



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

No. 6, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

OUR PROSPECTUS.

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TO OUR READERS.

THE TWO WORLDS is now fairly before its readers, and a small portion of the public. We have heard only favourable expressions of opinion, as to its merits, and several friends have exerted themselves nobly to get up our present circulation of less than one thousand copies weekly; but as we cannot afford to continue to give so much matter with a circulation of less than five thousand we have resolved, to reduce the size *one half*, for the next *three* numbers. At the same time we shall print enough copies to supply every purchaser with *two* copies for his penny, in order that he may have one to give or lend to canvass for subscribers. Should the circulation increase sufficiently to justify the continuance of its publication, at the end of the month, we shall be happy to do so; if not we must discontinue it, or reduce it to a paying size. OUR FRIENDS WILL UNDERSTAND US. "A word to the wise is enough."

THE "NEW PHILOSOPHY."

SPIRITUALISM, in a limited signification, we understand as the Science of the Relations between Spirits in the flesh and spirits that have passed out of the flesh. The recognition of such a science involves the acceptance of the saying of St. Paul, that—"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." But there are many who either deny this as "a mere dogma," or who give such a vague and careless assent to it as is almost equivalent to denial, and who, when invited to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism, reply by saying that there is no case made out to warrant them in bestowing time upon the subject—which seems to them, indeed, only a web of empty fancies.

"What is matter? what is spirit?"—should perhaps be a preliminary enquiry with such. Many do not seek to obtain even definite ideas, on this point, loosely contemplating matter as that which they see, touch, taste, and feel, and spirit as something opposite, something of which the mind can take no cognisance, something without power—without qualities of any kind to bring it in contact with themselves,—an immateriality—a vapour—a nothing, an empty thought in vacancy. They who thus contemplate spirit, are consistent when they smile on hearing of a spirit moving material things, producing sounds upon material objects, or in any other way making known its presence. To such minds it may be useful to present a few considerations tending to show, by analogy, the possibility of spiritual existence, preliminarily to the observation of the striking class of facts from which spiritualists draw their distinctive conclusions.

From the ponderous metal and solid rock to the fluid of electricity and magnetism, what an infinite gradation of substance and forms! Let us limit ourselves here to a glance at those in vegetable organization. Take the rose, for instance: we all delightedly notice, as attendant on its visible, living organism, an invisible aura, or perfume. Can we weigh its particles that so delight the sense of smell? Is not the essence eliminated from it of the life of the plant, after the separation of which, the flower is, destitute of its essential attribute, throw away as useless?

May not this illustrate the separation, at death, of the spirit or mind from the body? Does the

flower weigh less by the loss of its essential perfume? Does the body of man weigh less after the life is withdrawn? The anatomist, with the quickest hand, the keenest scalpel, the most penetrating thought, cannot detect what is lost in the body; but there is a loss (of power, of thought, of will) in that body, apparent to all; and that which is lost is called Life; the "losing" being "death to the organism."

But whither goes that life—that animated the organism to love, to think, to wish, to will? Has it evaporated into an ethereal nothing, like the aura of the rose, losing its individuality in the circumambient atmosphere?—or is it still individualized,—retaining its essential and distinctive qualities? The elements of the flower are immortal, though not, perhaps, as the individual rose; but man, having analogies to all beings in nature, presents an organism more perfected than any in the vegetable or in the animal kingdom, and consequently analogy with any one species is necessarily incomplete—imperfect. Death in man is but the abstraction of his spiritual nature; the spirit's organism, with its unseen life-forces, is "born again," to be re-organised, say St. Paul and spiritualists, in a more sublimated state of life. Thus, the individual man—loved and loving—is not lost, but only passed on to another stage of existence, with all his affections wound about him.

If this be a near description of the truth, is it not possible for the natural man and the spiritual man (to use St. Paul's distinction), to commune with each other? Are not the vital electric and magnetic forces in the organism the means by which we move and are moved—the means by which physical relations are established between ourselves and objects and beings external to us? The flesh, (muscle and bone,) are but material, passive agents. And is not electricity itself (imponderable and unseen, except under certain conditions) a material agent passive, under law, to the control of spirit or mind, to rend asunder rocks or whisper intelligence from man to man between the Old and New Worlds?

And by human magnetism, too subtle for our dull instruments, or even our outward sense, is not one mind able to influence another although their bodies be "wide as the poles asunder?" They can: the proofs are patent to the world. More of them another time,

The "New Philosophy," then, spiritualists say, teaches that man, continuing to exist in another state, and on a higher stage, is able, under Divine mission or permission, by electrical and magnetic means and under certain conditions "which form the subject of scientific enquiry," to cause concussions; to move objects; and still further, by the exercise of spiritual magnetic forces, to move the hand of persons, of certain constitutions and temperaments, to write; and also to entrance them, and then use their organs of speech to express words of love and comfort to seeking and sorrowing ones still in the flesh.

If these be facts, and not a web of fancies, they are worthy of investigation, and if found true we shall have to acknowledge that there are vito-magnetic, and vito-electric means of communication between the spiritual and material worlds.

W.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL EXISTENCE.

DR. SAMUEL LA MERT ("Science of Life," page 50,) writes:—"Drinking.—To the wild Indian, whose nerves are strung on sinews hardened by exercise without excessive labour; whose thews are strengthened and invigorated by the continuous action of fresh air, laden with the medicinal balms of the herbal world; whose mental powers, never overstrained, are regulated by calm and peaceful slumbers, water is the only beverage necessary for the allayment of thirst; but to the toil-worn emaciated labourer, who encounters the 'poverty, hunger and dirt' of civilization—to the professional man, pent up in the solitude of his chamber during a greater portion of the day—and, in short, to all the denizens of a country, where men are herded together and exposed to unnatural fatigues and excitements, a moderate proportion of generous liquors is as essential to the preserva-

tion of both health and spirit as an undue quantity is fatal."

One of the leading articles of the "Times," says:—"In the moist climate in which our lot is cast, and artificial as our habits of life undoubtedly are, we fully believe that an artificial stimulus, if used in moderation, so far from being productive of evil, is of positive advantage to the constitution. Almost every individual in these islands, save perhaps the agricultural labourer, leads a highly artificial existence. It is the same thing with the artisan, the mechanic, and the manufacturing operative, as with the over-worked barrister, or merchant, or author. In the one case nearly the whole of a man's waking hours are spent in a heated and unwholesome atmosphere, over labour of an unceasing and monotonous kind. In the other there is a perpetual strain upon the brain, a perpetual wear and tear of the nervous system. When the time for relaxation arrives the man whose lot it is to live like a hermit and work like a horse is not capable of the exertion which would refresh the energies of the savage. He sits down to his meal with a great craving for food, rather than with a wholesome hunger, and the food set before him is rich and heavy. Water is not the apt solvent for such a meal, nor will a few glasses of cold water supply that stimulus which the languid stomach absolutely requires to enable it to perform its task. The Maine Liquor Law enthusiasts may talk as they will about the delights of the pure fountain; we are of those who believe that a glass or two of good sherry, or other wholesome wine, so far from being injurious in the case described, will rather act as a cordial, and restore the jaded energies of exhausted nature."

Mr. J. Mann sends us the following propositions, by way of antidote to the foregoing:—1. That men who live in an artificial state—take artificial stimulants—ought not to use them, not having any advantage over those who do not use them. 2. That an artificial state implies a departure from Nature's laws; God has provided water *only* as a beverage for us; if man is right, then Nature is wrong. 3. That which is artificial cannot be superior to that which is natural as a beverage. 4. That water is the principal fluid, in the body of man; the only fluid required to supply the waste of fluid in his system. 5. That God has placed man in a state perfectly adapted to his constitution in every part of the world. 6. That in proportion as man turns aside from the natural and perfect constitutional adaptation, and adapts himself to artificial modes of life, he necessarily impairs (in proportion to the various counteractions) the physiological powers of his constitution, and as a general fact, abridges the period of his existence. 7. That by conforming to the laws upon which health depends—natural laws—man rises in the development of his capabilities to an affiliation with angels, and to a happy and holy communion with God; but by the transgression of those laws he inevitably seeks the infliction of necessary consequences.

HARD STUDY.

It is a very general mistake, that hard study kill people. Only give the brain seven hours of regular and undisturbed repose out of every twenty-four, and it will be invigorated by all the activities that can be imposed upon it, if the person will only eat plain nourishing food, at three regular times each day, and spend two or three hours of daylight in active exercise on foot or horseback. No instance can be found, in all history or biography, where, under such circumstances, any amount of brain-work has even been productive of serious bodily inconvenience. On the contrary, brain-work is a positive pleasure to thinking men—it is literally their meat and drink, a pure delight, a labour which brings no weariness in half a century's duration; as living instances, there are, Prince Metternich, Humboldt, Palmerston, and on our side of the water, Dr. Nott, and others, all approaching their nineties; and of the great dead, Adams, and Benton, and Clay, and Calhoun, and Charles Caldwell, all of whose minds worked with seeming undiminished vigour to the close of a long life. Away, then, with the impertinent falsity. "He died of hard study." "He died of animal indulgence," as no brute beast dies; and the fact of possessing a high intellect, and made higher by cultivation, only adds enormity to the crime of reckless, inconsiderate self-destruction.

A gentleman writes—"With a most vigorous constitution, tested by twenty-five years of hard toil as a student and teacher, never kept from my business a day by sickness, and never under a doctor's care an hour, I am earnest to do what I can for the physical, as well as the moral and intellectual health of my generation." This man, with others like him, as Benton, Adams, Nott, and Humboldt, who had moral courage and intelligence enough to live temperately and rationally, keeping the animal appetites in subjection, these men live long and study hard to the last hour of life almost; and all who follow their high example of systematic temperance, may do likewise, and make the world feel for good the impress of their lives, instead of having their light go out, in the obscurity of an early grave, through their lust for animal gratifications.

In high bodily health, brain-work, like body-work, gives an appetite; and if that appetite is only indulged regularly and moderately, any student may live to a good old age, with an hour or two of judicious exercise out of doors every day; and, in the end, save years of efficient labour by it.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Mr. BRIGHT had an ovation at Birmingham, last week. On Wednesday he spoke on parliamentary reform; on Thursday he was waited upon with an address by a deputation of the Reformers' Union; on Friday, at a grand banquet, he held forth on the foreign policy of Great Britain. The Wednesday evening's oration was an important one. He spoke on the Russian War, and said he was unable to discover what compensation England had for the £100,000,000 she had expended, or what compensation Europe had for the £300,000,000 squandered by all the parties engaged in that frightful contest. He averred that the squandering of so much money had had a great influence on the enhanced price of money during the last few years, and greatly aggravated the pressure of the panic through which we passed a year ago; and that the 40,000 lives which were lost to Europe deserved to be considered before we blindly rushed into a war with Russia. He also spoke of the disproportionate distribution of political power, instancing the case of ten small boroughs in Yorkshire which returned to parliament sixteen members, whilst other eight boroughs in the same county returned fourteen, and the ten boroughs returning the sixteen members having not more than 80,000 inhabitants, the other eight boroughs with the fourteen members, however, having a population of 620,000. He characterised the House of Peers as being a very slow traveller,—"even what is called a Parliamentary train is too fast for its nerves; in fact, it never travels at all unless somebody shoves it," and he advised men who proposed to reform the House of Commons just so much and no more than would allow it to keep pace with the wishes of the House of Lords, to take no more trouble in the matter; and said it was not in the nature of things that men in such high positions should become willing fountains from which could flow great things for the freedom of any country.

The Evangelical Alliance has been holding a Conference at Liverpool, Dr. Raffles, Sir Culling E. Eardley, Lord Benholme, Dr. Patten, Major General Alexander, and a great number of notables, being present. Amongst the topics discussed, were—Christian union, the duty of Christians, its increase, incentives, &c. India and Vernacular Education and Missions also came in for a share of consideration; and it was resolved that "attributing the comparative suppression of the disturbances in India to the mercy and goodness of Almighty God, looking to Him alone for the pacification of the Peninsula, and feeling that it is the duty of England to honour God in the government of that as of every other dependency, the meeting could not but regard with anxiety certain intimations which have been given by persons in high authority of their desire that India should be governed on principles of mis-called religious neutrality; and that the proposals contained in the recent dispatches of Sir John Lawrence lay a broad comprehensive and practical basis for the practical government of India; and that nothing short of the policy indicated by that eminent statesman would satisfy the British public."—A telegram, received on Monday, states that Tania Topee, having for a few days after his former defeat occupied Seronge, fled on the approach of the detachment under Gen. Michael, and Brigadier Smith; that several gallant affairs had taken place in Oude, ending in the rout of the enemy; and that Lord Clyde had left Allahabad for Cawnpore, en route for Lucknow.

Lord Elgin has, during the short stay of a fortnight in the capital of Japan, succeeded in concluding a treaty with the government of that country, on the most advantageous terms. The American treaty, signed three weeks previously, forms to a great extent its base. It provides for a resident minister at the court of Jeddo, for the opening of the ports of Kanagawa, Nagasaki, and Hakodado, &c. For the present, however, Europeans are not allowed to travel in the country. The peculiar internal organisation of the country, which is divided by 360 feudal princes into separate and almost independent principalities, will account for this restriction. The commercial arrangements are on the most liberal possible scale. The news from China is insignificant; whilst from India, we have no more recent accounts by the last mail of the military movements in Central India. From Lucknow, however, we learn that a large body of rebels were completely hemmed in on the left bank of the Gogra, by the force extending from Fyzabad down the right bank, and which leaves the rebels no chance of crossing the river, while they are kept in that tract of country by the Azinghur troops. Preparations were being made at Calcutta to usher in the proclamation of the Queen's authority with becoming ceremony.

In miscellaneous matters, we have to record that Prince Alfred joined the naval service on Wednesday, and sailed from Spithead on board the Euryalus. The National Gallery has been reopened for public inspection, the days for public admission being Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. A screw steamer, conveying three magnificent saloon railway carriages for the Czar of Russia, has been lost in the Gulf of Riga. The "London Crystal Palace," in Oxford-street, Mr. Owen Jones being the architect, is now completed and will shortly be opened. The "Eastern City" Australian passenger ship has been destroyed by fire. She was of 1368 tons, had 180 passengers, and 1600 tons of general cargo. A "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" has been instituted. Baron de Rothschild has given a scholarship of £60 to the City of London School, in remembrance of the long struggle in the City for the emancipation of the Jews from their disabilities,—the general commemoration fund already amounting to £2400.—A number of persons at Bradford have been poisoned by eating peppermint lozenges containing some deleterious substance; ten deaths are reported, and fifty persons are dangerously ill.—Lord Stanley has declined to stand for the representation of Manchester.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

A *conversazione*, attended by upwards of 150 ladies and gentlemen, was held last week in Islington, for the object of securing the co-operation of the congregations of the parish church, Holy Trinity, St. Peter's, and St. Philip's, in the efforts now making for the welfare of the working classes. At seven o'clock the chair was taken by Robert Hanbury, Esq., M.P.

The Chairman rose to explain the objects of the meeting, and said that they were asked to assemble there that night—and he had the honour of presiding over them—in order to discuss those interesting measures now in progress among them for the benefit of the working classes; but, before they commenced, he would ask their attention very briefly, in order that he might tell them his own views on that important subject. Their object was to raise their condition physically, morally, and spiritually.—Now, it often pained him when, in former times, he had heard the term "lower classes" applied to that portion of the community, but he sincerely hoped that, for the future, so degrading a designation would never be applied.—(Hear.) Before God the lowliest and humblest among them was equal to the highest. Then as to the term, "working classes," they all knew that every one in this country laboured, from the Queen on her throne to the man who stands with his broom to sweep a crossing. Labour was ordained for all, either with their heads or hands, and every one was doomed to work as long as he lived.—(Hear, hear.) For his own part, he congratulated the country, and had to express his earnest and heartfelt gratitude that that class now sympathised with those above them, and they in return reciprocated that kind feeling in a greater degree at the present time than had ever been known before.—(Hear, hear.) The great class feeling which formerly existed was no more, for now—As Lord Sandon said in Liverpool, at a great meeting on this very subject recently held there—"We take them by the hand, and ask how we can alleviate their moral and physical condition."—(Cheers.) And that was the proper course to take, because unless they raised them physically, it was utterly impossible to do so morally.—(Hear, hear.) Perhaps, with the permission of the meeting, he might be allowed to advert for a moment to the interesting meeting at Liverpool to which he had already alluded. He believed they owed a debt of gratitude to the public press of this country for the publication of its proceedings. It was composed of several thousands of people, and addressed by five of the most talented and educated of our nobility, who were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and listened to with the most profound respect and attention. But the most extraordinary part of it was, that a Lancashire man, named Daniel Guy, came forward and made a few observations of the most important character, which, as indicating the feeling now in progress, he would take the liberty of reading,—“I am not (he said) a member of the Legislature; I am merely one of yourselves.—(Applause.) I toil in the foundry, and therefore am unused to appearing before such audiences as this. But I thank God for this night. I feel, Sir, that we, as working men, have a great right and duty incumbent upon us to give our most hearty and grateful thanks to the five illustrious gentlemen and noblemen who have given us so much of their services to-night.—(Applause.) There is an old saying amongst us working men, something after the following:—‘There’s a good time coming.’—(Hear, hear.) I believe, Sir, that day has more than dawned, that it has broken past the twilight, and already the sun begins to light upon us in full blaze.—(Applause.) When the nobles of the land begin to stoop from their high position—(applause)—to give us of the working classes a hand to elevate and lift us up—I say that the day has more than dawned, and we have a good fair view of the sun rising in his mighty power.—(Applause.) Throughout the whole course of my life never have I stood and felt such emotions arising within my own mind as I have to-night.—(Applause.) When I hear such men as my noble Lord Shaftesbury—(tremendous cheering)—telling us, we toiling millions, where our great evils lie—(cheers)—and advising us to the steps to be taken to remove that evil—(hear)—I say I feel grateful, and thankful, and highly delighted.—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) But, my working friends, with all the advice given, with all the counsel offered, unless we ourselves put our hands to the plough—(tremendous cheering)—we shall never be one whit better.” With regard to that speech he could only say, in the words of the poet, that it was an indication of the good old time,

“When the rich man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the rich.”

It was impossible to improve their condition, without improving the classes above them; they could not raise them, without also raising themselves.—(Hear, hear.) When that was done, peace and social order must increase in the domestic circle; there will be less of crime, and, of course, of destitution; and above all, by promoting so important an object, they should be following the example of him “who went about doing good.”—(Loud cheers.) He wished to say one word as regarded lodging-houses, a subject which had been referred to by Lord Shaftesbury in his speech in Liverpool, and he must say that he never in his life read a more admirable address.—(Hear, hear.) Every word of it ought to be written in letters of gold.—(Cheers.) The noble Lord stated that in the new lodging-houses erected in London, although 50 or 60 persons slept in them every night, not a single case of fever had occurred. Now that was a remarkable fact, and ought to make them thankful, that such sanitary measures were going forward. Nay, in Liverpool itself, which used to be in former times a remarkably dirty place, such was now the improvement effected, that its mortality had decreased 3,500 in the year, or at the rate of ten lives a day.—(Hear, hear.) They may form some idea of the good effected, of the husbands preserved to their wives, of the parents to their children, and the misery and destitution avoided, by considering that the lives of ten people a day had been preserved by adopting proper sanitary precautions.—(Hear, hear.) To effect these great objects they must all pull together—and they would succeed.—(Cheers.) He must remind them that that day was the anniversary of a great event in that country—it was the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, and he (the chairman) believed he could not conclude his short address to them better than by repeating the memorable words of Lord Nelson, “England expects that every man will do his duty.”—(Loud cheers.) The hon. gentleman then resumed his seat.—*Morning Advertiser.*

MRS. THEOBALD IN FINSBURY.

The oration by Mrs. Theobald, on behalf of the Finsbury Alliance Auxiliary, last week, was numerously attended. The lady lecturer, in a very low tone, commenced her task, but gradually raised her voice, until we doubt not many of the rougher sex present broke the tenth commandment, by coveting the wonderful oratorical powers displayed by this earnest and enthusiastic lady, who began by justifying the position in which she then stood; she was well aware that a great many, even of her own sex, might object to a female appearing on a platform to advocate any cause, however good; but she would ask any lady present whether she knew what it was to be a drunkard's wife? all who knew what that was, would need no excuse from her; but to those who knew not, she would beg and implore them to take the first opportunity to go to the drunkard's home, and see there a poor, starving, heart-broken, wretched, emaciated wife, perhaps three, four, or perhaps six or seven children, jacketless, trouserless, stockingless, and shoeless. No fire in the grate, no food in the cupboard, and let them then say whether it is not the mother and the child who are the greater sufferers, should not their voices be raised against the immediate cause of all their misery? To those of the opposite sex—to those lords of the creation, who object to being taught by one of the weaker vessels, she would at once say that she was not there to teach, but to warn, therefore instead of condemning her, let them rather attribute shame to themselves for letting it be at all necessary for a female to come forward to advocate such a great, good, and glorious cause as Total Abstinence; and one other question she would put to those of both sexes, who had any misgiving as to the propriety of her appearance on the temperance platform—did they know what it was to do good? If not, let them try it; the feelings of their hearts, their free and unburdened consciences, would then be a sufficient justification of the course she (Mrs. Theobald) was then pursuing. She then condemned in the superlative degree, not the drunkard, but the traffics in intoxicating drinks. She held up the drunkard as one of those objects which ought to enlist our greatest pity, and not only pity and sympathy, but that inestimable contribution—relief. But the traffic she designated as the root of all evil; that giant Upas tree, darting forth its poison into the hearts of thousands, nay, tens of thousands of our fellow beings, scattering its blight upon numberless once happy homes; causing husbands to forget the vows pledged at the altar of God; breaking the hearts of those nearest and once dearest to them; ruining in body and soul those children with which God had blessed them, and which, were it not for this accursed traffic, might, with the blessings of Providence, instead of often cursing the beings whence they sprang, be a comfort and consolation in sickness, a help in the time of need, and worthy successors to their name, when at last their grey hairs must find a resting place in the grave.

Next under her unmerciful lash came—not moderate drinkers, but the practice of it, for, were it not for the practice of taking just one glass, we should not have follow in its train intemperance; but from the ranks of moderate drinkers came forth inveterate drunkards, and yet, said she, the poor drunkard gets all the blame. The finger of scorn is pointed at him alone, the great cannon ever has its muzzle turned towards him; eye, even from the pulpit the Bible, that book of truth, is held out towards him; while the man who takes his little drops, and also the publicans, who supply this poison, who live upon the fool's pence, as they call them; but rather, I should say upon the profits derived from that which makes desolate the hearts and homes of their fellow-beings,—that which entails misery, degradation, immortality, vice, and ungodliness,—that which ruins the body and pollutes the soul. The traffic in intoxicating drinks—(she hoped, she trusted, that she should not wound the feelings of any one present, as she was not commenting upon one person, but upon causes.) As it is well known all effects must be produced by some cause; she could not pass this stage of her discourse without alluding to one great—very great failing among many ministers and missionaries, which was the great mistake of doling out pity and sympathy without relief; why not visit the garrets and the cellars, the miserable abodes of the drunkard's wife and children; be not afraid of beds of shavings, of broken chairs or stools; but lend a helping hand to the poor and wrongfully despised wife and children. Show them, and tell them, how much you pity them; and the poor drunkard too, despise, scorn not, shun him not, but let him see that he has not fallen too far to be reclaimed. Show him that some one cares for him, for depend upon it, there is still a spot in that drunkard's heart which is easily accessible to genuine kindness; yea, his heart may be touched, the big tears made to roll down his cheeks, and his own self made sensible to the danger of his own soul.

Teetotalism, said Mrs. Theobald, never professed to do more than keep people from drink; but it had done more: yes, it had not only produced abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but had made happy the hearts and homes of thousands in our land. It had brought back to the bosom of many a loving wife, restored to thousands of poor untaught, uncared-for children,—to the former a reclaimed and model husband, and to the latter, ah! who shall limit the depth of that word,—a Father. It had also brought back many a lost member of society; many a poor drunken, erring mortal had been brought under the pale of true religion; and why, then? she would ask, did not the Church bestir herself more in this all-important question. Let the Church but take up the question, and half the great battle of the Temperance Movement would then be at an end.

During the above discourse this untiring advocate cited many instances of the fearful and ravaging effects of intoxicating drinks, the soul-stirring scenes upon the reformation to total abstinence of some who had, in every sense of the word, been lost for years to society, to morals, to religion, to their wives, and to the fruits of their body—their children. Some of these were so touching in themselves, and were so admirably and pathetically given, that the tears from the eyes of a great many in the audience, not only females, but the stouter and rougher material,—males, were seen to trickle one after another down the cheeks of those whose hearts must have been touched by this unprecedented appeal.

A HORSE KILLED BY WASPS.—As Major-General Dalton of the Royal Artillery, was driving with his family in an open carriage, on the afternoon of the 31st ult., a large swarm of wasps, darkening the air by their numbers, attacked his horse, stinging it in every part of the body in a most frightful manner. They pitched in hundreds upon the horse, a very valuable and high spirited animal, pursuing the carriage for nearly a mile, and endangering the lives of all who were in it, who, however, fortunately escaped with only a few stings. On reaching home the horse had suffered so severely that it was found necessary to send for a Veterinary Surgeon, and every necessary remedy was resorted to; but the shock given to the nervous system, and the high state of inflammation produced, caused its death in 48 hours.

Our Letter Box.

THE TWO WORLDS—THIS AND THE NEXT.

SIR,—I felt somewhat struck with, and amused at, the title you have given your new paper, the *Two Worlds*. I have seen nearly sixty summers in this world, I have experienced very many of what are called its "ups and downs." I have wandered over many of its broad acres, I have driven over some thousands of miles of its roads, and travelled on its railways. I have sailed on its mighty trackless ocean, I have been mixed up with its bustling crowds; I have watched daily and hourly the great and grand developments of thought and study; the progress of science and art; the skill of the mechanic; the plodding and scheming of the capitalist and the commercialist; the study of the profession; the rising and rapid advancement to posts of honour, and the dignity, and greatness, in our army and navy, and in the civil departments of the state; of many born in humble life, all apparently moving onwards on the wheels of progress, and one after another reaching the ultimatum of all their labours and pursuits—but amidst all how few have I seen of whom it may be said they use this world and are not abusing it. O what blessings have dropped as it were from the clouds on the heads of thousands, the good things of this world have laid strewing all their paths, the blessings of a kind Providence have ever watched over their steps; they have had more even than heart could wish, and yet where are they? many of them—trace them—they have despised the blessings of Providence, they have been ungrateful to their best friends, they have determined on their own ruin, and have been actually miserable until they have accomplished it; some have laboured hard for the bread that perisheth, and through sobriety, prudence, and care, have amassed good portions in this world, some have received their portions from others and let it wilfully slip through their hands. Thousands on thousands have sold themselves body and soul to the god "Bacchus." Myriads are daily and hourly doing so, they drink largely of the intoxicating cup, and bury their troubles in the brim-full glass. O how is this world abused, its very blessings are turned by thousands into curses, those who have enjoyed most of its pleasures, riches and honours, have often sunk lowest in the scale of intellectual and moral degradation, their riches have become a snare, their property has enabled them more speedily to accomplish their deeds of infamy and blood. O how have property and riches been devoted to the worst of all human passions and purposes; the devotee of drink to pander to his unholy and carnal appetite; the lustful man to his lust; the haughty man to his pride; the revengeful man to his revenge; and thousands of blots have been made on the escutcheon of this world through the possession of that which is sometimes called "the God of this world," and it is deeply to be regretted that through this instrument in the hands of wicked and designing men, souls have been trafficked in, and thousands ruined and destroyed, bartered away by some to gain a paltry portion of this world. Others have gone to a premature grave while greedily hunting after the unholy and unsatisfying pleasures of this world. Some living a very dying life in the accumulation of its gold and silver. Others for fame just to have their names handed down to posterity or inscribed on some marble tablet as having accomplished some mighty or extraordinary feat of daring or difficulty—while alas, alas, the whole of these characters have failed to seek after an interest in the pleasures and happiness of another yet far brighter and better world beyond the skies—that world where the inhabitants shall no more say they are sick, where there will be no more night, no more need of the sun to enlighten it, but where the Sun of Righteousness will be the sun and centre, and where sin and death and misery and pain will be for ever done away,—a world of happiness—a world of glory—"a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." O happy, happy, country. Methinks there is infinite pleasure in the prospect, but "what will it be to be there?" in possession, in realization, engaged in the true worship of God the Father who hath loved us, God the Son who hath redeemed us, and God the Holy Spirit who hath sanctified and sealed us. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, the spirits of the just made perfect, our only and constant companions. Another world, "far from a world of grief and sin," a world of joy, a world of full fruition and bliss. Another world, the enjoyments of which will repay us for all our sorrows and pains and disappointments in this world. Happy world, where—

"Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Where—

"We shall bathe our weary souls,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across the peaceful breast."

O for a meetness for that world—it is a prepared place for a prepared people, and unless prepared we can never enter it, never realise its enjoyments, but pass away from them into that world of misery, wretchedness, and woe, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth," where the inhabitants of the dark and doleful regions will hear the awful tick tick on the pendulum of hell's clock vibrating in their ears for ever, for ever. O sad thought, after ten thousand times ten thousand years have gone their lingering round, it will still be "wrath to come," "wrath to come." May your paper, bearing as it does so interesting a title, become instrumental in attracting many from this lower transitory world to that brighter and happier one beyond the narrow confines of time, where—

"We shall see and hear and know,
All we desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

ZACCHÆUS.

FEMALE ORATORY.

SIR,—Mr. John De Fraine is not yet reconciled to the idea of woman employing her talents as a public teacher. Let us hope that our friend does not take conventionality as his standing-point, and the world's prejudices as his arguments, in other matters, as we are afraid that he has been so influenced in this. May I ask, who are the abettors of "shrieking, gesticulating, and shouting" women, who "throw their arms about," and whose oratory and eloquence he very properly questions? We need not write such performers down; they will be their own downfall. Their first invitation is their last. And so it is with many of Mr. De Fraine's own sex. We therefore defend the "real" and not the "spurious." Is there any existing natural law, by which all women capable of expressing their thoughts in a speech, are, at the same time, incapable of thinking aright? Do men and women stand on a different footing in this respect? When, therefore, a woman arises in society, a "talented, thinking, loving woman," who is capable of probing the evils that affect society, and of demonstrating a cure, with a magnanimity and sense of duty that impel her to put her talents to the widest possible use, is such a woman to be shut up in anyone "home"? Who is to determine the "wide circle of her friends," and is Mr. De Fraine, and a few others, to be the only ones who are to have the privilege of "garnering up her precious utterances," and embalming them "in their living human hearts"? No! Such a woman is a citizen of the world; the universe is her home; and the circle of her friends embraces the whole human family; while the most suitable arena for her usefulness is the great field of the human mind. If the school is her forte, she will be found there; if the home circle, she will be found there; but if her organization direct and fit her for greater deeds of usefulness, who shall say, Nay? Is she to remain the idol of a few, while she might be the saviour of many? It is well known that many advocates, aye, even such as constitute themselves leaders of the Temperance movement, are bitter enemies of female development in this direction. They may be teetotalers, but they are not reformers. They are men of one idea; they exhibit one light, and they are afraid lest some frail woman should present two, and, thus, the lustre of their own faint spark be extinguished.—VIR.

SIR,—In reply to an article headed, "Ought women to speak on public platforms?" it appears to me, if women ought not to speak on the platform because their duties require them at home, they ought not to go to public meetings for the same reason; and if public meetings are not fit for women to go to, they certainly are not fit for women's husbands. It appears to me, therefore, that if the advice given by Mr. De Fraine be carried out, we may shut up our halls altogether. As regards "tenth-rate" advocacy, I believe it was a "tenth-rate" man who made a teetotaler of me, sixteen years ago, which I still continue to be. I think our friend forgets that we "tenth-rate" advocates don't get £10 per night. I also believe that "tenth-rate" advocates have done an amount of good which can never be known on this side of eternity.—THOMAS BOAK, Mile End.

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a letter in the *Two Worlds* of Oct. 2, signed "John de Fraine," in which the author, who is, I believe, a youth recently arrived in London, has ventured to denounce in rather strong language the efforts now being made by our female friends on behalf of the Temperance Cause. Now, Sir, I have on more than one occasion listened to the "talking" of Mr. de F., and in reply to one of his queries I beg to say that I believe there are already quite enough of paid talkers in the temperance world, and I am sorry to find such an addition to their numbers attempting, however feebly, to talk down, or to write down, those noble women, who, impressed with a sense of duty, go forth regardless of the sneers or sarcasms of men, to labour in any way or in any place "that by all means they may save some." I am painfully conscious of the fact that there are some who in the excitement of advocacy are scarcely so guarded in the expression of their thoughts as we could wish; but I know, and Mr. de F. must also know, if he has had any experience in the matter, that there are others, women of education and great respectability, whose oratory even Mr. de F. himself, critic as he is, would not venture to style "tenth-rate," and even if it were of inferior character they often have to speak to minds of "tenth-rate" capacity, which, although they are edified—yea, and converted to our cause under such advocacy, would turn away careless and unmoved from the high-flown sentimentalisms of our first-rate critic. The truth is, and I challenge Mr. de F. to a disproof of the assertion, that while there are women and children to be reformed, woman has a mission to accomplish—a mission in which the "real earnest loving" work, which Mr. de F. admires, will find its place, and which will lead her, strengthened by the recollection that Christ said to the woman of Samaria "Go ye and tell the men of the city," to stand before the men and women of her country, to bear her testimony to the power of abstinence over the hearts and homes of the people.—W. D., New Gloucester-street, Hoxton.

VEGETARIANISM.

Ottery St. Mary, Devon, Oct. 29, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—In your valuable paper, the *Two Worlds*, I find a few remarks by D. R., on Vegetarianism. He says he has tried it "ten years." Perhaps D. R. has not thought that the people of England require flesh more than those of any other country in the world. He speaks there of peas, lentils, oatmeal, &c., but what are these for us? If the people of England had to live on the things above mentioned, we should find them a sordid lot of poor fellows. We want something that will add to our strength as well as our health. I have tried vegetarianism myself nearly a fortnight, but I

found that it would not do for me, for, very soon after dinner, I wanted to eat again, and I was obliged to return to my old custom, and then I found I was much better. What are peas, &c., for men who have got to work hard? We want something that will remain in the stomach, not like oatmeal, which, as soon as it is in the stomach, passes out again, and then we are as hungry as before. We know flesh is dear, and it is a pity that it is not cheaper, that poor people may have a greater quantity than they now have, and then they would be much happier. I think light is wanted on this subject, and may the eyes of us all be opened, and let not such foolish practices come among us.—A G.

PHRENOLOGY.

SIR,—Some of your readers who thoroughly understand the science of phrenology might be able to enlighten me, and might like to enter into the question. My fundamental principles of phrenology are:—1. That the brain is the organ of the mind. 2. That the natural strength of the mental powers are dependant on physical causes. 3. That all parts of the body and the brain included, are transmitted from the parent to the child. 4. That by attending to certain conditions, the mind may be improved as the instinctive powers of our domesticated animals. 5. That it is impossible to create mental powers, all talent is inherent, never the result of external causes, much may be done to improve those talents which already exist, it is impossible to cultivate all the powers equally. Phrenological Proposition:—That the brain is a congeries of organs or organic apparatuses through each of which various distinct powers of the mind are manifested. 1. Dr. Gall says, from experience, that particular conformations of the head were always concomitant with particular talents or particularity of mental powers. 2. It has been experimentally proved that arousing, injuring, or pressure of the different parts of the brain, have produced different results, changing the memory entirely on some things. 3. Some parts of the brain are exercised more than others, the state or condition of some organ being different as in the phenomenon of dreaming. 4. The mind displays its powers through different organs, each organ being susceptible of action and repose, independently of the others. 5. A multiplicity of powers require for their manifestation, a corresponding number of organic parts. 6. The mind displays more than one power, a plurality of mental powers, manifested through a plurality of cerebral organs. Anti-Phrenological Proposition:—That the brain is not a congeries of organs, but the seat of nervous sensation, through which the mind is manifested. If you subdivide the mind into a number of subdivisions, have I not got a right to subdivide it into an infinite number of subdivisions granted? Do you reject Dr. Gall's testimony? Yes. Why, what testimony have you got? Are you justified in doing so? Does the anatomical view of the brain justify you in making any subdivisions? Are not the characters of ability given by different phrenologists, frequently of opposite characters?—J. MANN, Southwark.

ASTRONOMICO-THEOLOGICAL QUERY.

MR. EDITOR.—In Joshua, x. 12, we read, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Does not this suppose the earth to be a quiescent body, and the sun moveable, and is not the astronomy of the text at variance with the modern astronomy, which teaches us that the sun is the centre of the system, and that it is the earth which revolves round the sun? A reconciliation of this real or apparent contradiction, by some of your learned correspondents, will oblige, Sir, yours, truly,
Newcastle. A YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR SIR,—I have been piloting my way, through the cloud of authentic wonders, with all the perseverance of a Trojan, and were quantity any guarantee of truth, I should feel inclined to "shy up my castor" and cry "Magnum est spectrum et prevalebit." But being neither an Athenian Timon, nor a modern Mormon—neither a rejecter nor a believer in everything—but with a calm reliance on truths capable of proof, and a mind susceptible of receiving them, I resume my task of shaking this New Philosophy from its rostrum and obscuring this "ignus fatuus" by the ray of the sun of truth.

My Hoxton friend says I have rashly denounced the new philosophy, and is sorry to see me frightened from the propriety of investigation; Mr. Carpenter, that I have jumped to my conclusions, and Mr. Whittaker recommends me to investigate. Gentlemen, very good advice, but a day behind the fair. When all England was running hats and tables like Manchester spinning jennies and the new philosophy was really new, and in the zenith of its popularity, along with several more I paid my devotions to the new motive power, went with an utterly unprejudiced mind, determined to sift the matter, and from that investigation we arrived at the following conclusions.—1. That there was some latent power, probably animal magnetism, in the human body, which, by accumulation and streaming through an unbroken circle upon a solid body, caused the same to move. 2. That it was clearly a Natural Phenomenon. 3. That the spirits of departed human beings had nothing whatever to do with it, and were only looked on by men whose organ of wonder or imagination was very largely developed. For the satisfaction of Mr. Carpenter, the premises from which I drew my conclusion, that, spiritual intercourse, as set forth in the New Philosophy, was a delusion and a snare, were the utter failure of the operator or medium, to give satisfactory answers to the questions proposed, save a random shot now and then something like, the appearance of no outward visible sign of spirit contiguity, no appeal through the eye, as in the days of Samuel, Moses, Elias, &c. Upon these premises I take my stand as on the rock of truth, and I think even Mr. C. will allow that they are plain, tangible, sufficient reasons why I at least should remain a sceptic. If Mr. C. has discovered any royal road to his opposite conclusion, he is bound as a

over of truth to give it to the people, to come before a public assembly of Englishmen, and if he can produce demonstrable evidence that thereign of intercommunion with the spirit land has commenced, I for one will give him a fair and candid hearing. Therefore, gentlemen, it is you who have rashly jumped to a wrong conclusion rather than I when you take me to task for non-investigation.

I have in my possession two letters from men well known in the Temperance world in the north,—man of known probity, whose word would be my bond;—they investigated the matter along with the celebrated Dr. Richmond, of America, a "medium of great power," in the Public Hall of my native town, and an extract from each will show the conclusions they arrived at, after long and careful investigation. Mr. John Horsley, of Darlington, writes:—"To me it appears that there is much of animal magnetism connected with it; for in my table moving experiments, the right answers depend much upon the knowledge, that those have who are experimenting on the tables. I cannot see any good to come out of the affirmed spirit communion." Mr. Jonathan Dresser, Secretary of the Darlington Total Abstinence Society, writes:—"Dr. Richmond insisted very pertinaciously that every dispensation of the world's history was an improvement on the preceding one—That the design of God was progression.—That the final consummation was intercommunion with the world of spirits. Here (says Mr. D.) I broke lances with him. I stated my belief, that if intercommunion with departed spirits was any sign of progress, such progress belonged manifestly to former ages of our race, when the disembodied spirits made themselves visible to whom they were sent, and that now instead of visible appeals through the sense of sight, we have to depend upon the dubious symbols of sounds and movements upon inert matter, acted upon, too, by the tissue of other living organisms, resolvable into this, that the dominant will of the parties assembled, stimulating their own muscular fibre, and through the fingers, affect the table, or other articles in contact. If it is progression why do not the spirits shew themselves and speak as of yore, otherwise it is manifest retrogression, to wit, Samuel," &c., &c. I commend these two sensible extracts to my spiritualist friends, before they rush rashly to their conclusions and invest a wondrous physical phenomenon with the solemnities of the invisible world, before they attempt to degrade the immortal spirits of men, made perfect, and of angels round the throne, by such buffoonery, as cutting pantomimic capers on a table at the awful nod of that modern Jupiter tonans, a new philosopher.

S. W. asks, if I seriously mean to explain all the phenomena of spiritualism, as arising from diseased action of the brain? It is only the association of the natural phenomena with disembodied spirits, that I do attribute to diseased action of the brain, not the phenomena themselves. I know as well as my friend, that there are wonderful phenomena, and wonderful tricks, too, and if he will take an evening seance with Wiljalba Frikell, the German Magician, he will see things quite as wonderful as he finds in magnetism, clairvoyance, or the new philosophy, but he must not rush to a conclusive ergo, that they are all spiritual manifestations. S. W. asks if I am afraid of the truth, or its consequences, or if I am horrified or angry? Men with the shadow of a pretence to philosophy, ought to be above such puny argument—I am neither afraid of truth, S. W., nor his whole whole batch of spirits. What have I to fear?

"Let coward quake with pallid fear, to sheltering caverns fly. Intrepid virtue stands secure, as in the blaze of day!"

If he can't prop up his new philosophy without indicating, like all professors of myths, that he has a rod in *terrorem*, something terrible in pickle behind, I fancy his elucidation of it, either "with or without me" (as he says) will not be very clear to candid minds.

I have carefully read over the "Captain Hedley Vears Discourse," the message said to be transmitted to Mr. Carpenter by spiritual telegraph, and quite allow him his belief in its authenticity. He must also allow others to have an opinion. I have also read the Book of Mormon, that "Joe Smith," by the power of his wonderful specs, read from the golden tablets, through a milestone. I have perused the strange pages of the Koran, each vouched for as a divine revelation, and further supported by corroborative evidence. If I accept one, I must all; as it is, I reject the whole, and until I have positive evidence, I must remain what I am,—a Sceptic. The men of Newgate Market are in quite as plastic condition to receive plain truth as friend "Wraith," who asks with a wonderfully philosophic air, "How can a man barred up in Newgate believe in the reality of the appearance of a star seen through the tail of a comet?" Simply, master Wraith, because he can see it with his own eyes, and when the men of Newgate Market can see the evidences of spiritualism as clearly as they can the star through the comet's tail, friend Wraith may be able to make an impression.

But the crowning epistle of all is that of Mr. J. Jones, of Peckham, which I have perused with the same curiosity as I peruse the advertisements of the wonders of a Morrison or a Parr. Listen, gentle reader, and see:—

"To what strange complexion have we come at last!" How the disembodied spirit of man is dragged from its celestial abode, how, at the will of a puny mortal, instead of casting their crowns before the great white throne of God, they are made to "move tangible articles, knock chairs and tables about, hammer on walls, write prescriptions, (Doctors, beware!) draw unknown flowers, play on the piano and accordion, and cure the sick," with 100 other useful and ornamental operations! I put it to any candid mind—is it not a sheer mockery of the sublime majesty of the Eternal God, to pretend to the power of drawing back those whom he has taken to himself, and elevated to an immortality beyond the tomb and beyond the clouds, to perform Andersonian tricks

upon a tambourine, or frisk like Paganini with a fiddle. We are told by Mr. Jones, at Number 8, that spirits have manifested themselves by "apparitions of the whole or parts of a body," and yet this modern philosopher prays towards the finish "for some instrument, powerful enough to see the beings who fill the air,"—why pray for that which he has seen, as he affirms in his letter? Further, "Premonitions are given;" now if they really had the power, why not warn when their warning would be of some service? For instance, a premonition would have been of service, prior to the Surrey Garden catastrophe, or the Indian Mutiny. If heavenly messengers were sent like so many winged Mercuries, they would be used for a special end. Mr. Jones says, "We cannot see the thousands of stars in immensity, nor the animalculæ in the water without instruments." True, Mr. J., but we can see myriads of stars and myriads of minute insects with the naked eye, and knowing the capacity or magnifying power of the eye, it is a reasonable conclusion, that there are worlds and insects beyond our mortal ken. The ponderous globes present themselves in reality before us, ergo, we believe when the spirits so present themselves to our sight, we can then believe them. Our friend must put his shattered barque into some other port for a better analogy. Mr. Jones can demonstrate (!) that one third of the population of Great Britain are mediums, without the help of Euclid, I calculate, and furnishes with, "No marvel therefore that so many of our countrymen worship God, believe in spirits, and that man is immortal." Prodigious!!! Men did believe these things, prior to the advent of Mr. John Jones and his new philosophy, Faithfully yours, W. MALTHOUSE.

Newgate Market, London, Oct. 25, 1858.

SIX.—To continue the subject of the so called spiritual manifestations. A few evenings after that which I made the subject of my previous communication, at a seance with the same mediums, I had further tests answered exhibiting the action of intelligence, traceable neither to the mediums nor to myself. For instance, I wrote figures privately on paper, and requested the numbers they represented to be rapped on the table. It was responded to incorrectly; but immediately after the correct number was sounded on the floor. I asked, if I could receive a communication from a departed friend whom I was then thinking of. The sign of affirmative was given. The presence of my friend being intimated, I asked, as a test of identity, what the name of an article was, belonging to her at my home? The answer was correct. I then asked of what it was constructed? The answer was commenced with the letter g. I at once said that that was wrong, for I thought it was of brass and kept pointing to the letter b; but the letter g was persisted in by the invisible speller. I felt so positive as to its being of brass that I considered the test as conclusive against the knowledge of the spirit and gave it up. When I got home—to confirm my opinion as to the article in question being of brass,—I went and examined it; it was of gilt metal.

On a subsequent evening I was accompanied to the residence of the medium by two acquaintances, who had long found their amusement in quizzing me for my "credulity"—Messrs. F. and S. On taking our seats the raps came. I pursued my usual course, namely, made some marks privately on paper. I laid it, face downwards, on the table, and obtained a corresponding number of "raps." My friends did the same for themselves. The correct numbers were produced on the floor; they were astonished. They modified this test with respect to ages, names, &c., receiving correct responses. I asked one of them to call to mind some departed friend. I enquired if the spirit of whom my friend was thinking could be with us? Ans. "Yes, in three minutes." The spirit's presence being intimated, I asked, "Will it rap at its initials on going over the alphabet?" Ans. "Yes." On going over the letters irregularly, raps were given at two of them which Mr. S. said were the initials of the friend he was thinking of. Mr. S. was agitated, said he was satisfied that there was no collusion; but as a finishing test, he held the pencil out of sight, as if making several marks, though really but one. Several raps came; on looking at the paper, I said that was a failure, but Mr. F. said that it was the number he had thought, although, for a test, he had actually drawn only one. Mr. F. now left us, Mr. S.——— and myself then sat to the table,—we on one side, mediums on the other. The table trembled, and rose bodily from the floor, floating in the air. Mr. S. asked several questions, and the answers were given by the table rapidly falling and rising with force. As Mr. S. remarked to me, the table formed a level—a ball might not have rolled off. Mr. S., now perfectly satisfied, followed his friend Mr. F. and the party separated.

The next evening I accompanied a lady and niece to the mediums. They obtained test answers to questions similar to those of my friends the evening previous. Again the table floated as before, answering questions, even when stated mentally, by vertical movements. Going home, my lady friends said that they had each tried to keep the table down, neither of them weak, but they felt their pressure as nothing against the power in operation.

While at the table I had again heard the gentle ticking indicative of the presence of my own friend. I asked various questions, as to her assisting me in bringing before my own friends this evidence of spiritual existence; whether it added to her happiness, &c.; to all which I received affirmative responses in delicate musical "raps," in wonderful contrast with the powerful vertical movements just witnessed.

I regard such phenomena as of interest to those who need evidence of spiritual existence and action, but more particularly as suggestive to inquirers.

31, Newman-street, W.

H. WHITAKER.

A FACT IN SPIRITUALISM.

To the EDITOR of the TWO WORLDS.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your second number a letter from Mr. Malthouse, in which he endeavours to ridicule the idea of Spiritualism, I venture to trouble you with these few lines in the hope of at least shaking his disbelief. A few months ago, at a friend's house, I met five ladies, all of whom were total strangers to me. Having (previous to their appearance) been talking of spirit rapping, they, immediately they heard of it, laughed and ridiculed the idea, but stated their willingness to think there was something in it, "if by a certain hour the next day I could bring them their names, ages, where they all lived," &c. Well, the next day, I asked two friends (who had never seen them and probably never will) to help me to get the raps, *not telling them before we commenced* what I wanted to know. In less than half an hour we had all their names, ages, &c., and, as we were afterwards informed, *perfectly correct*. This is a fact that can be vouched for by at least a dozen persons. I have since had many other proofs as striking, but I will not trespass on your space.—VERITAS.

P.S.—I send you my address, and am willing to give all particulars to any one privately.—V.

[We are sorry our Correspondent should have limited himself to one instance. Our readers, not versed in the subject, might also like to know the mode by which this information was communicated.—ED. T.W.]

THE TEMPTER THWARTED.

The following instructive and suggestive anecdote is recorded by Charles Lamb; he received it from the lips of his friend, Mrs. Crawford, then nearly seventy years of age, as a passage in her own personal history. The beautiful manner is Charles's:—

RAVENS-CROFT was a man, I have heard say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and, summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now, Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea. By mistake he popped into her hand a whole one. Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake. Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now, mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her, she had imbibed no contrary influence. But, then, they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticos of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw THAT in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! And then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on the table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, and stood her friend so often. . . . But, again, the old man was reported to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of his profession. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And then she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same. . . . In these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean, from the top—for there was still another lift to traverse.

Now, virtue support Barbara!

And that never failing friend did step in; for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who, in silence, took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which, to her, were anxious ages, and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her duty brightened up the feet and the prospects of her little sisters; set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mental throes.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNETS.

CHAPTER XV.—LONDON.

TINY BAXTER, AND LIZZY COTTON.

"Friends are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our friends." *Countess of Blessington.*

TINY was quite familiar with every street through which he passed in company with Lizzy, and who, on arriving at the one in which she lived, was met by several young and decent female companions, each of whom eyed Tiny with some desire to know who he was; but Lizzy knew but little concerning him, and this she promised to tell some other time. On arriving at — street, Tiny appeared to be out of his latitude a little, and walked very slowly.

"Come along," said the girl, "that's our house, Tiny; and presently you shall go along with me, and see Uncle Sam." Tiny was puzzled to know who "Uncle Sam" could be, and was amazed to learn that Lizzy's Uncle, was a black man.

"Now," said Lizzy, "this is my mother's house," at the same time producing a latch key, and mounting the door steps bid the boy to "come on," who hesitated to accompany her any further, but with some persuasion he was induced to enter the passage, and was conducted by Lizzy to a wash-house at the rear of the house.

"There now," said Lizzy, "you sit down there, and I'll come down to you directly," and the light-hearted child tripped up the stairs. Tiny heard a door shut, and felt somehow strange and uncomfortable in his quiet position. He still held the puppy in his arms, with which he played, but every minute that passed seemed to him an hour, and he had just made up his mind to open the street-door, and again reach the streets (to which he was so habituated as to be only happy when in them) as Lizzy made her appearance.

"My mother wants to see you, Tiny," said the girl quite delighted with her mission, but, look here, take off your jacket and wash yourself," Tiny obeyed, and the child quickly provided soap, towel, and water, and diligently aided him in the arduous work of washing his face and neck. This operation being over, she applied herself to the more difficult one of combing his hair straight, smiling and talking the whole of the time. When that feat was accomplished, she walked a few paces backward and surveyed the object of her solicitude from head to foot.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I didn't think you was such a pretty boy, Tiny; why, you don't look like the same; I'm sure if you had on Jimmy Brown's frill and pinafore, you'd look just like him. "But ain't you really got no mother?" said the kind girl, approaching him and taking his hand. How can you live without a mother, I wonder!

"No, replied Tiny; "she died a good while ago: I should know the room though, where she died, if I saw it."

"Was it a pretty room like my mother's?" asked Lizzy. "I don't know," replied Tiny, but there was a white thing on the bed, and my mother was in the bed and she was in white clothes, too.

"Had she got a pretty face, Tiny, like my mother's?" asked Lizzy.

"I don't know," said Tiny, looking into her face. "She kissed me just here," and Tiny placed his finger on his left cheek.

"Just there," said Lizzy, going close to him, and looking at the spot he had pointed out, and kissing it herself; "just there?"

"Yes, just there, and it's felt warm ever since," said Tiny; "and she put her arms around me, like this," and the boy placed one arm around her neck and the other around her waist—"and squeezed me just like that."

"Like that," said Lizzy, returning the embrace.

"Yes," replied Tiny, and his face looked paler than it did before, "just like that."

Tiny looked up, and suddenly his eyes were fixed so strangely on some object that Lizzy turned round to look in the same direction, and saw her mother standing in the passage.

Jane advanced toward the children. Tiny felt confused and stooped down to pick up his puppy which had been set at liberty about the kitchen.

"You should have come up stairs, my dear," said Jane to her child.

"I've been washing Tiny's face," replied Lizzy, and looking up into her mother's face she began to weep.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Jane. "What do you cry for?"

"Because you've been crying," answered Lizzy.

"Well, come up stairs," said Jane, taking a hand of each child—"come up stairs, my poor Tiny," and Jane led the way. She had followed Lizzy down the stairs, and had heard all the artless conversation that had passed between the two children, and was a close observer of all their doings, and her heart had been wrung while contemplating the motherless Tiny, with the fear that soon her little Lizzy might also be motherless, and like Tiny, left to the oversight of strangers, and it might be, to become neglected, and an out-cast in the world.

The limits of our tale will not permit us to say more than to inform our readers that in the society of this amiable woman, and the little Lizzy, Tiny was enabled very often to forget the outer world; and in such company pictures of love, of home, and of duty, were indelibly engraved on his susceptible little heart, and in after years these two children could rise up and call that mother blessed. Her image has gone before, and sometimes behind them in many of the chequered scenes of after years. Has been about their path, and has aided in teaching them some of the lessons connected with redemption from wickedness.

In the course of the day Tiny was introduced to our old friend Sam and his wife, who, soon after their arrival in England, had obtained engagements on board an American liner, the one as cook, the other as stewardess, and on each return trip from the United States, they spent a few weeks near to Jane's residence.

As we have said, Tiny and Lizzy often associated together, and that too by permission of a kind, intelligent, and in general careful mother. Such meetings as these by most prudent mothers (so called,) would have been considered inimical to the good training and future welfare of such a child as Lizzy, but not so in this case, it was willingly, if not gladly, allowed. It was the gentle little hands of this affectionate child that washed the face, combed and smoothed down the hair of the dirty and neglected Tiny, and also did other almost innumerable offices of childish goodness and

affection; and under her irresistible influence he appeared a different being, and thus, these two children of diametrically opposite training, soon learned to love each other with all the ardour and fervour of brother and sister. Yes, there was something indefinable in the rough dealing and plain-featured Tiny's mind worth loving, and we believe that there is in the lowest, and most vile, and brutal among the great human family, something to love, and which needs but the force and power of Christian love by the exercise of which so much of previously hidden worth is developed. It was this charm alone, bright as a sunbeam, and lasting as a spark of divinity, and which like an halo, formed around the heart of the lowly and neglected Tiny, and in succeeding years enabled him to draw comparisons between right and wrong, good and evil.

As a natural consequence of the infamous course of training he had received, Tiny was self-willed, daring, proud, and impetuous, to an alarming extent, and when roused to anger by the taunts or insults of boys of his own age, was a fearful match for them in pugilistic encounters.

CHAPTER XVI.

JANE COTTON DIES—TINY AND LIZZY ARE SEPARATED.

"Where youth has fled the furrowed brow.

And we no more can trace it now,

Beaming in every outward part

Where is its refuge? in the heart."

Countess of Blessington.

Two other years had rolled into eternity, during which William Cotton made a convenience of his wife's home, till by continued nightly vigils Jane succumbed to a complication of disorders of both mind and body. Jane died alone—and yet not alone. Sam and his wife were on the broad Atlantic, and William Cotton but once only attended to the message of his dying wife. On the morning of the day on which she died, a fellow lodger, who, like a good Samaritan, had tended Jane's sick couch, was absent on business of her own, and had left Jane to the care of Lizzy. Jane sat up in her bed and talked to her child of going to another home, till her face looked transparent and beautiful.

"But you're not going to leave me," said Lizzy.

"I'm going to heaven, my dear," said Jane, "And you will meet me there, my love, won't you?"

"Oh no, don't leave me and Tiny, what can we do if you go away?"

"But mayn't me and Tiny go with you?" asked the anxious child, looking around the room, "We want you to stop, and to set in that chair, and to make the fire, and oh," said the heart-broken Lizzy, "If you go away, I shan't know what to do, don't, don't go away, mother, I'll make the bed and clean the room, and I'll do needlework, don't go away, God don't want you yet," and Lizzy became alarmed.

"Hush, Lizzy," said Jane, "Listen my dear, I've prayed to God for you, and he'll be both father and mother to you when I'm gone."

"No, he won't, I think," said Lizzy, "He won't work for me, and take care of this pretty home like you do, besides, I don't want you to go away."

"When your father comes home again,"—and Jane lay down in her bed, choking with bitter sobs—"when your father comes home again, she continued, give my love to him, tell him I'm gone to heaven, ask him to be a good man, tell him that I forgive him," and Jane made an effort to sit up again, "And tell him to take care of my little Lizzy."

"And what must I tell Tiny?" asked the sobbing child.

"Hark," said Jane, "Do you hear that music?" and Jane raised her eyes joyously, and looked about the room.

"No," said Lizzy, "No mother, where?" and she looked around, too.

"Yes dear, now hark, come closer to me my dear, come closer, now hark! and look there."

"Bright angels are from glory come,

They're about my bed, and in my room,

They wait to wait my spirit home,

All is well, all is well."

"And now my dear, say that pretty prayer that I taught you," said Jane.

Lizzy knelt on the bed, beside her mother, and prayed to God.

"There, now I'll come again, and I'll always watch over you," said Jane.

"Will you," replied Lizzy, "But don't, oh don't go away,"

Evening came on, and the articles of furniture could scarce be discerned, and Jane continued to counsel her child who was now almost worn out with weeping. The Lodger had not yet returned, and Lizzy, who had nestled her head on her mother's bosom had fallen asleep. Tiny was welcome there at any time, and when he had no other place to sleep in, there was a makeshift bed for him in the corner of that room. Tiny had been let in at the street door, and had several times to knock at the room door, but not having received any answer, he turned the handle of the lock and walked in, and finding his way to the bedside, he shook Lizzy and awoke her.

"Don't make a noise, Tiny," said Lizzy in a whisper, "Mother's gone to sleep; she says she's going to leave us."

"Going to leave us," said Tiny, "Where is she going to?"

"She says she's going to heaven," replied Lizzy, "but stop, I'll get the tinder-box and strike a light, and make a fire, it's so cold, ain't you cold?"

"Yes," said Tiny, "I'm very cold."

A light was procured, and a fire was made, and the two children, thinking to surprise Jane when she awoke, had prepared some tea and made the room tidy.

"Mother sleeps a long while, don't she?" said Lizzy, addressing Tiny.

"Yes," said Tiny, who had been intently looking at Jane's form, "but 'praps she's gone to heaven."

"No!" said Lizzy, "How can that be, there she is on the bed."

"Yes, yes," said Tiny, "But 'praps she's dead; she must die first you know, afore she goes to heaven."

"Die! dead!" said the affrighted child, "My mother dead?"

"Yes, I think she is," said Tiny, "I've seen some people as are dead, and she looks white like them."

Lizzy crept softly on to the bed and looked into the face of her dead mother, on whose lip was even now a smile, she took up the cold hand but let it fall in terror, and slid off the bed, and approaching Tiny, said, "Then my mother is dead, and is gone to heaven, and what shall you and me do now, Tiny?" and she crept on to the same chair on which Tiny sat, "My mother didn't kiss me here like your mother did, Tiny, and what shall we both do now?"

"I don't know," said Tiny, "I'm sure, we must beg I 'spose."

And the two children sat and talked till the candle burned out, and then they fell asleep in the old cushioned arm chair, but were awake by the noise in the room made by the lodger

and two other women, who were performing the offices for the dead.

Tiny was sent out to walk the streets that cold night, whilst Lizzy was sent to an old woman known to the Jepson family, and whom she called grandmother.

It was years before Tiny and Lizzy met again, and that was on the memorable night that Tiny, with his Father and his Step-mother, went to the workhouse, the evening of the day on which he was released from prison.

That man is the chief of all creatures, no one will dispute, who believes him to be a compound being, and that from his birth he is an imitative being. Much then, if not all, depends in relation to his career in life; on the examples and impressions he has received in the domestic circle; the kind of companionship formed, and the varied influences of a local character brought to bear upon him in the one locality, or in the many, destined to be his sojourning place or places, during that period of life in which his character and habits, for good or bad, are being formed. If in aid of this argument illustration is needed, it can be found in the two parishes of St. Giles's and St. James's. In the latter reigns the highest order of intellect and moral grandeur; whilst at its side there continues to grow, and that almost unheeded, one of the greatest nurseries of mental crookedness, physical suffering, crime, and every other moral evil. Should our readers be sceptical on this one point advanced, we can back up the arguments by pointing out the nearest parallels, in the attics, back courts, and windings, of Spitalfields, and to the haunts of poverty and wretchedness at the rear of Shore-ditch Church. To the lanes and bye ways of Mint-street; to the dens of iniquity in Ratcliff Highway; the "slums" of Westminster, and a hundred other localities, teeming with squalid misery, orphanage, pauperism, robbery, and wrong. Yes, and thirty years ago, there were but few good men and women to weep over the accumulated evils which afflicted poor suffering humanity. But that harvest is past, and the summer of that generation has passed away; there was none to save. And those are the days we have seen, and of which we write. And as we write, our memory partakes largely and vividly of its scenes, sights, and sufferings; and whilst looking back upon such scenes, and whilst peering into such depths, an inexpressible dreaminess steals over us, and the question will force itself on the mind, Are not the evils of those days germinating now? Are they not redoubled in these days of boasted philanthropy and benevolence? We answer, yes; but we thank God that the agencies to reduce and to ameliorate them are trebled. But who does not see that individual health and individual means are being lavishly bestowed to subdue effects, whilst the causes are untouched—villany, vagabondism, vagrancy, crime, pauperism, and intemperance, are on the increase. But what must be done for the juvenile criminal population? And what must be done with the adult criminal population? We refer not only to the actual commission of crime, and which renders men amenable to a judicial tribunal, and entails such an enormous expense upon the country; but also to the moral turpitude so prevalent, so persevered in, to the loss of name and virtue; to the destruction of health and morals, and which, by its plausibility, and by the patronage given by the wealthy, in circumstances and position, in a polished and refined sense, is aped by those who believe in their right to copy, although in an open, low, and vulgar way, the examples of those whom they are educated to look up to as their betters.

Again the scene changes, and some of the actors on the stage of juvenile and adult depravity of thirty years ago, are brought from the grave and from the penal settlements, as if by incantations, and the mind in vain endeavours to mete out to them an altitude, physically and mentally commensurate with our own times—we therefore use them as links to our tale, and when done with, will dismiss them to rest and oblivion, throwing over them the mantle of charity, for they knew not what they did.

Thirty years ago the slums and intricacies of Saffron Hill, Field Lane, and Cow Cross, abounded with "Old Fagan's" Fences (i.e., leaving shops), and some few "Oliver Twists."

One afternoon in the month of October, two lads were walking down Saffron-hill in deep conversation. The one, whom we shall name Watson, was about seventeen years of age; the other, was Tiny Baxter, now a lad of near twelve years old. Of the number of places of resort for juveniles in this locality, there was one, above all others to which we must introduce the reader. Near to West-street were several dingy-looking tenements, in the windows of which were exposed for sale quantities of wearing apparel of the worst and cheapest kind, and as darkness came on it was usual for the owners of such dens to make an attempt to illuminate the windows of each with the light of a small candle; but which invariably had so long a wick that but an uncertain light was shed upon the articles put up for sale; and the accumulated dirt upon the windows entirely excluded the interior from the view of the inquisitive. One of these dens was kept by a woman known by those who resorted thither as Mother Mosser, and into this shop the two boys went. Mother Mosser was a large woman, and one to whom Nature had been lavish as regarded beauty of feature and form of body, and these gifts, added to a bland expression of countenance and an insinuating, and even affectionate manner of address, and her ability and willingness to throw comforts around her "family," as she called her regular visitors, enabled her always to keep her beds filled, and her large back room full of juvenile company. The elder boy led the way through a side passage, and opened the door of the back parlour, which he entered, followed by Tiny. This room was a blaze of light; a large fire crackled and sparkled in the grate. The walls were hung with pictures, such as scenes of cells in Newgate, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and numerous other worthies of bygone days. A large table was in the centre of the room, on which were packs of cards and boxes of dominoes, and around this, and near to the fire, sat several decently-dressed youths.

(To be continued in our next.)

Effects of Novel Reading.—A whole family brought to destitution in England, has had all its misfortunes clearly traced, by the authorities, to an ungovernable passion for novel reading entertained by the wife and mother. The husband was sober and industrious, but his wife was indolent, and addicted to reading everything procurable in the shape of a romance. This led her to utterly neglect her husband, herself, and her eight children. One daughter, in despair, fled to the haunts of vice. Another was found by the police chained by the legs to prevent her following her sister's example. The house exhibited the most offensive appearance of filth and indigence. In the midst of this pollution, privation, and poverty, the cause of it sat reading the latest "sensation work" of the season, and refused to allow herself to be disturbed in her entertainment. —*Jestington Times.*

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

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

XVI.—HOMŒOPATHY:—ITS LAW.

LAW:—*A drug produces certain symptoms; when similar symptoms come on in a natural way, give this drug and the symptoms disappear.* Instances:—Belladonna produces a sore throat (found out by accident); if you have that sort of sore throat, take Belladonna, it cures it. Hippocrates accidentally discovered that White Hellebore cured cholera morbus; White Hellebore, when taken by accident in health, produces the symptoms of cholera morbus. Ipecacuan produces vomiting; vomiting, coming on naturally, is stayed by small doses of Ipecacuan. Cinchona causes a fever, and cures a similar one. Mercury produces diseases similar to those which it cures. These instances show the Law of Homœopathy. This Law embraces the axiom of John Hunter, that "no two actions can take place in the same constitution, nor two local diseases exist in the same part, at the same time." The curing, on the Homœopathic principle, natural disorder by a corresponding medicinal disorder is an extended and philosophical application of the principle in nature perceived by Hunter. The true Homœopathic practitioner administers the medicine which he knows will produce a disorder similar to that which the patient is suffering from, and the latter yields to the one which is medicinally induced through similarity. Scalds and burns, in the mining districts, are cured by bathing the parts with hot spirit of turpentine, and dressing with turpentine liniment. A burned or scalded finger is cured by holding it close to the fire. When the extremities are frozen in cold climates, hot water is not applied, but the parts are rubbed with snow. A contrary state is to be reached not from a contrary point, but by proceeding from the same point. But in the case of a scale or frost-bite, you do not push on the action endlessly in the same morbid line, you only induce a similar action to conduct it methodically to a termination. So, also, with drugs in internal disorders under the Homœopathic Law. *Similia similibus curantur.*

XVII.—HOMŒOPATHY:—ITS SMALL DOSE.

THE Old School seeks to put an end to a state of disorder by giving drugs which are known, by experiment upon the sick, to produce a directly contrary state; for instance, if the secretions are checked it gives drugs to directly move them again; if there is acidity, it gives alkalis; and so on. It regards the body as a machine with inlets and outlets, and with a chemical interior. The New School contemplates the body as the external of a spirit, and disorders, not proceeding from mechanical causes, as disturbances of its forces: it contemplates drugs as products of a spiritual or life principle inherent in the vegetables, animals, or minerals from whence they are derived, the forces in these drugs having fixed relations to those of the human being; the New School seeks to excite, or induce, the instinctive part of the being to rectify any disorder by administering to it a drug which, taken in health, is known to produce a similar disorder. The fact of an individual suffering from any particular disorder implies receptiveness to the force or action of the drug which corresponds to it in nature: the patient and the drug are under the same law.

When Hahnemann began practising upon the law of Homœopathy, he found the Old-School doses for producing contrary effects, too large for inducing reaction of the system into health,—they aggravated. He then gave less and less, until he reached the least measurable dose. In many cases this was more than enough; for convenience of dividing he mixed this in fixed proportions with inactive substances. In cases where the symptoms were closely similar to the symptoms of the drug, and where there was great delicacy of reaction, he had to subdivide the dose until he reached infinitesimal quantities. This is the simple mystery of the small dose. In his experiments with these infinitesimally divided quantities, Hahnemann discovered another Law, for the enlightenment of the profession,—the Law of Medicodynamics.

XVIII.—HOMŒOPATHY:—IMAGINATION.

ONE of the "heavy blows" against homœopathy, from the Old School antagonists, is their exclamation, "Imagination!" If a remarkable cure cannot be attributed to "diet," seeing that the patient made no change in it; nor to "faith," seeing that he had none; then it must be "imagination!" Well, imagination is of great power in some persons; but in such, ought it not to cure in Old School practice as well as in the New? What is imagination? It is a mental faculty, and it can be proved that the mind can be so induced to act, through this faculty, upon the body, as to restore disordered states of organs to the order of health. This proposition is perfectly intelligible to Homœopaths, who recognise the human being as a spirit enveloped in a body upon which the spirit acts; the imagination being a faculty of the spirit, there is a relation—action and reaction—between it and the bodily organisation. From the Old School, the charge of curing by the imagination, is meaningless; for its own method of cure involves only the use of material drugs and things upon the material body. Diet affects the state of the mind through the body; the spirit affects the state of the body through

its faculties: so diet, faith, and imagination co-operate with medicine in restoring health. But Homœopathy can cure without the aid of imagination: look at the disorders (see Paper, No. VII.) where Homœopathy is so successful against Allopathy,—what has imagination to do with the treatment there? Patients in consumption imagine they are getting better; but does their imagination cure them? Dr. Horner, a distinguished convert, tested this notion by giving patients medicated powders at one time, and plain ones at others: their imagination was deceived, but not their diseases. But this imagination objection utterly fails in face of the notable fact that Homœopathy is successfully practised by veterinary surgeons. Now, how much imagination has a cow? Perhaps our allopathic friends will ruminate upon this.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Traffic in Opium in the East. By Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S. London: Longman.—This is a part of an appendix to the Author's valuable work, "The British Army in India, its Preservation," &c.; and contains some startling calculations of which philanthropists should make good use. Mr. Jeffreys remarks:—"The Opium consumed in China, three-fourths of which are imported, and one-fourth, or one-third, now grown in that country, and every ounce of which is chargeable at our door, amounts annually to one hundred thousand chests, and was rapidly increasing at the time of the late outbreak. That would make twenty million gallons of laudanum, which placed in nine-gallon casks end to end would extend 400 or 500 miles!—a quantity sufficient to poison to death in one dose averaging five drachms each, old, young, and infantile, four times the whole population of the world! Were that laudanum from a single year's opium deposited in a gigantic, tower-shaped vat, standing 500 feet high, either before the Houses of Parliament or before the India House, and were that vat to suffer a judicial bursting, such would prove the quantity and the force of its contents, that the Eastern building in the city would, almost in the twinkling of an eye, be washed down amongst the ruins of the neighbouring streets; or the western, with all its titled and learned councillors, with their many virtues and not unfrequent errors, voting at the time perhaps a resolution in favour of the traffic, would be swept away into the Thames in fewer seconds than Sir Charles Barry was years in rearing it, by a cataract of laudanum 500 feet high and 70 in diameter, as liberated from the dissolving vat! Awful as would be such a catastrophe, and deplorable as a national loss, it would be small in comparison with the annual injury done to China by our opium; little as casual observers may be disposed to notice it."

The reader is then "implored not to draw a comparison between our nation's shame in the west, the spirit debauchery of Britain, and our greater shame in the East, the opium debauchery of our own planting in China; unless it be to remonstrate from the homefelt injury of the minor (?) though gigantic evil of spirit, against the terrible effects and prospects to China of the greater (?) evil of opium,—unless it be to institute such a comparison as this—the total production of spirits in Great Britain and Ireland, both for home consumption and for exportation, exceeds 20,000,000 gallons!—a quantity alarming to contemplate." Mr. Jeffreys, in the course of his valuable pamphlet, notices the notion expressed by some that Teetotals had taken to the use of opium, and says, he instituted an inquiry with the following result:—"Not finding a single instance of a Teetotal opium eater, I traced the report, which had been circulated in every newspaper throughout the kingdom, and authoritatively stated in Parliament, and even, I believe, from the pulpit, to its original source,—a journal of wide circulation, the organ of the liquor trade. Upon applying to the Editor for his authority for it, all the reply I could obtain was, that the statement was highly credible, since, with a general decrease in the consumption of spirit, there had been an increase in that of opium; and that if it were an incorrect explanation of the fact it could be readily contradicted! No. The abstainers upon principle from alcohol will hardly take to opium. It is the intemperate craver after new excitement, and the fashionable seeker after a stimulant in its bulk and effects more disguisable than alcohol, who, under the teaching of the imperial opium interest, are spreading the habit in England." There is much instructive matter in Mr. Jeffreys' pamphlet, and Maine Liquor Law advocates will find therein arguments for the suppression of the opium traffic which are just as applicable to that of liquorism.

Nehushtan; or, the Principle of Hezekiah's Reformation applied to the Temperance Reformation. By the Rev. Dr. Brown, Dalkeith.—*Abstinence, a special service for a special need.* By the Rev. A. Macleod, Glasgow.—*The Workers and their Work.* By the Rev. W. Arnot, B.A., Glasgow.—Scottish Temperance League.—These are three numbers of the "Temperance Pulpit," full of sterling truth and forceful argument, well worthy of distribution by thousands among the Christian Church and ministry. We cannot conceive how a man, professing to be actuated by the benevolent spirit of Christianity, can drink intoxicating liquors after reading those appeals to his judgement and conscience; and we earnestly recommend our readers to obtain, and "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the wholesome matter of these sermons.

Slate Pencil Drawings, for the self-instruction of children. London: Canton, 7, Dowgate Hill.—Easy and simple, and well adapted for their purpose.

THE MANIAC'S SERMON.

(A Camp Meeting Incident.)

It was 11 o'clock on Sabbath morning. Two sermons had been preached during the forenoon, and the "horn" had been blown announcing the third. The people flocked into the meeting by thousands, for a very popular divine was to preach at that hour. Soon the rough seats beneath the tall forest trees were filled; then the aisles became crowded, and still there was not room for those who wished to hear the words of the eminent minister. The owners of the tenements looking into the space, in a spirit of kindness, threw them open, and they, too, were well filled with eager listeners. The scene presented within the church of trees, a natural Temple to the living God, was striking and impressive.

The eloquent minister, he who had swayed thousands by the words of truth, who had caused the sinful to repent, and the scoffer to cry out for mercy, arose. All was instantly hushed, and the stillness of midnight reigned in that vast assemblage. He opened a book and read therefrom, softly, sweetly, musically, a hymn, which he requested the congregation to sing.

The music of the camp-meeting! Who that has ever heard it, has not paused to drink the rich melody, into his soul? It comes with a grandeur, yet softness and sweetness, that can be heard nowhere else. The measured strains of a multitude of voices, united in charming melody and unbroken by walls, swell in solemn grandeur and roll deliciously through the forests, awakening re-echoing cadences on every hand, and

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

After the hymn had been sung, the minister offered up a brief but eloquent prayer, and then resumed his seat. He had taken the Bible on his knee and was searching for his text, when he and the whole congregation were startled by the appearance of Maniac Smith.

The young lunatic, who was known to nearly all present, ascended the pulpit with folded arms, bowed head, and slow and steady pace. Facing the immense congregation, he gazed carefully around, and amid breathless silence, spread forth his hands, and in the most thrilling manner said:

"Your music is the music of heaven. The pretty birds, in yonder tree-tops, are bearing it with their songs to the lips of angels above, who will convey it as sweet incense to the omnipotent throne of God. Joy is thine, O Israel. You possess the living soul, that rejoices in the light of reason, that laves in the water of purest love, and rejoices in the glory of immortality. *My soul is dead.* A cherished child of piety, I became recreant to the God who gave me being, and sold my life, my happiness, my immortality, to the Prince of Darkness. Like the traveller who has a well-trodden path before him, but is attracted to dangerous places by the gaudy show of some poisonous flower, I have wandered to my death! My feet were placed in the strait and narrow way, were covered with the sandals of piety, and the Christian staff was placed in my hands, and yet, O God! I wandered to my death. The gaudy baubles of vice, the showy, yet thorny flowers of wickedness, drew me aside. I left the smooth surface and ascended to mountains of trouble, and yet I gained not the object of my pursuit. On I dashed, reckless and indifferent to my fate. The Wicked One, who sought my destruction, led me on, and I, cursed with remorse, followed. I knew I was plunging into ruin, but with a soul already accursed, what cared I? Voluntarily I had sought death, and it came. It was one night, and oh! a fearful night it was to me. Exhausted, doomed, and accursed, I was still clambering up the mountain of sin. I came to a chasm, deep and fearful. The lightnings of heaven flashed about me, and the thunder of Omnipotence pealed in my ears. I felt myself moving towards that fearful chasm. Death, eternal death, eternal death, stared me in the face, and I screamed piteously for help. No one came to aid me. My companions in vice listened not to my cries, and he to whom I had sold my soul derided me in mockery! I was moved on nearer and nearer to the precipice. Frantically I grasped each shrub and rocky prominence which lay in my way, but they crumbled in my hands. I reached the edge of the precipice! I glanced in the deep abyss of death! Oh! terror, terror! I pled Heaven for mercy, but, great God, it was too late!

"My sin-covered soul trembled with the agony it suffered and was piteous in its appeals. But the thunder told me, 'Too late.' The lightning told me, 'Too late,' and gracious heavens, my own cowardly soul told me—'Too late!' I felt myself going over the precipice. I clung with tenacity to every thing within my reach, but nothing could save me. I shrieked! I groaned! *Down to perdition went my soul!*"

Here the maniac paused. His vivid portraiture of his career had startled the whole congregation, some of whom shrieked outright as he represented his soul's frightful descent into perdition. He paused a minute only. Then calm again, he softly said:

"I am living without a soul! you people of God may sing your praises, for it is sweet incense to your souls. But you sinners," and here he again became excited in manner—"but you sinners, must repent this day, or your soul will go after mine, over that deep, dark, fearful abyss into hell! Will you repent, or go with me into eternal perdition?"

The effect of this was more than terrific. Screams and groans arose from the gay and giddy in the congregation.

A year or two before, this young man was brought home one evening insensibly drunk. The next morning found him the victim of a terrible fever, brought on by his sensual indulgences and extravagant course of life. Of that fever he was, after many fearful days, and much tender care by his relatives, cured, but it left him a raving maniac, a frightful lunatic. So fearful were his mad efforts, it became necessary to confine him in a Lunatic Asylum, to keep him from perpetrating mischief on himself and others. He remained there until within a few weeks of the camp-meeting, when he became sufficiently restored to be returned to the custody of his family. He was still insane, but he was mild and obedient, and under those circumstances he was taken with the family to the camp-meeting, the utmost vigilance being exercised over him.

Young men! beware of the cup, the destroyer of the body, and worse, the destroyer of the soul.—*American Paper.*

DANTE APPEARING IN A VISION.—Giovanni Boccaccio thus relates the following story:—A few months after Dante's death, his sons and other of his disciples searched oftentimes among his papers in order to see if they could find the conclusion of his great work, but were unable to discover the remaining cantos. Thereupon his friends became almost angry that God should have seen fit to remove him from the world before he had accomplished the little that remained to be done in order to bring his poem to a conclusion. After having at last given up the search in despair, Jacopo and Piero, the sons of Dante, who were both of them poets, were just beginning to entertain the intention of finishing their father's work, in so far as it might be in their power to do so, when Jacopo, who was much more anxious and earnest about the matter than his brother, had a wonderful vision, which not only put an end to the presumptuous idea he had indulged, but revealed to him where the remaining thirteen cantos were concealed. A worthy man whose name was Piero Giardino, and who for a long time previously had been one of Dante's most ardent disciples, relates that in the eighth month after the day of his master's death, Jacopo went to his house one night at the hour which we call *mattutino*, and told him that very night, a little before the above-mentioned hour, Dante, his father, had appeared to him in his sleep, clothed in glistening raiment, white as snow, his face shining with unaccustomed and glorious light, and that on his asking him whether he still lived, it had seemed to him that he had replied yes, but with the true life, not with ours. That, moreover, it had seemed to him that he had inquired whether he had finished his work before passing away to the true life; if so, where the cantos which were wanting, and which they all so long sought for in vain, might be found. To which question it had seemed to him that he heard his father's voice a second time in reply, and that his answer was, "Yes, I will furnish them." And then it had seemed to him that he had taken him by the hand, and led him into the chamber where it had been his wont to sleep when he had lived in this life; and that, taking out a panel in the wall, he had said, "It is here—that which you have been searching for so diligently." And having said these words, it had seemed to him that at one and the same moment both Dante and sleep had departed from him. That these things having happened he felt as if he could not help immediately coming to Piero, to tell him of them, and to ask him to go with him to seek the place which had been revealed to him, and which he well remembered; and then they should see whether it was a true spirit or a lying vision which had appeared to him. On which, the night having not yet passed, Piero arose, and they went together to the house in which Dante had lived at the time of his death; and having aroused him who lived there, and being received into the dwelling, they went to the place which had been pointed out to Jacopo, and there they found a piece of tapestry nailed against the wall, and gently raising it, they saw in the wall a window which until then had never been seen by any of them, neither had they known that there was one in that place, and there they found some manuscripts, all of which, owing to the dampness of the place in which they lay, were covered with mould, and would have become illegible had they remained there much longer. And clearing away the mould which clung to the paper, they found that it contained the thirteen cantos they had so long been seeking for in vain.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

POETRY.

* BY FLOOD OR BY FLAME.

As all was gay and glad some
On board the buoyant ship;
The day fair, calm, and beautiful;
The sea with ripples trip
Their laughing way, when heard the cry
Of "Fire!—Fire!" and the shrieks
Rose gushing, as the flames girded
The ship with fiery streaks!

Some stood unmoved, unmoving,
As petrified by fear;
Some rush'd about unheeding
In madness, as they hear
And see the circling flood and flame,
And feel the scorching heat,
Hemming them round with cruel chain,
O how their souls did beat!

Two sisters clung embracing,
And leap'd into the tide;
And in the deep caressing
They lay down side by side,
A sire, with seven children,
And his wife—his bosom mate—
Embraced each other silently
As waiting for their fate.

But flood and flame they nearer came,
Quick!—quick!—they must decide,
The mother put all fear to shame,
And led the way,—and died,
Then follow'd each by each—a train,
Young men and maidens, leap
Down—down—down from the burning flames
Into the boundless deep!

The father, grasping still his babe,
Had seen the surging wave
Swallow his all; then, folding it
Tighter to his heart, he gave
The solemn leap, bursting with prayer—
'That though a watery grave
Surround their forms, yet we'll not fear
But God, our Father, he will save.'

Still the mighty flame rush'd on,
Till the few with scorched breath,
Drop't to the awe spread deep, that shone
Georgous o'er their death,
But few were saved, and fewer still
Unhurt when help it came,
From the fearful choice—to burn or drown,
To die by flood or flame.

Perhaps in such moments dread and drear
There is a strength supernatural given,
The soul triumphant over fear
Flies through a sudden death to Heaven,
Immortal glimpses at that time
Are wafted to the struggling soul,
Which rises above death, sublime,
And passes on unto its goal!

S. WILKS.
* The steam ship *Austria*, was burnt in mid ocean on Sept. 18th 1858, when nearly 500 persons perished by the flood or by the flame.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' INQUIRY COLUMN.

J. A.—The remains of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, lie in Larbert Churchyard, Stirling County, (two miles from Falkirk.)—The rude monument that marks his last resting place, whether considered in point of execution or state of preservation, is but a type of the cold contempt, and cankerous criticism, that have assailed his memory. A considerable plot of ground was originally enclosed for his sepulture; a laurel, and a yew, stand side by side, at each extremity; but late in July this year, they were scarcely accessible, through the uncut grass and tangled weeds.

XENO.—"Is it safe to abstain suddenly from strong drink?"—Dr. Bullen, North Infirmary, Cork, having the care of 1253 patients, and 14,500 out-door cases yearly, testified that during the zenith of the temperance reform, "the cases of accident were reduced one-half, and those of mangled wives entirely ceased; that he had not met with a single case of disease, referable to the sudden and total disuse of intoxicating drinks."

INQUIRER.—Yes; there is much virtue in laughter. Erasmus was seriously afflicted by an imposthume, and the perusal of the celebrated *Literæ Obscurorum Virorum* threw him into an immoderate fit of laughter; the imposthume burst, and the laughter was cured. A similar tale is told of Dr. Patrick Scougal, a Scottish bishop, who died in 1682. An old woman earnestly besought him to visit her sick cow; the prelate reluctantly consented, and, walking round the beast, gravely said, "If she live, she live; if she die, she die; and I can do nae mair for her." Not long afterwards, he was dangerously afflicted with a quinsy in his throat; the old woman, having got access to his chamber, walked round his bed, repeating the charm which she believed had cured her cow; whereat the bishop was seized with a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy, and saved his life.

EMMELINE.—We confess at once, we are not misogynists. There have been some such beings in human shape, we believe, and may be, even in this day of crinoline; but we have no sympathy either with or for them, for we do not believe that man was made to be alone, and we feel quite sure that the very solitude of bachelorship is its own punishment. These woman-haters have uttered some strange libels against the fair sex. Menage tells us of one Gratian du Pont, who published at Lyons, in 1537, a poem, in which, he has the impudence to maintain that at the resurrection, every male soul will be restored to a perfect body, that as Adam will resume the rib whence Eve was made, Eve must become a rib, and so cease to be a woman, and that all women will return with their mother Eve into Adam's rib, so that at the last day, women will cease to be! Jean Nevizan, a lawyer of Turin, who died in 1540, wrote *Sylvæ Nuptialis libri sex*, in which he says, "The Deity, having made man, deferred the creation of woman, until he had accomplished that of brutes. When this was done, he fashioned her bosom and her limbs, but losing patience, he broke off, leaving the Devil to make her head." The dames of Turin served him out, and pelted him with stones, and would have chased him from the city, if he had not consented to publicly beseech their pardon.

X. Y.—You quoted wrongly; it was Pope who wrote—
* * "The people's voice is odd,
'It is, and it is not, the voice of God.'"

ALPHA.—(We decline your article, because we think many of its positions are erroneous). **C.**—(We know of no such book). **K.**—(Why don't you eat "brown bread?")

S. WILKS, Hoxton.—Our friend W. will see that we have availed ourselves of his permission, in putting his valuable communication into another form.

ESPRIT is kindly thanked for his offer. **THE TWO WORLDS** will not contain articles on controversial and sectarian theology. We prefer to enforce points of agreement rather than those of difference. We believe the facts of spiritualism will lead to the conviction of those primary truths of religion which are common to all Christians.

JUVENIS.—Charles Lamb was educated in Christ's Hospital, London. He died in 1834, aged 59.

INQUIRER.—Read **DIXON'S Investigations into the Primary Laws of Health and Disease**, which you can get through W. Horsell, or any bookseller. For the preparation of medicines, we ourselves refer to Hempl's *Pharmacopœia* and *Posology*; this is published by Leath.

PSYCHO.—Your letter is a good one for those who have witnessed for themselves the phenomena with which "Spiritualism" deals, or for those even who accept in good faith what is said by Spiritualists; but it would only be a speculative letter, in the estimation of most of our readers who require facts, and the rational deductions from them. What are the facts from which Psycho has come to his conclusions?

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS INVINCIBLE REMEDIES FOR SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS.—Mr. Spivey, chemist, Howden, states that a customer of his had suffered for fifteen years with a scorbutic humour in her face, and had consulted the most eminent medical men in the town and neighbourhood without deriving the slightest benefit. A few weeks ago he advised her to give the Ointment and Pills a trial, which she did, and after taking a few boxes of Pills, and using the Ointment, they checked the disease and effected a complete cure. For all eruptions on the face this Ointment is an unequalled remedy. It removes the outward blemish, without driving the disease inward, entering the system, and destroying the disease itself.

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