witness the anger exhibited by Allopathists when the subject of Homœopathy is before them at professional meetings: Graduates and Licentiates alike seem then, to have passed too many of their student days in resorts where, with "half-and-half," intemperate language is imbibed. Homœopaths are drawn by a great truth from the Old School, but do they call those who don't follow them by bad names? No; they only criticise and compare the two systems. Do they do this in bad terms, or with exaggeration? No; there is no need for that; to state facts is enough; their force would be weakened by exaggeration, as is the position of Allopathists by using bad language. The severest things Allopathists can hear against themselves and their system are quotations from their own most distinguished professors, writers, and lecturers.

Take the following few as specimens:—

"Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity."—*Sir W. Knighton.*

"I have no faith whatever in medicine."—*Baillie.*

"Medical doctrines are little better than stark-staring absurdities."—*Gregory.*

"The science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder."—*Sir Astley Cooper.*

"Thousands are slaughtered in the quiet sick room."—*Franks.*

"There has been a great increase of medical men of late years; but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion."—*Abernethy.*

"More infantile subjects are perhaps diurnally destroyed by the pestle and mortar than in ancient Bethlehem fell victims to the Herodian massacre."—*Reid.*

That will do.

When young practitioners doubt old physic—thus criticised by its veterans—let them take a glance at Hahnemann, and they will not leave behind such satires on themselves and their profession as have these authorities, who are Allopathy's and not Homœopathy's opponents.

VI.—HOMŒOPATHY.—FAITH.

TELL an Allopath of a remarkable cure by Homœopathy, what reply do you expect? A demonstration of anger is the rule; but there are exceptions; there are some who do not descend to vituperation: one of these is likely to say, "Psha! my dear sir, there's nothing in homœopathic medicine—medicine indeed! Faith, more likely." "Faith!" you answer, "Did you ever . . . ?" "There, there, I can't talk about it, I cannot, indeed." Well, well, you can only shrug your shoulders, and wish him good bye. If the New School's cures are effected by faith, how is it that the Old School does not use the same pleasant remedy, instead of endlessly experimenting on their patients with vile compounds? By faith, wonders are done, but the amount of it in patients varies. There may be no faith at all, still homœopathic medicines cure. After being physicked in vain by the Old School, with waning faith in medicine, patients turn to Homœopathy as to a forlorn hope, and, soon improving, their faith, with reason, revives. Hence the extended and extending faith in Homœopathy. Tell me, my Allopathic friend, how much faith has a baby? An infant may have vomiting and diarrhoea, give then a few doses of medicine homœopathic to the disorder, and it revives with rapidity; if it be infantile faith that has cured, it has been better helped by minute doses under Homœopathy than it would have been by your

doses of mercury, rhubarb, chalk, &c. Try it, and you will soon cease to convert your baby-patients into receptacles for nauseous drugs, chemicals, and minerals; which must be injurious after they have done their passing good. We have seen (Paper No. 5) that veterans "die without faith" in their Old School physic; what faith, then, can patients have? Homœopathy ensures faith because it is based upon a law of nature. While statistical tables, and experience of veterans, dismiss faith from the Old School, the same tables and the experience of moderns invite, nay, compel, faith in Homœopathy.

NEW CHEMICAL DISINFECTANTS.

AMONG the needs of the present day growing out of our crowded civilisation, and of our scientific knowledge as to the predisposing causes of disease, must be reckoned good disinfecting agents, which destroy the emanations from decomposing animal refuse, &c., thus preventing certain diseases and indirectly prolonging human life.

A variety of chemical substances have been introduced for this purpose; they may be classed under two heads, namely, those which act by bringing oxygen in contact with impurities, and which are especially called disinfectants, and those which induce double decomposition of the gases escaping from decomposing organic matter, and which are, more especially, deodorants. Dr. Stenhouse and others have shown that charcoal attains both these objects, but charcoal is not always suitable to be used, nor is it our business to speak of that now, but of chemicals properly so called. Of disinfectants we have had, of late years, our choice of the chlorides of lime, soda, and potash; to these there is only this objection, that the chlorine liberated from them, in many cases, from its poisonous nature, does as much harm as good. Of deodorants we have had the chlorides of metals,—zinc, iron, &c., which have gained popularity by their cleanliness, apparently inoffensiveness, and their deodorising, tolerably satisfactorily, most organic matter; but still they are poisonous, and many deaths, and incurable diseases, have resulted from their being mistaken for other liquids.

New disinfectants, which are at the same time a deodorant, are now brought into notice, the *Alkaline Manganate*, and *Alkaline Permanganate*, in which there are advantages over those just named; they are not poisonous, and may be safely used to purify bad water on board ships or elsewhere, the only precaution required being to separate the clear from the turbid by decanting or filtering.

Oxygen is the purifying agent in the articles newly introduced. Oxygen is the natural element of purification. Such being the fact, the great desideratum in searching for a chemical purifier would naturally appear to be a substance which by parting with its oxygen in the same manner as that by which oxygenous air and water does, will disinfect and deodorise too; and this object is said to be realised, and we believe it, by these *Alkaline Manganates* and *Permanganates*, which readily part with their oxygen—present in them in great proportions. The inventor speaks of them in the following terms:—

"They are effective and permanent in their action, not only deodorising but disinfecting; safe to employ, not being poisonous; cannot be mistaken for other liquids on account of their characteristic colours, while other disinfectants are colourless; can be employed in cases where others cannot be employed; are capable of regulation as to quantity and proportion used, the characteristic colours vanishing as they act; finally, they are cheaper to employ."

We know, by trial, that they keep the air of sick rooms sweet.

THE COMPULSORY VACCINATION ACT.

IT is more than half a century since Jenner's fatal gift received the hasty approbation of Parliament and the profession, and Jenner himself was loaded with public grants and honours. In the interim vaccination has been sedulously fostered by our government, as well as by the governments of various foreign states. At home a Vaccination Board receives a yearly stipend. Vaccination has long been proffered gratuitously to all, at the cost of the state; and but lately it seemed as if the practice had attained its highest triumph in being rendered compulsory, and in the erection of a statue to its apostle close by a monument to one of England's heroes.

But a re-action is visible both at home and abroad. In Belgium they have rejected compulsion. In France the army are to be restored to their natural freedom of choice. In Wurtemberg the Parliament wavers and promises a Committee of Enquiry. In England an anti-vaccination as well as an anti-compulsion party are daily acquiring strength and consistency, and are determined to persevere until the Compulsory Vaccination Act be repealed, and the oft-promised Committee of Enquiry be conceded.

Is it to be endured in this free land of England where every opinion has full play, where every man's house is his castle, and every man's person is his own, until the right be forfeited by some criminal act—that an army of spies should be let loose to pry into our domestic concerns, and a host of inquisitors should be paid with our own money to force from us the expression of our opinions upon a medical question, to overthrow parental authority, the gift of God, and against the will of thoughtful people forcibly to inflict a disease—be it for good or evil?

Good men, like Newton, Massy, Greenhill, de la Faye, and others, have objected to the voluntary infliction of disease as a sin. Be they right or wrong surely they are entitled to their opinions.

Men of science, such as Kant, Watt, Carnot, Ancelón, De Lisle, Goldson, De Feulins, Nittinger, Bayard, De Tezze, and a host of others, objected and object that vaccination is

pregnant with evil. Should they and their disciples be treated as criminals?

Statesmen, like Wilberforce, Sir R. Peel, Henley, &c., strenuously objected to compulsion on public grounds; shall their counsel have no weight?

We trust that next session such a storm of petitions shall assail the House of Commons as shall compel the repeal of this un-English, un-constitutional, despotic law, and restore to parents their natural authority, and to individuals their dearest rights.

"RE-VACCINATION.—M. Laney (Larry?) reports that in sixty men of the French army re-vaccinated at Taulouse, serious symptoms of a typhoid and erysipelatous nature ensued as a consequence in nine of them. He advises the Minister of War that in future only a small number of men of a regiment should be vaccinated at once, so that they might not be forced to return immediately to their duty; and only those *de bonne volonté* [of free will] shall be vaccinated; that the operation should only be performed in spring or autumn, and not in the hot season; that the re-vaccinated should be kept quiet from work for a week."—*Medical Times and Times of Sept. 13.* This statement, (writes John Gibbs, Esq., in the *Hastings News*), powerfully corroborates the deductions of French physicians opposed to vaccination, that the increased virulence of typhoid and intestinal diseases in the French army is traceable to vaccination. It is no reply to this opinion to say that any evil results from vaccination must be immediate. Vaccination is performed with intent to act upon the system, if not for life, at least for years; and to prevent, or defer, a special cuticular eruption by a peculiar action on the skin. If vaccination have two results—the prevention of small-pox and the production of typhoid disease—why should we be required to believe that one of the results must be immediate, or not at all, and that the other must be lasting? The sympathy between the outer skin and the inner skin, or mucous membrane, is well-known, and the suppression, or metastasis of an outward eruption is always injurious. In the prevention of the manifestation of outward small-pox, why should we not have injurious consequences, as from similar causes; and, if vaccination have a long-sustained action, why could we not have chronic, as well as acute states of internal disease as results? Is not chronic disease always referable to acute disease? Is there not good sense in this remark of Dr. Bayard's?—"Briefly forming an accusation against vaccination, I say that it has deprived small-pox of its ordinary form in depriving of its cutaneous eruption." Dr. Larry had better have recommended the total discontinuance of vaccination in the French army. But there is a great disinclination in the human mind to surrender at once a long-cherished error. Firstly, generally comes modification—lastly, total abandonment. It took much writing and prolonged experience to banish the murderous lancet; the no less murderous blue-pill is slowly but surely following; "fluid lymph" must go, too. Dr. Larry is entitled to praise for his suggestion, that vaccination shall be performed only upon those soldiers who are perfectly willing to undergo it. In restoring to the French soldier his free will on a question so deeply interesting to himself—in giving him back freedom of opinion and action in a matter so purely personal—he has restored to him the dignity of manhood and the rank of a rational being. Shall parents, in this free land of England, be treated with less delicacy and consideration; or shall they be reduced below the status of the French soldier, down to the level of the Russian serf? Parents themselves must give the answer.

At Bury St. Edmunds, Mr. George Ridly has been fined 5s. for refusing to have his child vaccinated. He stated that he had a conscientious objection to vaccination, as tending to introduce disease into the system of healthy children. —*London Illustrated News.*

Thousands of persons have been inoculated, at New Orleans, with the mingled poison of the virus of adders and rotten livers, as a preservative from yellow fever.

Inoculation with syphilis is advocated in Russia as a protection against cholera. What next?

THE LADIES AND THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

WHY should not the ladies have a voice in drawing up the form of the Marriage service? Whether that woman should be obliged to consent to a form devised by man, in which, of course, he considers only his own advantage? Let the form be submitted to the ladies for revision, and it would probably be read somewhat as follows:—

The minister shall say to the man—M., wilt thou have this lady to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, keep her, honour her, admire her, obey her, and submit thyself to her? Wilt thou cheerfully pay all the debts she contracts, whether drapers', milliners', upholsterers', grocers', butchers', bakers', or others? Wilt thou do nothing without first consulting her, and obtaining her permission; and wilt thou confide unto her everything which thou hearest? Wilt thou truthfully answer all her questions; and fully confide unto her all thy actions, and words, and thoughts?

The man shall say, "I will."

Then shall the minister say unto the woman—N., wilt thou have this gentleman to be thy wedded husband? Wilt thou love and honour him in sickness and in health? Wilt thou take charge of him, and teach him all that he does not know, and govern him? Wilt thou duly reprove, and chasten him? Wilt thou open all his letters, inspect all his affairs, and carefully demand of him concerning all the places he visits, the company he meets with, and the conversation he holds and hears? Wilt thou insist upon his spending his evenings at home; and in no case allow of his fulfilling any engagement which he may have made without having first obtained thy consent; and teach him that all engagements, promises and bargains, which he makes without thy consent, are null and void? Wilt thou subdue him unto thee, and make him serve and obey thee?"

The woman shall say, "I will."

L. B.

Our Letter Box.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

(To the Editor of the Two Worlds.)

DEAR SIR,—Rather a startling title, I ejaculate, as my optics light upon the above, the discussion or ventilation of which proves you to be a man of the right calibre. And as I sit down in a sceptic mood, in my happy Teetotal Home, to break a lance with you or any other comer upon such a ghostly topic, the deep impression produced upon my mind in childhood by the foolish stories of ghosts and hobgoblins recited by the warm ingle-side, when "chill November's surly blast was blowing," seems to flicker up for a moment and give my sceptical ideas a shaking. The lines of my favourite poet, the noblest bard that Scotia's annals tell, the Ayrshire Ploughman Burns, flit across my mind:—

Ae dreary windy winter night,
The stars shot down with skelentin light,
Wi' ye mysel I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough.
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour quack quack,
Among the springs,
Awa ye squattered like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grin, an wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed.
And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
Owe howkit dead.

It is pretty evident from your leader that you are "halting between two opinions," that the study of the New York prints has shaken your disbelief, that you do not exactly like to give your editorial sanction to the "*New Philosophy*," but that you are partially imbued with a belief in this delusion.

I take up my pen boldly, as a rational thinking being, and declare the whole fabric of Spiritualism, and its adjunct spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., to be a delusion and a snare, and that "*this new movement of the world*" is only proof of the eagerness with which anything strange and mysterious is seized upon, while great living vital plain truths are neglected and almost uncared for.

Is the fact quoted "*that in every country on the continent the new philosophy numbers its adherents by thousands*," any proof whatever of the truth of such strange philosophy? If so, then follow where the crowd is thickest. On this ground Mormonism, Mohamadanism, Brahmanism, Roman Catholicism, and other isms that number their adherents by thousands, and tens of thousands, are all true.

"*There is no delusion in facts vouched for by creditable witnesses*," say you. I admit that there are many instances where the persons who vouch the facts, in reality believe them. Samuel Hick, the well-known village blacksmith and Methodist preacher, vouched the fact, and he was a creditable witness, that the devil flew over his head one night. John Wesley, and he was a creditable witness, gives an account of his sisters pushing on one side of the door and the spirits on the other. I have heard creditable men of the Mormonite creed vouch the fact that they have seen the lame healed, and the dead raised by elders of their church. I could multiply case upon case where creditable men and women have vouched for the most monstrous delusions; but such vouchers only prove that the too deep study and intense fixing of the mind upon spiritual topics, the desire to penetrate the mysterious veil, to grasp with the puny mental capacity of man, the overwhelming thoughts that flow from a study of the wondrous work of God, has created a kind of morbid state in the brain, and phantoms are conjured up and manifestations appear with the facility of a magician's wand. Like Brutus deeply pondering over serious matters in his tent on the eve of the battle of Pharsalia, with his lamp just expiring, they see a gigantic spectre before them.

But what is the end and aim of this new philosophy, in the language of your scientific friend? "It is a manifestation of departed spirits demonstrating the immortality of the soul, and it (what?) has demonstrated it to me?" If your scientific friend was a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul, which I very much doubt, then his delusion has accomplished a good thing. To the few individuals who say they do not believe, such a demonstration might be of service; but to the vast majority of mankind who do, such demonstration is not required. All nature demonstrates it, the mind of man and the express declaration of God himself, demonstrate and confirm it. Spring time that changes the face of nature from death to life, that clothes bare trunks and withered stems with glorious frondage demonstrates it. No phantom of the brain can add one atom to the testimonies of the Almighty.

But if, as in the instance also quoted from the *New York Times* of the Fox family, the end and aim of "*mediums*," he also to reveal secrets and foretell fates, why any modern gypsy will perform the same operation by "crossing her hand with silver." Or, as the Greenwich Mesmerist and Spiritualist says, "Thousands of individuals across the Atlantic, are asking and receiving intelligence from these heaven-sent messengers by means of alphabetical signals." Perhaps he will kindly favour your readers with a specimen of such messages, transmitted by spiritual telegraph. I am quite prepared for a deluge of authentic (!) spirit-tricks; but let them be given in courteous language, and they will receive the best attention of, Sir, Your obedient servant,

W. MALTHOUSE.

Newgate Market, Oct. 4th, 1858.

VEGETARIANISM.

London, Sept. 30, 1858.

SIR,—I write to say that I have tried Vegetarianism. A few months ago I went to preach at a place a few miles from London. After I had done, I was invited to take dinner with a vegetarian. After waiting some time for my dinner, (and I wanted it, after walking some miles and then preaching,) the table was laid out with different sorts of pies and puddings. I partook of them, thinking that the roast beef was yet to come, or something else; but, to my great surprise, I was to have no meat, for I found that this gentleman was a vegetarian, but he himself, I found, when he went out to preach, and was invited to dinner, had no objection to flesh, when put before him. After I had partaken of my so-called dinner, I took a walk by the river side, before it was time to preach again, but I had not been out very long before I found that the wind had carried away the substance (if any) of my dinner from me; and I was very glad when it was time for me to go in to tea, for I felt I wanted something to support me in doing my duty. I was never so dressed in all my life as I was then, and never want to be again. There is nothing like a piece of good John Bull.—T. S.

DEAR SIR,—I am particularly pleased at the appearance of your good paper entitled the "*Two Worlds*." I believe in discussion, and think that many subjects want well ventilating, and have an impression on my mind that the great mass of people have a wish to express their several opinions but have not one solitary newspaper or periodical to support them—ergo, the "*Two Worlds*" must prosper. To the point. I read with much interest a letter to H. upon Vegetarianism, and having an opinion of my own, as well as Mr. David Evans, I shall freely express it. I believe Vegetarianism, as a general rule, is sheer nonsense, as an exception in some cases I believe it may be successful; but from experience I believe it is not at all adapted for hard-working men, and when I make that statement I am supported by those whose occupation is laborious, and who have given the subject a fair and candid trial.

I invariably find that as far as I am concerned, that when I eat but little flesh I am clearer in the head, but at the same time, I am decidedly physically weaker. It is not much trouble to me to be a Vegetarian, in fact, rather advantageous, my occupation being a writer in an office, and having no labour of any importance to perform, but how is it with the drudge, he who has to work, and sweat, and toil, from sunrise to sunset, can he do it upon beans, carrots, turnips, cauliflowers, and cabbage? No, hear what he says. "I, John Bowen, teetotaler and stonemason, declare I tried vegetarianism for a period of six months, and though I did my work and enjoyed good health, I felt weaker than when I ate flesh, and could at the same time consume an immense amount of vegetable matter without feeling satisfied, not so when I ate flesh, I then felt my labour less wearying, I felt more satisfied, and the cost of the flesh was no more *nor so much to me* as the extra expense of the great quantity of vegetable production which I had previously subsisted upon." This is the simple testimony of an hard-working and honest stone-sawyer, and leads me to this conclusion that though a clerk may live upon vegetable matter, the hard-working man is better upon flesh, in the shape of Ribs of Beef and Legs of Mutton, and no nasty beer or gin to mix with them.

I do not think a shoe-maker is a man who labours hard; but I call the man who digs the soil, who wields the sledge, who backs the sack of flour, and he who cuts great blocks of stone, men who are capable of testing the merits of good beef and mutton, and competent judges to give evidence before we condemn a custom which we believe to be good, and which concerns materially the interest and happiness of a people. I have written this in the spirit of kindness, and hope by this means to elicit some facts from your able and talented writers upon the subject, which perhaps, may convert me into a loyal and carrot loving subject.

I am a teetotaler to the backbone, but don't see at present any reason why the world should be vegetarianised, even though the "*Two Worlds*" may be. Yours truly,

A. ANDRADE.

22, Prior-place, East-street,
Walworth, Oct. 4, 1858.

A THEOLOGICAL DIFFICULTY.

SIR,—In the eighth chapter of St. John, there is an account of the Scribes and Pharisees bringing unto our Lord a woman taken in adultery; and of their asking his opinion whether the sentence in the law of Moses should not be executed upon her. In verse 9, it is said, "And Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst." Query: how could our Lord be left alone, when the woman was standing in the midst?

Glasgow, Oct. 2nd, 1858.

STEPHANO.

[It must be observed, that it cannot be supposed there were no other persons than the Scribes and Pharisees in so public a place as the Temple; for it is said in the second verse, "That all the people came unto him, and he sat down and taught them;" and it was after this that the Scribes and Pharisees brought the woman, "And set her in the midst." After Jesus had bidden him that was without sin cast the first stone at her, he stooped down, and the woman's accusers, being self-condemned, departed one by one. It is highly probable Christ's disciples were with him at this time; and it is extremely plain there were now (after the departure of the accusers) others beside Jesus and the woman, as will appear by looking forward to the 12th verse, where our Lord is represented as speaking again to those around him; so that the signification is, our Lord was left alone with respect to the woman's accusers; and the woman remained standing in the midst of Jesus and his disciples.—Ed. T. W.]

FEMALE PREACHING AND TEACHING.

To the Editor of the Two Worlds.

SIR,—Mr. John de Fraine having opened for discussion in your columns the question of the propriety of female preaching or speaking in public, may I tell you my views? Whilst I believe the ordinary call of God to the ministry is to men, I believe God did, in the primitive Church, and does to this day, occasionally, and extraordinarily, call, qualify, and commission his handmaids, or daughters, to prophesy (i.e. preach) in his name. St. Paul encouraged the females who "helped" in the gospel, and wished others to encourage them too. From the pages of history we learn that women have moved in the most exalted spheres, and achieved the most astonishing exploits. They have won the crown of royalty, occupied the bench of civil magistracy, and sat at the head of all ecclesiastical dignity. They have led victorious armies to the valley of decision, conducted them to the honours of conquest, and celebrated their triumphs in exalted strains of poetic eloquence. They have been divinely inspired with the spirit of prophecy, and have resided in the college of the prophets. They have signalled themselves by learning and piety, and manifested as extensive capacities as persons of the other sex. They have been called to publish the glad tidings of redeeming mercy, and through their instrumentality, many have been brought to the enjoyment of divine regard. They have ever been sent to instruct the teachers of mankind, and have been fellow-labourers with the Apostles of our Lord. And, for the truth's sake, females have endured, with fortitude, the most agonising tortures, and not a few have attained the crown of martyrdom. Women have, by divine appointment, filled up in former ages the most important offices with propriety and honour; and if in these last days the great Head of the Church has called a few of that sex to warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," to point to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and otherwise to benefit their fellow creatures, who are we that we should withstand God, or say unto him, "What doest Thou?"

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Islington, Oct. 4th, 1858.

MULIER.

SIR,—A Correspondent of yours seems to think it wrong for women to publicly teach. Now, I think it is right. First: Did not Eve, the mother of us all, betray us into sin, and ought we to stop her modern daughters in retrieving her character by their efforts to do good? Second: Has not the Creator given to woman a tongue, an instrument of great volubility and power, and shall we stop it in its legitimate exercise? Ladies' tongues are generally, we know, prone to mischief. By all that is good, then, do not let them be silenced when, in an exceptional mood, they would teach truth and goodness. Third: Are the women of our land to be reduced to a miserable level with the serf, as is the case in some heathen countries, and debased from that essential of civilisation, freedom of the expression of opinion on great social questions? That is the tendency, and would be the ultimate effect, of putting them down from the platform and pulpit. Fourth: Why should their oratory be denominated "tent-rattle," and why should they be virtually labelled as non-thinkers and mere talkers, when they can produce so many intellectual and eloquent prodigies? Was not Hannah More a thinker? and Mrs. Barbauld? and Mrs. Sigourney? and Mrs. Hemans? and a perfect host of others? And would your Correspondent denigrate the utterances of Mrs. Theobald, and of Mrs. Balfour, and of Mrs. Hardwick, and others, "tent-rattle oratory?" Theirs is such oratory as ought to shame thousands of the male sex at once from the presumption of again standing on platforms and disgusting with their vulgarisms and clap-trap those on whom these are inflicted.

I am, &c.,

London.

W. SYKES.

PHYSICAL PURIFICATION.

MR. EDITOR,—I have been making some very important discoveries as regards the cleaning of flax, saccharine, oils from vegetable products and fruit juices. Stone cut across the grain shows a different surface to what it does in its formation state. Every day convinces me that fine soft linen is less robbing to the system than wool, cotton, or silk. Did not penitents of old put on sackcloth?

Yours, with the warmest hopes of a glorious future,

Very fraternally,

52, Poland-st., Oxford-st.

C. M'K. DICK.

SPIRITUALISTS IN THE ROMAN CHURCH.—Rome has long ago condemned the whole Spiritualistic movement, and forbidden all members of the Church to take any part in the experiments. Nevertheless, Spiritualism has found adherents also among Roman Catholics. The most celebrated medium is a female servant in Munich who is said to receive revelations from some higher spirits. Singular enough, the spirits are all believers in the doctrines of the Roman Church, but censure severely the corruptions in the Church, and especially the depravity of the clergy. Her revelations were published under the title, "Communications of blessed spirits and the Archangel Raphael, through the hand of Mary Kahlhammer and the mouth of Crescentia Wolf." They found adherents even in the highest ranks of society. Two of the believers went to Rome, to prevent, if possible, a condemnation of her revelations by the Pope. But in vain; the book was forbidden as superstitious and pernicious, and when the seeress and her adherents refused obedience, they were excommunicated by the Archbishop of Munich. But, nevertheless, they continue to increase, and the *Folksbote*, the Catholic organ of Munich, calls on the Government to suppress the whole movement by force, because the spirits begin also to utter political sentiments which are anything but conservative. The *Evangelical Church Gazette* of Hengstenberg has a long article on the revelations of Mary Kahlhammer, with numerous extracts from her book, according to which the spirits in Germany seem to lack intelligence and good breeding as much as in America.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER III.—JOHN BAXTER.

"If any man should let the world engross
His fond affections, 'tis a fearful proof
That peace is martyr'd, and the olive-branch
Which formed her sceptre, wither'd on her tomb."
J. LAWRENCE.

As the characters to be introduced in our narrative, and the positions assigned to them, will be many, we must for a time leave our unfortunate trio to be conducted to their several quarters by "Tom," whilst we enlighten the reader by opening up a few scenes in the life of John Baxter, and in the career of his only child, "Tiny," and in the course of our reflections drop a tribute of sympathy by the way of pity, and, if acceptable, in extenuation of the failings of each.

We have introduced the word "rookery," and in an attempt to define its meaning, we have given the reader rather a coarse introduction to one of the *better sort of rookeries*, but of which we have afforded but a surface-exposition of a soul-paralyzing meaning. A rookery is not so much a place where filth lords it paramount, and which, by the application of ordinary, or even of severe, sanitary regulations, may be resolved into something, both as regards person and place, much *cleaner* than they were. No; we would define a rookery as being the soul's charnel-house; as a place not so much to be viewed in the light of spiritual *distention*, as in the darkness of its spiritual *rottenness*,—not so much the abode of desperate recklessness, even with the addition of pestilence, as a locality in which daily is wrought the dense fabric in which is enshrouded the blessed influence of wedded love, and which is to be pictured on children's memories as the place where first they saw the light—a place in which to blot out from the catalogue of God's best gifts to man the holiest, the most precious of earthly blessings. In such a place as this, childhood's innocence seems but a fable, and wedded love a mockery, when poverty and custom assign for their enjoyment such receptacles. And who shall say how much of the crime which pollutes England is owing to our St. Gileses and Saffron-hills? Dare we hope to be instrumental even in lifting men's eyes heavenward when the noblest passions and parts of his human nature are warped and enfeebled by constant contact with vice and filth, and his vision distorted by gazing ever on them? or to fill his heart with love who is reaping the fruits of a more than heathen avarice? or to teach him reverence for even human laws, when the only exercise of law which he knows is the protection afforded to plague-spots and the victimizers of their fellow-creatures? To the existence of rookeries how much may be attributed, the failure of our "education schemes?" and how much to these may be traced the abortive efforts of Churchmen and Dissenters for the religious improvement of their fellow-creatures?

Of late years, even the *no creed* portion of society, (and who are gifted with wisdom above the common herd, and who—probably unknown to themselves—are largely influenced by living in the genial atmosphere of Christian zeal,) have awoke out of their theoretical slumber, and affect to ameliorate the condition of the masses by the application of some speculative but doubtful scheme of an educational kind! But it is not our intention here to denounce the *feasibility* of remodeling men and manners, and out of the old material to construct "a new moral world;" but whilst we withhold passing judgment upon what has hitherto proved itself to be Utopian, we will fearlessly contend that Christian philanthropy does, always did, and ever will, compass a more lasting good for society in general, by seeking out of the *natural world* for an element, and by its constraining power condemn the actions of men by arraigning their *individual* motives at the bar of a seared conscience.

We unhesitatingly aver that all classes, from the base to the crown of our social structure, are more or less tainted with that moral turpitude which, whilst it debases the ignorant, cannot adorn the learned, and although that rottenness to which we have referred, has so long enjoyed repose at the very core of society, the chances are at the present day more in favour of the low and ignorant becoming reformed and reclaimed, who have remained debased from want of culture, than for those who, in the midst of wealth and education, have arrived at the very acme of voluptuous profligacy.

Thirty years ago, as now, our low localities teemed with the depraved of both sexes, whilst wholesale dealers, and retail vendors of vice, in every producible form, deluged the lower strata of society with comparative impunity. And why? there was no well-organised system of police to check the ravages of the vicious and disorderly. There were few, if any, practicable schemes suggested, either to ameliorate or to remedy the condition of such, and but few practical men, who were sufficiently in advance of their time, to grapple with and contend against such an array of evil. No sanitary measures were advanced and enforced by philanthropists to smooth the rugged highway of those classes who, in fact, form the foundation of England's colossal greatness. No ragged, and but few other schools, with their array of advocates and teachers to bring their moralizing and Christianizing influence to bear upon the homes and habits of the people. No Scripture Reader, City or Towns Missionary, plodding in those haunts of misery, called rookeries; and but few institutions for the reclamation or reformation of juvenile offenders of either sex; in short, the statistical information afforded at the present day of the magnitude of these existing evils, are past the comprehension and belief of thousands, who have not had opportunities of examining them, whilst to those who have had ocular demonstration of their existence it is a wonder that they are not greater and more complicated. The foregoing remarks will by some of our readers be considered as a digression; but if it be so, the necessity for it will be obvious as our tale progresses.

JOHN BAXTER was one of a family of eleven children, nine sons and two daughters. Each of the brothers, John excepted, held important and influential positions in the British navy, and their two uncles—both of noble name—who had fought their country's battles, both by sea and land, will ever live in the memories of England's greatest and best men and women. His two sisters, Agnes and Mary, were each happily married, the one to a celebrated physician, the other to the governor of an island in the West Indies.

John Baxter when ten years of age, entered on board a man-of-war, under rich patronage, and for the first few years gave promise of acquiring both name and fame equal to that which distinguished his brothers. In 1793 he served in the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns, under Captain Horatio Nelson. He was present and took part in the operations

against Bastia and Calvi, in the island of Corsica. In 1796, on the 31st of May, John fought beside his brother George, in the Bay of Oneglia, in the Gulf of Genoa, and, under a sharp fire of musketry, aided in taking a French convoy laden with tools and provisions; in which George received a wound which disabled him, and through which he died in Antigua, in the year 1800.

At twenty years of age, John ran away from the service; but being conspicuously marked with a sabre cut across the chin, he was pursued, but managed to elude the vigilance of his pursuers by going into the merchant-service; but being deeply addicted to habits of intemperance, he was constantly in disgrace, and in but a few months he deserted the merchant-service, resolving to go to sea no more. And thus, whilst his uncles and his younger brothers ascended the hill of fame, and ultimately enjoyed, some of them, the confidence of their sovereign, John, by a vicious and profligate course of life, became alienated from his family and connexions.

At the age of twenty-one John was a reprobate character, and, in constant fear of being captured, he held on his course in a low neighbourhood, and where, with little fear of being known, his constant companions were the pipe and the tankard, with the low and the vile of both sexes.

By what means we are not informed, but John managed to secure the confidence and the affections of a widow, with two children, whom he shortly afterwards married. Widow Mary lived at this time about two miles from the locality which had been John's hiding-place (and to which we will shortly introduce our reader), and was in the enjoyment of a competence left by her late husband, and was reputed as being courteous and lady-like in her demeanour toward her neighbours, affectionate towards her children, and a notably clean housewife.

At the instigation of his wife, John artfully himself to a cabinet-maker, for the term of two years, and, being of an ingenious and active nature, he became (and was acknowledged by most men in his trade who knew him) an expert and clever workman; and it having dawned upon the discernment of some wealthy relatives residing at Hastings, that John had "sowed his wild oats," and would in future do well and honourably, gave him a considerable sum of money with which to begin business, it never entering into the mind of his old aunt at Hastings (so redolent in cash and maiden charms) that John would sow such a precious crop for an unborn child to reap, and who, in mature years would blush to hear such a father's name mentioned at the same time with his own. But "misery and destruction were in his path," he had no fear of God before his eyes, and as the "way of peace" was a myth to him, how could he exemplify it to others?

The vicious and profligate life now led by John, licensed by habit and with means to pursue it, obliged some well-to-do relatives resident in Wales to take charge of Widow Mary's two children by her former husband, and thus remove them from the blighting influence of a stepfather, and John, by persevering in a life of drunkenness and debauchery, reduced his home to penury and misery, and completed his fiendish work by breaking the heart of one of the best of wives and mothers, who died, leaving the orphan Tiny, an infant scarce two years old.

CHAPTER IV.—ROOKERY PRODUCTIONS.

"More vicious than their fathers' age,
Our sires begat the present race,
Of actions impious, bold, and base,
And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own."
FRANCIS.

It was a balmy evening in the month of May, when all nature, man excepted, was clothed in that beautiful and many-coloured garb, which speaks of resurrection from the destructive hand of winter; that new creation of spring that God covenanted with men should follow destruction. The sun had dipped behind the hills, gone to light up another hemisphere; the streets were thronged with the busy multitude. Darkness came on, and the sober citizen retired to rest in the bosom of his family, leaving the dreary and partially lighted streets to be paraded by those unskilled in the pleasures and attractions of *home*, or to use the imperfect light to guide them to a point or a *rendezvous* not to be reached by the guilty in the time of sunlight. At such a time, and shortly after Widow Mary's death, a man emerged from a neglected tenement in a court having its exit in one of the leading thoroughfares opposite to the spot on which now stands New St. Pancras Church, and, leaving behind him the green fields of St. Pancras stretching forth to Camden-town and Hampstead, took a circuitous route to get into the neighbourhood of St. Giles's. In his arms he carried a robust, but thinly clad child, and with an unsteady step, and after having made numerous almost ineffectual attempts to walk straight, he rested his burden upon the bar or counter of a gin-shop in Drury-lane. This man was John Baxter, and the load under which he staggered was the motherless Tiny.

In the locality where we now find John, he was better known as "Sailor Jack," the chair maker. Little Tiny was enveloped in the remains of an old washed-out shawl, and his head luxuriated in the tattered remnants of a white hat and feathers, which had been presented to him at the christening, by his godfather, the renowned Tom Belcher, of pugilistic celebrity. Tiny was a plain featured child, and of very dark complexion, and the great dissimilarity between the colour of the hat, and the skin of the wearer, gave rise to the remark, from a drunken *friend* who was present at the christening, that "Tiny looked summum like a black beetle in a pail o' milk." John Baxter was a short, thick-set man, of a fair and pleasant cast of countenance, and which was rendered remarkable by the long and conspicuous sabre cut across his chin, to which we have before referred. He was a man of slovenly and unclean habits, the collar and breast parts of his coat were thrown back off his shoulders, revealing a shirt of some week's wear; he but seldom wore braces or waistcoat, his trousers being kept up over his hips by means of an apron corresponding with the colour of his shirt, well-stained with mahogany dust and bespattered with glue spots in the bargain. The soles of his shoes had long since parted company with the uppers; his hat had lost its original shape through being so often bonneted in his drunken sprees; the hair on his head and face, regardless of brush, comb, or razor, appeared not to have any sympathy with the soil in which it grew.

Having now added to his courage by eagerly drinking the remains of a quart of gin, he lit his pipe, and, hoisting young Tiny on his shoulder, left the house, and wended his way through a variety of courts and slums, with which he appeared quite familiar, and entered that notorious locality known as "Shire Lane," near to Temple Bar. Those who are acquainted with that infamous place, will remember its darkness, its unsafety, and the few claims its inhabitants could make to respectability or decency.

John Baxter continued to grope in the dark, a darkness made intense by the height of the houses on each side of the lane, and the narrowness of the passage way, and nothing short of a long acquaintance with the place, would have enabled an individual to find a given house or spot. John was drunk, and supporting himself against the wall of a house to prevent him measuring his length on the ground, he shouted aloud, "Nance, Nance," but receiving no answer to his appeal, he talked a little to himself, asking questions, and answering them, and having succeeded in collecting his scattered thoughts, he exclaimed, "Ah, I've got it, yes, yes, I know now," and groping his way from door to door, he halted in front of a house of questionable appearance and unenviable notoriety, kept by a well-known sweep, who had several climbing boys made dexterous in their vocation of chimney sweeping, in palace or cottage, by the repeated application of the foot or the buckle end of a stout strap, each kick or blow being garnished with an oath, and a "There, take that, and that."

Being satisfied that he had found the house he had been seeking for, he knocked at the door, which was opened by an individual whose uncouth appearance was as questionable as was the house in which he lived. This individual was known by the name of "Black Tom," not only on account of his profession, but from the colour of his skin. He was a gipsy, and one whose cheating and priggish adventures would fill a volume. Tom was a thin-visaged fellow, and had lost an eye at a cockfight. He had a candle in his hand, which he lifted high up above his head, and with his remaining eye peeped out of the doorway, straining to catch sight of the nocturnal disturber. Suddenly he recognised the visitor, and his sooty face relaxed into a broad grin, and he exclaimed, "Halloo, Jack, old feller! how har yer?"

"Oh, all right," stammered out John; "I want to see Nance; is she at home?"

"Yes, my hearty," replied Tom; "come in, old feller;" but Nance, who had heard and recognised the voice of the visitor, shouted aloud, "Wait a minit, Jack; that ere trap door's hopen, an' you may git a hugly fall inter ther cellar."

"There, there; all's right now, old feller; come on in."

As we have before hinted, this house was of a notorious and disreputable character, and was rented by a sweep, and the cellar, alluded to by Nance, was well stored with soot, and into which (so says report) many a gallant, who had been lured there by the charms of certain ladies of easy virtue, had fallen, and, in being rescued from their perilous and disgusting position, were, besides being *shaken* by the fall, at one and the same time shaken from the soot into which they had fallen, also of their cash and every other portable article they might chance to have in their possession at the time.

On entering the parlour, Tiny was released from the not over tender embrace of his father, and was seated down on the hearth-rug by Nance, and sundry images were taken from an immense stock of that class of ornaments, with which the mantleshelf was packed, and given to him to play with, whilst John, overcome by the closeness of the room, lost his equilibrium; but, with the assistance of Black Tom, he was deposited in the wide seat of an antique arm-chair. Several women were present, but only one man (John excepted) namely, Black Tom.

Nance was a short, unwashed individual, of corpulent proportions, of about thirty summers growth, owning a broad face, very much pitted with small-pox, her large head being surmounted with a mass of hair of a colour not to be distinguished, and which, ungraced by a cap, was tied up at the back with a profusion of black tape. Taken as a whole, she was a vulgar and slovenly lump of humanity.

The other women were gaudily dressed, and when John was presented to their acquaintance, Nance remarked, "Make yer self quite at home here, Jack; these here ladies is friends o' mine; but I'm so flustered at seeing yer, that I'm a most dying ter know wots ther matter; now do set quiet an' tell us."

Well, Nance," said John, "I've got the bum-bailiff after me for debt; they've been looking after me some time. They knocked at my door to-night, and as they came in at the front door I went out at the back, and stepped over the palings into the yard of the next house, come out at the other side door, and walked down to you to know whether you'll take care of my Tiny, and I'll pay you; because if I'm taken, the child will be without a home."

"That I will," said Nance, "so make yerself easy on that score; you've been very kind to me, Jack, an' ther young un sha'n't want a home as long as Nance lives, he sha'n't. I'll be a mother to yer, cockey," said she, patting Tiny under his chin, and, as if to seal her promise in the best way, she kissed the boy again and again, and, as a mark of her devotedness, threw a handful of silver money on the hearth-rug for Tiny to play with.

John Baxter, like most of his species, had some good feeling, and most wise men agree that bad men have somewhere in their composition a tiny spark of goodness, but how to get at it is to them, as to others who don't profess to be wise, a problem. Certain it is, that an internal convulsion, strong and fierce, was going on in John, and from within was given out to his pale and haggard face a contortion which played about his mouth and eyes, so as to frighten even Black Tom. John Baxter wept; yes, he wept; but will the reader call us uncharitable when we say that probably this burst of feeling was occasioned more by the intoxicating draughts he had imbibed, working upon the fact that he was homeless and destitute, wifeless and friendless, than from genuine repentance for having persevered in that course of reckless dissipation which had brought a good wife to an early grave? But true it is, that John Baxter hung down his head, and wept out the scalding but transient tears of a drunkard, whilst he buried his fingers in the hair of his head, and with frantic violence withdrew them again, bringing away his entangled hair, and, convulsively clutching the arms of the woman who had promised to be a *mother* to his child, he almost inaudibly muttered, "Thank you, Nance, thank you."

"Come, cheer up," said a woman in the company; "cheer up, my good man; never say die. Here, Tom, go and get a drop of something to drink. You'll soon be all right, my man; you don't know what's in store for you yet," and taking Tiny up from the floor, she placed him on her knee, and asked the ever-to-be-remembered question, "Don't you see your mammy, Tiny?"

The little hand, and the little eye, too, were stretched out, as only an innocent child can point and look into vacancy, and which brings a maternal pang into the heart of a good mother when gazing on the face of an orphan. And Tiny looked on the face of the speaker with an unutterable expression of inquiry, and without understanding the magnitude of a question carelessly asked, said, "Mamma?" And who can tell whether or not infant imagination soared high up into the place called heaven, now that fond mother's home, or how far the saved spirit of that mother may have been permitted to follow the chequered way of her orphan

son to be near and to warn in time of danger; but we deem it possible that upon the heart of this fragile flower was photographed the loving eye and the sense of a soft and fond embrace the dying mother's kiss and prayer, her warm breath fanning the infant-brow whilst the sweet, hushed, and lowly voice sang his nightly lullaby. Be that as it may, to Tiny there was a solacing charm in the word "mamma," and as the fallen creature in whose lap he lay, rocked the chair in which she sat, and dared, fallen as she was, to hum plaintively an old hymn tune, the child nestled up to the bosom of the stranger woman, and sank into the calm and peaceful sleep of childhood, whilst his wretched parent, who had sacrificed, at the shrine of intemperance, all those dear domestic ties, and all else that man should hold sacred on earth, or hope for in heaven, sat motionless and weeping.

Nance was true to her promise; and in her way she played the part of a mother to Tiny, and made him her companion wherever she went. If to the play-house, public-house, or low rattle, Tiny was with her. At the nightly orgies of the brothel or Irish wake, Tiny was there, an imbibor of the slang and ribaldry of fiends in human shape; his ears assailed, and his tender mind tutored at every waking hour, till custom despoiled such sights and scenes of novelty, and rendered them familiar. Two years had passed away, and from occasional visits, Tiny learned from his father, that he was shortly to be transferred to the care of a new mother, for John had become enamoured of the bar-maid at the public-house where he made it a point to spend the greater part of his weekly earnings. John married again, and Tiny was brought home to his stepmother, then a healthy, comely looking woman of twenty-five years old; but she became a victim to treachery and disease, and for a period of twenty-five years was subjected to almost unheard of suffering. Poor victim of selfishness and crime, she died a maniac.

CHAPTER V.

TINY'S PROGRESS IN TRAINING: A SHORT CHAPTER.

"When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, only one of his sons dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family."—*Punch*.

"Dear heart, how provoking! we shall have the whole affair in the newspapers before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses."—*School for Scandal*.

TINY was now five years old, and had progressed well and efficiently under the care and training of "Nance," being at his tender age an adept at petty pilfering, and also in the slang phraseology of Shire-lane, Drury-lane, and Clare-market, and for the correct performance of each was duly rewarded with a penny, a laugh, and a kiss.

The baby-stage of life had now passed away, and the scene shifts to a court in the vicinity of Holborn, where Tiny was first introduced to his stepmother, and who, after many ineffectual efforts to teach him to call her "mother," gave it up in despair, but not without having first afforded many striking proofs of motherly affection, dealt out with cold hearted dexterity, with the persuasive end of a stout stick; but time and a close application of brutal force brought about the desired object, and ultimately Tiny made rapid progress in her favour and in the course of education marked out for him by his protectors.

Shoeless feet and ragged clothes were Tiny's changeless attire, but that was of no consequence, as the height of his parent's ambition—as regarded residence, was a court in some low locality. And so, after travelling over, and living for a time in each of the most detestable sinks of iniquity in London, and partaking largely of the vicious instruction abounding in most of them, we find Tiny, at the age of nine years, living in a dirty room in a filthy narrow court near Clerkenwell.

We have refrained from following Tiny in his wretched career during the last four years, but suffice it to say, that in the course of that time, on an average, he had slept three nights in each week from his home, in a cart, a stable, or water closet, in the carcass of a house, in a field, under the dark arches of the Adelphi in the Strand, or near to a hay-stack, between some baskets in Covent Garden Market, or on a butcher's block in the shambles at Whitechapel, either seeking the warmth of the paving stones under the shelter of a sugar bakehouse, or else, Ostrich-like, with his head and part of his body thrust between the peas in old Smithfield Market with his legs hanging out. Here, as in the vegetable markets, he was often pulled out of his sleeping berth by the legs with the horny hand of a drover or salesman, and receiving, whilst half asleep, a cuff on the ear, or a kick on the body with the iron-bound toe of a boot; and would, when thus disturbed and ill used, crawl about with companions of his own unfortunate class, shivering, friendless, and comfortless, picking up any refuse from gutter or road with which to make a meal. At times he, poor child, would be met by a neighbour, (a second John Baxter,) himself, too, a trainer of children like Tiny, and who would take the unfortunate boy by the ear, expend a volley of parental curses on the young "Villian," and drag him home to the tender care of father and stepmother, either of whom would receive him home dirty, and clothed with vermin, their forgiveness being guaranteed with a walking stick, wielded with a fair display of vigour, the blows being pretty equally distributed over head, face, and body, whilst a tender-hearted mother would sometimes vociferate her strange counsel by screaming out, "Give it him, give it him; that's the way to sarve the young warmint," till at length being worn out with kicks and cuffs, and being, at the most favoured times, permitted to run the streets until late at night, and becoming acquainted with several notorious characters, he ran away from home!

DISINTERESTED INDUSTRY.—Joseph Palmer, of Hackney (who, we are sorry to say, is still seriously afflicted), has been upwards of twelve years a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and has regularly attended at least five meetings per week, making a total, during the twelve years, of 3,120 meetings, to attend which he has walked at least five miles per evening on the average, or an aggregate of 15,600 miles, and all without fee or reward.

CONJURING AND WITCHCRAFT.—A "Clergyman," writing to the *Times*, says:—"In the 72nd canon of the Church of England it is provided—'That no minister shall, without the licence of the Bishop of the Diocese, under his hand and seal, attempt, on any pretence whatever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of imputation of imposture or cozenage, and deposition from the ministry.' (Hook's *Church Dictionary*, p. 294.) This is still in force."

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Popular Exposition of the Science of Homœopathy. By Thomas Yates, Leicester.—The substance of a lecture of great clearness on the new system of medicine founded by Hahnemann. It gives an interesting memoir of that discoverer, and details the manner of his discovery; explains the doctrines of homœopathy, in order to show its superiority over the old system of therapeutics; shows what it is not; and replies to a variety of objections usually urged against it. Amongst other things, Mr. Yates says:—"Homœopathy is not teetotalism; I know that many persons believe that teetotalism, or abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, is one of the characteristic essentials of homœopathy. I should not have mentioned teetotalism, if it had not been remarked to me by very intelligent persons, well informed on general matters, that the Secretary to the Leicester Homœopathic Dispensary is a wine merchant, and expressed their surprise at the supposed inconsistency, believing that all advocates of homœopathy were, of necessity, water drinkers. Now, homœopathy has no connection whatever with teetotalism, any more than any other system of medical treatment." He also refutes the notion, entertained by some, that it is the homœopathic plan of treatment to give a man more drink to make him sober. "Some persons," says he, "anent the principle 'Like cures like,' 'confound identical with similar. No homœopathist maintains that he cures identical by identical, but like by like. Thus, to a man drunk, the homœopathic physician would give a medicine which has the power of producing in a healthy person symptoms similar to those which a drunken man exhibits; and to a person who has overloaded his stomach with food, the homœopathic physician would give a medicine which would cause in a healthy person symptoms similar to those presented in a person who has overloaded his stomach.' He thus concludes: 'There is no absolute preservation from suffering in this sinful world, nor any deliverance from death, either by homœopathy or allopathy; there is no discharge in that war. And as all generations have died under the old method, so, should the new one prevail, all generations will continue to die under it, also. But the most fatal objection to homœopathy is, that patients do actually sometimes die! One would have thought it enough to have proved that it cures a far greater proportion of cases than allopathy, without requiring that it should reverse the curse pronounced on fallen man. But, no! a patient dying in the hands of a homœopathist is such a dreadful affair, as to deserve, and, even, sometimes to obtain, a coroner's inquest, while the shocked allopath vents his indignation as if a death in his hands was quite a rarity.'"

Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper. London: W. H. Collingridge.—An excellent Monthly, well adapted for distribution amongst the masses of the people, and well calculated to "bring in the poor, the maimed, and the halt" of the lanes and alleys, to a knowledge and experience of religion. The reading is intensely interesting, and the woodcuts are well executed.

Try; a Book for Boys. With forty illustrations. By Old Jonathan. London: W. H. Collingridge.—This is a very admirable and successful attempt to provide pure and healthy literature for the young. We quite agree with "Old Jonathan" that there hardly ever was a more critical time for youth than the present. The "perilous times," spoken of by the Apostle, seem to have actually come; the age is rife with every species of ensnarement, and, among these, not the least dangerous are those of a refined and intellectual character. Whilst we deeply lament the great moral laxity of much that teems from the press, we must qualify that regret when we see their influence counteracted by books like *Try*, the teachings of which are pure and virtuous, and "of good report," and unalloyed by anything that can contaminate the youthful mind. We cordially recommend this *Book for Boys* to the notice of teachers who are about to give prizes to meritorious scholars.

ALL COWS NOT TEETOTALERS.—A ludicrous incident occurred a few days ago, in a village near Rochdale. The annual rushbearing commenced on Saturday, and to maintain the hospitality of the festive occasion a farmer's wife brewed a strike of malt, and put the liquor in tubs outside the house to cool. Three cows, driven home for milking, saw the liquor, liked it (notwithstanding the assertion on temperance platforms that no animal except man will touch intoxicating drinks), and positively drank up the whole brewing of beer, to the great consternation of the housewife. It would be a nice question for a casuist whether a teetotaler would break his pledge by partaking of the milk of these beer-taking cows. [Some correspondence has taken place in the Manchester papers as to whether the liquor of which the cows partook was fermented or not.]

COLD WATER DOCTORS.—Dr. Trail writes:—"From some thousands of places, scattered all over the American continent, including nearly all of the prominent places in the United States and territories, the Canadas, and other British provinces, the West Indies, and even Mexico and South America, comes a call for water-cure physicians and lecturers. We fully believe that one thousand male, and quite as many female, physicians of our (hydropathic) school could, during the next six months, find pleasant locations and profitable employment in this ample field of all the world. And, before such an army of reformers, diseases, doctors, drugs, and death would flee as grasshoppers disappear in a violent shower. But where are we to get them? The twenty graduates of our last school term were long since disposed of. Some half-a-dozen will probably graduate at the end of our summer term. Those who can offer the best inducements will secure their services. But, so far as supplying the general demand is concerned, these are like a drop in the bucket, and if our next school term numbers one hundred students, and graduates fifty M.D.'s, it will take more years than count a generation to supply the demand at this rate."

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

[Our correspondents, in their inquiries, suggestions, and statements, should write briefly, definitely, and legibly. As a Yankee Editor suggests, "Condense, gentlemen, condense. Put an idea into a paragraph, a paragraph into a few words. Readers prefer short articles; they want grain, not chaff,—the clean, winnowed grain. Writers should 'cut down,' and re-write, leaving nothing for the Editor to do but examine and decide upon the variety of the thoughts and ideas presented. We can give all a hearing, if writers confine themselves to the 'ten minutes' rule.'"—Ed. T. W.]

SLEEPLESS.—The spirit of tar is so powerful a poison to the nightly visitors you complain of, (bugs) that as soon as it comes in contact with one, it instantly dies. Apply it by means of a small painting brush to the joints and crevices in the bedstead. So noxious is the smell of this spirit to these vermin that they desert the bed where it has been used. Do not use the tar by candle-light, as it is volatile. The essence of bergamotte is also a powerful poison to bugs.

AN ASPIRANT.—Remember, if you are a Christian, you will feel it to be your duty to be content and to make the best of your situation, which, as it is assigned to you by Providence, is wisely considered to be upon the whole the best for you. There is far more respectability in fulfilling the duties of a humble station with skill and ingenuity than in exposing diminutive talents on a lofty pedestal, since "pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps."

HUMBURG.—We know of only two etymologies of this word; which is the right one we do not presume to say. One derives it from Hume of the Bog, a Scotch laird, so called from his estate, and celebrated in Scotch society in the reign of William and Anne for the marvellous tone of his stories, in which he indulged so commonly that they became proverbial, and thus a very long shot was always designated a "regular Hume of the Bog,"—by a simple contraction, Humburg. The other etymology (in Ker's "Archæology of Popular Phrases,") shows the word to be derived from "Er han b'oog," i.e., taking hold of by the eye.

J. S.—Vincent Priessnitz was born in 1799, and died in 1851. When he was seventeen years old, he fell under a cart-wheel, knocking out his front teeth, and breaking several ribs. Given up by physicians, he washed his wounds with cold water, and used wet bandages. Soon, to the surprise of all, he began to recover. Thereupon he was filled with a belief in the curative power of cold water, and demonstrated it by experiments. In 1829 he was summoned on a charge of charlatanism, and condemned to several days' imprisonment, sharpened by fasting; and the very sponge with which he washed his patients was taken from him under the pretext that it was connected with sorcery. A superior tribunal annulled the sentence, and permitted him to open a curative establishment, which was crowded by patients from all parts.

X. Y. Z. tells us that Lord Brougham did not tell his hearers at Grantham the singular fact that Sir Isaac Newton, when writing the "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread, water, and vegetable diet.

SCHOOLBOY.—"What is an Aorist?"—A Greek tense, sometimes expressing the present time, sometimes the future, and frequently the past. The word comes from a negative, and *orizo*, to bound or limit.

S. sends the following syllogism:—"A barrel of oysters is better than nothing. Nothing is better than heaven. Therefore, a barrel of oysters is better than heaven."

THE BLACK ART IN SOMERSET.

A few days ago, whilst a train was stopping at Maiden Newton Station, a carrier from Beaminster got in, and addressing the whole company, he said, "One of my hosses dropped dead this mornin'. I'd only bought un a vartnight ago, and I wouldn't ha' took twenty pounds un'n last night. Just ader that another took bad, and we had to move un, and he's lying at the point of death this moment. And more'n that, there's two beizide took wi' the cold chivers, and do zeem as if they'll vollow th' others. And now (with the nod of Lord Burleigh) I'm going somewhera!" A stolid-looking countryman, on the opposite bench, here bent over, and said mysteriously, "You're going to her?" Carrier: "Yes, I'm going to her. Them hosses is done something, and I'll zee the rights o't. I know who 'tis too. It's a cooman. I'll warrant she don't sleep Zunday night." Stout respectable, practical gentleman, deprecatingly: "What, do you think your hosses are bewitched?" Carrier: "Think! I do know it. Why, I'd mean to say that a man could have four hosses die in one day, wi'out nothin done to um? There's no more the matter wi' them hosses than there is wi' you or I." Practical passenger: "You'd better go to a veterinary surgeon." Carrier (contemptuously): "Veterinary surgeon be blowed. Veterinary surgeons is humbugs in these cases. I've opened the hoss myself, and there ain't nothin 'the matter wi' un, and nobody can zay there is. You gentlemen be respectable, and I be but a poor man, but I know what's wrong, and I'll get something to ztop us." The carrier proceeded to tell us that he was going for advice to "Mother Somers," at Somerton, whose occult powers he had tested on a former occasion. He lost cwts. of cheese once, and on going to Mother Somers to ask her about it: before he got inside the threshold, and before he had time to say a word to her, "There, it's no good for you to ask me about those cheeses, for you'll never get them again;" and sure enough he never did get them again. At the next station he got out on his road to the "wise woman" at Somerton. The stolid-looking countryman, an acquaintance of the carrier, repelled their suppositions indignantly, and favoured them with several stories of Mother Somers' achievements. He had once consulted her himself when he lost a coverlet. "She showed me who 'twat took it. They was two on um. I zaw their features like in a glass. I zeed um as clear as I zeed you." Passenger: "Well, did you accuse them of stealing it?" Countryman: "No, not I; I didn't 'scuse um, but I told um I know'd they did it." A little while afterwards the coverlet mysteriously found its way back, and no one ever discovered how it was returned. A passenger: "Does he think Mother Somers will charm back the life into a dead horse?" At this the countryman chuckled mightily: "No, but she mid ztop the rest." Mother Somers, the "wise woman" of Somerton, is a well known character. Old Hannah—that is her name—is a maiden of uncertain age, and with a countenance that only a complimentary person would term plain. She lives alone in her own house, dresses fantastically and keeps as a guard of honour seven remarkable black cats. The country folks sometimes come long distances to consult her on emergencies, and she is believed to make a very fair income by the exercise of her strange talents.

NOTES OF A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN
NORMANDY.

(IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.)

II.

September, 1858.

MY DEAR R.—At Falaise, having washed and *dejeunured*, we went to view the ruins of the castle, the old hereditary seat of the Dukes of Normandy, and birth-place of William the Conqueror. The remains of the original wall of the castle are of great thickness. From its strength and position, the castle in the days of bows and arrows must have been well-nigh impregnable. Talbot's tower, which is the highest point of the castle, is of later date than the rest. The town and surrounding neighbourhood are seen from here to great advantage; especially as we saw it, under the early morning sun, which adds a freshness to the scene, and a zest to its enjoyment. At the top of the castle there is a printed eulogy of the great Conqueror, in which the reader is requested to generously appreciate and respect his memory. There being little else than the castle at Falaise, to arrest our attention, we at once, leaving some of our party behind at the castle sketching, resumed our journey. Our walk lay round and over a circuit of hills, with romantic and beautiful scenery on each side, very much resembling some of the best parts of Surrey. Indeed, the resemblance was so striking, that it was difficult to conceive that we were out of England, till we were stopped by two *gend'armes* demanding our passports. One of our passports was handed to them, but they evidently could not read it, and thought it included the whole party; which mistake was perhaps fortunate, as one of us had not his passport with him at the time. The *gend'armes* were pleasant fellows enough; they told us they had been to Turkey and the Crimea, and talked with apparent satisfaction about the alliance of our respective countries. On learning that we were English tourists, they seemed to take our presence as a compliment to their country, and stated pretty plainly their conviction that the reason why so many Englishmen travelled in France rather than in their own country, was because there was so little in their native land worth seeing. One of our party took some pains to undeceive them on the latter point, I fear with indifferent success. At Pontouilly, we had a refreshing bathe, and a good feed of bread, pears, apples, and blackberries, all which, excepting the bread, we found in profusion by the road-side. We had seen several crosses and crucifixes by the high road as we came along, but were scarcely prepared to see at a little shop near here, inscribed over the name and business *Par le grace de Dieu*. I hope the piety was genuine; though it certainly looked a little ostentatious. Passing through Conde the country had that hushed, quiet look peculiar to an autumn evening; and we enjoyed it much, after walking all day under a burning sun, with no other shade than that of the low hedges; and when, tired and foot-sore, we entered the quiet little village of Vanssey, we were not sorry to take our ease in our inn. Tumbling my knapsack under the table, and myself under the blankets, I soon yielded to the balmy influence of

"Kind nature's sweet restorer."

"Blessings on the man who invented sleep, it covereth one all over as doth a garment." Honest Sancho Panza, thou wert a philosopher, and in the right of it.

Next morning, after waiting in vain for those of our comrades we had left at Falaise, we walked on to Vire, a distance of about ten or twelve miles. The principal church at Vire has no good approach to it, nor can it either in point of antiquity or architecture compete with other churches we had seen; but its interior is lofty and spacious, the painted glass good, but not first-rate, and there is about it plenty of gilding, decoration, and pictures. The congregation, as at all other churches we attended in Normandy, was composed chiefly of women, old, middle-aged and of the working class. Just outside the town there is the ruin of the keep of an old dismantled castle, but we could not find that it has any special feature of interest. On Sunday morning shops were open as on any other day, and crowds of women were in the market-place, Sunday being, as we were told, the chief market-day of the week. At the early morning service, the church appeared full, numbers of women, unable to gain admission, were thronging outside the doors to hear mass. Sourteville, the next town we came to, had a still more holiday appearance than Vire. The cafes were full. The people in their Sunday best promenaded the streets, or conversed in small groups; while neighbours and visitors, some in market carts, some on foot, were entering the town all smiles and gaiety.

The scenery of the Bocage is said to be equal to any in France, and I can well believe it. The immense range of hills on either side, the cultivated fields, the thickly wooded valleys, and, as you proceed farther, the rocks covered with verdure, form a succession of pictures on which the eye rests delighted. We stopped at Mortain. Strange to say, we were told at the hotel that we were the first English travellers they had seen there; and the book in which the names of visitors were registered, and which appeared to be some years old, was searched for an English name in vain. Just behind the hotel, down a steep winding path, over small streams and fragments of rocks, we were conducted to a cascade sparkling in the sunshine, and with a quantity of fern lying around. This scene furnished another contribution to the sketch-book of our artist companions who we found had got on here before us. The church at Mortain is built in the early English style, with the exception of the doorway on the north-west front, which is Gothic. The interior is large, and the service on Sunday morning was well attended, the number of women present in their high white cotton caps giving a singular appearance to the congregation. In the afternoon the com-

missioner of the town paid us the honour of a special visit, to examine our passports; and in the evening we clambered up some high rocks in the neighbourhood, to see a pretty little chapel on the summit, and to have a view of the surrounding country. We were able to see miles around, Mont St. Michel being distinctly visible in the distance. We scrambled and tumbled down the other side of the hill as well as we could, and beside losing our way, and missing each other, some of us nearly broke our necks into the bargain. A starlight walk from here of about twelve miles, brought us to St. Helier. On our way the glowworm's light glimmered along the hedges, and the grasshoppers and crickets by their rustling and chirping appeared to surround us in great force. At St. Helier, a thoroughly rustic little place, the inn, or *cabaret*, was full, chiefly of peasants, who were singing, drinking, quarrelling, and playing dominoes. One of the company was a soldier, not older I should say than four-and-twenty, who had returned from the Crimea with four wounds, the loss of a hand, a Queen's medal, a small pension, and a fund of anecdote. He was full of fun and *can de vie*, had a good voice, sang several snatches of French song, and narrated some of his stories by pantomime in a way that would have done credit to Robson. He and the landlord appeared to have got *foi* together, and were now inclined to be rather quarrelsome. This was the first instance of inebriety I remember seeing since I left England. An English song being asked of us, we all sang together as well we could "God save the Queen," and retired to rest. In the morning finding neither water nor wash-hand basin, we made application for the same to the landlady, who thereupon brought up about three pints of water for seven of us, and two coffee cups, one with a tin handle, for wash-hand basins. On asking if she had no larger basins to wash in, she simply replied, "No, it was not the custom of the country." I may mention here that soap also does not seem the custom of the country, at least I never saw an inch of it (except what we took with us,) even at the best hotels, though there is no scarcity of towels. At another place where we put up, we seized a salad bowl as the nearest approach to a wash-hand basin that could be got. At St. Helier, it would, however, have been unreasonable to grumble, as for supper, bed, and breakfast, we were charged the moderate sum of one franc each.

In the morning we started off for Mont St. Michel, and losing the high road, a pretty rough journey we had of it, over hedges, ferns, trenched fields, heaps of stones, and sand baked in the sun; but we got a jolly bathe in the sea, and on coming out disposed ourselves on the beach like a company of travelling performers at rehearsal, in which light we learned we had been regarded at St. Helier the previous night. Mont St. Michel stands on a pedestal of beds of rock resting on a vast plain of sand, which rising in the form of a cone, is seen as the most prominent object from the surrounding waste. It is surrounded by the sea, and encircled by walls and towers. It was formerly one of the strongest fortresses in France, and possibly might be made so still. Two of the cannon with which one of our English kings endeavoured in vain to take it, are mounted just outside the town. The place is now used as a prison. At the time of our visit we were told it held seven hundred prisoners, forty of whom were there as political offenders. The town is enclosed within the gates, consists of a steep narrow lane leading to the top of the mount, and contains about four hundred inhabitants. There are two or three shops here for the sale of small articles—bracelets, snuff-boxes, crucifixes, &c., made by the prisoners, or said to be made by them; (which some undoubtedly are) and sold for their benefit to the shopkeepers who dispose of them to visitors as *souvenirs* of the place. At night we stretched ourselves out on the walk outside the walls, singing songs of old England, to which some invisible Frenchman responded by songs of *La belle France*. In the morning we explored the interior, and were especially struck with the rich and varied carving on the stone cloisters of what was once the convent, and with so much of the interior of the church as could be seen, or was not now devoted to other purposes. This was still very beautiful, and there can be no doubt that this church in its more perfect state was one of the most spacious and magnificent in the country. The vaults and towers of the place are of the most massive character, and built of solid granite. As Mont St. Michel was the farthest point we reached, I will call a halt here before turning the corner; merely remarking, that our limited time had compelled us to abandon the original idea of making our tour *wholly* a pedestrian one, much to the disgust of its projector, a main article of whose creed is that the chief end of man is to walk forty miles a day on a diet of bread, apples, and harriet beans.

Yours ever truly, T. S.

Farringdon-street, as it is to be.—Imagine the excavations and erections completed, and a capacious railway station in Farringdon-street pouring forth its crowds, not only from the metropolitan suburbs, but from Bristol, Bath, Birmingham, York, Lincoln, Peterborough, Stamford, and the farther north, on the arrival of every successive train. Imagine the vast migratory population of Camden Town, Paddington, Westbourne-grove, and Euston-square, and the more happily circumstanced cits that leave Barnet and Southgate, to do daily penance from ten till four, instead of, as now, making their way to town in all sorts of ways, by bus, rail, and foot; all brought to one central spot by a succession of morning trains, and we have a picture of Farringdon as it will be. The sound of human voices is heard once more, the pavements know the tramp of feet again, the echoes (wont to hie themselves among the shadows in deserted causeways) are driven from the ground by the noise of commerce, in connection with which an echo is an impossibility. Can it be supposed that the vast area of Smithfield could long remain in its present vacancy, covered with pens that are never to be used again, the dead mementoes of the life that has departed from it? Can it be supposed that, with a railway tunnel underneath it, the surface of the *Campagna Londini* will continue to cherish tufts of grass between the stones, and that the boys of London will, as now, use it as a playground, knowing that it has been given up to them and the City sparrows.—*City Press*.

A MAN TURNED INTO STONE.

Dr. Friederich Lichterberger, Frazer River, gives a detailed account of the death of a miner by petrification, consequent upon drinking a mineral fluid known as water of crystallisation—a solution of silica—found in a *geode*:—

The individual was a Prussian named Ernest Flucterspigel, who accompanied me from San Francisco on my proposed expedition to the Frazer River mines. On reaching this place I was compelled, by a storm, to encamp on a small stream running down from the mountains, and some of the party went up the bed of the torrent to prospect. Ernest, and another, had ascended some distance, and finding no gold, amused themselves with breaking open some *geodes*, which they found abundantly. These are rounded masses of quartz, containing cavities lined with crystals, and varying in size from a few inches to sometimes a couple of feet in diameter. These *geodes* occasionally contain a transparent fluid, known to mineralogists as the water of crystallisation—a liquid charged with a solution of the substance forming them, and from which, indeed, the crystals are aggregated, according to fixed laws of figure, into different geometrical solids. Ernest, in striking one of these *geodes*, broke off a piece, leaving a cup, which contained half-a-pint of water. The unfortunate man, with a jesting remark upon the beautiful cup of crystal, took it and swallowed it at a draught. Its effects were not immediately perceptible. He returned to camp with his companion, but before reaching it complained pain and weight in the epigastric and left hypochondriac regions. On arriving he was already speechless. He had been heated by the walk and perspired freely, but natural warmth was now gone, and cold sweat covered his face. I laid him in bed, applied mustard poultices to his feet, and used vigorous friction. His pulse was feeble, the heart beat with violent but irregular action, and in about fifteen minutes he expired.

Upon removing the body, and attempting properly to dispose the limbs, an unusual rigidity was observed, which increased until in two hours and a-half the whole body became as stiff as a board. The muscles, however, were capable of receiving an indentation made by the fingers, but afforded a crackling sensation or crepitation on being pressed, as if the minute capillary vessels were in a state of congelation or ossification. I instituted a *post mortem* examination, and examined the stomach and duodenum. On making an incision from a point opposite the xyphoid cartilage to the umbilicus, through the skin, superficial fascia, and abdominal muscles, the knife gave a grating sensation; applying a lens I observed the smaller bloodvessels were solid and apparently ossified. The stomach and duodenum were then removed and on slitting them open I found hard masses evidently composed of biliary matter, but as hard as the hardest quartz. Evidences of food existed, and fibres of muscle and lumps of potatoes, moulded to the form of the antrum pylori, were taken out, of like solidity. This solidification of the contents of the stomach, of the food and the bile (their conversion, in fact, into stone) struck me with astonishment, the more so as the coats of the stomach appeared very nearly normal. I next made an opening into the thorax with the costatome, and pushing the detached sternum over the face, discovered the heart *in situ*, and of a natural colour, but it was as hard as, and resembled, a piece of red jasper. I separated the heart from the aorta, pulmonary artery, and vena cava, and with difficulty broke it in pieces. The larger blood vessels were as rigid as pipe stems, and the petrified blood could be cracked out from the veins. The lungs were not collapsed at all. The brain exhibited nothing extraordinary, except the petrification of the bloodvessels. The contents of the lower intestines were not solidified.

Before consigning to the earth the body, I selected portions of the petrified food and bile, as well as of the heart, lungs and blood vessels, for future investigation and preservation. I first subjected the petrified blood to analysis. The blow-pipe had no effect and I almost exhausted my supply of nitric, sulphuric, and hydrochloric acids in endeavouring to act upon it. Fluo-hydric acid acted upon it rapidly. The contents of the stomach and heart also yielded to this re-agent, and I became satisfied that silica was at least contained in the specimens under examination. Triturating some petrified blood with four parts of carbonate of potassa, I melted the whole in a platinum crucible. This compound I treated with water at a high temperature, until a solution was formed, and by pouring a small quantity into a test glass, containing a few drops of hydro-chloric acid, a beautiful and transparent jelly was precipitated, which I recognized as silica acid or silica.

The whole question now resolved itself in my mind. The pathological specimens exhibited evidences of the presence of silica. But silica never exhibits itself in the blood in large amount, though Heineberg obtained it in small quantities from that fluid, and traces of it have also been found by Van Lacer and Bibra in the bones and hair. It, however, was not probable that silica would collect in the body, in such quantity as that it could be obtained for exhibition, and consequently some external source must have furnished the excess. I therefore concluded that the water of the *geode* which my companion had drunk, contained an immense quantity of silicic acid in a nascent and soluble condition, that on being swallowed it had entered into an unusual combination with the conjugated acids of the bile (acting as an alkali), and with the albuminose of the ingesta, that it had also been absorbed by the blood, and formed, perhaps, a silicate of albumen with that fluid (acting in this case as a feeble acid), and that the result had been a silicification or petrification of those substances for which it had most affinity.—*Uta California*.

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