

The Two



Worlds.

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

No. 4, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

OUR PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

The *Two Worlds* contains a NEW WINTER TALE, founded on fact, entitled "THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS," OF Troubles of Life on both sides of the Atlantic, by PAUL BATES, late of New York, America. Being a Romance of Real Life, it abounds with thrilling, yet truthful incidents in the career of persons now living, and is full of important information for intending Emigrants.

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

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WORKING MEN'S COLLEGES.

We are glad to find that the question of education has occupied so prominent a place in the speeches of so many distinguished legislators during the present Parliamentary recess. But while the education of children is, as it should be, much spoken of, little is said of the education of adults. Indeed, the general feeling seems to be, that for them little or nothing can be done in this matter,—that they must just be left quietly to die out as they are. If in the meantime, they can be kept a little more out of harm's way, it is about as much as can be expected, perhaps rather more than can be reasonably hoped for!

We venture to think otherwise: we have a strong conviction that the education of the child and of the man must go on together; otherwise, we shall find, as we do find, that the lessons of the school are neutralised by the lessons of home. The schoolmaster tells the children one thing, the example of parents too often teaches them another. Which teaching is most effective, we well know. In the providence of God, it is so ordered, that, whether for good or ill, parents must be the chief educators of their children. If then education is to be effectual, we must be prepared not only to carry it forward after the child leaves school, but must endeavour while he is there, to make home-teaching harmonise with school-teaching. To do this, we must deal with parents as well as children, with the *risen* as well as the *rising* generation. Let us no longer countenance the barbarous notion, that the working-man, unless by some piece of good-luck he has received when young a better education than usually falls to the lot of his class, must necessarily remain for life ignorant of almost everything except what pertains to his daily calling. That learning is incompatible with work, is a superstition, which even the dark ages, as it pleases us to call them, would have scouted. Indeed, this is one of the points in which the dark ages appear to have been rather more enlightened than ourselves. It was chiefly in those times, that the piety and wisdom of our ancestors founded those colleges and universities, which are not only the ornament, but a chief source of the strength of our country. They realized that idea of a college—a fellowship—a human society, of

which, without distinction of class, religion and learning were the chief bonds. An idea, which in these "March of Intellect" days, we have well nigh forgotten. Well nigh; but thank God, not quite, as the Working Men's Colleges rising up in our midst may serve to show.

Colleges they are, too, in fact, as well as in name; Colleges in the principles on which they are founded, and in the instruction they impart. They give the same thorough, systematic training, and offer a similar curriculum of study as the older Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. They differ indeed from these, inasmuch as the students of the Working Men's Colleges are non-residents; (a defect which it is hoped will hereafter, as far as practicable, be supplied) and, as those students belong to a different class of society, there is necessarily an adaptation in fees, time, and in subjects and methods of teaching, to their different means, circumstances, and wants.

Of these Working Men's Colleges, that in London at 45, Great Ormond Street, may be taken as the type. Its list of studies for the first term of the fifth year, commencing Thursday, October 28th, is now before us. It embraces mathematics in their various departments; in languages, there are classes, both elementary and advanced, in French, Latin, and Greek; in physical science, there are physiology, and geology, with their correlated sciences; botany and zoology. English grammar, English composition, English literature, English history, politics and Bible-history, are also specified. Nor must we omit to mention the drawing class, taught by Mr. Ruskin, the author of "Modern Painters;" physical education, too, is not neglected; when the light evenings permit, a gymnastic class is held in the College garden, conducted by Tom Brown the illustrious, who revives here the memory of those "School days" which he has made so famous. For those whose education is less advanced than that of the College-students, there are preparatory Classes, in which the elements of the principal College subjects are taught by certificated and senior students of the College. A certificated student also conducts the Evening Adult School, in which are taught the subjects required to be known for entering the College classes; namely, reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic.

Nor is the education of the wives, sisters, and daughters of working men neglected. There are afternoon classes for women, conducted by ladies, from three till five o'clock. In these classes are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, natural history, the Bible, vocal music, and needlework; with occasional lessons on economic cookery. If any of our readers wish to see a specimen of these teachings, we would refer them to Miss Twining's recently published "Short Lectures on Plants," delivered to the pupils of the natural history class. A school for girls, from ten till one o'clock, completes the circle of education of the Working Men's College.

But the influence of this College has not ended in itself; other towns have followed the example set in London. Cambridge, Oxford, Manchester, Salford, Ancoats, and Halifax, have now their Working Men's Colleges; and, from all we can learn, they are being carried on successfully. May God speed them! May those who are taught in them become the teachers of others less fortunate, and so the good work be carried forward till the lowest strata of society be reached; and may these Colleges increase in number and in strength till they grow into a Working Men's University. In the meanwhile, it is gratifying to see that the London University has admitted the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond-street, into union with it, so that the College has now the privilege of sending its students up to the University for degrees in arts and laws. Altogether we feel justified in regarding these Working Men's Colleges as inaugurating a new era in the history of education in England. We hope to revert again to the subject on a future opportunity.

ALCOHOLIC QUACK MEDICINES.

Among the many obstacles in the way of medical as well as temperance reform, are the frequent administrations of alcoholic stimulants, as medicines, by the regular faculty, and the common admixture of these poisons in the popular nostrums of the irregular M.D.s. In fact these nostrums depend far more upon the "good liquor" they contain for their success, reputation and sale, than upon all other circumstances combined. The regular physician puts a little wine or brandy in his dose of castor oil to make it go down smoothly, and the non-diplomatized practitioner puts a little alcohol in his "purifying syrup" so that it will not sour. In both cases the patients' stomachs and nervous systems are depraved and injured, while a morbid appetite is liable to be excited or aggravated, which may lead to drunkenness and ruin.

A majority of people in civilized society are living in constant violation of the laws of life and health to some extent; many, indeed, to a degree inducing actual disease, and endangering sudden death. Nearly all persons, too, labouring under chronic disease, and living in the ordinary manner, are at first pleasantly affected by stimulants, especially such as combine the nerve and smoothing property with the exciting, as alcohol, opium and tobacco. Their dietetic and other voluntary habits produce obstruction, torpor, dulness, debility, and a thousand depressing nervous feelings, and they mistake the sensation of stimulus for actual strength. Instead of removing the causes of oppression, giving the functions free play, they endeavour to lash up the organs by stimulants, and smother the natural instincts by nervines and narcotics. It only requires a shrewdly managed system of newspaper puffing to induce such people to buy and swallow any amount of medicated syrups, cordials and bitters, in which "rum, brandy, wine and gin" are the chief medicinal agents.

How many of the "infallible" preparations of sarsaparilla, sold in immense quantities all over the land, owe their whole popularity to the liquor they contain? Deprived of this their sale would rapidly diminish. Many of the most famous preparations of sarsaparilla, so called, do not contain the first particle of that root, or its extract, nor would they be either better or worse if they did. Those who get up these things know full well that their nostrums will have about the same effect whether it is in or out. More active articles are generally employed in compounding these preparations; sometimes mercurials are used, and more generally the hydriodate of potassa is the most active ingredient—a drug often productive of insidious yet serious injury.

These drugs, however, have little to do with the sale of the preparations. It is mainly the stimulus of the liquor which captivates the taste and deludes the judgment of the patient. True, after he has taken a dozen bottles, and purchased a dozen more, he begins to find the stimulus losing its power to charm, and the consequent debility becoming apparent. But then it is too late. The patent medicine man has accomplished his object. He has sold two dozen bottles of the "never-failing" at an enormous profit, and perchance procured of the patient, when first stimulated into the grateful mood, a wonderful "certificate" to exhibit for the benefit of the next customer.

We think the time has come, and the progress of true science demands, and the best interests of humanity require, that the use of alcohol in all its forms, as a medicine, be totally abandoned. If the regular physicians will but take this stand, and maintain it, they will soon bring many of the innumerable charlatans now swarming in our cities and extending over the country, to discontinue the sale of sweetened liquor under the name of cordials, syrups and bitters, and thus diminish to a great extent that competition in the business of poisoning the community, which starves the physician and robs the public, while it fills the pockets of the quack.

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE National Association for the promotion of Social Science has been continuing its session at Liverpool. In the Social Economy Section, Sir James Stephen delivered an interesting address. A paper by the Rev. C. Kingsley, in the Health Section, was entitled "The Influence of our Elective System on Sanitary Improvement." It was contended that the effect of our elective system was a great hindrance to sanitary improvement. In towns there was scarcely a local board which was not full of men, with small independent means, who had a small class of property—builders, attorneys, and others—who thought themselves interested in keeping things *in statu quo*, and they did so. It was clear, unless dwellings unfit for human habitation were destroyed, the poor would be forced into them; just as they were obliged by their necessities to purchase unwholesome food. It might appear hard upon the poor not to allow the cheapest possible house to be built, but an unhealthy house was a very dear one. The paper advocated a system of inspection upon the whole class of dwellings, and the establishment of a staff of government sanitary inspectors. An interesting paper was read by Dr. Holland, which had been contributed by the celebrated Miss Florence Nightingale, entitled "Notes on the Health of Hospitals." Dr. W. Farr, F.R.S., contributed a paper "On the Influence of Marriage on the Mortality of the French People." The effect of the paper was, that marriage was a healthy state, and that single individuals were more likely to be wrecked in the voyage of life than two joined together in matrimony. In the Punishment and Reformation section the Earl of Carlisle took the chair. In the Education department, there were papers on Examination Schemes and their Incidental Effects on Public Education, and on "Education in Art."

The most important news of the week is from India, China, and Australia. There have been forebodings about the contents of the present Indian mail from Calcutta, and the news has certainly an unfavourable aspect. Apprehensions prevailed in Calcutta, and troops were kept in readiness to meet any contingency. Numerous bodies of rebels were in the Bengal Presidency, and avoiding any engagement, while the troops of the Rajah of Ulwar had mutinied, and the Rajah himself, who remained faithful, had to take to flight. In Oude there are some 5,000 or 7,000 rebels, who may have Nana Sahib for their leader. They have been heard of at Sultanpore.

The foreign office telegram brings news from Bombay up to the 24th September, and refers to a new mutiny in the Punjab, and to the continued chase after the Gwalior rebels. These Gwalior men, according to other accounts, have been defeated, despoiled, and dispersed so many times that the public are not prepared to hear of another battle with them. But again they turn up. General Roberts had secured their extermination when we last mentioned their name, but now we learn that they again rallied towards Malwa, occupied a town there, and were met by General Mitchell, from Mhow, who, of course, at once routed and ruined them, taking their guns and dispersing them in all directions. The Punjab mutiny was that of the disarmed 62nd and 69th Bengal Infantry, stationed at Mooltan, and whose almost "total extermination" followed. There is also a statement that four men had been caught in an attempt to tamper with the 25th Bombay Infantry at Gwalior, and had been executed. They are said to have been employed by Nana Sahib to do the work for which they have suffered.

The despatches from Hong Kong give us an insight into the way wars are got up in China, even after treaties of peace have been signed. General Straubenzee, according to his own account, consulted nobody at all about the attack he made on Namtow but Commodore the Hon. Keith Stewart. He says a flag of truce from the gunboat Starling was fired upon by the Chinese troops at Namtow, and he and the Commodore at once decided upon exacting retribution. They did not wait to inquire whether there was any mistake about it. Namtow is but a village, and it was assailed with all the might and majesty which the General and Commodore could display. The Chinese soldiers were compelled to fly, and the villagers petitioned that their village might not be given up to the flames. "Their petition," says the General, "was granted."

A great meeting, denunciatory of the Confessional system, was held at St. James's Hall on Monday.

The labour of lifting the great Westminster bell to its future elevated home has been brought to a successful termination. It now reposes horizontally in its airy chamber, and the next step will be to restore it to the more natural position, which will leave its throat downwards. This done, it will be again submitted to the windlass, in order that it may be attached to the works that will regulate the tongue. The bell has, therefore, to be raised some forty feet yet, and when that task is accomplished, the most stupendous piece of bell-hanging work on record will be complete.

On Wednesday, a lecture on the Sabbath question was delivered to a crowded assemblage of the working classes, in the City Hall, Glasgow, by J. Baxter Langley, of the National Sunday League, to obtain the opening of public museums, libraries, and botanic gardens on Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Gault and Mr. R. Court replied to Mr. Langley's observations. As usual at such meetings, a considerable amount of feeling was manifested, but it was evident that the friends of Mr. Langley were greatly in the minority. Mr. Langley, in his concluding remarks, threw out a challenge to discuss the question on a future occasion, when Mr. John Jameson, of the Protestant Laymen's Association, rose, and, on behalf of that body, stood forward to accept the challenge. Mr. Jameson, however, was unable to get a hearing, Mr. Buchanan having risen to propose a vote of

thanks to Mr. Langley, followed by Mr. Langley rising to reply; on which, after considerable uproar, the chairman declared the meeting at an end. This announcement was succeeded by a row on the platform, in the course of which some one seized Mr. Gault by the throat, blows were given, and a number of gentlemen were thrust down the passage leading from the platform into the lobby. About a dozen policemen rushed from the different parts of the hall, where they were stationed, on to the platform, and the meeting broke up in the greatest confusion.

The Norwegian ship, *Cattarina*, arrived at Quebec on the 3rd instant, with twenty-two additional persons saved from the ill-fated steam ship *Austria*.

The New York Crystal Palace, with all its contents, has been entirely destroyed by fire. The fair of the American Institute was being held there at the time. A large amount of property was destroyed, consisting of mechanical and agricultural implements, melodeons, pianos, steam engines, and other kinds of goods, that were on exhibition. The fire broke out in the lumber room, which was filled with empty boxes, and a large quantity of old lumber, and was believed to have been incendiary. When it was first discovered the palace engine was brought out, but the hose was so full of holes as to be useless. The flames spread with astonishing rapidity, creating intense excitement among the visitors, of whom it is estimated upwards of two thousand were present. It is feared that many were killed. The heat was so intense that the firemen's services were of no avail, and the whole building is in ruins. The building was crowded with articles on exhibition of every possible description, and it is impossible to estimate the loss with any degree of accuracy. The building itself was estimated at 250,000 dollars. The contents must have been worth double that sum.

A New York correspondent of the *New Prussian Gazette* announces that it is in contemplation to unite Europe with America by means of an electric telegraph across the Russian possessions in Siberia and America. From Portland, at the mouth of the Columbia, in the Pacific, to Moscow is only 2000 miles, which is not a very great distance, when it is considered that in America the lines of telegraph extend to 7000. The letter states positively that this project will be carried into effect. We have reason to believe that the line of telegraph from St. Petersburg to Moscow will be extended to Kiachta, by which means news might be received from Peking in a week. Should this be done, all the nations who have relations with China will be forced to have recourse to this line, as being the shortest means of communication.

Another of the contemporaries of Burns has been gathered to his fathers. James Neil died at Hurlford, aged 90 years. He had many reminiscences of the bard, which he was accustomed to relate with great glee. Amongst others we mention the following:—They were ploughing together at a match on Struther's farm. Among the prizes was one for the best kept harness. Burns excited the mirth of the field by appearing with a straw harness, and the judge awarded him the prize for his ingenuity. Throughout the whole day Burns kept calling at the boy who aided him, "Scud on! scud on! Davie, if we be wurst, we'll no be last."

OUGHT CHRISTIANS TO DRINK ALCOHOLICS?

In some quarters Teetotalism is a very unpalatable subject. The publican and the distiller, as a matter of course, because of vested interests, detest it. The dissolute and the profane have no relish for anything that savours of morality. From both of these classes, therefore, we expect neglect and contempt. But it is grievous to find among the most inveterate and determined passive and practical opponents of our cause many of the zealous, orthodox, pious professors of Christianity. It may be useful to us to consider, for a few minutes, a question which naturally arises in connection with such individuals—"Ought a Christian to use intoxicating liquors in the present circumstances of our country?" To one who has carefully considered the nature and the properties of intoxicating drink, and has traced the physical, moral, and spiritual evils that attend their use, the thought naturally arises—"Surely, such liquids are unworthy the place they hold in the opinion of many good men;" and the question occurs, "Can the agent of so much evil be really productive of any good, apart from its purely medicinal use?" Now, we are more than inclined to doubt and to question the propriety of Christians, in health, under any circumstances, using such stimulants, inasmuch as "their moral effects are so entirely and extensively pernicious—their character as physical agents so questionable—and as their chief, if not their only claim to public favour, is, the momentary exhilaration they produce." This feeling, if analysed, would be very difficult to distinguish from intoxication in its early stage; and, a little further on, it only proves its nature by developing the symptoms of decided drunkenness. Granting for a moment, for the sake of argument, that there is not in the Bible any precise and positive commandment against the use of these drinks, still, there is no command to use them; and in these circumstances, the Christian seems to be left to test their utility by examining their nature and properties, and their moral effects, as recorded in the pages of history, and as visible to his own observation. If he persists in using them, after a careful scrutiny of their character, he has need, we fear, to re-examine and recruit the grace of circumspection. In our opinion, "the whole affair is so suspicious, that it becomes the Christian carefully to inquire, if it is right in him to seek enjoyment from such a quarter. Does he not neglect that pure source of enjoyment which God has opened to him in the Gospel of his Son, when he applies for any portion of his happiness to the source of so much pollution?" and a writer suggests, "May not this be

the reason why God gives up so many of his professing people to be filled with the fruit of their own doings in a wretched and hopeless captivity to this sin?" Can the man who is filled with the Spirit of God, and who lives "near to God," as every Christian ought to do, have any desire to be under the influence which alienates thousands from God, and which is one of Satan's chief agents, nay, Satan's masterpiece, in corrupting and ruining the souls of men; and when this desire exists, is it not a sure proof that he is in some measure undervaluing his Christianity, doing despite to the Spirit of God, and forgetting his allegiance to Christ? We think, the sight of a Christian brother, in any degree under the influence of alcoholic excitement, is one of the most heart-sickening that can be conceived of. His zeal, his fervour, his spirituality may, perhaps, appear for the time to advantage; but as these proceed from mere animal feeling, or rather frenzy, and not from the only pure, proper, and permanent Source of these graces, "the hectic piety subsides with its deceitful cause, and leaves the man soiled in conscience and sunk in sensuality." Besides, after having tasted of this spurious pleasure, he will feel a disrelish for that holy contemplation of truth, and that holy communion with God, which alone can bring real peace and permanent joy to the soul of the believer. "The joy caused by intoxication, and that which Scripture calls 'joy in the Holy Ghost,' are not only two very distinct things, but the one is antagonist to the other. Where the joy of frenzy exists, the joy of faith is banished, and *vice versa*; and, we know of no greater libel on the purity and power of Christianity than to say that in any degree, it is ever advanced in the soul by alcoholic excitement, however measured and moderated by the pious drinker."

These remarks may not at once carry conviction to the minds of those for whom they are intended. Even "pious men are not proof against the evil influence of prejudice; and, apart from the favour which mere custom ensures for itself, the deceitfulness of alcohol blinds the judgment of its friends, so as to produce opinions and feelings favourable to its own use." To convince them at once of the correctness of our views as Temperance reformers, *avant the drink*, would be, as a writer has tritely remarked, "like trying to light a candle with the extinguisher on it." Let us, therefore, try to take off the extinguisher. If they cannot see the uselessness of strong drink, and its injurious effects on themselves they at least can feel the power, we trust, of Christian principle, and to it we appeal, in order to enlist their co-operation in the destruction of intemperance. Even supposing that intoxicating liquor is good, it cannot be denied that its general effects are evil,—evil without mitigation,—evil, and that continually. It is the causative of more sin and misery than all other substances manufactured by man. "Gunpowder has slain its thousands, and the sword its tens of thousands; but intoxicating drink may reckon its victims by millions; while the numberless streams of evil which flow from it have carried bitterness and blight into the hearts and homes of millions more. Arithmetic cannot number the subjects of its cruelty, and hell only can hold its victims." Viewing, then, its vile character, and the black catalogue of its crimes, we ask, "Can the Christian do anything to restrain its ravages, and ultimately drive it out of the Church, and thus make it disreputable in the world?" We answer, yes. The experiment has been tried, and has been found successful to the extent it has been adopted. Let every Christian deny himself the gratification he gets in the drinking of these liquors, and exert his influence in dissuading his friends and neighbours from their use, and intoxication will disappear from among us, and be replaced by sobriety with all its attendant blessings. The circumstances of our country demand the sacrifice (if, indeed, it be a sacrifice) and Christianity enjoins instant compliance, by "forbidding the inexpedient use even of good things." "It will not do to talk of the innocency of moderation, and the medicinal merits of dietetic doses of these drinks. It is the good of others you are called upon to seek; and the influence of your opinions and example can only effect this by abstaining from that which intoxicates. It is a cheap but blessed benevolence you are counselled to cultivate; and like every other labour of love, you will be blessed, while made a blessing, in its performance." The more intelligent of the working classes, we rejoice to say, have taken the field against the enemy. They have had the judgment to discern the path of duty in this matter, and moral courage to encounter the prejudices and practices that foster the evil; and their conduct in relation to this matter ought to shame those who have the greater light and who do not act up to it. Alas! how grieving is it to see so many pious professors looking on with cold indifference, and practically opposing them. Come out, Christian, from the narrow shell of your selfishness. Look again at the example of your Divine Master. Imbibe more of His Spirit. Deny yourself Follow him in promoting the good of others. Every man is the property of his entire race, and is bound to promote, to the utmost of his ability, and by every legitimate means in his power, the best interests of that race. You will thus realise in your happy experience the saying of an eminent Christian and profound philosopher, "That self-denial is a kind of holy association with God, which, by making you His partner, interests you in all His happiness."

Mr. R. N. Bailey said he should be committing a sin, if he drank that which required 40,000 of his fellow men to work on the Sabbath day in its manufacture.—Mr. Arphorpe, said temperance men ought to be faithful to their principles: and whilst ministers requested permission to be faithful in the discharge of their ostensibly spiritual duties, temperance men demanded similar permission to boldly state their views on the duty of the Christian Church in reference to intoxicating drinks. The temperance principle was second to no other except the glorious gospel of God, and it paved the way for the spread of that gospel.

Our Letter Box.

SPIRITUAL, CHEMICAL, AND GEOLOGICAL MUSINGS AND FACTS.

MR. EDITOR,—The greeting now between friends is often, "What news?" At a teetotal meeting, I heard that some young hands wanted a lecture on "The Root of Sin or Evil!" These are veritably the days of progressive mutation. A case of Spirit-transmission I here give you. At the Colosseum, Madame Prudence is giving her *seances* under the magnetic influence of Mr. Taylor. A friend, A. B., a native of the West Indies, was there one evening, and saw, but remained a sceptic. Next day he met Mr. T. by chance; he adjourned to a house near the Colosseum, and after agreeing to be willing to believe or not oppose, he asked boldly, "What his name was, and whence he came?" The magnetized female laboured, and at length pronounced both name and place. My friend had been a complete sceptic, and had taken good care not to let any one know who he was;—he had to take hold of the female's hands, and although he could not prove the truth of other questions he put relative to his wife and children in the West Indies, still, the great fact of her telling him his name, was alone enough. He remained a full hour and a half with the lady, and I have since seen Mr. Taylor, and, from the conversation, believe that he is incapable of deception, or delusion, or collusion; and I believe he has a means of teaching others how to act on others, for his practice has led him into many discoveries, that the more unpractised know nothing of. So much for spirit transmission—let those who doubt go to see Madame Prudence. As regards Chemistry, I could say much to assist Vegetarians in their weary road to that beautiful, bloodless world, they hope to inherit. A little girl of eight spoke to me last night on the end of the world. The Comet had caused us to talk of worlds beyond this, and that led me to talk of a future here on this our planet earth. I have hopes of a bright future for all who will think. I was in 1848 a maker of brown sugar in Trinidad, and read Smith's "Fruits and Farinacea," and that made me think much. I tried to live without sticking knives or axes into poor dumb animals. I abstained—I fasted—I longed for what was good. My heart sickened at blood-shed. I went and worked as a wood-chopper. I clad myself in pure linen, and I felt that there must be a means of living not to offend our own finest feelings. Since then, however, I broke away from good intentions, more from evil company than any other cause, and, of course, my own weakness, but the great idea, "that it is never too late to mend," came back to me. I knew a little of chemistry, I thought I'd study geology. I saw that the sugar, as made in the West Indies, with the lime it contains, was injurious to man. I know the imperfections of sugar-making, and I sought a remedy. [For a detailed account of this matter I must refer your readers to late numbers of the *Mechanics' Magazine*.] I hope that my brethren of the temperance world will look into my discoveries as regards the baking of bread, the cleansing of fruit-juices and vegetable oils (so essential for man's nervous and ligamentary system), the purification of flax, by steepage in filtered charcoal-water through transected stone slices and other projects, and if they can render assistance, they know they are helping themselves at the same time. This is written after looking over some of your matter in No. 2, and I know that the position you occupy as a temperance publisher deserves support, for the path of redeeming others is, as in the time of our blessed Lord and only Master, a path of thorns and briars, but the glorious future awaits those who repent, and the clouds shall be dispelled in the course of time. Very fraternally, COLIN MCKENZIE DICK, Sugar Planter from Trinidad, West Indies.

P.S.—Can any of our provincial friends in mining or other districts, inform us through the *Two Worlds*, what stone resists white heat better than others?—As regards the letter on "Vegetarianism," signed "A. Andrade," I here say that John Bellamy, bootmaker, says, a man who tugs thick threads through heavy leather, may work till his arms and shoulders ache, and at the same time in an atmosphere not generally so fresh as that of a stone Sawyer or agriculturist;—ergo, if "A. A." err in one respect, he may in another—he requires, what I desire to impart, viz:—more science in preparing fruits, and farinacea, and oleagina.

FEMALE SPEAKING.

SIR,—I must confess that neither of your Correspondents has convinced me, that the platform, or the pulpit, is the most suitable sphere for woman's talents, or woman's influence. I do not question the intellectual capacities of many women. It would be nonsense if I did. We often read their thoughts, and return to life's conflict refreshed and strengthened; we love to commune with them; we garner up their precious utterances, and embalm them in our living human hearts, we carry them away to the shop, to the world's busy mart, or to the happy fireside; and we grow better and wiser men, very often, when we think of our women who stand up

—"types of good,
Heroic womanhood."

But the great thinkers are not always the great talkers. We must judge between the spurious and the real. Don't let us close our eyes to the true state of things. It isn't all oratory, or eloquence, or even, (which perhaps is better,) common sense, that finds its way to many platforms. It won't do us any good if we hear it. We shall be no better—no worse, only we shall have lost time. It doesn't make good fathers, and great men, because it lacks the true element. A woman may have trod the platform, and thrown

her arms about, and shrieked and gesticulated, ay! and shouted, but after all, we look round, and enquire "What has been said? what does it mean?" Is there not plenty of such oratory? call it first rate, or "tenth rate," as you will it, and when we ask what good it accomplishes, echo answers "What? And if we speak of talented women, thinking, loving women, is the rostrum the place for them? Does it seem the most fitting arena for their influence? What of home, or the school, or their wide circle of friends? After all, do we not love woman more, heed her more, honour her more, in home's quiet sanctity, than on the world's rough, vulgar platform? Will not her power there be potent for good? May she not even in works of mercy, and words of whispered love, be a light "set on a hill," and do deeds which may be unknown even to the world, but which shall "sparkle throughout eternity, for ever and for ever?" If these words should be read by any female speaker, let her deal gently, for I also write in love and charity, regretting that the philosophy of "Mulier" and Mr. Sykes is involved in so much difficulty.—JOHN DE FRAINE, Eden House, Shenton Street, Old Kent Road.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

SIR,—What an unfortunate circumstance it is that your paper was not issued twelve months ago! I have been daily investigating Spiritualism during this time, and now I find that you have a correspondent who knows all about it! Spiritualism is a "delusion and a snare," says Mr. Malthouse, in your last week's paper; and this he says "boldly," as a "rational thinking being." Will your correspondent kindly oblige your readers with the plan he has adopted which has enabled him to settle the question so very decisively? In spite of all my researches I have not been able to discover the "delusion," the "snare," or the "spirit tricks," he speaks of; and, in fact, the more I have to do with the subject, the further am I from the conclusion which he has arrived at. But Mr. Malthouse says that perhaps I would oblige your readers with a specimen of a spirit message. I have published one—which it were well for him to read—"Captain Hedley Vicars' Discourse," and also several others in the "Spiritual Messenger." His request, however, convinces me that he has not arrived at his conclusions *logically*, but that he has rather jumped at them, and that his letter is just such a one as I should have written two or three years ago, if, indeed, I had dared so to have committed myself and misinformed my readers. I really consider your correspondent is in duty bound to state the *premises* by which he arrived at his *conclusions*, or your readers will be satisfied that, for aught he knows to the contrary, Spiritualism is just what it purports to be, viz:—the communion of spirits with those still in "the flesh;" but if Mr. Malthouse had *not* investigated this subject, I should be happy to furnish him with information which may, perhaps, assist him in so doing.—WILLIAM CARPENTER, Greenwich, Oct. 10, 1858.

SIR,—I wonder not at your Correspondent from Newgate Market being in so unpliant a condition as not to give credence to the facts of spiritualism. How can a man barred up in Newgate believe in the reality of the appearance of a star seen through the tail of the comet,—the thick prison walls and narrow gratings are substances so unlike the ethereal light speeding it away in space, that his mind cannot conceive, cannot comprehend the subject, and a stout denial of the fact is the speediest way to get rid of the whole affair. Again, Newgate Market reminds me of the numerous carcasses therein, without life,—dead,—dead,—dead,—and the idea that there can be a guiding power able to think or act independent of flesh appears to him preposterous; and the evidences narrated by hundreds of men and women of known probity are, energetically ignored; all are story tellers, and he alone is knowledge, wisdom, and truth embodied. Passing on to the pith of your Correspondent's letter, he asks "What is the end and aim of this new philosophy?" Spiritualists say, To prove that we are acted upon by unseen beings called spirits, that those spirits, or a portion of them, are deceased human beings; and if so, it settles—proves in a simple straightforward manner the truth of our *Immortality*—your Correspondent from his previous mental and educational training may not require it—but when the leading Review of the day (the Westminster Review) denies the truthfulness of the Scripture narratives of spirit appearances and power, and we have atheistical, deistical, materialistical, publications issuing from the press weekly by thousands, and the practical ignoring of all subjects, but fun and trade by the masses of the people, we have ample proof, that pulpit eloquence has to be backed by facts of spirit-power occurring in the every day walks of life, before the earth will be filled with the glory of God.

WRAITH.

WHAT ARE SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS?

SIR,—What are Spirit manifestations?—Evidences of unseen, living, moving, acting beings—seeing us, acting on us, guiding us to good or evil, while we are using our physical bodies to move in this material world. How are the existence and power of spirits shown?—1. By moving tangible articles when asked to do so. 2. By producing sounds of various kinds, on tables, chairs, walls, &c., when asked so to do. 3. By consecutive sentences of advice, reproof, &c., produced by rapping, when a pencil is passed over an alphabet. 4. Premonitions. 5. By using the voice of a person, and uttering words the person acted upon has not in his mind. 6. By using the arms and hands of susceptible persons, to write prescriptions—give information—draw

flowers of a kind unknown—give warnings of a personal and relative character—and inculcate purity of life, and prayerfulness of inclination; the person acted upon, simply consenting to let the hand be used, but totally unconscious of what is to be produced. 7. Audible voices heard, and conversation so carried on by Mediums. 8. Apparitions of the whole body, or part of the body. 9. Spirits touching the human body, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly. 10. Musical instruments used, and exquisite melodies produced on pianos, accordions, &c., no seen hand touching the instruments. 11. Curing the sick, by the hand of the medium being floated to the patient by a power *felt* but not seen; and placed on the diseased part of the body; the medium till then not knowing where the diseased part was. And when asked, why they produce these proofs of existence: they reply—to convince you that the (to you) dead, still live: and by tests and tokens, proves themselves to be—the mother to the orphan,—the husband to the widow,—the child to the parent,—the sister or brother to those left on earth. Can these things be? Yes. 1. Because the writer of this, and very many of his friends have seen and heard these manifestations as detailed; and it is therefore to us—"WE KNOW." 2. The Bible contains similar statements, giving to us therefore the assurance, that the spirit phenomena mentioned in the Gospels and the Acts are credible, and that the Law is still in force; there being no text in scripture to annul or suspend them; and the proof of non-suspension being the daily production of similar spirit power manifestations in England. "It cannot be," say some—"It is," say we.—Apart from the evidence of our own senses—THINK. We see each other, because the crystalline power of our eyes is sufficient for viewing material objects within a limited range; the eye cannot see the thousands of stars in immensity, without the aid of a telescope, nor the thousands of animalcule in a drop of water without the aid of the microscope; but for the discovery of those instruments, the assertion of the existence of thousands of ponderous globes in the blue vault of heaven, or the existence of thousands of blood living animals in a single drop of water, would have been assailed with as much virulence and incredulity, as are the Spirit manifestations of the present day. As Air has a body, though unseen by us; and Spirits are clothed with bodies, though unseen by us: who knows,—Instruments may yet be made powerful enough to SEE the air we breathe, and the aerial beings who inhabit it. One thing is demonstrable, even now; that is, ONE THIRD of the population of Great Britain is more or less susceptible to spirit influence; or in other words, NINE MILLIONS of the inhabitants of Great Britain are Mediums. No marvel, therefore, that so many of our fellowmen worship God, believe that Spirits exist, and that MAN IS IMMORTAL.—J. JONES, Peckham.

VEGETARIANISM.

SIR,—What a pity it is that the rule is not more universally observed, for an individual to think over and weigh well the real value of his words and sentiments previous to making them public property. If this was the case, many orators and writers would be surprised to find that whole columns of *words* would, under this test, vanish into thin ether. These remarks are particularly applicable to many of the fault-finders with the vegetarian system; take for example, the first sentence in the letter of your Correspondent T. S. He says, "I have tried vegetarianism." He would have told the truth if he had said "I once had the misfortune to dine without flesh." I am sorry that his letter suggests nothing further than that he has been taking an unusual amount of pains to make the bountiful gifts of God palatable to his abnormal tastes, and when he did receive that of which the All-wise said "To you it shall be for meat," the *flesh* clamoured at the neglect of not supplying its accustomed stimulus. Your other Correspondent discovers that vegetarianism is "sheer nonsense," but ultimately asks for facts to establish the truth of it! I fear he has been eating flesh previous to writing his letter. His head has not been very clear. But what is our mission on earth? Is it not to be clear-headed—to advance farther and higher in intellectual and moral attainments, to be less the slaves of time-serving custom, and of mere animal feeling, and more the children of reason and the participants of the glorious reward of those "who fight the good fight?" He says that flesh eating better fits men to be "drudges." I believe it. Capital idea. I question if any would be a "drudge," except the flesh-eater, and also that the prodigal expenditure of land and energy in the procuring of flesh is the prime cause of want and drudgery. But surely abstinence from flesh does not incapacitate a man for the performance of his daily labour, necessary for the purpose of procuring sustenance, and the health of his physical system. Physical labour is not the aim and end of life; it is only the *means of living*. A man may be a good labourer and have very little else to recommend him. Your Correspondent cites the case of a stone-sawyer, who could not be satisfied on any amount of vegetable matter. Vegetarianism does not teach that an "immense amount of vegetable matter" is food for a man. We say quality, not quantity. Our friend must bear in mind that the "Staff of Life" is not a carrot, as he would insinuate. Still I do not shrink the question of physical endurance; this is one of our grandest arguments, and if our friend has not observed the facts whose fault is that? If we refer to the lower animals we find that those races that subsist on the vegetable kingdom are of the most service to man, in providing him with labour, and are at the same time more manageable and sagacious. If you will at a future time kindly admit into your columns the experience of an individual who has "tested the merits of good beef and mutton," it may throw further light on the enquiries of our friend.—VIN.

OUR LETTER BOX—continued.

Ottery St. Mary, Devon, Oct. 9, 1858.

SIR,—I write to say that I have tried vegetarianism ten years. I find in your valuable paper that T. S. has "tried" it, at one dinner, and it was a banquet of different sorts of pies and puddings; notwithstanding, he was dissatisfied. Did T. S. ever think how many there are who can never get flesh to eat, and nevertheless work hard? T. S. writes as if eating beef-steaks constituted the sum and substance of human happiness. I am a very humble working man, and could not get much flesh to eat if I would. About eleven years ago I saw a list of the comparative powers of various articles of diet for the maintenance of health and strength. I there saw what a mean figure the poor cow and pig cut, compared with bread, peas, lentils, oatmeal, &c., and though my wages were small, I was making them more diminutive by three shillings per week. So now we live better, dress better, and think better; yes, think better. If every man was to eat flesh, like T. S., the massacre for London alone would be alarming. Light is wanted on this subject, may the *Two Worlds* continue to give it, and be assured that a bright morn will dawn on the Working Classes.—D. R.

MR. EDITOR,—In your truly valuable publication, the *Two Worlds*, I read a few statements, one particularly by a Mr. John Bowen, a teetotal stone-sawyer, who states he has tried vegetarianism for six months, and "though I did my work, and enjoyed good health I felt weaker than when I ate flesh, and could at the same time consume an enormous amount of vegetable matter without feeling satisfied, not so when I ate flesh. I then felt my labour less wearying, I felt more satisfied, and the cost of flesh was no more, *nor so much*, to me, as the extra expense of the great quantity of vegetable production which I had previously subsisted upon." Now Sir, I wish Mr. B. had told us how he managed for food and what sort of food it was he so largely partook of. I am now just returned from the baker's and meal shop, where I have purchased a quarter of a stone of Scotch oatmeal, and a quarter of a peck of split peas, and a two pound loaf of whole meal bread, the whole of which cost less than 1s. 6d. If Mr. B. had lived on this sort of food he must have consumed to a very large amount, or on the other hand a very small quantity of flesh, (for the flesh of animals, if considered prime, is very expensive), or did Mr. B. live on cabbages and carrots or things of that sort? I hope Mr. B. will yet satisfy us on these points, and probably some of us vegetarians would be able to put Mr. B. to rights on our principle. I should be sorry that vegetarianism should be condemned for a want of a proper knowledge of the subject. I must now tell you, Sir, I am a very hard working man, and should Mr. B., or any other reasonable man wish to know the truth of this assertion I can willingly refer him to my employer, who, I believe, will put that subject to rest. I will now give you a statement of my various abstemiousness of living. It is now nearly twenty-two years since I partook of any alcoholic drinks or tobacco; about seventeen or eighteen, of tea or coffee, ginger-beer, or any of those foolish drinks; and upwards of thirteen years and six months, of fish, flesh, or fowl; and yet I am pleased to be able to say my physical strength is good, and I can now perform the same amount of labour with greater ease of body than when I partook of the old fashioned diet, viz., Ribs of Beef, Legs of Mutton, Strong Beer, Tobacco, &c., &c. I am now in my 57th year.—ROBERT PALMER, 29, Ponsonby-place, Millbank, S. W.

QUESTIONS FOR VENTILATION.

DEAR SIR,—With your kind permission I should like to submit a few queries for the consideration of your contributors. I would ask our anti-spiritualist friends how it is that an opponent to the system can get information of a startling character—such as, for instance, retiring to a corner of the room and writing the name of a deceased friend on a card, which no human eye saw save his own, and then having the said name correctly spelt. I question whether a gipsy fortune-teller, with her hand even trebly crossed with silver, could do so much—and that such has been the case I need only quote those friends of the working classes, the Messrs. Chambers, to prove, who I believe would not lend themselves wilfully to the propagation of a falsehood; and yet they, a few years ago, stated in one of their publications such to be the fact. Of the opponents of flesh-eating, I should like to ask, where animal life ceases, and where vegetable life commences, or the opposite? and did not our great Exemplar countenance the destruction of life in reference to fishes and the eating of the same?—and if so, can it be supposed that He, Jesus Christ, would have lent his sanction to that which stood in opposition to the will of God? Of those who love the spectacle of a fellow-creature dangling from the gallows, I would ask, Can such an exhibition be justified on the score of Christianity, philanthropy, justice, or utility? And of our Christian friends, who are not on the side of teetotalism, I would ask most seriously and affectionately, Can it be possible for God to give his blessing unto anything that is manufactured at the cost of the violation of one of his commands? If God cannot, how then can a Christian consistently ask or expect God to bless liquors made from malt, seeing that such malt cannot be made without a desecration of the Sabbath day? And further, Is it right for Christians to call drinks of the above description good creatures of God, which drinks can only be made by setting the law of God at defiance?—GEO. PARRINGTON, 3, Buckingham-place, Marlbro-road, Chelsea.

RECEIVED.—"By Flood or by Flame."—"The Marvelous Universe."—W. Lobley (Thanks; no.)—"State Pencil Drawings."—Machinery.—Several letters on Teetotalism, &c.—A. W. W. (Ours is an open paper; you should have given us some reason why the advertisement should not have been inserted.)—J. Mann, &c.

NOTES OF A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN NORMANDY.

(IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.)

IV.—A PEEP AT PARIS.

October, 1858.

As the *bateau a vapeur* was announced to start from Caen for Havre, at a quarter past one, p.m., and as the passage is usually performed in about three hours, we fully expected to start by the *bateau*, leaving Havre for Southampton at seven the same evening, and to reach London the following morning. But alas!

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a—gley."

So in the present instance. We arrived in good time at the starting-place, but could see no *bateau* to start, and no water for it to start on, if we had seen it. There not being water enough to float a raft, we became somewhat curious to know how the boat was to effect the passage. After waiting about an hour, a lot of crazy old omnibusses, brought, I should think, from some hospital for invalids, came up, and jolted us some ten or twelve miles, to meet, as we were told, the boat lower down; but the boat was in no hurry, and did not come up till nearly five. It got into Havre at 7.15, and we had the pleasure of seeing the Havre boat pass us within speaking distance, on its way to Southampton, at 7.10. Here was a go for us! This was Friday night; we had taken return tickets, and there was no return-boat till Monday night. Havre we had already seen, so we started off direct by rail for Paris, which we reached a little after five in the morning, rather stale and seedy, but determined to make the most of the little time we had. We visited Notre-Dame (which was being restored, and at the royal christening had been disfigured with stripes of red paint round the pillars, looking like confectionery work), the Madeline, the Louvre, and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and of the Palais Royal; the latter was thronged in the afternoon with crowds of people who came to listen to the military music, which was well worth the attention bestowed upon it. Should you feel at all curious about these and other places in Paris, the best advice I can give you is that of old Weller, "Wal Samivel, go and see." They are to be seen, not described; certainly not, on so cursory an inspection as we were able to give them. Should you feel interested in the *souvenirs* of the empire, you will be gratified with a visit to the Musée Imperial in the Louvre, where you may see the identical grey coat, threadbare and moth-eaten, and the now rusty black cocked hat worn by Napoleon at St. Helena; together with the bedstead on which he slept, and other relics of him, preserved and regarded with an almost idolatrous veneration.

On Sunday afternoon, we went to see the *fete* and water-works at St. Cloud; walking there through the Bois de Boulogne, which, with the artificial lakes and sloping banks on each side, was exceedingly pleasant, all the more so for its being almost immediately outside the city. On our way we did not forget to visit the pretty little chapel erected on the spot where died the Duke of Orleans. In a small room at the end of the chapel, there is an excellent painting of the Duke's death, with portraits of the ministers of state and other eminent personages who were present. The road to St. Cloud was lined with carriages and pedestrians. Old and young, men, women, and children, soldiers, priests, and gend'armes were all wending their way, mostly in holiday attire, and all with holiday looks. We got there just in time for the water-works (a very small languid affair), to see a balloon ascent, which went up very gallantly. There were besides, the usual elements of a fair—shows, booths, stalls, toys, ginger-bread, sweetmeats, billiards, shooting at pipes and bottles, music, and all sorts of swings and merry-go-rounds; with performing dogs, horses, monkeys, and men and women. The principal curiosity that I saw, was a stout brazen-faced woman in the midst of the crowd, who might have been taken for the upper-half of a very ugly mer-matron; she was cut short at the waist; and, mounted in some mysterious way, on an apparatus like the frame of a chair, about a foot from the ground, she propelled herself about, at the same time exercising her lungs most vigorously. I am, as you know, no friend to a gloomy puritanical Sabbath; but, (although I admit that the people conducted themselves most decorously), I should be sorry to see Sunday in England approximate to that Sunday at St. Cloud. On our return, we had a capital view of Paris from the covered roof of our railway carriage, (there were seats on the top), and could see the extensive grounds devoted to the culture of the grape, when we saw them growing in such abundance, trained on sticks running along the ground, and we were no longer surprised at their cheapness in Paris.

The number of English visitors in Paris, is said to be much fewer this season than ordinary. I am told that one London railway company alone has experienced during the last three months in the passenger traffic to Paris, a diminution in its receipts as compared with last season of £13,000. This is attributed chiefly to the present passport arrangements, which are a constant source of trouble and annoyance to visitors and tourists. Patience, sitting on a poetical monument, smiling at grief, is all very well; but Patience sitting for two hours on a hard bench in the passport-office, with a ticket No. 37 in her hand, smiling grimly at officials, is a very different picture.

"What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis a waiting for your passport when you're wanting to gae hame."

This, or something like this, was, I remember, a favourite melody with our light-hearted North-countryman, though, I think, he neither sung nor whistled it on this particular occasion.

I suppose theologians would instance it in illustration of the

depravity of man's fallen nature, but we could not help extracting some fun here out of the misery of our fellow-creatures—especially two of the transatlantic *genius*, who were all the time grinding benedictions between their teeth, and looked as if they could scarce resist the temptation of tapping the official claret all round. Those present who were blessed with long names found it difficult to recognize them under their Parisian accent, and three or four generally kept bobbing up as each name was called. Fortunately, my name being shorter, I found less difficulty than others in this respect. On the whole, we have had what is called "splendid weather," our only complaint in this particular being that we had rather too much of a good thing. True, we were not quite choked with dust, and not quite roasted with the sun, though we began to be pretty well browned, and could boast of "hot joints daily from 10 till 6," our desire for "some boundless continuity of shade" not meeting with what transcendentalists call "a responding objective reality." We had only two or three showers all the time we were in France, but when it did begin, I thought I should have to put down in my note-book, *a la Robinson Crusoe*, "The rainy season has now set in;"—but no, in two or three hours at farthest, the rain ceased, the roads dried up, the clouds cleared off, the sky looked as blue and the sun shone out as hot as ever.

We left Paris on Sunday night for Havre, and got to London on Tuesday morning. Having travelled all night three nights out of four, you may be sure, that on getting home we felt considerably used up, and glad to welcome the old familiar spots, and the old familiar faces. From the route I have sketched, roughly estimated at a thousand miles, you may guess we did not let the grass grow under our feet; and for myself, I can say, that if I have not profited a little by what I have seen, it must be my own fault.

I must trust to your indulgence to excuse the imperfections and errors you may discover in these notes, whether typographical, or those for which you must hold responsible

Your very sincere friend, T. S.

P.S.—In my first letter, writing from memory, I said that the Butter Tower at Rouen, was built with the proceeds of the *octroi* on butter; I should have said, of the indulgencies to eat butter during Lent.

NEW CHEMICAL DISINFECTANT.

The facility with which the *Alkaline Manganates* and *Pernanganates* give off their constituent oxygen to other bodies renders them good deodorizers and disinfectants. Water, taken from stagnant ponds, with its organic mixtures in a state of active putrefaction, is rapidly deprived of taste and smell by a small proportion of either of these salts in solution, the conversion of the organic matter into insoluble precipitates being marked by the decolorisation of the salts employed so remarkable for their deep colours—green and purple.

It is admitted by Professor Hoffman that these manganates surpass in deodorizing and disinfecting property most of the compounds in common use for these purposes, containing a large proportion of oxygen they effect an oxidation or combustion with organic matters, in which oxidation the cause of their foul odour is destroyed. In this respect they resemble the alkaline and metallic chlorides. These latter act with less energy, however, than the manganates; but as they evolve chlorine gas they destroy odorous substances in the atmosphere. But chlorine being objectionable and sometimes injurious to the sick, it will be well to find that this particular good effect of it is also attainable from the manganates and permanganates by exposing the extended surfaces of their solutions to contaminated air. We believe experience will amply demonstrate this.

These valuable salts have another advantage, that of being distinguishable from other compounds by their deep and positive colours rendering it impossible to mistake them for other liquids, as has happened with the chlorides; but even then they are comparatively innocuous.

Mr. Condy, of Battersea, who introduced them to public notice, regards their action as identical with that of the great disinfectant provided by Providence for purifying the air we breathe, called by chemists Ozone, which is naturally developed in the atmosphere.

A Man who swallowed fifteen Cows.—Just as Jonathan was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said, "I met a man the other day who had swallowed fifteen cows." You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened. When I first knew him, he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last by the drink, which he sold the cows to procure, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of Lambeth Poor-house."—*Old Jonathan.*

"What do you think of whisky, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the doctor, "it penetrates my soul like the still small voice of conscience, and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"—"Yes, sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETSEY.

CHAPTER IX.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

"All truths are vital, but none more than these,
Where truth is sown, eternal life will grow." *Lawrence.*

As we have said, the night was starless, and the moon, which but a few hours since strode forth on the arched heavens with majestic brilliance was now obscured by black, fast-scudding clouds. Grace Church clock had struck the hour of twelve, the gloom had deepened, and a heavy dew began to fall, when with electric rapidity, Mr. Jepson was aroused from his recumbent position by a piercing, heart-sickening scream, which rose on the midnight stillness, to which the echo had scarce replied, when another, and again a third more loud and startling than the first, rang with appalling clearness over the roofs of the opposite houses, and starting to his feet, he strove to pierce the thick gloom beneath and ascertain, from whence proceeded such agonizing sounds, and which were continued in such rapid succession, and were fast approaching nearer; but between which could be distinctly heard a peculiarly dull sound, occasioned by the striking of a hollow truncheon on the kerb stone, a signal used by the City police instead of a rattle, in cases of emergency, and commingled with the hasty tramp of feet along the adjacent streets, and now, stretching his body far over the balcony, he saw the several corners of the streets, at which had appeared, as if by magic, the gleam of several "Bull's Eyes," throwing strange, unearthly, and "Jack o'lantern" like figures across the road, and suddenly, as if by mutual consent, several policemen rushed across the Broadway, and met in a body, at the precise moment at which—oh, horrible sight—a woman with frantic precipitation, turned the corner of Duane Street, enveloped in flames. In the centre of the lurid glare of the fearful element, were two arms extended heavenward, between which, was seen a face blistered, bleeding, and charred, and the suffering victim gave one more imploring shriek of "Save me, oh, save me," and her body rolled on the pavement in the convulsed and agonizing throes of a horrible death. The flames were extinguished by the men, and the still writhing body was carried away, and in a few moments, with the exception of a low murmuring of voices, all was again dark and quiet.

Mr. Jepson remained standing, transfixed to the spot, and gazing with horror at the place where the soul-harrowing scene had been closed in death, but was again startled by the deep toned fire-bell at the City Hall striking *one*, a moment, and it again struck, and again, till it had struck *five*. The vibration had scarcely died away, when again its sonorous notes pealed forth louder and deeper, and could be heard at the distance of three miles. And now the ominous number was taken up in every steeple throughout the City, and the air was alive with the call to Citizens connected with engine and hose companies, to arouse, and aid in suppressing a fire in the *fifth* ward.

Mr. Jepson scanned the horizon in search of some other evidence of fire than that indicated by the City Hall bell; it being common for a ruffianly rowdy to obtain access to the telegraph, and by calling together the Citizens attached to the rival fire companies, raise a feud, which has ended in bloodshed and death, and quelled only by calling out the militia; and even that has proved a painful and inefficient course to pursue, as every ward furnishes its firemen, and militiamen, the ties of relationship in each being so close, as to prevent the one raising arms against the other. Who may be his father, brother, or son?

In a few minutes, the hotels and stores in the vicinity of the fifth ward were illuminated; and "a tramp, and a rout, and an uproar of voices," succeeded the stillness which had reigned, and a glare of light shot upwards from the five points, and dense volumes of smoke ascended, and hovered over the devouring element like a canopy. And the air resounded with the shouts of the intrepid firemen, who, with their red, blue, or yellow flannel blouses, polished helmets, hatchets, and knives, and it may be, with a six-barrelled revolver, with their death-dealing muzzles grinning from their belts, were hurrying to join their *own* company. The beautiful toy-like engines rolled rapidly along the roads, their brass and silver ornaments glistening in the light of the variegated glass lamps carried by their attendants, and the rope by which they are dragged along by willing hands, every minute getting fresh accessions of help, till each engine with its row of men at each side the rope of over thirty feet long, and led by a captain, reach a speed scarcely attainable by the clumsy and heavy horse engines in England. And these followed by their respective hose company's light two wheeled machine, with several hundred feet of hose wound around its cylinder, formed a noisy, but animated scene. All the boarders at Irving house were up, and the balcony in front of the "Lounge" was crowded with persons, eagerly watching the progress of the flames, and with characteristic coolness, were "speculating" on the extent of the damage to be done, and the probable loss to the owner of the property. The preciousness of human life forming no part of the debate.

Mr. Jepson retired to his room, and throwing off his saturated garments, hastily attired himself in dry ones, and covering the whole with a loose overcoat, sallied forth to the scene of the conflagration. On reaching the street, he chose a rather circuitous rout, preferring it to being hurried along by the rough multitude that coursed the Broadway. So crossing the street with some difficulty, he made his way into the City Hall Park, and out at the gate, into City Hall Place, through Beckman, into Pearl Street, till he arrived at Mulberry Street, from which point, he had a full view of the fire.

CHAPTER X.

AFIRE IN THE FIVE POINTS—DANDY MARKS, THE ROWDY.

"The outlaw'd chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew,
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid,
These loose banditti stand arrayed."

The Lady of the Lake.

The scene that presented itself baffles description, for now—as too commonly is the case at a fire in an American city—the populace were divided, and whilst the brave firemen were gratuitously using almost superhuman exertions to subdue, or to limit the extension of the destructive element, a strong party of the lower orders of the people (and not a few others)

headed by a party of Rowdies, had placed all possible obstruction in the way of accomplishing either. Upon enquiry, Mr. Jepson learned that about an hour since three drunken Rowdies entered a house of ill-fame—a large wooden edifice, kept conjointly by an Irishman and a coloured woman, and as an indispensable addition to their wholesale traffic in virtue, drove a profitable trade in clams and spirituous liquors. Among the degraded and unfortunate females who frequented this den, was one, who, from the almost unlimited patronage she received in her wretched culling, by senators as well as serfs, was enabled to keep in her pay "A Negro," a dwarfish embodiment of cruelty and bloodthirstiness, well known and justly dreaded by the weak of either sex among his class and craft. He wore English-cut cloth breeches, round-toed ankle jack boots, flesh coloured silk stockings, and linen of snowy whiteness. He never wore a vest, but delighted at all seasons to display his broad black chest. He generally wore a green surtout coat adorned with a profusion of gilt buttons, and an ample display of jewellery on his hands. His coal-black face had been cleverly and elaborately tattooed, and when in anger, his broad flat nostrils would expand, and his wide mouth protruberant upper lip, and overhanging lower one, with a blood-red line seamed round both of them, would give a demonical expression to his face, once seen never to be forgotten; whilst the yellow tint which surrounded the pupils of his eyes imparted an appearance so ferocious and inhuman, as to lend the conviction that no such thing as an immortal soul lodged in that tenement. In his ears he wore a pair of half-moon shaped gold ear-rings, and his large head was encased in a cap made of leopard skin sewn together with the stripes uniform. The skin of the animal had been cured so as to retain the ears, nose and tail in good preservation. The nose and eye-holes were in front, whilst the ears stood erect in their natural position. The two fore paws of the creature with their shining claws rested on the wearer's shoulders, and the long tail hung down his back. This, with a tuft of grizzly hair on the point of his chin, completed but a faint picture of Dandy Marks, the Five Points bully.

Dandy Marks followed the woman we have mentioned in her nightly wanderings, his instructions being never to speak to her in public, but upon a well-understood signal, to fall upon and beat the individual who was so unfortunate as to come under her displeasure.

On this occasion she was about retiring to rest, when the three drunken Rowdies arrived, but a handsome bribe induced her to change her intention; but the Irishman and his paramour wishing, at that late hour, to go to bed, objected to serve them, a quarrel ensued and the Irishman extinguished the bar lights, which so enraged the woman, that she gave the signal to the Bully to fall upon the Irishman, but the Rowdies interfered, and a general fight took place in the dark. Whilst the hard breathing of the combatants at deadly strife on the floor attracted the presence of a few kindred spirits to the bar-room door, the woman (who remained indifferent to the affray) took hold of a can containing about three quarts of camphene, and filled up the barrels of the burners, but in applying a light, some of the dangerous liquid which she had spilled over her hands became ignited, and this serving as a train, the fire travelled to the neck of the can which immediately exploded, and the contents streamed over her dress. In her fright she ran into the street, the combatants instantly ceased fighting and went in pursuit of the burning fugitive, but the rapidity with which she ran outstripped them, and the wind fanned the flames till they burned high and fiercely, the result of which, the reader has seen.

In the few minutes which had begun and terminated a scene so terrific, the camphene, boiling and burning, ran in narrow rivers of flame along the flooring of the rum store, in its course igniting such inflammable materials as were sprinkled with the liquid, and ere the owner had returned, the lower part of his house was in flames. The alarm was immediately given, but by the time Mr. Jepson had reached the spot, the whole side of the street, and which comprised twenty-seven wooden tenements—each from one to three stories in height—were in one broad sheet of flame, which illumined the city, and could be plainly seen from the Brooklyn heights, across the east river, and from all the heights for several miles along the Jersey coast.

An ample supply of water was at hand, and the gallant firemen vigorously attacked the flames, commanding every point, and pouring ton after ton of water through the short broad bore of the hose pipe upon the devoted buildings, but did not succeed in arresting the progress of the fire.

On the south side of the street, and nearly opposite to where Mr. Jepson stood, was a mass of men seemingly bent upon mischief, who were being urged on to their devilish work by Dandy Marks, and which they had commenced by trying to force the front ranks of the spectators over the long row of policemen, who, according to custom, held their truncheon with one hand, using the other to convey a cigar to and from their mouth. To remonstrate with these ruffians was a useless task, and the noise and confusion at this point was only equalled by the customary shouts of the firemen and engine workers to encourage each other to renewed exertions. Near to this spot was a number of flour barrels, piled up like a pyramid, on which were mounted several persons. On the topmost one was a brave fireman, pouring a stream of water against a wall which abutted on the burning pile, his object being to make the wall sufficiently cool to be bearable to the feet of three of his comrades, who were standing upon it. Midway, between the wall and the barrels, was a group of coloured men, amongst whom was our friend Sam, who, with his fellows, were expostulating with the rioters, who, besides swaying the mass to and fro, were making strenuous efforts to overturn the pyramid of barrels on which the fireman stood. Mr. Jepson, trembling for the safety of his trusty servant, elbowed his way through the crowd, and had just reached the scene of altercation in time to see an unoffending negro felled to the earth by Dandy Marks with a slung shot. Mr. Jepson took hold of Sam's arm to draw him away, but Sam doggedly resisted him. Behind Sam stood an herculean negro, in uniform, nearly seven feet in height, and attached to the New York Sappers, several of whom were present. In his broad belt was a ponderous axe, his hand grasped the handle, he had his eyes fixed, with a fierce expression on Dandy Marks. The warrior's face, as reflected in the upshooting flames, bore a sickly hue, and his compressed and pearl-like teeth contrasted strangely with the colour of his skin, giving to his fine face a sinister and determined, but, at the same time, fearful and inflexible aspect. For a moment, only, he removed the withering glance of his eyes, and fixed them on the white-haired man, who, with painful anxiety, was urging Sam to come away, and that eye, a moment before so expressive of fierce anger, fell with a kindly glance on Mr. Jepson, and he exclaimed: "Let be; all's right, sirree; but, instantly changing both look and tone, he drew forth his axe, and, raising it high up above his head, shouted to Dandy Marks: "Stan' hof from dat ar' bar'll!

Stan' hof; Stan' hof, I tel yer; hor by der grate God! I'll pin yer to der ground."

The fearful countenance of Marks was now arrayed in all the lines of terrible passion so peculiar to his nature; his eyeballs started with ungovernable ferocity; and, with a tiger-like leap, he threw his body upon the tall negro just as the death dealing axe fell, and which, but for his activity, would have divided his skull in twain. The two men grappled with each other in a death-like embrace; the head of the tall one towering above that of his antagonist, and the sea of human faces surged to and fro, and, with boisterous shouts, urged on the men, but who, as if unconscious of aught else but their individual positions, strove the one to blot out the life of the other. And now the great dark hand of the warrior felt its way stealthily over the white front of the shirt worn by Marks; it reached his throat, and, with a powerful grasp, the muscular fingers encircled and pressed it, until his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his glazed eyes started from their sockets. He was borne down by the superior strength of the tall warrior, and gradually the two sank to the ground, to be trampled upon and mangled to death by the feet of the excited multitude. The tumult was now appalling, and Mr. Jepson, hemmed in on every side, looked around for Sam, but could not see him; but, in a sudden movement made by the mass in the rear, to catch a glimpse of the two black combatants, he was hurried into the space guarded by the police, and saw Sam a few yards in advance of him. He shouted to him, but he did not appear to hear the call, and the sharp click of revolvers, followed by their tingling reports, was heard in all directions. A bullet passed through his chip hat, scalping the wearer, and through the cheek of a man who stood near him, who gave but one agonizing groan—the blood gushed from his mouth and ears, and he sank down to be trodden under foot.

Mr. Jepson's hat had fallen from his head, and exposed his white hair, crimsoned with his own blood, which now trickled down his face; he felt sick, and his eyes grew dim; again he saw Sam, who was in a stooping attitude, and again he shouted to him. This time he turned, and gazed on his master's disfigured face and blood-bedaubed garments, but he neither moved nor spoke, though his swarthy countenance had assumed a ghastly appearance. At this moment a fearful shout rent the air, and the wall, on which stood the three firemen, fell with a crash into the midst of the burning ruins, extinguishing, for a time, the glare of light, and enveloping the scene in darkness. Another bullet grazed Mr. Jepson's cheek, and he felt weak and giddy. Again the flames shot up high, and again he stretched forth his hands, and called, "Sam, Sam!" But he moved not. Now he faintly murmured, "Jane, Jane." A bowie knife gleamed in his face from an upraised arm, and he gathered his little remaining strength, and raised his hand to ward off the deadly thrust, when a powerful arm grasped and encircled his middle, and a tremendous stream of water deluged the multitude who stood there, and wet, bleeding, and senseless, the old man was borne away.

Physical exertion and mental excitement had of late contributed to Mr. Jepson's indisposition, and these, added to the weight of sixty years, and the fearful part he had played in the Five Points' drama, were about to result in his removal from this city to another "whose maker and builder is God."

The grey streaks of morning had begun to render objects distinguishable throughout the city ere the fire was subdued, and it was far into the sun-lit day before the cinder-like remains of the brave firemen were recovered from the smouldering ruins, whilst the driver of the corporation van was there with seven shells, in which were deposited the mutilated remains of as many men, in whose heads were the bullet holes through which the life's blood had oozed ere their bodies had been passed over by numberless feet, and every lineament and feature so obliterated as to be known only by the remains of dress that covered the body. Dandy Marks was rescued, bleeding and senseless by his party, and his body, pierced in several places by bullets, was carried by them to a place of safety down town, but the tall warrior was no where to be found.

CHAPTER XI.—THE EAST RIVER.

FRIENDSHIP—SAM AND THE TALL WARRIOR.

"Virtue, alone, outbuilds the pyramids.
Her monuments shall stand when Egypt's fall."—YORKE.

Sam and his friend, the tall warrior, had before mingled in scenes similar to those narrated in the last chapter, and, on this occasion, at the first call of the fire bell, had run off to the Five Points, on their way calling several of their coloured brethren to accompany them, mustering, in all, thirteen persons, twelve of whom belonged to the New York Sappers. On arriving at the scene of action, they saw, at a glance, the drift of the rowdy boys, and at once agreed to counteract them.

The coloured people are remarkable for the tenacity with which they will adhere to a cause, or to a person whom they love, and their extraordinary powers of endurance and constancy may well put those to the blush who, with their almost unlimited advantages of colour and intelligence, are less morally honest. But the cunning and duplicity with which they will devise and pursue plans to circumvent, to harass, or to destroy the objects of their hatred, are too well known by those who have resided among them, even in a semi-civilized state, to need a long comment, and thus cause us to digress too far from the strict order of our tale. But for the edification of those who have not been thus favoured, we would remark, as we pass, that, since the abolition of slavery in the United States, a great number of Indians, as they are termed, have been admitted to settle down with the white population, and, to the casual observer, appear to partake of the privileges of citizenship, but are not in reality admitted to any. And thus, in the several states of the Union, there are tens of thousands of people, varying in colour from the swarthy African to the creole, beautiful in form and feature, and whose ancestors dwelt in all parts of that immense tract which lies between the Penobscot and the Potomac, the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and many of those tribes prided themselves upon being an "unmixed people." The tribe that possessed the country which now composes that portion of New York which lies east of the Hudson, and the country even much further to the south, was a mighty people called the Mohicans. But this tribe, like every other throughout the vast continent of America, were divided and again subdivided by various means; but more especially by the ungenerous policy and diplomatic artifices of the Dutch, from whose interference may be dated the downfall of the greatest and most civilized of the Indian nations that existed within the limits of the present United States. Robbed by the whites, and oppressed and murdered by the savages of surrounding nations, they

lingered for a time around their council-fire, but finally broke off in bands, some seeking refuge in the western wilds, whilst others became mixed among the numerous tribes, some of whom came from lands near the sun. The subtle conduct of both French and English in the American wars, were grafted upon the warlike and proud natures of these children of the wilds, and whilst deluged with "fire-water," cruelties and oppressions developed the ferocity of a people whose wholesale deeds of horror and massacre curdled the blood in the veins of a "Montcalm" and a "Munro," and spread a panic throughout the civilized world. But should the gentle reader be desirous to pursue the tortuous and blood-stained path trod, and the scenes enacted by the several nations of all colours in the forests and plains of the far-off west, they will be found conspicuous in the pages of colonial history of 1757, under the title of "The Massacre of William Henry," a perusal of which may help the liberal Christian mind to spread the mantle of charity over the fearfully revengeful spirit inherited, and occasionally exhibited by the representatives of disbanded tribes. But to return: Sam and his colleagues, armed with axe and knife, took their stand on a spot where they could observe the movements of the party under the direction of Dandy Marks.

In the front of the police, and parallel with the wall, on which were the three firemen, lay a line of hose, over which Sam was stooping when seen by Mr. Jepson, whilst near to the wall were stationed several of his stalwart friends, in whom much of the fire of their forefathers remained, and Sam too, usually so tractable and docile, had now roused within him much of that subtlety and strength of will, so characteristic of the African, and with his mind too deeply set on the part he had to perform, to attend to Mr. Jepson's call—kept his sharp eye roving, first on his trusty friends, the sappers, and next upon the fierce combatants who were rolling on the ground in hateful, but silent trial of strength. Whilst the sappers put forth their immense bodies to keep their struggling comrade from being trampled upon, Marks, under the iron grasp of his antagonist's hand, relaxed his hold, gasping for breath, and the soldier used the opportunity to raise his tall form among his comrades, and as the rowdies grasped the body of the exhausted "Marks" and carried it off—the soldier threw his arm around Mr. Jepson and bore him away, a lane being made through the crowd by the exertions of his fellows, but the excited multitude would have dragged the warrior with his aged burden to the ground, had not Sam, with an amount of agility for which we could not have given him credit, have sprang forward, and plunging his glittering blade into the hose over which he had been stooping, inflicted a gash of about two feet long, out of which belched a flood of water which, mounting several feet in the air, descended in torrents on both friends and foes, and for a time so disconcerted the belligerents, that before they could rally again, the warrior and his comrades, followed by the exulting Sam, had escaped through the mob, and made their way up Duane-street, across the Broadway, and in triumph, carried Mr. Jepson to Irving House.

Mr. Jepson had received a full share of the cooling element over his garments, and which, not being impervious to wet, acted as a restorative, and by the time he had reached his room he was perfectly conscious, and poured forth his heartfelt expressions of gratitude to God, at having, with his trusty friends, escaped from such a scene of tumult and brutality. He was soon relieved from his wet clothes, and his wounds were attended to by a skillful physician, who had on the previous day arrived from Albany, and was staying at Irving House. His wounds were but trifling, and by no means dangerous; and being placed in bed, he soon fell into a quiet sleep, and the room was cleared of all intruders, Sam and the warrior excepted. The mosquito curtains which surrounded Mr. Jepson's bed, were so arranged as to exclude the slight, humming, but annoying mosquitoes, which at this season are very intrusive. Sam cast himself into an elegant rocking chair, and raised his ponderous feet to rest them on a beautiful walnut-tree table, and with a hope to cheat "Dem here 'skeaters," he enfolded his woolly head in a strip of white gauze, and the warrior followed his example, by occupying another rocking chair, and drawing a high-backed chair to his knees, threw his long legs over the back of it, and covering his face in imitation of Sam, the noise which in a few moments proceeded from their nasal organs, pronounced them both to be far away in the land of dreams. Mr. Jepson awoke about eight o'clock, he felt very unwell, but not sufficiently so to oblige him to remain in bed; so he arose, and looking through the light fabric, of which his bed-curtains was composed, he saw the two men, in their rather inglorious position, and fast asleep; and not wishing to disturb them, he quietly dressed himself, and descended to the breakfast room. Coloured folks perspire rather profusely, and in Sam's case, the thin gauze which enveloped his head, had become so saturated, as to fit very close to his face, his mouth excepted, so that at each respiration, the gauze was at regular intervals drawn in and blown out of his mouth, whilst over the spot where his nose should be, a few agile "skeaters" hovered, and by turns alighted on that protuberance, it having appeared through a rent in the gauze, assuming the form and colour of a large ripe grape; whilst Sam, firm in the arms of Morpheus, periodically, and angrily rubbed his nose. Whether he dreamt of an encounter with rowdies, or not, we won't venture to predict; but he commenced throwing his huge fists about, right, left, and forward, till, in his struggle with his enemy, real, or fancied, he had worked the chair in which he slept, into a full rock, and was suddenly awoken by the hearty laughter of three smart, coloured chambermaids, one of whom, who had been directed to awaken Sam, had opened the bed-room door gently, and seeing Sam in battle array, called the other two to "enjoy" the sight. Sam managed with his usual awkwardness, to arrive on his feet, and tore the stifling gauze from his face, and drawing a long breath, stared about him with that kind of look which seems to ask, "I wonder where I am?" Having assured himself that he was in the land of the living, and that it was veritable flesh and blood, in shape of woman, that so enjoyed his fright, he strove not to be angry, and said, "Mebbe der bressed critters o' gals u'blige, an' tel dis yer nigger wot's ther case anyhow. Ther gals is allers lar'n o' dere we'pin wen dey order be 'bout dero-bies'nes." "Yer mas'r see yer ter get yer brest'nast, den yer ter bring er car'age, an' go down ter de Battery," said one of the girls, and closed the door. "I guess dis yer childer aint quite er greenhorn," muttered Sam, and peeping through the mosquito curtains, could scarce convince himself that the bed was empty; but on ascertaining the truth, he hastily awoke the warrior. A very few words passed between them, and having speedily attended to their toilet, they walked down to the kitchen, and managed to take in a good stock of animal and vegetable ammunition, under a heavy fire of black artillery, in shape of oinks and their helps, who were in full possession of Sam's exploits, both at the fire and in the bed-room, all of which was received in good part by both of the men. The soldier departed to his home, and Sam,

having called a carriage off the rank at City Hall Park, Mr. Jepson was handed into it, and Sam, having mounted the box, they drove off to the Battery, to look out for the West Point.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EAST RIVER—THE WEST POINT—EMIGRATION TROUBLES.

Believe, and show the reason of a man.
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God.
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.
Dr. Young.

In about a quarter of an hour after the carriage had left Irving House, Mr. Jepson, with his faithful attendant, were inhaling the beautiful sea breeze at that favourite promenade, the Battery; and enjoying a prospect rarely to be equalled. The noble bay expands before it, bounded on the left, by the sloping hills and valleys of Long Island, in front, by the narrows, about ten miles off, and on the right, by the shores of New Jersey. Two or three forts appear on as many islands, and vessels of every size, from the seventy-four gun ship, to the sloop at anchor, or under sail. The cliffs of some stately mountain are almost all that could be desired to complete the landscape.

"Has the West Point arrived?" enquired Mr. Jepson, of a respectable man, whose attention seemed drawn to a vessel being towed up the narrows.

"I guess she has, stranger, and its a pretty considerable piece agone since she was hereaways," was the laconic reply.

"Do you happen to know her dock?" asked Mr. Jepson.

"Peck Slip, on the East River; her owners are Lombards, in Wall Street," replied the man.

"Will you oblige by pointing her out to me?" said Mr. Jepson.

"I guess I aint gwine near the wharves till ter morrow anyhow," answered the man, and then he walked away.

Mr. Jepson looked disconcerted, and turned a languid and enquiring glance at Sam, who had been an attentive listener to this brief conversation, and as he eyed the man, he remarked "Wal, dat ar's er m'ity oncivil 'merican; but its allers jist dat ar way 'mong dese Yankoes, an' we ort'n ter 'spect no better frum sich, but hif yer feels war enuff ter tak hold on dis yer arm, I 'spect we can fix der matter him ten minits."

Mr. Jepson did not speak, but with an effort he arose from his seat, and took the proffered arm, and as they slowly and silently walked away from the Battery, it would seem as if ten years with the infirmities belonging thereto, had been added to the old man's lifetime. His face was pale and haggard, and his gait tottering and feeble, which obliged him to lean heavily on Sam's arm. From the Battery, the city gradually widens, and as with slow and measured steps, they neared Wall Street, the old man glanced at the back ground, and upon the numbers of youthful and well-dressed figures that glided through the foliage, or stood to admire the approaching vessels, next, his eyes wandered over the neatly painted houses, their white and red walls, glancing through thick beds of trees, and again to the right on the more varied buildings, and the winding waters of the East river, bounded on the one side by the wooded heights of Brooklyn, and the varied shores of Long Island, and on the other, by quays and warehouses, scarcely discernible through the forest of masts that were crowded as far as the eye could reach; whilst behind, stretched the broad expanse of the bay, whose islets crowned with turretted forts, their colours streaming from their flag-staffs, slept on the still-glowing waters, in dark or sunny spots, as they caught or shunned the gaze of the sun. "Sam," said Mr. Jepson, in a solemn tone of voice, and a pearly tear trickled down his pale face, "Sam, I shall never look on this scene again, my days are but few, I have a presentiment that my glass is run—my time is almost spent; listen to me, Sam; my old heart yearns for my native soil, but I shall never again behold it. When I am dead, lay my poor body beside that of the partner of my many toils; but let 'us not more than rot in the ground of the homestead, for it will fall into the hands of strangers, and our bones will be turned up to bleach in the sun, and be cast hither and thither, by thoughtless hands."

"Mas'r," said Sam, with deep emotion, "I ca'n't stand dis yer no-ways, I ca'n't, my ole body's on der crack, yer'll git better yet, an'll see Missy Jane, an' dat ar babby as is jist tort ter call yer granfader; we ca'n't spare yer no ways."

"Go I must, Sam," the old man continued, "I have no real friend on earth but you—my child is young, but she too will soon be gathered to her rest. When I am gone, Sam, attend to the farm till young spring comes round again. Take this key, Sam, it belongs to the old box at my bed's head. In that box is a small tin case, and when I'm dead, open it, and take the papers it contains to the gentleman whose name and address is upon it. He has instructions to sell my farm, and pay my debts. My body, with the bones of my dear wife, are to be taken to the city and there buried, and Jane—my poor Jane," and the old man grasped the tawny hand of the faithful negro—"my poor Jane, and her little Lizzy, are to go to England, the residue of my property will keep her from want so long as she lives, all my affairs are straight, Sam, both for this world, and for that which is to come."

"I's not strong enuff for dis yer job, mas'r," said Sam, in broken accents, "but dat ar job's too strong fer me, I'll try ter do hit, mas'r, but I—I wanten know, mebbe you'll 'low me ter go long'er missie Jane and dat ar Lizzy, fer it's kinder nobody ter care fer me hin dis yer place, an' I'll fend her ter my las' brest."

"Thank you, Sam, thank you, you may go, and take care of the orphan, and God will bless you. Say no more now, but bear in mind all I have told you. I would like once more to see that worthless man and bear to him a wife's message, and then to return home and comfort her with my presence, and who, when I am gone, will be left to an unkind world, but her father's God will be her God." The two men walked on down Wall-street, and were the "observed of all observers," each being menaced by the angry looks of men of respectable exterior, but who either inherited or had acquired the notion that colour should make, and law (influenced by custom,) should enforce, social distinction. So that in the estimation of Yankees and Anglo-Americans the white man lost caste by being familiar with a black man, whom they will not recognize as "a man and a brother."

They had now arrived at East-street, and slowly passing along the wharfs, Mr. Jepson contemplated with deep interest the apparently never-ceasing operations of loading and discharging, warping out and hauling in, vessels of every description arriving and sailing with "every breeze that blows," together with the bustling of shippers, custom-house officers, sailors and emigrants, and the loud "g'lang" of

smart carmen, and felt lost in consideration of the great extent of commerce, which could supply such extensive means with such unceasing employment for men of every class and colour. On nearing Peck Slip great bustle and excitement prevailed, five vessels of various burdens, and laden with emigrants from distant ports, had that morning arrived, and side by side of each other reached far out in the river. Here they do not enjoy the advantage of dry docks, for the tide does not ebb sufficiently to empty them. The tides rise and fall about six feet, but there is always water enough abreast of the piers to float the largest merchantmen, whilst the bowsprits of vessels stretch far across the streets, and the "masts surround the city like reeds on the margin of a pool."

(To be continued in our next.)

NEWSPAPERS.

NEWSPAPERS now form (so to speak) such an important and influential section of the community, that we conceive some remarks and statistics relating to them may not be unacceptable to our readers. On referring to the influence of the Press we have only to point to the good done by the powerful and eloquent letters of the *Times* special correspondent during the late war in the Crimea.

We find that daily records of passing events were kept at Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar. Whether they were circulated for sale or not is quite unknown; suffice it to say that such journals were in existence at that time, and were in all probability posted up in conspicuous parts of the city for public inspection. A copy of one of these journals is published in the tenth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1740). Some extracts may be interesting:—"On the 26th of July, 30 boys and 40 girls were born on the estate at Cinnæ, belonging to Trimalchio;" "On the same day, £80,729 3s. 4d. was returned into the Treasury, because it could not be placed out at interest;" "On the same day, a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began at night in the steward's lodge."

There has been a considerable difference of opinion as to the time when newspapers became common in Europe; it would be foreign to our purpose to enter into a discussion of this point now; it appears, however, to have been about the middle of the sixteenth century. The first newspaper published in this country was the *English Mercurie*, issued in 1588, and under the especial patronage of Queen Elizabeth. After this period, and up to the time of the Commonwealth, "pamphlets of news" were not uncommon. It was not, however, till 1665 that the first official journal—the *Gazette*—was issued. This was published first at Oxford, in November of that year, where the Court then was; but on the removal of the Court to London, it was continued as the *London Gazette*.

In the reign of Queen Anne, several newspapers were published, among others, the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; but in 1712 a stamp duty was imposed. This seems to have been adopted in consequence of the virulent and even dangerous character of some of the papers of the day. It had the effect at the time of reducing the sale of some, and terminating the existence of others. This duty, however, did not prevent the gradual increase of these publications, for they were so numerous that in 1731 the *Gentleman's Magazine* was started, for the especial purpose of giving abstracts of the more important essays published during the preceding month. The earliest provincial paper published in England is believed to be the *Lincoln Mercury* (1695) in Scotland, the *Edinburgh Caledonian Mercury* (1660) was the first; and in Ireland, the *Belfast News Letter*.

Before the repeal of the advertisement and stamp duties, any person intending to establish a newspaper was obliged to enter into certain securities that the duties would be properly paid. This is not, of course, the case now. He must, however, fill up a document stating particulars of the intended name and place of publication of the paper, also the names of the proprietor, printer, and publisher. He is obliged to furnish respectable sureties against the publication of blasphemous or seditious libels; the amount of security being £400 in London, and £300 in the country. The newspaper, having been duly registered, may be printed on stamped paper, an appropriate die being supplied for that purpose by the Board of Inland Revenue. By the Act of 16 and 17 Victoria, cap. 63, the stamp duty is fixed at one penny for every newspaper printed on one sheet, containing a superficies not exceeding 2,295 inches; of course with a larger superficies, a stamp of a higher value is required.

Before the repeal of the stamp duty, returns were published of the number of stamps issued to each journal in the United Kingdom, from which the average circulation might be ascertained; but that, of course, is now impossible. The *Times*, however, prints about 60,000 copies of the first edition, and from 4,000 to 8,000 of the second, according as to whether there is any important news to create a demand. Of the other papers, but comparatively little is known, although, judging from appearances, several of the London cheap press, for instance, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, &c., have a very extensive sale.

The great rapidity with which the circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom has increased during the last hundred years, may be seen from the annexed columns:—

	Number circulated.
In the year 1751.....	7,412,575
" 1801.....	16,085,085
" 1821.....	24,862,186
" 1831.....	35,198,190
" 1841.....	59,936,897
" 1849.....	78,792,934

Thus it appears, that while the average annual increase of the circulation of journals in the latter half of the last century was limited to 173,000, the average increase during the first twenty years of the present century was 439,000; during the next ten years, this rate of increase was more than doubled; and in the succeeding period, it was augmented in a tenfold ratio. The total circulation in 1849 was more than ten times that of 1751. So far, therefore, as the circulation of newspapers can be regarded as an index of the diffusion of knowledge, a greater amount of general information prevails now than prevailed a century ago, in, at least, a fourfold proportion.

Munificent Bequest.—Lewis Aria, Esq. (late member of the St. Pancras Vestry) formerly of Kingston, Jamaica, who died a few weeks since at Scarborough, has bequeathed the sum of £20,000 Consols in trust, for building and maintaining a Jewish College in the town of Portsea, the place of his birth. The will also provides for a further sum after the death of his wife, which it is calculated will give an additional sum of £23,000.

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

BY JACOB DIXON, ESQ., L.S.A.

X.—HOMŒOPATHY AND FACTS.

HOMŒOPATHY is a fixed fact—no longer an experiment. Proclaimed above half a century ago, it has been accepted, tried, and has succeeded. Every year proves that Homœopathy is a reform in medicine. It has passed through the first stage of opposition and ridicule, and is now almost through its second—abuse, and ere long, will enter its third stage—general adoption. This has been the course of all great discoveries. When first proclaimed, Homœopathy was laughed at, until facts declared that its remedies *did* cure; then the cry was, "If they seem to cure now you will be much worse by and bye." But people not only got better, but kept better. The average of life increases in proportion to the spread of Homœopathy. The Old School, when Homœopathy took the field, used to almost feed the sick upon physic: the gradual decrease in its great nasty doses, is to be attributed to the success of the Homœopaths with their minute and agreeable doses. Perhaps no reformatory movement has ever spread with such rapidity! Homœopathic practitioners are established in every part of the civilized world. Homœopathic journals are published in every European tongue. Homœopathic hospitals and dispensaries are extending at home and abroad. Who among the Old School doctors oppose? Only those who don't try it. In a late report of the government medical board, the returns of the Homœopathic hospital were suppressed, because by that treatment there two thirds were cured—whereas, two thirds under the Old School died. In every comparison, Homœopathy has the advantage. But it was to be expected that Homœopathy should be opposed, and its advocates must expect still to be opposed. What truth at its first diffusion has not been opposed? The movement of the earth round the sun, the circulation of blood, even the discoveries of lighting towns by means of gas, of travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, of crossing the Atlantic by steam, were all opposed. But opposition must yield before facts.

XI.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS PROGRESS.

HAHNEMANN, on the institution of the Homœopathic practice, was persecuted by the Old School, as an innovator, both in his own place, and afterwards at Leipsic. He accepted the protection of a liberal German prince,—a disciple,—and subsequently established a permanent success in Paris. In every country of Europe, Homœopathy has made large progress. In the United States, it has 3,000 practitioners; there are, there, several Homœopathic colleges, and numerous hospitals and dispensaries. About 1830, it was introduced here, meeting vast opposition. All who joined its ranks were abused. Its practitioners were branded as quacks, their names struck from college-lists and directories: still it lived and thrived; for those who listened to the abuse of it, inquired into its merits, and accepted it. The Old School men then affected to despise it. Now and then the Old School periodicals showed wrath, but made less noise, and told their readers that it was "going down." They still say so; perhaps they believe so, for "the wish is father to the thought;" but let us see what the facts are. By the latest returns, there are now in the United Kingdom 250 legally qualified gentlemen practising Homœopathy; in London alone, there are 75; in Manchester there are some 20. There are few towns of magnitude in the country without one or more. In Edinburgh there are 7 physicians, including Dr. Henderson, one of its university professors. In Ireland it is advancing under the auspices of Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, one of the most eminent scholars and philanthropists of the age. In short, throughout the United Kingdom its adherents are every where increasing in geometrical ratio, and include the most eminent in the land. The latest returns from the continent enable us to say that there are at least forty known university professors who have adopted Homœopathy. Court physicians, as a rule, are practitioners of Homœopathy; but we regard less the fact that the new system is recognised by queens, kings, and emperors, than that it is appreciated by the people.

XII.—HOMŒOPATHY.—ITS SIMPLICITY.

In the Old School, drugs are given in mixtures of from two to a dozen, according to empirical precedents; if one mixture does not seem to answer, it is changed for another which, it is hoped, will hit the case. Dr. Paris tells the story of a worthy doctor who mixed every thing he thought likely, calculating that, out of the whole, one would be sure to be right. Compare this with the medicine of the Homœopath: he carefully selects, by scientific rule, *one* which produces, when taken in health, a disordered condition similar to that from which the patient is suffering. Experience shows that such a medicine is the best to bring the patient's disorder to a termination; it is the best also in another particular, this simple medication leaves the patient in his previous health; whereas, by the complicated medicines of the Old School drugs are deposited in the system which establish "medicinal disorders." Look at patients who have been "laid up" for acute diseases; for years after their teeth rot and fall out, "they had to take such a deal of mercury." The quality of the mineral may have removed the inflammation, or that of the antimony given with it, or that of some one of the dozens of drugs given in combination in such cases; but all the medicines given beyond the simple one required to rectify the disorder, must be discharged from the body as superfluous and noxious. In some nervous diseases, the Old School gives nitrate of silver, the excess

of which has to be again thrown out from the system; on reaching the skin, it oxydises, and the patient appears as if dyed with ink. Such are the results of the Old School having no law, only precedents and experiments on the sick. The New School has a law—*likes are cured by likes*. Homœopathy tries drugs simply on the healthy, to learn their power; and having ascertained it, exhibits them singly on the sick, and with the extreme simplicity.

MR. BLIFKINS' BABY.

That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious existence he had me up on an average six times a night.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely—I am so afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his thumb like a little white bear, as he was.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again—

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broom to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so, you will wake the baby."

"Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby? the dear child! If it wasn't for its mother, I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Mr. Blifkins," said she, in a louder key. I said nothing.

"Oh, dear!" said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man who has arrived at the honour of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?"

I remained silent, and after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to that young immortal required the surrender of my forehead for a pincushion. The truth was that the baby was what every other man's first baby is, an antecrat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins as he related it to us the other day. It is a slightly exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

FEMALE TEMPERANCE ADVOCACY.

ON Monday, the 18th inst., Mrs. Theobald, of Leicester, delivered an Oration on Temperance in Albion Hall, which was crammed by an attentive and delighted audience. Joseph Payne, Esq., presided, and delivered his 1234th speech, which was well spiced with poetic wit. He said the Temperance movement was not despotic, not narcotic, not exotic, but patriotic, and gave the following verses:—

If Jael, the wife of the Kenite, true
To duty, God's enemy bravely slew;
If Miriam sang, when the boasting foe
Of Israel deep in the sea lay low;
If Judith, with careful and stealthy tread,
Cut off Holofernes' haughty head;
And all have been honour'd, as Truth has told,
For that which they did in the times of old:
Oh! why should not those who, in modern days,
Their hands and their voices, in action raise,
Against the worst foe of our drinking land,
Renown'd in the ranks of its heroes stand?
And why should not THEOBALD be confest
As one 'midst the daughters of England blest?
Success to the Temperance cause, which stirs
Such talented Madams, as well as Sirs,

To speak and to lecture, to work and to write,
To cluster in meetings like this to-night,
And give of their substance, and strength, and time,
Their spirited prose and their racy rhyme,
To forward the good of each centering band,
And brighten the fame of their native land!
Ye ladies of London, for sense renown'd,
Henceforth let our zeal by your looks be crown'd;
And cheer us with words of a soothing sort,
Which cannot be order'd, or forc'd, or bought;
And smile on our Temperance Flag unfurl'd,
To conquer mankind and to bless the world!

Mrs. Theobald was received with cheers. She began in a low tone of voice, which gradually rose as she proceeded. She apologized for,—nay, she did not apologise, she vindicated her position on the platform, and her vindication was considered by her hearers as conclusive. She then, in an oration which lasted two hours, and was frequently interrupted by applause, proceeded to delineate, in language so eloquently descriptive and graphic that the listeners could scarcely refrain from imagining that she was painting, from personal and individual observation, the habits of the drunkard, his countenance, his clothes, his home; his wife and children, and the altered condition of the same man when, through Temperance instrumentality and even from the teachings of "one of the weaker sex," he had "passed the bottle," and became "clothed and sitting in his right mind." Her contrast of the death of the martyr-negro with that of the delirious drunkard; her picture of the little child leading its drunken father to the pledge of sobriety; her description of the widow's soldier-boy, shot, for insubordination, through drink, and of the sequel of his broken-hearted mother's death, were truly grand and beautiful. Her distinction between a profession of benevolence and its practice, was clear; and her appeal to the Christian to throw aside that which was dishonouring God and damning souls, (founded on Paul's willingness to abstain from wine, and to become even a vegetarian, if an opposite example would lead his brother to offend,) was irresistibly potent. Her power of mimicry, too, in caricaturing the low pot-house politician, elicited loud laughter. Her allusion to the Maine Law was warmly received, and when she said, "The day when public houses will be no longer visible, and when Temperance and the Gospel shall bless the whole world,—may God hasten it!"—loud shouts were raised of "Amen!" the cheering was vociferous, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved by the enthusiastic crowd. To attempt to adequately report her oration, or even describe her manner, would be the height of presumption; all we will do, shall be to quote the opinion of the *Morning Star* of Tuesday, and to request, all our readers to go and hear her for themselves. "She exhibited graphic powers of a high order, powers of reasoning of no mean degree, arrangement of a lucid character, anecdotal illustration of a most interesting kind, and emotional eloquence, in a style which engendered the thought that she had taken as her exemplar the great Temperance orator of the present day,—John B. Gough. Gough, as a self-taught man, stands high; Mrs. Theobald, as a female lecturer, has probably no equal. There is scarcely perhaps another of the few women who appear on the public platform with whom she ought to be compared." Mr. Holland Brown announced other orations by Mrs. Theobald, at the Cabinet Theatre on Wednesday, and at Albion Hall on Thursday; and it is to be hoped that societies will arrange, if at all possible, to retain the lady in town another week. A vote of thanks (moved by Mr. Taylor, seconded by Mr. Bateman,) was accorded to the Chairman; and he, on behalf of the whole meeting, tendered to Mrs. Theobald their sense of appreciation of her talents. The Chairman wound up as follows:—

Intemperance injures all around
Man, woman, girl and boy;
Then wherefore should not all be found,
Their efforts to employ:—
To chase the ills that near them lurk,
And aid the noble Temperance work!
Why should not woman, if she can,
With health and strength endued,
Toil for the help of erring man
And strive to do him good:—
The truth, in earnest words, to state,
And snatch him from the Drunkard's fate?
Why should not woman, for her child,
And for her husband's sake,
Speak, in her accents firm and mild,
And kindly bid them take
The pledge that will from ills defend,
The pledge that is the truest friend?
Let Pastors of our churches hear
What woman's skill can do;
With anxious wish, and heart sincere,
And by religion true:
And let them sign, with recreant hand,
The pledge, as patterns for the land.
Now let us twine the wreath for her
Whom we have heard to-night;
Who has contrived our hearts to stir
With courage brave and bright:
Her—by no foolish fears appall'd,
The good, the clever THEOBALD!—*Temperance Star*.

Philosophic Abstraction.—Sir Isaac Newton habituated himself to severe trains of contemplation, and at these times his thoughts preserved no connection with the ordinary concerns of life; frequently on rising in the morning he would sit down on his bedside, arrested by some new conception, and remain for hours together engaged in tracing it out, without dressing himself. On being asked by what means he had arrived at his great discoveries, he replied, "By always thinking upon them," adding, "I kept the subject continually before me, and waited till the first dawns opened, slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light."—*Dr. Greer*.

"Sambo, why are your legs like an organ-grinder?"—"Dun no; gub it up."—"Case dey carry and exhibit a monkey 'bout de streets."

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