

The Two



Worlds.

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

No. 3, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 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.

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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*.

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THE PLAGUE SPOT OF ENGLAND.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes, we behold the degradation of England, and we see its lighted attractive temples of death. The glory of the land is tarnished, the morality of the people debased, and the intellects of thousands have been reduced to a state of moping melancholy or phrenzied madness. Alcohol may be properly called a fiery fiend, whose object it is to burn up the body and destroy the soul. He is mighty in his march of death. His breath is pestilence, and his object the ruin of man. His past history has been full of crimes and the foulest abominations.

Where is the city, every street and court of which does not declare him to be a tyrant and a curse? How he revels amidst the citizens! What marks he puts upon the hours of both men and women! How he fires the eye, parches the lips, hardens the heart! How ragged are his devotees—how helpless his victims! The poor children are starved, the young men are ruined, and thousands of Magdalens are walking the streets who are all the poor victims of this great foe, England's greatest curse. They drink liquid fire, and live in the centre of the elements of death. The publicans praise him, and he curses them for their folly. The temples over which Alcohol presides are all of them schools of infamy and degradation; and yet how indifferent are the people, how lethargic the government; for these horrid places are not only tolerated, but patronised and defended. The traffic in strong drink is opposed to all sound laws of morality, because it is inseparable from crime and mental and moral prostration. What a shame it is that such places should exist in a professedly Christian land! Englishmen, why not join the true temperance reformers in trying to frown out of existence the vile drinking customs? Why not join the practical and common-sense cry, "Down with the traffic?" Britons, by your ancient valour, by your history and your genius, by your past and by your future, we earnestly ask you to help us in freeing our beloved nation from this great evil. Why should you be thus injured? Why should your nation be dishonoured, your sons and daughters degraded? Why do you not at once rise, in the dignity of your strength, to hurl the monster Strong Drink down from his high position, that his reign of terror may cease, and millions of the enslaved be set free? Our land is worthier of a better state; for it is a deep and lasting shame

that England, with her might, her wealth, her power, her genius, her literature, her poetry, and her industry, should be held in bond by the power of strong drink. Why not arise, and shake ourselves from this degradation and thralldom? And soon the change would be such as not only to gladden our hearts, but other nations would be led to emulate us in such a great and glorious reform. We are not discouraged: we feel the power of truth, and we know the glorious warfare has commenced. The Temperance cause in England has taken a firm hold on the public mind. Wherever we go we find it has done good; and in some of the larger places, not only have many been prevented from becoming intemperate, but hundreds of drunkards have been reclaimed; and though many men have despised it, we believe that nothing can stop it in its glorious march. It must go on, because it stands allied to the sympathies and best wishes of some of the best reformers in the world. It has for its advocates men of toil and men of mind: men who work in the pit, and men who debate in the senate-house; men of practical experience, and men of the highest order of intellect. It has a Cruikshank, with his graphic and masterly touches to sketch the horrors of vice and the blessings of virtue; and a Gough to tell of the dark scenes of drunkenness, and of the change which he and others have felt since the benignant light of temperance revealed to him a way by which he might effect an escape from the darkness and horrors of the drunkard's den. It commands men of science, and they issue to the world truth, which no appetite can disprove or eloquence destroy. It lives in the sunshine of truth, and mercy and benevolence lend their influence on its behalf. It has met and conquered all kinds of difficulties, and now it is strong and vigorous; for it is allied to all nature, and connected with all that which is good.

NOTES OF A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

(IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.)

III.

October, 1858.

FROM Mont St. Michel we proceeded to Avranches; some by diligence, the more adventurous preferred crossing the sand, and fording the water in some places up to their middle; doing this perhaps all the more readily for its being pronounced in the guide-book "very dangerous." We found Avranches a clean, English-looking, country town. It is said that many of our countrymen reside here for the greater cheapness of living it affords. We went over the site of the cathedral, once the glory of Avranches, but destroyed during the Revolution. All that now remains of it is a stone which led to the altar, where, as an inscription on a pillar placed on the spot tells us, Henry knelt to receive the papal absolution for the murder of A'Beckett. I saw nothing else here requiring mention, except a very fine statue to the memory of General Van Hubert, who fell at Austerlitz.

From Avranches to Contance was another leisurely, delightful ride. On either side of the road we saw pasture lands with cattle grazing, fields of buck-wheat, cottages with patches of garden ground, and clusters of grapes hanging from the cottage walls; farm-houses, some newly thatched, and trees with ivy climbing and clinging around them, and the sun glinting through their foliage. On the way we encountered a funeral procession, it was apparently that of a child. A crucifix was borne in front by a man who seemed chief mourner, probably the father of the child; then followed other mourners, then the covered coffin, carried on a bier with a wreath of flowers upon it, and a number of children and a priest brought up the rear; the neighbours and passers-by taking off their hats reverently as the procession passed them. The cathedral at Contance has, I think, the finest interior of any I have seen in Normandy; the *comp d'ail* from the entrance of the nave is very striking; the nave is separated from the transept by pointed arches of a very graceful appearance; the carving, tracery, and some of the stained windows here are exquisitely finished. The church of St. Pierre, as a work of art, is merely a foil to the cathedral. It is very plain, and its heavy, massive pillars look as if designed for a fortification rather than a church. I don't know whether the congregation of this church are chiefly English residents, but it is the only church in Normandy that I have seen pewed and numbered as in the English churches; the others have all had benches or moveable chairs. It must not, however, be inferred that the latter are all free, as a printed

tariff of charges for seats and places is generally posted in one or more conspicuous parts of the church. We went a short distance out of the town to see five arches—the remains of a viaduct, supposed by some to have been built by the Romans, by others regarded as of monkish origin. On returning, we went over the *Jardin des Plantes*, which, though small, was tastefully laid out, and contained some choice chrysanthemums, china-asters, and orange trees. The conservatories were being enlarged. Like all the public gardens, libraries, &c., in France, it is open free and without restriction.

At Contance we left four of our comrades, who were going to Cherbourg, while we pushed on for Bayeux, stopping at St. Lo only to change our diligence, and at Lison, where the railway terminus was only just being completed, to enter our train. The principal object of interest at Bayeux is the celebrated tapestry, said to be the work of Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror, assisted by the ladies of her court. It is confessedly a work of that age, and represents the conquest of England by the Normans, commencing with Edward the Confessor on his throne designating William as his successor, and ending with the defeat of the English, the death of Harold, and the coronation of William as King of England. The whole is about two hundred and fourteen feet long, and twenty inches wide, and divided into fifty-seven compartments, each portraying a distinct scene in the history. "The figures of princes, knights, men-at-arms, horses, galleys, &c., are wrought upon the linen with thread and worsted." These figures are drawn in the most grotesque manner, sometimes in the most impossible positions, and with the most extraordinary combination of colours; but the story itself is very plainly told. The work is in capital preservation, and for historical purposes, is of the highest value. Around the margin are figures and scenes from Scripture history, and *Æsop's* fables, Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark, &c., in the quaintest style of art that can be well conceived. We of course visited the cathedral at Bayeux, but could see little of the interior, as the workmen were busy in restoring it; sufficient however was visible to shew that it was scarcely inferior to any we had seen; we noticed with regret that several of the old paintings on stone in the chapels were quite obliterated. The approaches to the cathedral are but indifferent, but from the number of angles it presents, it can be examined from many different points of view. The spire is considered one of the best in Normandy.

Caen, our next halting place, is one of the largest towns in Normandy; and its architecture is inferior only to that of Rouen. One reason of the picturesque appearance of this, as of other Norman towns, is, that its houses are not, as with us, built street after street all of the same height and pattern, and that, one of the ugliest,—flat roofs, square windows and doors, and dark, dreary fronts, made darker and drearier by accumulated smoke and dirt. In these towns (Caen and Rouen for example) there are scarcely two houses together built exactly alike, the builders of them evidently worked as men, not as machines; in what they did they used their minds as well as their hands, and took delight in their work. If however Caen is pleasing to the eye, it is by no means so to the nose, for it is one of the most foul-smelling towns I ever entered. It is fortunate that public fountains are constantly flowing through the streets here as in all the principal Norman towns. Among other churches we visited at Caen, is the church of St. Etienne, where we saw the tomb of William the Conqueror *Inviertissimus Gulielmus* as he is designated on the stone slab which marks his grave, though his bones were removed at the revolution. There was also his portrait in the sacristy, one of the oldest extant. But I will not trouble you with any further dull enumerations of cathedrals and churches, as I am aware that, unaccompanied by illustrations, even the best descriptions soon become tiresome. One or two general remarks will therefore conclude all that I have to say about them. It has often been remarked, that while in England the cathedrals and churches are nearly always closed, on the Continent they are nearly always open. We found it so in Normandy. Women, in their working dresses, sometimes in wooden shoes, might be seen entering them at all hours; they came and went just as it appeared convenient to them, and pursued their devotions regardless of visitors who might be present. In the interior, all around the transepts are little chapels, each railed in, each devoted to some particular saint, and in each there is a painting, statue, or crucifix, sometimes all three; and long wax candles in silver candlesticks are placed in each chapel, one on either side of the altar. The paintings are mostly copies and very poor ones. I was much struck with the way in which the shops nestle, as it were, under the churches; they are built right against the walls, under the church windows, close to the very door-way. I heartily wish that a good photographic artist would take a series of photographs both of the interior and exterior of the cathedrals, churches, and other principal public buildings in Normandy. At present there is nothing of the kind. There are a few good ones in Paris, (very few,) those in Normandy are of very little account. There is not one even of Mont St. Michel. One was taken, but it was so badly done that no copies were

printed from it. From enquiries that we made, it would seem that no difficulty would be experienced by a photographer in obtaining permission to carry out this design. We inspected a small, but very choice collection of paintings in Caen, at the Hotel de Ville, containing a Perugino, a Rubens, a Vandyke, two or three of Paul Veronese, with several modern pieces, some of considerable merit. The Perugino is the gem of the collection.

As Caen was the last town we saw in Normandy before taking boat at Havre for Southampton, a few miscellaneous observations upon what we have seen may not be inappropriate. Everywhere we encountered *gend'armes*, soldiers, and priests, and in such numbers that they must evidently form no inconsiderable numerical portion of the population. In every town we heard the beating of the *rappel*, reminding us of the difference between France and England, in regard to the character of their respective governments and peoples. We were struck with the low stature of the French soldiers, below, as it seemed, the average height of the population; and, with their loose gait and irregular step, so different from the steady bearing and firm regular tread of our English soldiery. I have already spoken of the want of paving, and the bad drainage of most of the Norman towns; I may also add that they are badly lighted, being lit, either wholly or partially, with oil lamps, which are swung over the middle of the road by a strong rope fastened to the wall on one side of the street, and stretched across to the other; where, passing over a pulley, it falls into a box within a few feet of the ground. This will, perhaps, enable you to understand a little better the force of the cry "*a la lanterne*" so common in the first Revolution. As you have doubtless heard, the French do not have coal fires, but burn wood and charcoal, coal in France being very scarce, while the cost of its carriage from England would make it too dear for ordinary culinary purposes. This is, no doubt, one cause of the greater clearness of the French atmosphere, and of the better appearance and preservation of their buildings and works of art. The public roads are in excellent condition, although, in some districts, where the top stratum is clay slate, very fatiguing to the pedestrian. In walking through the rural districts, we noticed that there seemed few or no bye-paths, no green lanes, no crossing over stiles to walk in the fields and feel the grass under one's feet; things which make an English country-walk so pleasant, and for the absence of which no beauty of scenery can long compensate. Perhaps this may, in part at least, be traced to the extreme subdivision of land which prevails in France.

Everywhere throughout Normandy, we saw women busy in all kinds of places, and at all sorts of work, in fields, in shops, in offices, and along the road side; thrashing corn, driving cattle, filling carts, and keeping accounts, as well as spinning at the old spinning wheels, outside their cottages in the cool of the evening; and washing, scores of them together, by the river-side; and instead of rubbing the clothes, beating them with a wooden mallet. Had we seen women parading the street as *gend'armes*, and demanding our passports, I don't think it would have much astonished us.

We saw much of poverty in the towns and villages, but little of absolute destitution or mendicancy. Those who solicited alms were chiefly the aged and the blind; and a few unfortunate women and children about the churches. Doubtless the passport system, whatever may be its defects, tends very much to check vagrant mendicancy. We found the Norman people generally courteous, lively, and affable, but with very loose notions of arithmetic; they appeared to forget that though tongues differ, figures add up the same all the world over. We nowhere saw any indication of ill-feeling against England, or the English, if, perhaps, we except some *gamins*, who on two or three occasions called after us "*English gaddams*" and then sloped as quickly as possible.

I am sure that I must have occupied your time enough for the present, and will therefore defer till next week the conclusion of these somewhat desultory notes.

Yours ever truly, T. S.

WHAT IS QUACKERY?

(COMMUNICATED.)

THIS is a question which essentially interests every one, in whatever sphere of life he may be placed. It immediately interests those who are connected with the education of the people, as it is only on a true appreciation of the meaning of this popular, but misunderstood term, that public instructors can conduct their operations so as to resist its insidious influences. We will consider it in one of its most usual forms, viz., a pretension to knowledge, and a mode of action based upon such pretensions. We do not ask whether the quack has been taught his theory in school, college, or university; or whether he has started a new theory on his own account. It does not make an hypothesis true, nor a system of operations founded on such hypothesis correct, that the practitioner of them has got a "diploma," or that his name is "registered," along with others of the same school. All such systems are to be dreaded. Free thought with them is a crime of the blackest dye. Their motto is: "Don't do what you consider to be right, whether you can establish your position or not, but do as we tell you."

They would put all knowledge in an iron box and keep the key, saying to the astonished world, "Go to your various occupations; acquire as much money as you can; and if you want to know anything further, hand over to us the results of your industry and we will supply your wants." In proof of these statements, we might cite the amount of opposition that has met each new discovery in medicine and kindred studies by the accredited expounders and practisers of the healing art; and that the citadels of learning have always

been most impregnable to the ingress of any newly-discovered truth.

These remarks have been suggested by an advertisement that came under our notice of a certain dentist in Bloomsbury, who after appraising his townsmen of his ability to make new teeth and mend old ones, plays upon their fears by making them aware that there is a disagreeable and alarming disease called "scurvy of the gums," the following being a few of the symptoms enumerated:—a quantity of soft white matter collects on the teeth close to the gums, the breath becomes tainted, a foul taste is experienced in the mouth, and to avert further consequences, *procure some of this doctor's* "celebrated tincture," wash the mouth with it, and all progress to the "disease" is set at defiance. What an easy way this is of gaining a subsistence from the credulity and ignorance of the people! Is this not quackery? What else can it be called when facts give their evidence? The general population make their stomachs a receptacle for the dead bodies of most animals, accompanied with salt, spices, pickles, and alcoholic liquor, fats and oils. Pastry made of fine flour, added to the most irregular periods for eating, soon clogs up and impairs the digestive organs, and as a matter of course the teeth become enveloped in a paste of the most noxious odour, while unpleasant sores present themselves on various parts of the mouth.

How foolish it is to teach that these symptoms have their origin in the teeth! Still, "tinctures" are procured, the teeth are washed, these pretenders thrive, while their dupes die, paying the penalty of broken laws.

Reader, is it your wish to have pearly teeth, a natural breath, and a pleasant taste in your mouth of a morning? We don't assume that you are guilty of the impropriety of swallowing intoxicating drinks; but may we ask you, Do you use the flesh of animals as food? If so, we would kindly dissuade you from such a course. Along with this renounce animal produce in the shape of cheese, butter, and eggs; discard tea, coffee, tobacco, drugs, and other poisons; use whole meal bread, and fruit; cook as little as possible; use nothing hotter than the blood; eat sparingly; take plenty of exercise, and keep the body clean inside and out. We have ourselves tried these means, and we are not the least in want of the doctor's "tincture." We neither pick, wash, nor brush our teeth. They never require it. In conclusion, some may object to the selection we have made of an advertising doctor, but do not the whole fraternity continually give something to effect something, without throwing out a hint as to the cause of the disease, if, indeed, they know it? It is on this ground that we claim a position for this Journal, in the hope that we may make generally known a few of the principles upon which health depends, and induce our countrymen and women to consider their constituted relationship and their various duties in regard to themselves and surrounding nature.

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The *Debats* considers that the ensuing elections of members of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies will be favourable to the O'Donnell Ministry.

The *Invalide Russe* contains an article on the apprehensions entertained by some English Journals regarding the Russian establishment at Villafranca, in which it ridicules these apprehensions, as it says that the whole affair is comprehended in the renting by the Russian Steam Navigation Company of some buildings at the port of Villafranca, for the purpose of forming there a depot for stores and coals, and where Russian ships of war might receive needful repairs.

A letter from Berne states that the Federal Council having been charged last session to endeavour to obtain the suppression of the differential duties in those states where similar charges are not now applied, had taken some steps in the measure.

The Waltham Society held its annual meeting on Thursday. The Duke of Rutland presided. Lord John Manners responded to the toast of "The Members for the County," but, according to the rules of the society, eschewed party politics. Speaking of Cherbourg, he deprecated any undue alarm, and said he rather saw in those proper defensive preparations a pledge and security for future peace. With reference to the new Reform Bill, he said Her Majesty's Government entered on the task with an earnest desire to secure the best electoral body and the best representative body for the country.

The Royal Commissioners on the army clothing inquiry, proceeded with the examination of witnesses. Mr. Ramsay's evidence was continued. Mr. Garrett, also a clerk in the War Office, then underwent an examination. The inquiry was soon after adjourned until Thursday next.

Several miscellaneous matters connected with the metropolitan improvements have been considered and discussed at the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Amongst other matters a deputation brought forward the claims of the proposed park for Finsbury, and Mr. Charles Pearson gave an able exposition of the prospective value and advantages of his projected Fleet Valley and City Terminus Railway in conjunction with the raising of Holborn-hill, and other street improvements within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works. These and other matters were referred for further consideration to the committee of works and improvements.

At the Middlesex Sessions, before a full bench of magistrates, an application was considered for a licence for the Argyll Rooms, Windmill-street. Much interest was evinced as to the result, and a strong opposition was made by the vestry of St. James's. A number of witnesses were examined as to the mode in which the place was conducted when formerly open, and on the votes being taken the licence was granted by a majority of 11. The application on behalf of the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, was also granted.

An inquest was held on Thursday afternoon at Forton, near Preston, on the bodies of Mary Hannah Wainman, aged 19, and Robert Bond, 25. The facts of the case as given in evidence were that Bond, who was of dissipated habits, had conceived an attachment for the young lady, which she did not requite, and having probably maddened himself by drink he shot her with a gun as she came out of her father's door. The murderer then entered his own house, which was next door, reloaded the gun, and sitting down in a chair blew out his own brains. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

The provincial papers mention that a woman at Carcassonne has recently given birth to a child with two heads, perfectly formed. It lived but a few minutes.

The annual meeting of the Bradford Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society was held on Thursday, Oct. 8th. The Earl of Carlisle presided, and addressed the assemblage as follows:—The simple profession and object of the society is to give to every human creature the Bible free, open, cheap—and we leave it to the Author of the Bible to give the full effect, value, and fruit to His own word. I was pleased, to see in one of its latest publications, that on the vast continent of Australia, where, at the birth of the society, within the present century, we were sending nothing but convicts and criminals, they are now sending us back, from peopled cities and flourishing communities, not only hundreds, but thousands of pounds to swell the funds of the society at home. It has always seemed to me to be one of the most attractive and valuable qualities of the Bible Society, that while on the one hand, it continues in an ever increasing degree to be eminently foreign, it is also at the same time intensely British—that while it works with immense energy abroad, it is just as energetic at home; that while it visits remote shores, and deals with the most uncouth names, it does not neglect your own parishes, your own villages, your own streets, your own factories, your own fire-sides—that while it marches alongside of Dr. Livingstone into the heart of central Africa—while it is prepared, as I doubt not, to accompany the gold digger into the farthest recesses of New Caledonia, all the time it plies its work as steadily and raises its voice as powerfully within your own town of Bradford. But the spirit of Christianity is not properly the work of any Government as such. Christianity marshals her own votaries, and marches under her own banners; and just as unbidden by any Government you muster in this noble hall, just as unbidden and unpaid by any Government the Bible Society sends forth its agents and colporteurs, and your churches and denominations send forth their missionaries and teachers, so, asking nothing from any Government but a fair field and no favour—will the work, the Godlike work I had almost said, of evangelising and Christianising the heathen go on, relying on its own resources and sufficient for its own victories—and it is not, I trust, presumptuous to entertain the trust—partly derived, as it seems to be, from the promise of inspiration itself, partly derived from the observations of all that is going on around us, and confirmed by the aspect and the tone of such meetings as these—it is not, I trust, presumptuous to indulge the fervent expectation that this work of conversion will go on—aye, go on till every temple of Pagan superstition has been illumined, till every shrine of idolatrous worship has been cleansed, till the tiger instincts of the heathen and the unregenerate shall have been tamed, till the Hindoo shall appreciate gospel simplicity, till the Mohammedan shall own a spiritual faith, till the Jew shall bend at the Cross on Mount Calvary, nay, till Christendom itself shall abjure its aggressions, its wars, its pride, its hardness, and its vice, and all shall alike be brought under the yoke of the meek, lowly, and holy Redeemer.

On Sunday evening the Philharmonic Room, Newman-street, was crowded by a large audience, a lay sermon being delivered by Mr. Slack, in opposition to the remonstrance of a large number of the clergy against the Sunday opening of the Crystal Palace. A full choir of fifty singers executed very creditably several devotional (?) compositions in the course of the evening.

The official *Prussian Correspondence* has the following:—"His Majesty, conscious of his shattered state of health, has thought fit to invest the Prince of Prussia with full Royal power for an indefinite period. The Royal order will be published immediately. The Chambers will assemble on the 20th inst. to participate in the transfer of government according to the Constitution."

A Negro, demi-doctor and demi-sorcerer, is making a furor in Paris—a fine handsome negro, well-made, covered with diamonds and jewellery, and drawn by a pair of valuable horses in an elegant carriage, living in luxurious apartments, demanding fabulous prices for his drugs, which he administers himself. His room is constantly filled with the credulous and the rich.

ANTI-PUTRESCENTS.

THE care of preventing insalubrious effects from the decomposition of the dead, has occupied more or less the attention of every civilized people. Among the ancients this care was elevated from the ground of hygiene to that of religious orders. Embalming, drying, burning, were the processes they followed. The necessity for such care is most in hot countries, but it is still great in colder ones, more especially when death occurs from diseases where decomposition follows rapidly, and where many are living in a limited space with the dead in their midst for a time. In this country it is the rule not to bury until decomposition is plain and unmistakable to the eye; but the other senses may certify that decomposition is going on, by the escape of gases, rendering apartments, and even houses, improper for the living, and if the death has followed a pestilential disease, infectious miasms may escape, and endanger survivors. Hence the use of antiputrescents, &c. But in using means to prevent one mischief, we should be careful to avoid doing another; for instance, in cases where life is not really extinct, where the supposed defunct is only in a trance; the means employed, therefore, should, while capable of nullifying the effects of the decomposition of the really dead, be carefully adapted not to injure one who is possibly still living. Various things have been used, the least objectionable being, hitherto, a mixture of charcoal and tan, which is recommended by the authorities in France for this purpose. An improved means is being recommended now, discovered by a chemist named Falcony, and which is sanctioned by scientific men and officers of health. Falcony's preparations consist of powders and solutions of salts, the powders being mixed, in certain proportions, with sawdust. Experiments have been made with them here, shewing that they have no injurious effect whatever upon the living skin, while they fully answer every other purpose in absorbing and nullifying the effects of decomposition. On this ground they are recommended as valuable sanitary agents. If the individual is in a trance, they do not injure; if dead, by a proper use of the prepared sawdust, the body dries gradually, and without disfigurement, ultimately to pass into its destined "dust."—J. DIXON, 25, Bedford Row. *Biological Review*,

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

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

VI.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS STATISTICS.

A VITAL question with all is:—What will best relieve the sick, and prolong our days to their natural term? Statistics give the most conclusive answer. From a comparison of the reports of various hospitals, the uniform result is obtained that mortality under the old treatment is very much greater than under the new. This we learn by comparing the reports from hospitals in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Vienna, Leipsic, and other cities of Europe; and, recently, we have similar results from America. When cholera prevailed in 1836, in twenty-one hospitals in France and Italy, under the old treatment, the deaths were sixty-three per cent. On the other hand, in ten hospitals in France, Italy, and Germany, under the homœopathic system, the deaths were only eleven per cent. In Vienna, where each of the hospitals had a cholera ward set apart, the following are the returns:—

Under the Old School treatment . . . 66 deaths per cent.
Homœopathic 33 "

In Liverpool, in 1849, the hospital returns showed the following:—

Under the Old School treatment . . . 46 deaths per cent.
Homœopathic 25 "

In Edinburgh, in the same year,
Under the Old School treatment . . . 66 deaths per cent.
Homœopathic 25 "

In Newcastle, in 1853, the mortality is believed, on satisfactory evidence, to have been:—

Under the Old School treatment . . . 50 per cent.
Homœopathic 20 "

When cholera was prevalent in London, in 1854, statistics were carefully collected, and presented to Parliament. The following are the returns:—

Mortality under Old School treatment . . . 45 per cent.
Homœopathic 17 "

Collapse cases, Old School 69 "
Homœopathic 30 "

We now quote, from the same returns, the comparative results of treatment in other diseases:—

In Dysentery, the following are given:—

Mortality under Old School treatment . . . 22 per cent.
Homœopathic 3 "

Peritonitis (inflammation of the investing membrane of the bowels):—

Mortality under Old School treatment . . . 13 per cent.
Homœopathic 4 "

Pleurisy (inflammation of the investing membrane of the lungs):—

Mortality under Old School, nearly . . . 13 per cent.
Homœopathic, only . . . 1½ "

Pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs):—

Mortality under Old School 23 per cent.
Homœopathic 5 "

The same disease:—

In Edinburgh Infirmary . . . 36 "

Glasgow 27 "

Some physicians have experimented in their hospitals upon dieting the patients—omitting all medicines—and they found more recovered than by their old treatment. For instance:—

In the fever and dysentery of Ireland, in 1847, the result of the dieting treatment in fever was 10 per cent. mortality. During the same period, in the Bantry Union Hospital, the mortality under the Old School treatment was, from fever 13 per cent. from dysentery 36 per cent.; while the returns from a large homœopathic practice in the cabins of the poor, gave, from fever 2 per cent. as the mortality; and from dysentery 14 per cent. Every statistical return proves the superiority of Homœopathy.

VIII.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE Old School, in apoplexy, epilepsy, &c., has recourse to what it calls "heroic practice!" that is, it rushes at the patient like a troop at an enemy, instruments in hand, now opening an artery or vein, then scarifying and cupping, (the less "heroic" contenting themselves with leading on squadrons of leeches,) and bringing moxas, setons, issues, and blisters to bear on the miserable patient, whose mouth is also, perhaps, forced open, or some teeth pulled out, to make a passage for successive charges of gross chemicals and drastics! What a difference between this practice, and that of the New School, and which is so much more successful, with its Homœopathic remedy and its refined doses! In acute inflammations of the delicate, where the Old School uses depletion and lowering treatment, while at the same time the constitution needs strengthening, the efforts prescribed by it, while relieving the local inflammation, increase the general weakness. In such cases Homœopathy indicates the remedy without perplexity, and by its tasteless preparations pleasantly effects the most natural good without alloy. Under Homœopathy, children have not to vent vehement cries against medicine. Their new bodies, uninjured by previous mineral dosing, are delicately susceptible to the action of the tasteless or pleasant medicines used in Homœopathy, and under them rapidly re-act into health. These are advantages which every one with a head and a heart must appreciate, more particularly when it is proved by statistical returns that this treatment is not less pleasant than it is efficient, over that of the Old School, in lessening premature mortality. (see Paper No. 7.) Every fair trial by honourable medical men has led them to recognise the superior efficacy of Homœopathy, as stated in those statistical returns: they find it true, indeed, that patients less frequently die *prematurely*, that they suffer less, and have shorter convalescences, under the treatment by *similars* than under that by violent *contraries*. The world will see, if medical men do not, that Homœopathy has every advantage.

A PEEP INTO A LIVING MAN'S STOMACH.

The case of Alexis St. Martin is probably the most extraordinary one known in the annals of surgery. St. Martin is a Canadian, of French descent. In the year 1825, when he was eighteen years old, and while employed in the service of the American Fur Company in Canada, he was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, the charge entering laterally from behind, passing quite through his body, tearing off the muscles, carrying away half of the sixth rib, lacerating the left lobe of the lungs, as well as the diaphragm, perforating the stomach, and exposing to view the pericardium, or covering of the heart. A portion of the lungs as large as a turkey's egg, lacerated and burnt, and just below this portion of the stomach, protruded from the wound, the food at the same time passing from the orifice thus made in the stomach. This orifice has never healed, and through it the process of digestion can plainly be seen in the stomach. This interesting subject for study was in Hartford on Saturday and Sunday last, and we had the opportunity of seeing him. While here, St. Martin and the doctor were the guests of Colonel Colt, at whose invitation they were induced to stop, while on their way to Boston, for the purpose of allowing the Hartford Medical Society an opportunity of noting the processes and the effects of digestion, the absorption of different kinds of food, &c. In looking into the aperture left by the shot from the gun, the secret of the gastric juice was distinctly seen. The interior of the stomach, contrary to the impression of many persons, is cleanly and not uninviting in appearance. Its delicate pink coatings are as clean and perfect as all the rest of Nature's handiwork, and it is not until the pampered and unnatural appetite of individuals has, by overloading it, and by eating and drinking improper things, rendered it weak and incapable of performing all the work thrust upon it, that the stomach, or rather its contents, become "foul." Cooked (melted or drawn) butter, or the lard used in "shortening" pie-crust is not digested at all. It is seen swimming upon the surface of the stomach in the form of yellow or light-coloured grease, and it finally passes off undigested. Chopped meat, moistened, introduced through this bullet hole into the man's stomach, is found to nourish him just as it would if taken at the mouth! All that the patient required in that case is to be allowed to chew a piece of gum (merely to satisfy the habit of chewing we suppose), and he gets along as if he had eaten his dinner; it is undoubtedly better, however, that the food should be masticated, and this can only be done through the proper agency appointed for that purpose by nature. Mirthfulness at and after a meal facilitates digestion wonderfully. Take St. Martin to a theatre, after a hearty evening meal, and let him enjoy a good comedy, the result is astonishing; digestion is promoted to a surprising degree. "Laugh and grow fat" is an adage now seen to be founded upon a physiological truth. Anger has the effect to cause the bile to rush into the stomach in a stream. This has been observed with certainty in the case of St. Martin. When he has been suddenly enraged while lying on a table, the bile has been seen to rush into the stomach, which was perfectly clear of it the instant before, and such a quantity as to admit of its being emptied out freely into a cup, simply by turning him over! A piece of meat tied to a string has been introduced into the stomach through this orifice, and after a lapse of a certain time it has been pulled out again, and the progress of the digestive organs accurately noted. In this way corned beef, for instance, has been reduced to a mass of fine delicate and even threads, after having been some time subjected to the action of gastric juice. St. Martin, since he was wounded, has married, and has become the father of seventeen children, five of whom, with his wife, are now living! At first the only way by which his food, after entering the œsophagus, could be prevented from passing out through the wound was to use compression and adhesive straps. The necessity has since been overcome by the growth of a small fold of the coats of the stomach, which now extend almost over the orifice, but can be readily depressed with the finger, so as to allow an examination of the interior of the stomach (when it is empty) to the depth of five or six inches.—*Hartford Press.*

MESMERIC EXPERIENCES.

By WILLIAM CARPENTER, Esq.

A SHORT sketch of the experience of a seeker after truth, with regard to mesmerism and its kindred subjects, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Two Worlds.

A few years ago I attended some lectures, by Mr. Hicks, at Crosby Hall, London, and witnessed experiments in "Electrical Psychology," the effect of which was to turn the entire course of my life.

Believing that what the lecturer had done, I, also, could do, I tried similar experiments, and was successful; and similar and even surpassing results have been accumulating with me from that time to this. I found several sensitive persons who could be acted upon with a word or a touch. Some, for instance, could be fixed hand and foot, and their whole bodies made rigid by a single word, or by a downward pass of the hand made near them; heavy articles could be placed in their hands, and they would be unable to relinquish their hold; if seated on a chair they could be rendered unable to rise; they could be made dumb, blind, or deaf, at a word; and again as quickly released from their temporary bondage, the subjects being, all the time, in their ordinary waking state. The question arose:—"What is the nature of the agency by means of which one person acts upon another?" Mesmer said, that there is a universal etherial medium by which a mutual relation is effected between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated bodies; and that each animated being possesses a magnetism, which he called *animal magnetism*. Facts demonstrated the truth of this to

me; and it seemed to me, therefore, that to separate these experiments from those of mesmerism, would be to attempt to make a distinction without a difference. Books on mesmerism were obtained and studied, and I found that this "magnetic influence" was a *curative agent*. Experiments were again made, and its curative properties demonstrated. A wider field now opened before me. A few passes of the hand sent a young lad, whom I had selected, into a deep sleep, from which others could not waken him. He talked, acted, and sang while in this state, seeming always happy. Upon touching the phrenological organs of the lad, in this state, they were excited into action, and the most beautiful mental manifestations would follow. This was the case with several other individuals, the effects produced being most strikingly exhibited in those who had arrived at manhood. *Benevolence* being excited, the clothes worn by the subject of the experiment have been offered to me; not less freely have *blows* been dealt out to me when *combateness* has been excited. A beautiful phenomenon in individuals, completely under mesmeric influence, is their insensibility to pain, at the same time that the "mesmeric influence" from a third person would frequently produce unpleasant sensations. Another interesting subject of observation, is the power of the SILENT WILL to act upon persons under mesmeric influence. Thus, individuals in an erect attitude can be *willed* to fall—precautions, of course, being taken to catch them in their descent—clearly proving the link between *mind* and *matter* to be the magnetism, or the nervous force of the body. Such as these, and a hundred other experiments, led me captive to the wonders of mesmerism. Pain could be lulled by passes of the hand; the sour temper could be rendered pleasant, through the organs of the brain, and a state of body induced in which pain would not be felt during the severest surgical operation. But far greater results were to follow. More impressive to the thinking mind, is the marvellous faculty of CLAIRVOYANCE! Upon the evidence of others, I believed in Clairvoyance. I investigated and proved it. I took the lad who was the most frequent subject of my experiments, and who, I may say, was thereby greatly improved in health, for the demonstration of this marvel. I mesmerised him, and *willed* to excite the faculty in him, and he was able to exercise, at once. He could tell what was in the room, in the *mesmeric sleep-taking* state, as well as if he were in his ordinary condition. I placed before him pictures, with cartridge paper over their surfaces, not knowing the subject of them myself; he would describe each one correctly. From objects of this kind he turned his attention to distant ones. Circumstances transpiring at easy distances were described, and found to be correct. Hours have been occupied in listening to his description of foreign countries, and the transactions of the inhabitants. A favourite view for him was the different objects of wrecks, &c., at the bottom of the English Channel, as also the submarine productions of various parts of the globe. The most important exercise of this faculty, however, was his examination of the human body. Explanations of the action and uses of different parts of the body, together with information concerning the "mesmeric influence," were now easily obtained, and from a lad who had never read a physiological work, who, in fact, could not read at all! The circulation of the blood, the action of the lungs, the digestion of the food, with every function of the body, were perfectly visible to him, and he would say that the body could be resembled only by beautiful pieces of clock-work all in harmonious motion! Here, then, was a means of making diagnoses of disease, which, for accuracy and safety, excelled all the knowledge of the medical world, obtained by dissections and observations of more outward symptoms. Mesmerism, as a curative agent, and clairvoyance as a means of guiding the mesmeric process, were now simultaneously made use of, and cures were effected, in cases which had resisted all other treatment.

It was now evident to my mind that space and intervening objects were no barriers to the vision of the clairvoyant, which was clearly demonstrated to be the vision of the soul, irrespective of the bodily organs. It signified nothing whether the eyes were bandaged or not; they were invariably turned up in their sockets, and out of use. *Mind* had dominion over *matter*. But further developments appeared:—A gentleman, whose bodily infirmities were satisfactorily described, and their exact locality pointed out, asked me if the clairvoyant lad could tell him his *mental peculiarities*. The question was put. Immediately it was responded to. The favourite scientific pursuit of this gentleman was stated, and also his views in religious matters. Here, then, the exalted vision of *one mind* could read the workings of a *fellow-mind*. Experiments in thought-reading were now frequently conducted; and my own wishes were often known to my subject before I expressed them to him. My convictions of the truth of these extraordinary powers of mind strengthened more and more. But enough for the present. I propose to continue the subject at a future opportunity.

Our Letter Box.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

DEAR SIR,—Your Correspondent, W. Malthouse,—though not a malt man,—seems evidently excited and frightened at what to him is the ghost of spiritualism, which rises up before him encompassed with the legends of his childhood, and the foolish stories of "bogies" and "hobgoblins," that excited and horrified the sitters by the "warm ingle-side" in chill November. Indeed he does not halt between two opinions (at least in expression), but "boldly" or rather rashly denounces at once "the new philosophy" as a "delusion and a snare;" and thereat seems horrified at its

OUR LETTER BOX—continued.

invasion into this country, and surprised that you should at all countenance, much less catch the infection—and because it was truthfully stated “that in every country on the continent the new philosophy numbers its adherents by thousands;” he warns us against following the multitude, for the multitude are said to be in the broad way to destruction, but are certainly to be classed more as “materialists” than “spiritualists.” Again your Correspondent has heard of many accounts of very curious spiritual phenomena “where the persons who vouch for them really believe them”—and he very consistently “tars them all with the same brush” as arising “from an intense fixing of the mind upon spiritual topics, and the desire to penetrate the mysterious veil;” and this very intense philosophical reason is made to explain the great John Wesley’s experience and attestation of facts that occurred—and I suppose on the same principle he would explain Martin Luther’s voucher, as well as that of Christ, John, and Peter, who say they saw “Moses and Elias” on the mount. Is it nothing then but a “morbid fancy?” This testimony from the great and the good in all ages, that they have held communion with real spiritual beings—that they have seen, heard, and held converse in various ways with them. But your Correspondent has found it all out, and classes it all of a lump with the witch tales of old Scotia, and the accounts of the “warlock’s grim and wither’d hags,” in fact all spiritual manifestations alike are a “delusion and a snare,” of which he would advise us all to beware. But seriously, does your Correspondent mean to explain all the various phenomena of “spiritualism” as arising “from a morbid action of the brain,” and “so conjured up with the facility of a magician’s wand.” Verily, “there are more things in Heaven and Earth than is dreamed of in his philosophy.” For if all this spiritualism is nothing but the effect of diseased brains, then is, indeed, its action worth his study, and that of all scientific men; for even in the ordinary effects of human magnetism, he may see wondrous things—much more he may see in clairvoyance—and still greater wonders in this “new philosophy.” Spiritualists do not ask him to believe without evidence, nor need he believe everything he hears; but they do ask him with all who are honest and truth seeking, to throw aside all mere morbid superstition and incredulity, and to believe that other people have eyes and brains as well as themselves, and those who have studied this subject, with a longing for truth, “for truth’s sake”—and have come to a firm and conscientious conclusion of the fact of “spirit intercourse,” are worthy of being heard, and can “give a good reason of the hope that is in them.” Then why should your Correspondent appear so angry? Is he frightened at the truth? Is he afraid of its consequences? though truly “truth is strange, oft stranger than fiction.” Whatever his feelings may be, he seems in a hurry to conclude that this “spiritualism” is nothing but old superstition decked out with modern fancies—he seems to think the two S’s synonymous, and therefore to apply his own argument he runs “a muck” at a form of his own creating. The eastern king would not believe that water could be solidified, because he had not seen it—and if our friend has not seen anything of these modern mysteries, how can he be expected to believe in, much less explain, them? We, therefore, do not object to his tickling his own brain with “morbid fancies,” but we are sorry to see any man frightened from the propriety of fair investigation. But he asks as if triumphantly—“what’s the use of it? What is the end and aim of this new philosophy?”—“to prove the immortality of the soul—why all nature powers it.” We answer—yes, to be sure it does! but nature does not explain it to us, it leaves it for investigation by our own minds, and if immortality be a law in nature, then the explanation and understanding of that law is a “divine philosophy,”—a sublime science commanding the attention of all advanced minds, and opening in its demonstrations even to the humblest seeker.

Sir,—We have no faith in fancy—no sympathy with superstition—but we have faith in truth, in facts, spiritual as well as material; and we hope like good soldiers we’ll never be afraid to follow whithersoever truth may lead. In concluding this rather discursive letter, I beg leave to offer, if acceptable to your columns, to go further into the subject with or without “Mr. Malthouse,” and to show that spiritualism is not superstition, but rather a science based on the laws of nature; and I may also give some illustrations of some “authentic spirit tricks,” of which your Correspondent is so afraid of being deluged!

101, High-street, Hoxton.

Sir,—In accordance with your invitation for facts under this head, I forward the following sketch of the *seance* of a circle for investigating the phenomena of so-called “spiritual manifestations.”

September 15.—This evening, at my own house, Mrs. Marshall and her niece, the mediums, (mediums are those through whom, or in whose presence, the phenomena are exhibited), eight friends and myself being present, I gave each one a piece of blank paper, on which they privately made a definite number of marks, and then placed the paper, the marked side downwards, on the table, and, at request, invisible agents indicated the number of marks on each in rotation, by tilts of and raps on the table,—sometimes by one mode, sometimes by the other, sometimes by both. I then requested the same to be done with respect to lists of numbers. Both these experiments answered correctly. One of the company played some tunes on an accordion, and they were beaten to, in correct accompaniment on the table, and also on a sheet of paper held pendently between two fingers of one of the mediums; with one of the tunes the accompaniment was made by loud raps on the floor, as loud as a

joiner knocking in nail after nail. One of those present, who had never witnessed such phenomena, with excusable doubt as, to their origin, endeavoured to produce similar raps with the heel of his boot, but in vain. I thereupon requested the mediums to remove their shoes. This they obligingly did, but the raps were just as loud. Some of us asked if the spirit of a deceased friend were present:—After a few minutes, the table was moved in a manner very characteristic of this friend; and questions were answered telegraphically through the table correctly as to profession, age, &c. of the deceased. One of us asked if the name of a mutual friend, still living, and of whom he was then thinking, could be told; and the name of the town where he lives? The answers by the same mode were correct. Several then placed their purses on the table, some held money in their hands, and the amount in each was asked. This experiment was unsuccessful, except in two instances, in which the coins were all of one metal. The invisible agents were asked to depress the table towards the mediums, the gentlemen opposite to them using their strength to keep it down. This was done, the medium’s fingers being only lightly placed on it. “God save the Queen,” was played on the accordion, and the music was correctly accompanied by rapping on a sheet of paper held by the medium. These are curious phenomena, and, whatever conclusion the observers of them may come to, are worth investigating. I have witnessed others of a very striking character since, such as the playing of an accordion by invisible hands, &c.; the particulars of which I will relate at a future opportunity.

I am, yours, &c., H. WHITAKER.

31, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have seen Mr. Malthouse’s letter in your 2nd number; will he join me in a practical enquiry? His letter bespeaks him to be an investigator as well as a clever man.

H. W.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

(To the Editor of the Two Worlds.)

Sir,—In reply to “Three Stars,” it appears to me that a materialist (a person who considers the soul as matter,) cannot be a Christian or a logician; for Christianity asserts it to be immortal, and so does logic, for if it be matter it can be divided, and then where can the soul be? in one of the parts of the matter, or the other? The body is continually changing its parts, but the soul is always the same. I do not believe that either the soul or the body has any consciousness of themselves, but must be united in order to feel and think. I consider the soul immortal, but that in order to feel and think it must have a new body, animal or vegetable, which like the present body will die, and that a succession of changes after death takes place, and have done so prior to this life. I see no moral or philosophical reason to suppose that the soul will live in one eternal purely spiritual state after this life, or that it will have anything to account for, or be punished, or rewarded for. Punishment hereafter can be of no use, and therefore I conclude that the Deity would not inflict it.

“Three Stars,” will, I trust, excuse me, for objecting to his remark “I trouble not myself with dark disquisitions concerning necessity and liberty, matter and spirit.” He must trouble himself with all this, if he wish to come to truth, and must well know that “free-will” is a “nonentity,” we might as well discard “triangles” from geometry as necessity, &c., from ethics. It seems like a school-boy, who quarrels with his rules of grammar or arithmetic. It is impossible to reason aright if we have not a proper foundation. But “Three Stars” does trouble himself with spirit and matter, and these are the subjects of his paper. And as to the “darkness of necessity and liberty,” I think nothing can be more clear and luminous, or more essential in our moral government. The Hebrews say *Lou amoritz Hhosei*, (no dunce is a good person.) I respectfully submit these remarks to your intelligent Correspondent.

A METAMORPHOSIST.

TEETOTALISM FOUND WANTING.

Sir,—The Teetotalers are a very active portion of the community, and exhibit immense zeal in the propagation of their peculiar tenets. London is literally bestudded with halls for teetotal advocacy; lecturers infest our streets as thickly as organ-grinders; “ladies” are running to and fro, as if on “errands of mercy;” and even whole brigades of youngers with “Band of Hope Reviews” and “Temperance Stars” in their tiny fists, are ever and anon singing parodic odes to the “Crystal Spring,” or bawling in one’s ears, “We won’t give up Teetotal.” The fact is undeniable that, either by forcible expression of their opinions, or by patient, plodding industry, they have made a deep impression on the public mind in their favour, and have obtained a large number of adherents.

But there are some facts which these zealous partizans forget, and some traits in their character which seriously detract from their success. They are continually bickering among themselves, and nearly as often separating into parties; and, altogether, by the victory of their zeal over their knowledge, they are never free from contradicting each other as to their points of advocacy. There is the Moderate, who believes not in alcoholics “except as a medicine;” the Long-pledger, who ignores such an exception; the “Out-and-out,” or “Backboner,” who believes the drinks to be bad, and abstinence from them a necessity and duty; the Expediencyite, who believes in abstinence as a shift or mere matter of personal propriety; the Allianceite, who would, at one full swoop, suppress all public houses by the strong arm of the law; the Suasionist, who believes in moral suasion only, and deposes that compulsion has proved a failure; and another party, not yet christened, who believe in the har-

mony of both law and moral suasion. What, from such a chaotic mass, are we to take as the real, original ground on which the teetotalers stand? At any rate, we gather:—

1. *That teetotalism has been tried for above twenty years, and it has failed to eradicate the drinking customs from our land.*—Dr. Lees, its great champion, and the “representative” of “ten thousand minds amongst the oldest, truest, most enlightened adherents of our common cause,” in his “Letter to Gough,” says:—“Even the most effectual forms of moral suasion will fail to realize the Utopia which you have dreamt of in America. You have talked and acted twelve years—others have toiled more than twice twelve years; an average generation has passed away; Washingtonian enthusiasms have swept the land like prairie fires; general education and religious instruction have aided,—and yet you assert (what I suppose you believe) that in the city where, in your matchless way, you have moral-suasioned the citizens for one hundred and twenty nights together, even there, and in your whole commonwealth, more drink is consumed by the people than you ever knew before.” In his “Argument,” he asks, “What right have we to expect that moral machinery,—i.e. the moral suasion of teetotalism,—“will counteract all these fatal incentives to intoxication?” And in his “Sequel,” he writes: “Temperance has not persuaded the majority of men to be almost teetotalers, though inculcated with unexampled persistency and zeal for thirty years.”

2. *That the Maine Law has been found to be ineffective and a failure.*—This we learn from the great Gough, who, residing in America, and therefore having ample means of learning the fact, wrote some time ago:—“The cause in this country is in a depressed state. The Maine Law is a dead letter everywhere; more liquor sold than I ever before knew in Massachusetts, and in other States it is about as bad;” and, “The present universal failure of the law to produce the desired result.” How, indeed, could so coercive a law work well?

3. *That a Maine Law is repugnant to the great doctrine and fact of the free-will agency of man.*—Even in the more important and vital matter of religion, coercion is not to be used; and man is left to do or not to do, as is dictated by his judgment to his will. But in temperance as well as religion, if you seek to convince a man against his will, he’ll be of the same opinion still. Opinion cannot be altered or enforced by law; and if the people after twenty years’ instruction in abstinence, still believe, as they appear to do, in the necessity and benefit of drinking alcoholics, all the efforts which could be put forth by legislators and law at any price men to make Englishmen sober by Act of Parliament would fail.

4. *That the drinking customs and liquor traffic are a source of national wealth, and their abrogation would result in a fearful amount of non-employment, monetary loss, and pauperism.*—An immense number of employments are dependent on this trade,—builders, joiners, furnace, boiler, and coppersmiths, coopers, engineers, carters, bottle and glass makers, excise officers, gas companies, and petty trades of every class, all called forth by the exigencies of this trade; and, taking the teetotalers’ enumeration as an addition to this, if we owe to “strong drink” the establishment of our jails, &c., then our assize courts have been built through drink, our lawyers, counsellors, sheriffs, judges, magistrates, and police depend largely on the “drink traffic” for their maintenance. The money spent by the purchasers of drink is not borne away and lost for ever, but comes back again with resistless force, and benefits the operative with all its wealth-bearing effects. The traffic is a great advantage to the labour market. Dry up this mighty stream, and what will become of the many who depend upon it? How many should we have suddenly and irrevocably thrown out of work, and how greatly increased would be the number of parochial-relief recipients! How, again, could we pay the increased poor-rates, our means thereby becoming lessened? How enlarged a staff of policemen, too, would be needed to enforce the different clauses of a Maine Law, to keep a watch, and to check or prevent private brewing and distillation!

5. *That it is by education alone, that is to say, by early training, that a new and better state of society than at present exists is to be realised.*—That education should comprise the teaching of every moral duty, with the foundation on which it rests; and the evil attending any departure from any one of its principles should be explained and enforced upon the mind. A child trained up in pure moral principles would revolt with abhorrence from an immoral action. Sufficient pains have never been taken in this kind of training in any of our educational establishments. What is the consequence? Even amongst the higher classes of society, what licentious conduct, what violations of justice, do we see,—the virtuous maid corrupted and abandoned, the honest tradesman stripped of his property and left unpaid, and, perchance, a bankrupt, while the dishonest debtor has been rioting in luxurious extravagance. To a truly honest man, no temptation, however great, would make him swerve from justice. Instead, then, of spending our strength for naught upon confirmed drunkards, let us take their children from under their corrupting influence, and train them in the way in which they should go. Let us find employment for the idle; let us afford the surplus population the means of removing to a country where their labour will be profitable; and let us decry wickedness in high places, condemn from our pulpits the “poms and vanities” of luxurious and extravagant living, show its baneful influence upon the lower orders, who ever imitate their superiors; show up the tendency of that luxurious living to enhance the price of all the necessities of life, whereby the poor suffer; and then, if a new state of things does not arise, wherein shall dwell righteousness, we will despair, and die with the axe at the root of the tree. I am, sir, yours respectfully, DOCTOR DUBITANTUM.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER VI.—AMERICA.

RETROSPECTIVE—THE DYING MOTHER—LIZZY—BLACK SAM—WILLIAM COTTON.

"Relentless Time! destroying power!
Whom stone and brass obey;
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay." *Dryden.*

THE curtain is now raised to disclose other scenes, and which, like most pictures in the panorama of human existence, assume fairer and more lovable proportions by being contrasted with our growth in practical and experimental life. 'Tis at this spot that we will take our standpoint, close our eyes, and shut out from our other senses the realities of the physical, and, ascending into the ideal world, summon to the foreground of our tale other characters, (who have long since played out their parts in the drama of life,) to enact in story some of those scenes in which peculiar, and, it may be, painful reminiscences will be stereotyped on the minds of the living, and these, although of a mournful kind, may, at this stage, help us to lay hold on the cord of life, and, looking down its tortuous and mysterious vista, once more to lodge the memory at life's beginnings, and, (going over its route to the extreme point of memory left so far behind,) for a time hold converse with the dear ones who lived in days when childhood's joys knew no alloy, but were all innocence and trust, and when, in guileless confidence, we sat beside that pelucid rivulet, out of which in youth's sunny day we floated into the stream of life—a stream which, while youth still lingered and longed for manhood, widened, and, putting on its attractive and seductive garb hurried us on to the confluence of the wide sea of human life, and there for a time we were tossed on its swelling bosom, from whence we were thrown upon the unknown track of individual responsibility. Surrounded by the busy multitude, and yet alone, and whilst but an unit in the vast creation, our compound nature attracted to itself the materials which composed the individual world in which we each live, the tracery of the mind serving up the verdant spots on which to construct our hopes and form our affections; and, passing along the bleak and barren rapids of life, and holding but a brief stay on Time's territory, we are hurried out of our chequered existence to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

In the month of October, and in what is called in North America the Indian summer, the cool and balmy sea-breezes that visit the shores morning and evening, make the midday as bearable as an ordinary summer's day in England; and at this season in particular, the ferry-boats which run day and night, (and which connect the State of New Jersey with New York city,) are more specially in request by farmers and others resident on the Jersey coast, or further inland, and who come regularly to the city markets, either to dispose of their farm produce, or to invest their cash in laying in a winter supply of all necessities not attainable in their country districts, fifty or sixty miles distant. The "Passaic" steam-boat had landed her freight of men and merchandise at the Ferry-house Pier, near to Washington Market, and was again laden. The bell had been rung, and she had started on her return trip to the Jersey side, a distance of about two miles across the Hudson River, and occupying about fifteen minutes in the transit. The Ferry-house was cleared, and quiet, and for a few minutes, regained the ascendancy over the excessive confusion consequent upon the landing of several hundreds of persons, and a goodly number of horses and carriages, this being the constant means of transit for man and beast from shore to shore. Outside the Ferry-house, and seemingly in deep communion with himself, stood an elderly man of gentlemanly appearance. In height he was about six feet, slim, but well made, and about sixty years of age. His well-fitting breeches, coat, and vest, made it easily discernible that he was an Englishman. A few words of recognition passed between him and the Ferry-house keeper. His easy address and upright bearing stamped him as being both courteous and intelligent, his general appearance denoting that he was far removed from poverty.

This individual was known at the City markets as Geordie Jepson, a thriving New Jersey farmer. A little over ten years previous to the time that we are introduced to Mr. Jepson, he was a respectable farmer in Surrey, England, and was much respected for his upright dealings, and strict piety; but many reverses, at that day, not uncommon to the farmer or the merchant, had operated severely on his affairs generally, and the repeated failures in his crops, and the constant loss of cattle through disease, had well-nigh ruined him. Upon close computation, he discovered that another year with such a succession of losses, would reduce his family to beggary; and this determined him to at once call his creditors together, pay his just debts, and with the residue of his broken fortunes emigrate to America. Some of Mr. Jepson's ancestors had succeeded well in the far off West, and he had received a communication that some land, formerly owned by his father, on the banks of the Hudson, some forty miles above New York, were lying neglected, and wearing an air of premature and hopeless decay. The farmhouse and out buildings were falling to pieces; and unless redeemed by British industry, would become lost to the family of whom he was the only remaining representative. Mr. and Mrs. Jepson had but one daughter left out of a family of seven children; and the most acute pain felt by this worthy couple on quitting their native land for ever, was, when, seated on the waggon which contained all their earthly store,—they passed by the old churchyard, and with unrestrained emotions, read the inscription on the grave stone, sacred to the memory of their children, each of whom ere they died had reached maturity, and beside whose mortal remains they had hoped themselves to be laid to rest. Their remaining daughter, Jane, was all the world to them. She was now seventeen; and as far as human happiness can be achieved by the heaven-taught knowledge of their respective duties to God and to man, it was enjoyed by them. For about one year previous to leaving England, Jane Jepson had been on friendly terms with the son of a neighbouring wheelwright, named William Cotton, and it was justly feared that the unsteady habits of this youth would militate against any closer family alliance than that of neighbours; but at the time Mr. Jepson and his family left England, promises were exchanged of keeping up a friendly correspondence by letter.

On arriving at the country of their adoption, Mr. Jepson took possession, as legal proprietor, of a valuable tract of land of over three miles in circumference. The ancient manor house, the trees of the parks and pleasure grounds were all unattended, and the rank grass was thickly matted along

with weeds over the walks. But the abolition of entails, and the repeal of the law of primogeniture, soon had this great estate broken down into small portions, and the extensive and fertile district was divided, under the able superintendence of Mr. Jepson, into forty or fifty parcels, belonging to as many proprietors, reserving for himself the culture of about three hundred acres. At the time Mr. Jepson left England he was fifty years old; but in ten years he had secured a competence, his farm in all its varied operations being so conducted as to appear like a garden in the wilderness.

Five years after the Jepson family left England, death stepped in, and broke up the Cotton family in Surrey, and William, having a clue to the whereabouts of his old friends, set sail for America. He was received by them with friendship and hospitality, and found full employment at his trade on the farm. William was a well-looking youth, but never having attended school, or sought other companionships than the loose society of tavern sots, he retained his provincial dialect, and coarse behaviour.

Jane Jepson had now budded into womanhood, and her artless and loving disposition shed a halo of happiness in that homestead over which she presided; but, in an evil hour, her parents had consented that she should become the wife of William Cotton. Among the somewhat numerous train of helps on Jepson's farm was a coloured man, named Sam Colpin. Sam was a native of Bermuda, the son of an African woman, and inherited all that deep love and those powers of perception so characteristic of his unfortunate race, and looked with an eye of suspicion and jealousy on the conduct of young Cotton, and, accustomed as he was to speak freely on all occasions to his master, he could not refrain on the first opportunity from telling Mr. Jepson what he thought of William.

At the south end of the farm, (and which lay on the left bank of the Hudson,) was a slope, with a gentle declivity to the water, and which was thickly wooded, and, in some parts, broken and precipitous. A little below this were the palisades which formed a striking feature in the landscape. They were in general from two hundred to three hundred feet from the water's edge. In some places the front has been broken, and irregular masses of rock have tumbled down to the water; but, for the most part, it is smooth and perpendicular, like the wall of an ancient fortress, while here and there a solitary pine, "moored on the rifted rock," seemed, like the banner of a citadel, to wave a proud defiance from the edge of the cliff. Near to this cliff lay moored a small skiff, and a flat-bottomed, stout, old Knickerbocker boat, and every morning it was Mr. Jepson's custom to go, accompanied by Sam, the former to angle from the skiff, and the latter to dredge in the shallow water for clams.

Early one morning in the month of September, when Mr. Jepson and Sam were returning from their usual fishing excursion, the beautiful sun gilded the waters of the Hudson, causing the myriads of tiny ripples to look like a sea of molten fire, imparting a dazzling splendour to the landscape on the Knightsbridge heights and the many-coloured buildings which stretch, with an irregular curve, about Harlem Creek, from the river into Long Island Sound.

"Paddle your boat alongside, Sam," said Mr. Jepson.

"Cum'n' on, mas'r," answered Sam; "kinder good luck this mornin'. I guess Sissey Jane'll see vary clar dat dis yer Mas'r Cotton won't be gwine arter sich sport as dis yer; but dare, 'tain't to be 'spected, 'tain't."

"I know that you love us all, Sam," said Mr. Jepson, "and I thank you for your kind caution. William is unsteady; but he has been much steadier lately, and promises entire amendment. Under the divine blessing, all may be better than you think."

"Don't b'leve it, mas'r; yer sure to 'pent it: he's no good as is allers at the rum store: dat ar Peter an' William goes ebery night to nizerly old Yankee Martin, corner ob de plains; dey're both sorry fellers. But dare, I 'spect 'tain't no good torkin'; he'll neber be no go, an', as yer ses 'bout dat ar Peter, he won't be no good, s'long as de water flows an' der grass grows," and, looking askance, Sam rolled his body, and shook his head, and finished the sentence by adding, "an' I 'spect dat'll be a long time fust, mas'r."

"We'll go round by Stony Point this morning," said Mr. Jepson, "so fix your boat at the old pine stock; Peter will be there at seven o'clock to sort out the clams; and your mistress and Jane are to meet us at the corner of the peach orchard, near the snake fence. So tie up quickly, and get into the skiff, or we sha'n't cover the three miles by eight o'clock."

Of all the jobs on "airth" Sam disliked that of passing from one boat to the other, not that he feared danger, but he was such an awkwardly constructed personage. He was a broad-faced nigger, with an European cast of countenance, his mouth excepted, and that feature was peculiarly his mother's, and predominated largely over the rest. He was equally unfortunate, too, as regarded the shape of his legs and the size of his understandings; and what with the bulk of his body, and the curve of his legs, he could not effect a safe landing on any place which required an ordinary stride to accomplish it; but, after some assistance from "mas'r" and a burst of good humour from each, Sam was safe in the skiff, and, pulling out into the stream, the small sail was adjusted, and let go to the morning breeze by Mr. Jepson, who also piloted the boat to the appointed place of meeting.

The grandeur of the scenery along the Jersey coast passes all description, especially when lit up by the gorgeous western sun, and as the boat "like an arrow divided the spray," the two men sat gazing in silent wonder and admiration on the variegated scenery around them. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad green bosoms here and there scooped out among the precipices, or at woodlands high in the air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluffs, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

"See there!" said Mr. Jepson. And Sam, following the direction of his master's eyes, saw a solitary eagle wheeling about over a bold promontory which jutted forth on the right, and which was known by the name of "Anthony's Nose." On the left was the "Dunderberg," or, as named in Indian traditions, "The Thunder Hill." Mr. Jepson now poised his piece of fire-arms, (which he always carried with him in his morning excursions,) and, firing it off in the air, the effect was instantaneously magnificent from the echoes which the report awakened among the surrounding hills, but which was but miniature compared with the grand but terrific strife of a summer's tempest among this mountainous range. They had now rounded the "Sugar Loaf" point, upon which abutted the snake fence of Jepson's farm, immediately facing which was a dense forest of pine trees, so closely packed and interlaced with the wild vine as to impress the spectator with the conviction that the foot of man had never trod that soil. The height of the trees threw a dark shade across the waters at this point, whilst the foliage of the grape-vines, (with their countless bunches of fruit,) the long and low rows of bright huckleberry bushes which skirted the wood, the birds of varied plumage that flitted from tree to tree, and the

rapidly moving lizards, (with the sun reflected from their gold and silver-coloured bodies, as they sported among the grass,) formed a most imposing scene.

"Pull up here Sam," said Mr. Jepson.

"Yes, mas'r," replied Sam, and in a twinkling the skiff was alongside the peach orchard.

"Just in time, Sam," said Mr. Jepson, "its gone eight o'clock."

"Yes, mas'r," replied Sam, "but dese yer fishes won't 'low me to fit dis yer string to dere gills anyhow," and as Mr. Jepson went to assist Sam in stringing the morning's sport, they were aroused by a hearty peal of laughter, and on looking up Mrs. Jepson, and Jane, and Lucy—a squat little Welsh woman, who, a year or two since, had taken Sam for better or for worse—walked from behind a drying shed, from which point they had been enjoying Sam's want of dexterity in stringing some fine eels. Mrs. Jepson was a matronly person of an equally amiable disposition with her husband. Jane was a pretty dark-eyed young creature, her hair was tastefully but neatly arranged in pendant curls at each side of an ample forehead, but her cheeks had long lost their ruddy English hue, and given place to the dark inroads made on fair faces by exposure to an American sun. She wore a loose fine cotton robe, confined at the waist with a pink sash, fastened by a plain steel buckle; and a snow-white sun bonnet, down which it was some distance to look to catch a glimpse of the face it was intended to shield from the sun's rays, whilst its deep curtain protected her neck and shoulders from the heat, completed her morning costume. Lucy was a fair specimen of the Welsh dairy-maid, and held in her hand two palm-leaf hats with immense broad brims, one of which she handed to Mr. Jepson, whilst with her own hands she forced the other on Sam's woolly head. The party now walked through the peach orchard, every tree in which was heavily laden with fast-ripening luscious fruit, and on across the homestead, a word of encouragement and kindness being dispensed to both man and beast on the way. In a few minutes they had arrived on a beautiful and well-kept lawn, around which were planted, at equal distances, some thriving young beech trees. In the centre of the lawn was the dwelling-house, at the rear of which was the kitchen, larder, and dairy, and the several tenements which with every necessary comfort were appropriated to the use of the work people. Beyond this again was the cart-house and stables, store-houses and drying sheds, whilst at the foot of these there ran a small stream, near to which was erected a small flour-mill. Here and there on the lawn were clumps of geraniums, and each tree that skirted the lawn had its lower branches lopped off, and some wild creeper in full flower entwined round its trunk. From the first-floor of the dwelling-house stood out a roofing of shingles, stretching out about thirty feet in front, supported by upright poles, around each of which the honeysuckle climbed and flowered, the whole forming a delightful shade, under which the family usually partook of their meals in the summer time. The interior of the house, whilst it presented substantial comfort, was not without its adornments of flowers culled fresh each morning by Jane, and with drawings and tapestry supplied by the same hands.

A little distance from the house was a well, and Peter was engaged winding up the bucket; he was an illiterate and mischievous youth of about eighteen years old, and had spent many of his early years among the low-lived boatmen on the Ohio, and some few among the rowlies of Philadelphia, but had now settled down to quiet farm work. This youth, through a deep-rooted prejudice in Sam, could never succeed in forming a friendly alliance with him, and in lieu thereof would use every opportunity to banter Sam about his mouth, legs, or feet. Sam was not satisfied this morning with the little attention paid to his penetration into William's failing, by his master, and after breakfast he walked near to Peter, who, as we have stated, was engaged in drawing water; Sam was rolling along, muttering to himself, and venting his spleen by beating the air with his brawny fist, a ponderous and many jointed lump of flesh and bone, which stood out considerably in advance of the sleeve of his red vest, when, either supposing or wishing that he had William in front of him, he struck out a peculiar round-about Yankee hit with such force, as caused him to make a *detour* on his broad heel, and in an endeavour to regain his equilibrium, rolled into the duck pond at the side of the well. Peter was a witness of Sam's sudden accession of stagnant water and duck weed, and letting go the handle of the windlass, broke out in a hearty laugh at Sam's disaster, exclaiming, "Wal, I guess that was er wind, as could blow enuff to upset your biding, Sam; pity them ore arches, 'pon which yer body's bilt, 'tho fixt in er broad foundation, couldn't sport yer upper story; I'm allers kinder sorry wen I sees yer in trouble, Sam." Sam became enraged at the cool way in which Peter addressed him, and threatened hard things, "Hif he could git hold on Peter's wool." But Peter got behind the well, and thrusting his hands into his pocket, continued, "I say, Sam, I 'speck yer can't tell us whar ther feller lives as bilt them ar legs o' yourn, and cut that ar gash 'cross yer face?" (pointing to Sam's mouth.)

"Yer born to be hung, yer white nigger," foamed out Sam.

"Wal," continued Peter, "it'll be a bad spot o' luck to this ar child, anyhow, if they happen to use you as thar gallows. cos, don't yer see, Sam, yer arnt strong 'nuff, no ways; but I 'spect yer can't help it, Sam; yer was bilt by kinder contract, an' thar dollars wa'n't paid down for thar job, thar chaps piled up thar lumber too much in one place, an' not enuff in 'toter;" but by this time, Sam was walking down to the house to get help from Lucy, and Peter resumed his work at the windlass.

In due time William and Jane were married, and Mr. Jepson, with a view to giving them a fair start in life, had purchased a small lot on the border of the plains, an open spot, backed by an immense forest of pines, about two miles from his own farm, and about one mile from the township of Jansburg, near to which a rough cart-road had been cleared, parallel with which, and but a few hundred yards distant, was the clearing in which to lay out the new Camden and Amboy Railway. On this lot a wooden house was erected and furnished at Mr. Jepson's expense, to which the young couple removed, and several of the best hands from Jepson's farm were placed on the ground to bring it under cultivation.

Not one on the happy homestead, but shed a tear at parting with Jane, and old Sam consoled himself by nodding, and winking, and saying to the helps, "Wal, you'll see, neber mind, I'b got de white man's blood in my veins, an' I can tell yer, mas'r 'll be sorry he sot his mind on that ar Englisher."

Four years had past away, and with their departure had come a blight on the once happy homestead. William and Peter were constant attendants at the rum store. The lot at the plains had become neglected, and ultimately Jane returned to her father's roof, the beauty of youth decayed, and the bloom of womanhood with its loves and aspirations after earthly happiness had for ever gone. And whilst William

was a wanderer and a vagabond, Jane would sit out the long evenings under the old honeysucked house shade, dividing her time between nursing the infant Lizzy, the fruit of her union with William Cotton, and weeping over her own sorrows, and those of a beloved father, for the loss of an affectionate wife, who had died with grief about a year since. In the centre of that lawn, and on the very spot where once were collected the choicest bed of flowers that North America could furnish, was the long and narrow mound that marked the spot, beneath which reposed, in hope of a glorious resurrection, the remains of Mrs. Jepson; over the grave choice flowers grew, whilst around it was placed some palings, latest high, outside of which were planted the white and red rose, with which to perfume a loved parent's grave, and to be tended only by the careful hands of husband and daughter.

Jane's health began to give way under a pressure of grief; occasionally, William was heard of, but only to afflict the heart of a loving wife, and to shed a deeper gloom over the homestead, at which the physician from York was often a visitor. Rumour at length gave out that a man, from Surrey, an old acquaintance of William's, and who had led a disreputable life, had run from his creditors in England, and being shortly expected to arrive at new York, William had gone there to meet him. At the request of Jane, Mr. Jepson and Sam had gone to the City to seek the wanderer, and to bid him return to his wife and child.

CHAPTER VII.—AMERICA.

GEORDIE JEPSON—THE FERRY-HOUSE—NEW YORK.

"How happy they who in retirement feel
The sacred spell of sweet companionship;
Who, in their secret haunts, their private walks
Through woods, or glens, or groves, or open fields,
Can realize the great invisible."—LAWRENCE.

AGAIN the ferry-house waiting-rooms were thronged with persons of all classes, from the newly arrived Irish emigrant, with a troop of bare-footed children, to the cute "down easter," with his broad-rimmed Leghorn and mild-smoking Cuba, including one or two rawboned, sallow-complexioned Yankees, who were sauntering up and down the promenade in a "kalklatin" mood, each with a formidable lump of plug tobacco imbedded behind the gums of the left cheek, and who were profusely expectorating about the floor, regardless of the ladies' morocco gaiters and deep-flounced muslin-de-laines. Mr. Jepson continued standing on the dock pier; he had removed his neat chip hat from his head, and, with one hand extended above his eyes, the better to concentrate the vision when in search of distant objects, strained his anxious gaze over the North river. The morning was clear, but the waters of the Hudson were unusually rough, causing the smaller craft to labour heavily against the fast ebbing tide. The soft wind blew with steady strength, and played amongst his snow-white hair, which, contrasted with black whiskers, worn old country fashion, gave a pleasing effect to his handsome, but grief-lined, countenance.

He distinctly saw the "Passaic" enter the Jersey pier, and the "Fulton," that had recently quitted it, making headway through the swell, and approaching the spot where he stood. Replacing his hat, and pulling the rim low down over his forehead to conceal his emotions, he leaned over the barrier, and fixed his eyes intently upon the approaching steamer. The "Fulton," like its class of ferry-boats, was a noble structure, and had steering way at both ends, each of which being similarly formed, obviate the necessity of swinging her round at starting, the piers on both sides of the river being so constructed that a steam boat has but to be piloted carefully in, when its end unites with the pier, and forms a level flooring, a simple mechanism being so contrived as to raise or lower the pier end to the level of the boat at ebb and flow of tide.

These beautiful boats are replete with accommodation for passengers, and are about one hundred feet long by forty feet wide. They are railed in all round—the ends excepted, which are open, but are guarded by a chain during the transit, which is removed on entering the dock, which forming a junction with the boat, a double line of traffic for foot-passengers and vehicles is opened from the boat to the street, and vice versa.

As the "Fulton" entered the dock, Mr. Jepson changed his position, and, standing erect, cast his eyes among the multitude of every shade of colour on board, and was not long in singling out Sam, who, on the instant he caught sight of his master, took hold of a portmanteau, over which he had kept guard, and, after some little pushing and struggling, effected a safe landing.

"What news, Sam?" enquired Mr. Jepson, approaching and fixing his eyes intently upon him.

"I's tended ter all yer tole me, mas'r," replied Sam; "an' it go's agin me ter have ter tel yer wot I's herd 'bout dis yer boy; but mebbe he'll sum day lok ter ther Lord erbore. I jes' wint ter ole Jemmy, an' he ses as he see'd Mas'r William 'long side ther ferry, at Hoboken, las' week, an' dat ar Peter, too, but dey wos er power too tuff fer dat old childe an' 'bused an' cuss'd him all hup in er heap widout no 'casion."

"Is it true that the lad has been in the States' prison?" asked Mr. Jepson, in a subdued but anxious tone.

Sam now assumed a confidential air, and in a tone intended for a whisper, replied: "O, yes, mas'r, quite true. I was gwine ter tel yer 'bout it. Arter he'd draw'd dat ar hunder'd dollars o' yourn, he wint on ter Albany, an' got 'mong sum New England loafers, an' set fire to ther house thar, 'cos ther boe as kept it loated him at card-playing, an' ther chief ob ther 'plice sent him fer four months ter ther States' prison."

"And about the West Point, Sam; did you go the telegraph office?" asked Mr. Jepson.

"Yes, ob course, mas'r; an' der bos ses her was telergrated yesserday ober der bar; but dere wos er ruff sea runnin' on 'count ob der tempis as tored dis yer wurd ter bits yesserday; but der pilot's gon hof dis yer mornin', an' he 'specks ther sunwar hof Sandy Hook anyhow, an' her'l make Peck Slip on der East ribber ter morrer sun time."

Mr. Jepson drew out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the moisture that had gathered in his eyes, at the remembrance of the evil inflicted on his family and prospects by an ungrateful youth.

"Mas'r," said Sam, with an imploring look, "Missey Jane tole me ter comfort yer; an' yer must 'member 'taint yer fault, no ways, 'taint, an' der blessed Book ses: 'ther desire ob der slothful killeth him, for his hand refuse ter labor.'"

"True, true, Sam," replied Mr. Jepson, "and I hope that I am not so chargeable with being the cause of the sorrow which afflicts my poor child, as sometimes I think I am. I ought to know 'that a prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself';—I had my warnings, but did

not attend to them—but the simple pass on and are punished."

At the request of Mr. Jepson, Sam placed the portmanteau in the hands of a "runner," with orders to follow them to Irving House, in the Broadway. But however deeply sunk in blackguardism and lawlessness, there are but few men of this class who would endure the stigma of walking behind a "nigger." So the "runner," in question, without condescending to attend to the order to follow, declared that he was acquainted with every block of houses in the city, and even had the audacity to assert that "he had counted every brick in Irving House, and preferred leading the way,"—walked so quickly, that Sam, unaccustomed to such a leader, could never after endure the sight of a "runner." In about ten minutes they had reached Irving House, and Mr. Jepson was conducted up the grand marble staircase by two smart coloured youths, and comfortably located in No. 40, Sam being left to exercise his argumentative powers with the "runner," entered into rather a philosophical disquisition about "der preperriety and der honesty ob der 'normous price of fifty cents for car'rin' dat yer portmanteau, but after having expended a fund of loquacious grumbling, he paid the exorbitant demand, as the "runner" swore "that he wa'n't gwine ter hav and ter take neither more nor less anyhow from a oily skinned nigger."

It having been arranged that Sam should meet mas'r at eight o'clock on the following morning, to prosecute the search after William, he received permission to spend the intervening time with a respectable coloured family of his acquaintance, residing in Church Street, where his talent was brought into active exercise to evade the close interrogation of his friends as to the business that brought his master to York; but with much pertinacity and good humour he was successful.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROADWAY—A HURRICANE—THE FIVE POINTS—BURNING TO DEATH.

"He who can curb the fury of the wave
From plots of wickedness, knows how to save." *Racine.*

THE Broadway is the principal street, and styled by the Americans the Bond Street, of New York. It runs in a straight line from the Battery, through the centre of the city to its extremity in the Bloomingdale Road. It measures three miles in length, and is about eighty feet in width. It occupies in general the highest part of the ground, on which the city stands, and for nearly two miles is pretty compactly built. The bricks are made of very fine clay, which affords a very close and smooth grain; and the buildings are always very showily painted, either with bright red with white lines upon the seams, or with a clear looking yellow. In many of the more recent buildings the lintels and steps are of marble. Stone buildings are very rare. A few scattered poplars skirt each side, and besides forming a pleasing shade in summer, are beautiful in foliage. The gaudily painted signs, and the many coloured awnings and sun blinds, with the immense traffic of showily and well-dressed people, with the large and splendid plate-glass windows in the various and well fitted up stores, present a scene so lively and picturesque as never fails to attract and enlist the attention and admiration of quiet-going Englishmen; but on this occasion much confusion prevailed throughout the city. On the previous evening a tremendous hurricane had swept through the city, causing great devastation of property and loss of life, and for a time had put a stop to street traffic; besides, in many instances causing entire suspension of business operations. Many of the old trees in the City Hall Park had been snapped in halves by the force of the tornado, and the fierce wind had entwined round others of younger growth, drew them out of the ground, and had carried them a considerable distance down town. Iron railings had been twisted into fantastic forms and shapes; sun blinds were rent and split into ten thousand strips and ribbons, and fluttered in the stiff breeze which still continued to blow, whilst the streets, in some parts, were even now impassable from the accumulated and heterogeneous masses of property, and which, during the circular action of the furious element had played about in the air like stubble. Such immense destruction of private and damage to public property, and such extensive confusion and disarrangement in business had never before happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The suburban districts had suffered even more than had the city; whilst on some parts of the river the steam-boats could not run their trips in consequence of the great swell of the waters, and the several emigrant vessels outside the bar, whose living freight had been filled with so much delight at having sighted land, were obliged to flee before the huge waves that rolled over the bar, compelling them to tack and put back to sea.

As evening closed in the air became dense, not a star lighted up the heavens, and but few persons were in the streets, (and those being but badly lighted, and the storekeepers having closed early, intending to set about repairing the damage done by the storm,) a more than ordinary silence pervaded the city, and Mr. Jepson feeling too sad at heart to take any part in discussing the all-absorbing topic of the day, with the gentlemen assembled in the promenade room, retired to his chamber much earlier than was his usual custom.

The room in which Mr. Jepson was to sleep faced the City Hall Park, a rather inappropriate name with which to dignify a triangular grass plot of half an acre or so, intersected with gravel walks, and skirted on two sides with a few poplars.

The City Hall is a splendid edifice, almost entirely of white marble, and is of an oblong square, with projecting wings, two stories high, besides the basement, with a portico of half the height between the wings, and a kind of lantern dome supporting a figure of justice.

The portico consist of sixteen Ionic columns springing from a handsome flight of steps. The principal entrance is by the portico in the front; within is a handsome lobby with a marble stair of elegant proportions leading to a second storey, and from a circular railed gallery at the landing-place ten marble columns arise supporting the dome. In the front there are no fewer than fifty or sixty windows; but internal convenience seems to have been the presiding principle of its design. The apartments of the building are appropriated to the use of the Common Council of the City, and the different Courts of Law.

A full length portrait of Washington, with those of some others of the revolutionary chiefs, adorn the walls of the council room. In the other rooms there is a profusion of portraits of officers who distinguished themselves during the late conflict. The foundation stone of this edifice was laid on the 26th of September 1803, and it was finished in 1812, at an expense of half a million of dollars, exclusive of furniture. It stands on the western side of the Broadway, inclining towards the low ground of the city called the swamps.

To the right of Irving House is the Battery and castle gardens from which is afforded a beautiful view of the harbour,

which is one of the best in the country, and is capable of almost unlimited extension. Here also is a beautiful grass plot called a park, with its little fort and its public walks, diversified with trees impending over the water; this spot is held in much esteem as a pleasant place of resort, not only of the elite of the city, but by emigrants friends, as this is the apex of the triangular shaped city, and forms the confluence of the Hudson, with what is called the East River, from whence, when vessels have been telegraphed, they can be seen at a great distance by those interested in their arrival, being slowly towed to their respective dock in the East River. To the left is the celebrated Five Points, or the "St. Giles's" of New York, and which, in order to define more fully, may be termed a "Union of Rookeries," in which the low and debased of all countries, and of both sexes, congregate and abound, and is the Petticoat Lane, or old clothes' mart of the City. A concentration of all that is execrable, a city of refuge for loafers, thieves, sharpers, and prostitutes. Mr. Jepson had paid several visits to this, and to other cities in the union, but on no previous occasion had he stayed a whole night from his home. The disturbed state of his mind forbade the approach of sleep, and having extinguished his night light, he placed a chair in the balcony and seated himself for reflection, and anon his thoughts reverted to his once happy homestead, to his daughter in her loneliness, and to William, who doubtless, he thought, was at that moment engaged in unprofitable, and more than culpable pastime in some low rum store in that city. Hour after hour sped away; rum stores were closed, and the restaurants, or American casinos, had disgorged their numerous patrons of fashionable dissipation. The struggling glimmer of the dim light afforded by oil lamps had died out one by one, and a hushed and death-like stillness enshrouded the city, but broken at intervals by some brutal strife enacted by a party of Rowdies, numbers of whom as the offspring of an unlimited, and but partially understood democracy, infest the towns and cities of America, and who Arab-like, at times, make a descent upon the quiet inhabitants of an outlying village, not so much for pillage as to feed an unconquerable passion for lawless enterprise.

But a sea-port town like New York, could boast a double quota of this ruffianly horde, who with the slug-shot, revolver, and the bowie knife, send many an unfortunate, but innocent victim, "to his account with all his imperfections on his head." Full of unhappy reflections as to the probable results of to-morrow's interview with the disturber of his own and his child's peace, Mr. Jepson bowed his head on his folded arms, which rested on the iron balcony, and fell into a dreamy reverie.

(To be continued.)

AN ILLUSTRATION OF PROVIDENCE.

"What will you do, dear mother?" said a sick child, who lay on a low bed of straw, in a dark upper room of the crowded city. "It was hard enough to live before, and now I can't do anything to help you."

"Do not be anxious, my child," said the mother, in a calm and trustful tone: "our heavenly Father has always supplied our wants, and he will not forsake us now."

"But, mother, if God does really love us, and take care of us, why don't we have a better home, and why do you have to work till you are tired and sick? Why does not God send us food as he did by the ravens to Elijah?"

"All these things are necessary, my dear, to make us active and patient. Perhaps I should be very indolent if all our wants were so easily supplied; and you might grow up a selfish, wilful boy, if you had your own way in everything. It is best just as it is, my boy."

"But, mother, you have n't any more sewing to do, so how will you earn any money?"

"I shall make all the effort I can to obtain more work: but if I do not succeed, we shall not be left to perish. Our heavenly Father knows what things we have need of." A thought was borne in, that instant, upon her mind, on the wings of a well remembered melody:—

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee."

"Will you hand me the gruel, mother?" said the little faint voice from the bed.

"Wait a few minutes, my dear." The request had struck like an arrow to the mother's heart: for she knew that every atom of food had been consumed, and only hoped that sleep might bring a moment's unconsciousness. She looked around the room for the hundredth time, in search of some article which could be sold for the sake of a temporary relief. Surely there was no superfluity there. The muslin window curtains that now offered little obstruction to the light, after so many years of service; the small deal table; the well-worn Bible, her only treasure; her few materials for sewing; and one or two chairs; altogether, had a money value exceedingly small:—but they were her all. No, there was no resource, except in the Father of the fatherless,—Him, who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee."

A knock was heard.

"Load of things for you down at the door, ma'am."

"I have ordered nothing:—are you not mistaken?"

Ordered nothing! No: but she had requested something; and it had come, through human hearts and hands, undoubtedly, but by an impulse which they hardly understood.

There was flour, and rice, and sago:—all that the sick one needed; and then came a little envelope with a card in it. Here was the clue, then, at last. No, there was no name, but simply this inscription:—

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.
Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you."

Is there a Providence? The child-like heart is the best logician. Let us listen to its teachings.—*Baptist Messenger.*

[It is with great pleasure, says the *Spiritual Messenger*, that we make the above extract: and we earnestly invite the readers of the *Baptist Messenger* to investigate the truths of Spiritualism, and to convince themselves that the children of God are surrounded by His holy "ministering spirits" from whom they derive the "impulses" which are, alas! at present, "hardly understood;" and the beautiful picture of God's providence will be placed in such a flood of heavenly light that they will perceive its SPIRITUAL details in the back-ground standing out just as undoubtedly as the "human hearts and hands" which are so easily distinguishable, and to discern which the eye of FAITH is needless.]

CLAIRVOYANT PERCEPTION.

In the middle of last June, a question was submitted to a clairvoyant in the magnetic state, as to what had happened to a person who had suddenly left home about a week previously in a state of nervous excitement. The cravat which he had last worn was put into her hand as the best means available for establishing rapport or relation. Presently she said:—

"The person who wore this is in great trouble. He is rather a big man—full in the head and neck."

The brother of the missing individual, who was making the enquiry, here said: "That is true." We ought to remark that the clairvoyante had never, in the waking state, seen the missing person.

"He went away with the idea of going to Paris." The brother remarked: "That is probable."

"He has been putting money aside with that object."—Brother: "That has been suspected."

"He has had a fit."—Brother: "He is subject to them."

The clairvoyante continued, after a little,—"His mind is getting worse.—I don't see him restored to his family. What a beautifully disposed man before this excitement of the head!"—Brother: "That is true indeed."

"Curious! He talks of Paris and inquires about Ceylon!"—Brother: "He has had transactions with b places."

"I see him in some docks, they are the East India Docks, he came there from the London Docks. Enquiring; he was excited; he shakes his stick at some boys. He leaves the docks. He comes to London Bridge. He goes on board an iron steam boat. It is now mid-day, the second day after he left home. He does not know what he does; he returns in the same steamer, goes on the bridge, and falls in one of the recesses. His brain is getting soft. He trembles, thinking he is pursued, and hesitates about throwing himself over the bridge. I am excited and fatigued: I cannot follow further now. Poor man! he had the idea of leaving home for some time."

Brother: "You can say nothing more definite?" "His mind is in such a tremulous and unsteady state, I cannot."

Clairvoyante: "I don't see him with his family, or any one of them again. I have a very faint perception of his being conveyed into a building on the other side of the river; not a station house, nor a hospital."

Brother: "Do you see why he thinks of destroying himself?"

Clairvoyante: "He says 'They will kill me, therefore I will destroy myself.' He is not reasonable, you see."

In an examination the next day the clairvoyante did not perceive so clearly. "His brain was still more disordered. He was wandering hither and thither on the other side of the river. Did not see him with any of his family again. They would hear of him in eight or ten days."

He was found in an unfrequented field, near Merton, at the lapse of that time, dead as if from his own hand, and had probably been there a week. He had been moved to an out-house of a tavern.

The description of his person and disposition; of his intentions even; of his becoming worse;—all these have been furnished by the thoughts of the brother, perceived in some mysterious way by the clairvoyante; but her other perceptions in the case afford data which cannot be included in such a hypothesis. If she perceived him wandering for two days yet to come on the other side of the river, which the brother did not see by the exercise of the same perception, she may have become cognisant of past things independently of the brother's thoughts. By such phenomena, perception is demonstrably a spiritual function. J. DIXON.

25, Bedford Row.

A SHORT time ago, I visited the residence of Mr. P., a gentleman well known in this city, to spend the evening with a few friends. After passing an hour in social conversation, Mrs. P. entered into a trance condition, and described the physical disorders from which a female present was suffering; and then added, that she saw a number of magnetic cords proceeding from her friend's head into the street. She was requested by the company to pursue them to their terminus. To this she assented. And still sitting in her room in a state of unconsciousness, she traced the cords by her spiritual vision along various streets, and around numerous corners, till they entered a house, and passing up stairs to the second story, there, she said, the ends of the cord converged into one point and rested upon an ear drop, which lay on a shelf. At this expression, the sick lady exclaimed "Why, that must be the ear drop that I lost from my ear last week, while walking through the city!" The clairvoyant continued her observations, and described the inhabitants of the house, its appearance, locality, and number—81, Catherine Street. After answering a few questions, she awoke from the trance, and was more surprised to learn what she had told us than we were while listening to it. Thus ended the subject for that evening. The next time Mrs. P. went out she resolved to learn whether there was any truth in the above vision. She enquired the whereabouts of Catherine Street, and after walking about a mile discovered No. 81 which corresponded with the previous description. The door was answered by a lady, who, when she heard the story of her visitor, was much astonished. She could not comprehend how it was possible for Mrs. P. to have known that she had found the ear-drop, which she said she had picked up a few days before on crossing in Broad Street. One end of the ear drop she said was broken when she found it, which rendered it useless and she had laid it on a shelf up stairs. She then gave the article to Mrs. P. by whom it was recognised as the lost property of her friend.—*New York Telegraph.*

WHEAT OR TARES.

"Wheat or tares, which are you sowing, Fanny dear, in the mind of this little fellow?" said uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard, as he lifted a child, not beyond his fourth summer, upon his knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered about his snowy temples.

"Wheat, I trust, uncle Lincoln," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mother."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said, "I am his mother."

It was Mr. Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage and removal to a city some hundred miles away from her old home.

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times; not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of the seed she held in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with the wheat quite as often as he scatters evil seed. The husbandman must not only watch his fields by night and day, but also the repositories of his ground, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking to her little boy, about ten minutes afterwards, "don't upset my work-basket; stop, I say, you little rogue!"

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the spoils of cotton, scissors, emery cushion, &c., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee at this exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered up the contents of the work-basket, which she now placed on the shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then shook her finger at him in mock resentment, saying:

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milkman."

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gaily.

"Tares," said uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"Nonsense, uncle!"

"The tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. The tares of falsehood you always throw in upon the newly broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tares of falsehood, uncle Lincoln! What are you thinking about?" said Mrs. Howard in real surprise?

"Did you not say that you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did not."

"Then," said uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow up to set small value on his word?"

"You treat this matter too seriously, uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that what you are telling him is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It was only in sport," said Fanny, persistently.

"But in sport with sharp-edged instruments; playing with with deadly poisons." The old gentleman looked and spoke with a seriousness that oppressed his feelings. "Fanny! Fanny! truth and obedience are good seeds; falsehood and disobedience are tares from the Evil One. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child will grow, and the harvest will be wheat or tares, just as you have sown."

Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

"Willie," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "go down to Jane and tell her to bring me a glass of water."

Willie, who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked up on hearing his name. But as he did not feel like going off to the kitchen he made no response, and let his eyes turn to the pictures in which he had become interested.

"Willie!" Mrs. Howard spoke with decision, "did you not hear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered Willie.

"Go this minute!"

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" inquired the mother.

"Afraid of the cat."

"No, you are not. The cat never hurt you or anybody else."

"I am afraid of the milkman. You said he would carry me off."

"The milkman is not down stairs," said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to crimson; "he only comes in the morning."

"Yes, he is. I heard his waggon a little while ago, and he's talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?" said the little fellow with remarkable skill, having all the resemblance of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs. Howard did not look towards her uncle; she was afraid to do that.

"Willie,"—the mother spoke very seriously,— "you know that the milkman is not down stairs, and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said, therefore, is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood."

"Ho, ho!" laughed out the bright-eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his sharpness, "then you are wicked, for you say that which is not true every day."

"Willie!"

"The milkman has not carried me off yet."

There was a world of meaning in Willie's face and voice.

"You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window."

"Willie!" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that!" and the young rebel drew from his apron-pocket a fine mosaic breast-pin, which he had positively been forbidden not to touch, and held it up with a mingled look of triumph and defiance.

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, "this is going too far;" and springing toward her boy, she grasped him in her arms and fled with her struggling burden from the room.

It was a quarter of an hour before she returned, alone, to the apartment where she had left her uncle. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" said the old gentleman, in kind but earnest tones, as his niece came back.

"Tares," was the half mournful response.

"Wheat were better, Fanny."

"I see it, uncle."

"And you will look well in the future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child."

"God helping, I will, dear uncle."

"Remember, Fanny," said Mr. Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good seed. Plant them, and the harvest will come in blessings."

PULPIT ARTS.—We do not find in Mr. Caird the originality of Mr. Melvill, or the talent of that eminent divine for eliciting from his text a great amount of striking unexpected instruction. There is nothing of the daring ingenuity and the novel interpretations of Archbishop Whately. Mr. Caird will never found a school of disciples, like Dr. Arnold; nor startle steady-going old clergymen, like Mr. Robertson, of Brighton. He is so clear and comprehensible that he will not, like Mr. Maurice, make readers feel or fancy the presence of something very fine, if they could only be sure what the preacher would be at. He hardly sets a scene before us in such life-like reality as does Dr. Guthrie. And although people may go to hear him for the intellectual treat, they will never go to be amused, as by Mr. Spurgeon. He will never point a sentence at the expense of due solemnity, like a great Scotch preacher who contrasted men's profession and their practice by saying, "Profession says, 'On this hang the law and the prophets;' Practice says, 'Hang the law and the prophets!'" He will not, like Mr. Cecil, arrest attention by beginning his sermon, "A man was hanged this morning at Tyburn;" nor like Rowland Hill, by exclaiming "Matches! matches! matches!"—nor like Mr. Ward Beecher, by saying, as he wiped his face, "It's damned hot!"—nor like Whitfield, by vociferating "Fire! fire—in hell!" He will not imitate Sterne, who read out as his text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting;" and then exclaimed, as the first words of his discourse, "That I deny!"—making it appear in a little while that such was not the preacher's own sentiment, but what might be supposed to be the reflection of an irreligious man. He will never introduce into his discourses long dialogues and arguments between God and Satan, in which the latter is made to exhibit a deficiency in logical power which is, to say the least, remarkable in one who is believed not to lack intellect. He will not appear in the pulpit with his shirt-sleeves turned back over his cassock, in ball-room fashion; and after giving out his text, astonish the congregation by bellowing, "Now, you young men there, listen to my sermon, and don't stare at my wrists!" All such arts for attracting or compelling the notice and attention Mr. Caird eschews.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

E. L.—The star or meteor, in Rev. ix., is said by interpreters of prophecy, to denote Mohamed; and, indeed, the whole of the language of the chapter agrees with all the circumstances of the Islam troops and their conquests. The locust army was "not to hurt the grass, nor any green thing;" so, when Yezid marched to invade Syria, Abul Bekir charged him "not to destroy the palm trees, nor to burn the fields of corn." The Arabian woe commission was against those "who had not the seal of God in their forehead," i.e., against image worshippers; so, Mohamed avowed his commission to be the chastisement of Christians for being guilty of idolatry. They were not to kill, but to torment men; as individuals, thousands were slain, but they did not politically kill, or extirpate the political body or state, of either the eastern or western empire, but they dreadfully harassed both, and especially the Greek empire. The name "Abaddon" is supposed to refer to Obodas, the common name of the kings of that part of Arabia from whence Mohamed came. Men were to be tormented five months; agreeing, as Bochart says, with the natural locust, which lives from April to September, about five months. Like it, the Saracens made their predatory incursions during the five summer months, and retreated during the winter months. Read Teulon's "Prophecy Illustrated," and Newton on the Prophecies.

SEVERAL Letters on Spiritualism, Vegetarianism, &c., must stand over for a week.

Holloway's Pills have been placed by the common consent of mankind at the head of internal remedies, for removing obnoxious poisons from the blood and living tissues of the human body. They have saved thousands annually from falling a sacrifice to the effects of dyspepsia, dysentery, diarrhoea, constipation, liver complaints, &c., a fact attested by myriads of witnesses. They never fail to give a sufferer from scorbutic affections relief at least, and in most cases, they effect a complete cure. Excessive weariness and debility, the warnings of decreasing organic energy and vital decay, are replaced with a vigour and healthful action in every organ throughout the entire system, by the restorative and exhilarating influence of this life-sustaining preparation.

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8, BOW-LANE, Cheapside, London, E.C., solicits
the patronage of his teetotal brethren.

E. FUSEDALE, 4a, KING ST., HOLBORN,
FASHIONABLE and Economic Tailor, solicits
the patronage of his temperance friends.

GOOD UMBRELLAS!

If you want to provide for a rainy day, apply to
R.N. Bailey, Umbrella Manufacturer, Berkley-street, Lambeth-
walk, London.

IMPORTANT TO TEETOTALERS.

A. WESSEL, 56, Back Church-lane, Commercial-
road, Temperance Bookseller for the East end of London,
begs to inform his teetotal friends that he will be most happy to
supply them with all the Temperance and other publications at
their own houses.

LONDON

CO-OPERATIVE Total Abstinents' Register.
A Register for the unemployed members of the Temperance
Societies of London, under the superintendence of Delegates from
various Temperance Societies, is opened at Mr. Newman's, Hope
Coffee-house, 32, Farringdon-street, City, where persons of all
trades and callings, who may have been three months members of
a Total Abstinence Society, may, upon producing their card and
paying 6d., insert their wants. The co-operation of employers is
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may be had of W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster-row, and W.
Drew, 337, Strand, London; also of Mr. Bower, Birmingham; and
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The Permissive Maine Law Canvass.

THE Canvass being now commenced,
the following form of schedule, suitable for any district,
is now ready, printed on good paper, and may be had in
any quantity, from our office, at 7s. 6d. per 1,000; 4s. per
500; or 10d. per 100. All post free. Besides explaining
the object, it does away with the necessity of a book for each
district.

THE PERMISSIVE MAINE-LAW.

Your opinion is wanted on a subject of deepest interest to
Society. Exertions are now making to induce the British
Parliament to give the people in this country, viz., All those
who pay taxes in the shape of poor-rates, the power in any
district, such as cities, boroughs, parishes, and townships, to
prohibit the making for sale, and the selling of all kinds of
intoxicating liquors as beverages. Some of the grounds of
this proposal are as follows:—

1st. The Distilling and Brewing of Intoxicating
Liquors destroy every year the food of Four Millions of the
people.

2nd. The manufacture, sale, and consumption of Intoxi-
cating Liquors involve an annual loss to the nation of not less
than One Hundred Million pounds sterling.

3rd. The common sale of Intoxicating liquors, viz.,
our public House system, is the greatest temptation to
drunkenness, whereby Ignorance, Pauperism, Crime, In-
sanity, and other fearful maladies are fostered, loading
the sober with taxation, and filling the land with guilt and
misery.

4th. All experience has shown that these are not the
accidental attendants of the Liquor Traffic, but its natural
fruits, and that therefore it is neither wise nor politic for
the nation to try merely to regulate or restrain it. If
the trade be good, let it be free; if it be bad, let no man
have a license to pursue it.

This measure does not seek the closing of Public Houses,
Inns, or places for the accommodation of travellers, but to
purify them by prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating liquors
as beverages which in noway contribute to the health,
strength, and well being of man. Your consideration of the
above statements is earnestly requested, and your decision
inserted on the following schedule, as it is of the utmost
importance that the public sentiment in this important
matter should be known before the meeting of the next session
of Parliament.

This notice will be called for in a few days, when it is
hoped you will have signified in the proper lines, your opinion
on the subject.

Name.—

For the Bill (Write 'Yes' or 'No.')—

Number of adults in the house, male and female, favourable—

Number of adults in the house, male and female, unfavour-
able—

The Autumnal Soiree of the Band of Hope Union

WILL be held in SPA FIELDS CHAPEL SCHOOL
Room, on TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19th, at half-past
Five. The Chair will be taken, at seven by Edmund Fry, Esq.,
and the following gentlemen will speak on the occasion, viz.—
Joseph Payne, Esq., U. Jaffray, Esq., Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev.
G. Lamb, and G. C. Campbell.
Tickets, 1s. To be had of Tweedie, 337, Strand; or at the office,
37, Queen-square, Bloomsbury.
Early application should be made, as only a few remain on hand.

Stephen Shirley,
Q. Dalrymple,
M. W. Dunn, } Hon. Secs.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE, for the total and immediate Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Alliance
will be held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Friday
Evening, October 29, 1853. The chair will be taken by Joseph
Thorp, Esq., President of the British Temperance League, and
Vice-President of the U.K.A. The meeting will also be addressed
by the following gentlemen: William Digby Seymour, Esq., Recor-
der of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; William Harvey, Esq., Mayor of
Salford, and Chairman of the United Kingdom Alliance Executive;
Rev. Dr. Fry, Episcopal Church, Hobart Town; Rev. Alexander
Davidson, Barrhead; Samuel Pope, Esq., Barrister-at-law, hon.
sec. to the United Kingdom Alliance; &c. Doors open at six, and
chair to be taken at seven o'clock, p.m.
Admission by ticket, FREE.

United Kingdom Alliance Offices,
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