



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

No. 7, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 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 this and the next two 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.

THE LIGHT OF REASON INSUFFICIENT TO DISCOVER RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

AMID the vast and complicated theories of philosophy which the genius of man and the light of reason have suggested, whether we advert to the ages of ancient superstition, or to the preposterous systems of modern invention, we find the human mind bewildered in the dark mazes of ignorance, even while it discovered its amazing powers in the development of science, and exhibited the finest specimens of its intellectual greatness. In all the revolutions of time, the human mind has endeavoured to explore the most intricate mysteries which are wonderful to contemplation, and delightful to fancy.

The origin of the mind, its design and end, engaged much philosophic dissertation, some supposing it to form merely the animal existence of human nature, and others inculcating the doctrine of its immortality. The moral, physical, and intellectual constitution of man, were all confounded in the labyrinth of absurd theory, while morality and virtue were exalted as the climaxes of human excellency, and appreciated as the essentials of all religion. Some heathen philosophers considered themselves as having arrived at the zenith of wisdom, and despised the hypothesis of those who advanced contrary opinions as ridiculous and absurd.

The Stoics in particular, with all the presumption of ignorance, pretended to universal knowledge, and claimed an impossibility of deception. But Plutarch observes respecting them, "That there neither was, nor had been, a wise man on the face of the earth." That the light of nature, reason, and philosophy, is capable of discovering the truth, unassisted by radiance from above, is an incongruous proposition. Truth is wisdom divine; and in order to arrive at its immortal temple, the glimmering ray of the human mind could never sufficiently illumine the path, but perplex the wandering reason, and allure it into the shades of obscurity.

The idea of the being of a God, the doctrines of futurity, the happiness of heaven, and the certainty of rewards and punishments at the final consummation of all things, were lost in the abyss of darkness, and the moral world would for ever

have been enveloped in gloom, if the brilliant coruscations of heavenly grandeur had not burst on the hemisphere of learning. Neither Plato nor Socrates could unfurl the perplexity which entangled the mind, because no effulgence from revelation disclosed the tremendous scenes in the region of truth; but the vast capacities of the soul more and more expanded as the glorious influence of the Deity shed his benign lustre.

The extravagancies of fabulous theory, which we view exhibited in mythological history, were nothing more than the towering and sublime emanations of poetic imagery, though the contracted mind of vulgarized paganism converted them into important realities, and disregarded the grand object of supreme adoration. The objects of sense formed the grand centre of human worship; the orbs which rolled in the regions of immensity, and the constellations of heaven, were considered as the gods and rulers of the universe. They indulged in the wildest flights of enthusiasm, while their fancies wandered over the enamelled plains of transitory bliss; and reason, the action of the soul, and the common prerogative of mankind, was perverted from its original course, blinded by the mists of error, and the clouds of prejudice; and the senses, which have been described as sails to the soul, have wafted her amidst the billows on the shoreless ocean of depravity.

Reason unenlightened by the beams of revelation is obstructed in its investigations, even in material creation. The wondrous connexion of matter and spirit, the operations of intellect, and numberless intricacies, defy the aspiring faculties of the mind fully to develop their ramifications; various opinions respecting the constitution of man, fluctuate on the ocean of science.

The folly of delusion caused some to suppose brutes capable of religion, and others, that religion was the only prevailing characteristic which distinguished human from brute creation. Anaxagoras conceived man to be the wisest creature because he possessed hands, and the Stoics define man as a compound of body and soul. Reason, the transcendent excellency of our nature, is not capable of defining itself; an immaterial and powerful faculty is comprehensible in its nature only to the wise and intelligent Author of its being. The most philosophic mind and gigantic intellect in any age, which has endeavoured to penetrate the mysteries of God and immortality, or to look into the volumes of truth by reason only, never failed to be lost in a chaos of confusion, and to be frustrated in its designs of discovery; for though reason may be admired for its soaring and exalted capacities, yet revelation must be adored, and considered as the only sure guide to happiness, and the unalterable system of the Divinity himself.

The impudence of popish infallibility, which asserts an unerring constitution of virtue and holiness, prominently displays the futile and imbecile character of the province of reason, where error raises his blackest and most hideous form, encircling the votaries of superstition with the horrors of the darkest midnight, and reducing the dignity of human intelligence to the contemptuous vortex of idolatry itself. The weakness of the human intellect renders it incapable of comprehending the higher mysteries of material and intelligent creation; and because sufficient evidence has not been adduced to the satisfaction of the sceptical, hence has originated the fountain of infidelity, which has spread its streams of poisonous ingredient over the moral world.

The ingenious contrivance of the material universe, and admirable monuments of mechanism which it displays, plainly indicate the design and power of an efficient cause, which is always superior to the effect. Beauty and order, harmony and goodness, endlessly prevail; and the omniscient eye of Deity alike surveys the motion of the rapid flight of a seraph, as well as the fluttering insect in the solar ray. The vast expanse of God's universe and immense dominions re-echoes back the praises of the heavenly Potentate to the skies, while the depraved reason of man

alone is found to complain, and depreciate the wondrous attributes and grandeur of Deity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A MESMERIC EVENING.

MISS MONTAGUE has been giving, at Cheltenham, experiments in Mesmerism, Electro-biology, and Animal Magnetism. The *Free Press* report them at length, and says:—Exhibitions followed of Phreno-Mesmerism,—by which the patient adopts as a fact the statement of the operator and exhibits the manifestations which such a state of affairs would be likely to produce upon the mind of the particular patient. One was told that he was Gough, the temperance lecturer, and mounting a chair, he thus addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen and Ladies,—I am the Rev. Mr. Gough, come over from America to address you. I am come here on purpose for to oppose Mr. John Barleycorn, that great murderer throughout the country, who has slain many a one—many a poor working man's wife and children who have wanted for bread all through this John Barleycorn. Oh if that man was done away with, what a happy world we should have, and besides all, we should want for no bread." Another patient—"All we should want would be some drink." "Gough."—"Ladies and Gentlemen, oh, if you will 'forstarn' that man, that murderer—" Other patient—"What man?" "Gough."—"That self destruction, why Sir John Barleycorn." Other patient—"You are wrong, it aint him." Another suggestion having been made by the operator, "Gough" assumed a new character:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am about to stand here to offer myself as a candidate for a member of Parliament. [A voice—"A likely bird to get in."] A happy day we shall have to-morrow. Oh you never seen such a happy day as we shall have to-morrow. You shall have plenty of beef and pudding if you go and vote for me, but if you should give that t'other man your votes, oh it will be the miserablest day you ever see. Never mind, ladies and gentlemen, but let me call your attention to to-morrow, for that happy day it brightens my eyes. Oh, the delight—the heavens shall be opened." At a direction from the operator, the patient indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter. Some were directed to imagine themselves game cocks, and to crow and fight; others to suppose themselves in a field of battle; and others, performers at a circus. These evolutions concluded with a tea party, which consisted of a supposed old man with two sons returned from battle with serious scars; and, lastly, a scene representing an imaginary barber's shop.

THE NEW MEDICAL ACT:

(Communicated.)

THE embodiment of the Medical Council goes on. The task of selecting representatives (who will become actually legislators for the medical profession) has proceeded so far without any of the petty squabbles becoming public, which have given the correspondence of medical men generally such unfavourable notoriety. Few members of the medical profession have specially fitted themselves for the onerous task of medical commissioners, for the present Council, by having shown any catholic interest in the question of medical reform. Literary ability and universal views are so rare in the profession, moreover, that few able exponents of medical reform and progress could be put forward to advocate, through the press, amendments upon the present system. Occasionally have suggestions reached the profession through the medium of the press, but influence thus wielded has seldom been conveyed through professional publications. The public have to thank the general press for ventilating opinions upon improved medical education and reform. The "Westminster Review" has especially influenced the legislature on the present occasion. The articles which from time to time have appeared in that review, have served as a sufficient exposure of the errors which past legislative interference has inflicted upon the best interests of the medical profession, and likewise served as a basis for the present bill. The "Globe" places the name of Dr. Chapman, the editor of the "Westminster Review," among those to be named by the Crown as medical councillors, and the services of this gentleman, under the circumstances, must be invaluable. To the few men who have hitherto struggled for medical progress, we must still yet look for the future, for we have no faith in any sudden professional conversions among the elderly men appointed as medical councillors. Since the days of Harvey and Jenner, dogmatism has been the prevailing characteristic of the older members of the medical profession, naturally resulting from the empirical nature of their practice; and we need never look to such for initiatory measures of progressive reform. To such men as the Editor of the "Westminster," and a few others, we must look for the judicial advancement of such progressive ideas as will tend to elevate the profession above the low position to which partial enactments have brought it in the course of years.

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THERE is great excitement in Camden Town, consequent on the public exposure given to the disgusting proceedings permitted at St. Martin's Cemetery. The hoarding having been forcibly removed, it appears, that a general system of exhumation had taken place, and there were to be seen coffins tier on tier, skulls, bones, masses of putrid flesh,—the plot of ground having been granted by an Act of Parliament for building purposes, on the faith of its being unoccupied ground. Several pits had been dug, into which the human remains had been thrown, and another containing human coffins, and, further on, an immense pile of coffin lids, &c. An investigation has been commenced. On Friday there was a Conference of Political Reformers at the Guildhall Coffee House, Mr. Clay, M.P., presiding. Messrs. Bright and Roebuck made speeches; and Mr. Bright was unanimously recommended to prepare a Reform Bill. On Friday, 194 cases had been reported, consequent on the poisonings at Bradford; and a public subscription has been opened in aid of those families who are thrown into mourning and suffering by this sudden calamity. The young chemist who made the mistake, has been committed for manslaughter. Count Esterhazy, Austrian Envoy to the Russian Court, died on Tuesday. Baron Pollock has been laying the foundation of a new town hall at Hounslow. The Gunpowder Plot and the Battle of Inkermann were celebrated on Thursday, effigies of Nena Sahib, Yeh, Wiseman and the Pope being paraded about the streets of the metropolis. On Tuesday the new Lord Mayor and the other city officials were paraded through the leading thoroughfares between the City and Westminster, with the usual pompously burlesque procession. Mr. R. Ely has been shot in Queen's County, Ireland, and died on Saturday; but the assassin is as yet unknown. Mr. Gladstone is appointed Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands. A deputation of Methodist preachers waited on Tuesday on the Home Secretary, and presented a memorial in favour of Sunday observance. The "News of the Churches" reports a remarkable religious revival in the Anglo-Indian army.

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

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

XIX.—HOMŒOPATHY: ITS PRINCIPLES.

THE readers of our preceding papers will be prepared to go further into principles. Principles are rational deductions, and self-evident conclusions from facts. To understand the practice of Homœopathy, to comprehend the reasons of its rules, it is necessary to recognise its principles, as well as its facts.

The animating principle in us is above the chemical principles controlling the matter of the body; it is not a result of any material things, as is implied by the doctoring of the old school, but a spiritual individuality, the original life or principal spring of the body—its instrument or organ; the functions of the organisation are, therefore, fundamentally of the spirit which has, through a material envelope, to maintain a harmonious relation with the material world, in conserving itself in this state of existence, for a term, and in reproducing better conditions for others of the species to follow in the same state. Some of the functions of the spirit in the body (organisation) are voluntary, and performed consciously; others are independent of individual will, and are performed unconsciously; as, in the one case, is selecting and eating food, and, in the other, digest and assimilating it. There is an interblending of the voluntary and involuntary functions; in their innumerable particulars, demonstrating that they are the active and re-active functions of one spiritual individuality. The operations of this spiritual individuality are distinguished by the term *vital*, in opposition to those which are merely chemical. There are numerous chemical operations going on in the body, from the beginning of its formation to the spirit's withdrawal from it (death), but all are directed by the spirit through its vital force. What takes place in the body, in the production of acids, alkalis, various salts, and gases, is similar to what takes place in the earth; in the latter, electricity—positive and negative—is the immediate controlling force, under supreme creative law. So, also in the human organism, the chemical changes are under the agency of the vital force of the spirit; the disturbance of which constitutes disorder and disease, the departure, death, when the chemical laws come into uncontrolled action.

There is not only analogy but relation between the vital force of the spirit and the earth's electricity, hence the term *vital electricity*: this vital electricity, positive and negative, causes the fluids of the body to circulate;—earthly electricity brought to bear upon water in pipes quickens its flow: by the administration of electricity the circulation of the fluids of the living body is quickened. It is this vital electricity in the organism that reacts to medicines—therefore, medicines have spirit as well as body. Every medicine has a distinctive property peculiar to the drug from which it is derived. There is a distinct forming spiritual principle in all beings and created things. This spirit of each being, and naturally formed thing, converts the earth's electricity to its own kind, and modifies it for its own use, as it does all other things below it, by a process identical with that by which the human spirit converts and modifies the electricity, air, water, &c., to its nature and uses.

It is only such considerations of facts and their principles that enable us to approach to an understanding of the illustrious founder of Homœopathy, when he says,—"The spirit dynamically moves the body and its organs." "The action of medicines upon the patient is dynamical." *Dynamical* means, here, the same as *vital-electrical*. [The action between a piece of rubbed sealing-wax and paper, or between that of a magnet and iron, is dynamic; electric and magnetic action are departments of dynamic action.] Disorder and irregularity of the phenomena manifested by the organism, the spirit in the body, furnish the symptoms of disease—the unconscious language of the spirit, telling of its suffering, appealing to consciousness and intelligence to co-operate with remedies to cure or alleviate.

Our Letter Box.

TEETOTALISM AND THE MAINE LAW.

SIR,—I did not say all I wished to say in No. 5, in reply to what "Ductor Dubitantium" said in No. 3, page 20. Under the head of the fourth proposition, he tries to maintain a position, at which I am surprised. "That the drinking customs and the Liquor Traffic, are a source of national wealth, and their abrogation would result in a fearful amount of non-employment, monetary loss, and pauperism." After I read this proposition, I thought that "Ductor Dubitantium" had a severe attack of the blue devils. He endeavours to prop it up with what he calls evidence. Although the Maine Law does not agree with him, I feel bound to repeat the dose, so that his mind may be more calm, and leave those supposed, imaginary, injurious results, which he expects will arise from the annihilation of the Liquor Traffic. The dose is to be given in the form of a question, every four hours, viz., what are the present results of the Maine Law, where it is carried out? I have not the least doubt but it will effect a perfect cure. I will endeavour to throw a little more light upon what he has written, rather than put what might be called an extinguisher, on the supposed rush-light. The Liquor Traffic employs an immense number of hands, it provides the cheapest food for cattle, and secures to the farmer a good price for his corn. What would the agriculturists do without the Liquor Traffic? The cholera, &c., employs an immense number of hands; undertakers, gravediggers, manufacturers of crape, &c., and secures for the cemetery companies prices for their grounds. What would the undertakers, &c., do if it were not for the cholera? If the publicans want anything to do when they give up their business, they can gather all the old rags which they have made for the last twenty years; or the teetotalers can take them round the country and exhibit them to the natives as curiosities. Proposition 5. "That it is by education alone, that is to say, by early training, that a new and better state of society than at present exists, is to be realised." What has education done? What is it doing? What will it do? There is a great difference between the people seeking temptation, and thrusting temptation upon the people. After having read the whole of "Ductor Dubitantium's" evidence, which he has brought into "the court of common sense," I believe that it will be the duty of the jury to reject it, and try the case in the "special court of facts," and hear patiently, what more he has to say, before we return a verdict.—J. MANN, Southwark.

FACTS AND THEORIES.

DEAR SIR,—I hope the *Two Worlds* is selling well; a notice requesting to try and give away copies might do good. I shall as often as my finances admit, (they are very low at present), buy several copies and distribute them at coffee-houses, &c. I think you are wrong to disparage and discourage opinions, or, as you call them, speculations. The opinions of earnest thinking minds, given after due deliberation, are in my opinion little less valuable than facts, and might almost receive the latter title without doing violence to correct speaking. In great haste, I am very respectfully, W. D. M.—P. S. I do not speak with respect to opinions having in view my own lucubrations, but that of all other thinking minds.

[We are glad to know of the interest our friend, as well as others, takes in this publication and trust that that interest will not diminish. With respect to discouraging the expression of the opinions of earnest thinking men, our friend misapprehends us. Opinions, to be worth anything, must be formed by the independent mind after deliberation upon facts or other data. We do not want to adopt the opinions of others; if they hold a contrary opinion to us, we ask them to give the facts and data on which their opinion is based, in order that we may, if reason warrant, adopt the same *independently* for ourselves.—ED. T. W.]

MORE QUERIES.

SIR,—I should like to submit for the consideration of your thinking readers another batch of Queries. 1st. Of the scientific, I would ask, How it is that our old acquaintance, "Fog," prefers November for his annual visit?—2. Of the Theologian, In what sense ought the worship of Christ to be understood,—in his divine, compound, or human nature? If in either of the latter could not a charge of idolatry be preferred against such a doctrine?—3. Of Band of Hope advocates, Is it consistent of any occupying such posts to use tobacco, especially as abstinence from it often forms a part of the Band of Hope Pledge?—4. Of opponents of card playing, Wherein consists the difference of evil between card playing and draughts and chess?—5. Of the vegetarians, Has flesh eating produced worse features in the character of the Patagonians than are witnessed in connexion with the eaters of a vegetable diet in the eastern part of the world?—6. Of all, I would inquire where the difference exists between condemned theatricals and the allowed performances of the Metropolitan Teetotal Elocutionary Union?

GEORGE FARRINGTON, Chelsea.

OUR "TWO WORLDS."

MR. EDITOR,—I am concerned to hear that the *Two Worlds* has not commanded a larger circulation. I hope you will remember, you are too far in advance of the age to expect to be able to compete with those journals which pander to the taste and passions of the multitude. But as "a little help is worth a large amount of pity," I beg to hand you my first donation of five shillings towards a Gratuitous

Distribution Fund. The *Worlds* only needs to be known to be appreciated.—Yours truly, G. V. VEITTINGHOFF, M.D., 10, Chadwell-street, Myddelton-square, Nov. 8, 1858.

[We thank our correspondent for his appreciation of our intentions. We shall adopt his suggestion, and open a Gratuitous Distribution Fund. Meanwhile, we shall be glad to receive suggestions from our readers, as to our future course.—ED. T. W.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. Jones, Peckham—Ductor Dubitantium—Stockport—C. M'Dick—"Souls of the Children" W. D. M.—S. W., and a number of other letters, received, but are necessarily postponed till next week.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head,
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.

How dizzy it is to cast one's eyes so low,
The crows and choughs that wing the mid-day air,
Seem scarce so gross as beetles. Halfway down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade.
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yon tall bark
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That o'er the unnumbered pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.

King Lear.

SIR Walter Scott, when at Dover, on his way to Paris, once said to a gentleman, who was speaking to him of Shakespeare's cliff, "Shakespeare was a lowland man, and I a highland man; it is, therefore, natural, that he should make much more of this chalk-cliff than I do, who live among the black mountains of Scotland." Certain it is, that this cliff is not at present remarkable for its altitude. Hay's cliff, as it is otherwise called, is less than 350 feet in perpendicular height; its once high and bending head is bowed lower than the summits of the neighbouring cliffs, nor does the eye longer feel dizzy in looking so low. The beach is strewn with moss-grown fragments of rock, and with each returning tide, the relentless sea assails this ancient cliff, and so undermined has it been by the waves of the ocean, as to excite in the mind an apprehension of its stability.

"The murmuring surge,
That o'er the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes."

As the sweet music of the waters can now be heard; but neither the ships upon the sea, or the fishermen upon the beach, are so diminished as to appear to our visual organs of the lilliputian size suggested by the sublime and poetic language of our own immortal Shakespeare. The poetry of this situation has lapsed away. A railway has been carried by a tunnel through the midst of this mighty cliff, and anon, the thunder of a passing train, or the shrill shriek of the steam whistle, assails our ear and recalls our thoughts from the ideal to that which is real and positive. Such changes and things were, by Hamlet's Philosophy, "never dreamt of."

But though divested of its stupendous character, it is with all a noble cliff; and the view from its summit, on a clear day, is beautiful and extensive, ranging over the bright waters of the channel, now reposing tranquilly in all their night and majesty. We descry the well-defined contour of the coast of our friend and ally, *la belle France*, the green verdure of the receding downs contrasting vividly with the snow-white cliffs, whose bold curving forms are rendered even more striking and beautiful by the golden sheen of the mid-day sun upon them. The sea port of Calais, to the east, twenty-four miles distant, may also be seen, by permitting the eye to rest on the line of the horizon. Calais appears at this distance to be bristling with tall slender spires; structures, which the aid of a telescope resolves into the old and new lighthouses, the town hall, and a church; so clearly are these objects defined by the glass, that we may even note the peculiar construction of the buildings thus magically brought to view.

To the west, on an eminence, above the town of Boulogne, may be clearly seen the famous Napoleon column, and seeming as if so near that we might shake hands with the familiar form of "old Boney," who, isolated from humanity, regards from the top of this tall pillar the broad extent of land and water spread beneath; but soulless, and without emotion, his effigy now serves as a landmark, by which the vessels shape their course. Turning our wandering glances homeward, and looking westward along our own shore, we are astonished at the imposing front that the cliffs present towards the sea. Our view in this direction is, however, limited, by the projecting headland of Dungeness, extending a distance into the sea, and forming a natural breakwater. Intermediate, are the towns of Folkstone and Rye, reposing under the mighty cliffs; while the downcast rays of the noon-day sun is burnishing with its golden shining the slated roofs of many a dwelling. How low the tallest buildings in these busy towns appear, when compared with the frowning walls of chalk that beetle over them.

To the east, the prospect is over the busy thriving town of Dover, with its docks, its noble harbour, and pier; from which, there is a constant line of steamers. No longer is Britain, as Virgil wrote, "separate from all the world," but joined in amity, by her floating highway, with the rest of the nations of the earth. On the heights above the town, the old castle that has stood invulnerable for centuries, still looks defiance at rash invaders of our shores.

A quartett from the pen of Wordsworth, with simple beauty, describes the view seaward over the Downs:—

"With ships the sea is sprinkled far and high,
Like stars of heaven, and joyously it showed,
Some fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why."

And lastly, we yield to the invitation of the great poet, who bids us:—

"From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up: a height, the shrill-gored lark
Cannot be heard or seen."

An old sailor is at present the warden of Shakespeare's Cliff, and is ever ready to supply the thirsty pedestrian with refreshment, or to loan his glass for a trifling consideration; and is extremely cordial in inviting you to visit his temporary habitation, hollowed in the chalk, which he has dignified as Shakespeare's Cave; where you may inspect the fossils he has for sale, and listen to the strange tales that he has to tell about them,—fictions that will amuse the merriest tyro in geology.—ARCHBOS.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

By PAUL BUTTERY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"If you deny me, lie upon your law;
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE cheerful appearance of this room contrasted with the dirty and dilapidated state of the premises in general, caused Tiny to look about him as one who was not insensible of the pleasing impression made on his mind of cleanliness and comfort, in which, during his intercourse with Jane Cotton, he had had so many evidences of its being auxiliary to happiness.

Watson was greeted as an old pal, and several questions were put to him concerning the new comer, Tiny, but in a phraseology, with which we are not disposed to soil our pages.

Standing up, with his back to the fire, was a youth, with sleek hair and a thin pale face, and well dressed. His neck-kerchief, tied in a flash sailor-like knot, and the white collar of his shirt neatly turned over it; this lad was a first-rate pickpocket, and nicknamed "Squeaker." Smoking his pipe by the fireside sat a lad of uncouth appearance, with a showy handkerchief round his neck, and one side of his face adorned with a black eye; he rejoiced in the nickname of "Lucky Blay." In one corner of the room was a youngster, nick-named "Lively," about Tiny's age; he was amusing himself with a pair of boxing-gloves in front of a looking-glass. Two youths were playing at cards, and two others at dominoes; these were adepts at sharpening. At one corner of the table sat a man, about thirty years of age, nicknamed "Long Jem;" he was a well-known hand at the race-course and at affairs as a "thimble-rigger," and was diligently practising his art with a thimble and pen. At another corner, with his elbows on the table, and his chin resting on his hands, sat a well-known skittle-sharp, apparently in deep thought, but occasionally putting in a word in reference to the games that were being played for practice.

Mother Mosser now made her appearance, and poked up the fire, and as she placed the already singing kettle over the fire to boil, asked, "Who's ready for tea?"

"All on us to be sure," said Long Jem.

"Well, then," replied the matron, "Clear that table."

Soon all the worthies were engaged eating and drinking, and the conversation became general. Evening was coming on, and soon all would start off to prey upon and to gull their more simple brethren.

"Wot's your game, Tommy?" said Lucky Blay to Watson.

"Going to the play," replied Watson.

"The young'un going too?" asked Long Jem.

"Yes," answered Watson—"but we ain't got any money, has we Tiny? but I'll show you how to make some," replied Watson; "but you ain't got not no pluck in yer, or you wouldn't go without shoes and in sich rags, why don't yer steal summut; har yer 'fraid?"

"Well," said Tiny, "I don't know how it is, I seem to wish to, but I don't like, too, somehow."

"No," said Watson, "cos yer ain't half wide awake; you see how I'll manage it to-night; I'll make a pound, my lad, in less nor an hour. We'll go to the play, an' then have some money to spare."

"That young'un ain't half awake," said Squeaker; "mind he don't come it on yer, Tommy."

"All square, I knows all about that," said Tom.

Tea was now over, and every one was soon on his feet. Coats were buttoned up, and each went his way to meet his pals, and to carry out his plans and projects.

This night was to Tiny a memorable one—one of shame and sorrow, adding one other link to the chain of life's dark side.

Like an ox led to the slaughter, or as a lamb led to be sacrificed, Tiny went whithersoever Watson would lead him. Homeless, friendless, and clutching at the prospects of money, clothes, and pleasures. Such as he had seen and heard discussed at Mother Mosser's.

"Come, cheer up, Tiny," said Tom, "you'll soon be right as ninepence."

"What does your mother say when she knows you have so much money?" asked Tiny.

"Oh," said Tom, "I don't tell her all I makes; that wouldn't do; I plant's it. I takes home anything has I can't sell, and tells her as how I found it."

"Don't she ask you where you found it?" asked Tiny.

"No," said Tom; "She only says as how I'm the luckiest fellow as ever she knowed! I takes things, yer know to the pawn shop for her sometimes, and there are lots of clothes wot hangs up inside the shop; so as there is allers lots of people there, I manages to hook down a gown, shawl, coat, or a petticoat, or summut else; then I takes off the private mark, and pops them at the same time with the old woman's things, and when she gets 'em out agin, she thinks she's lucky, 'cos their allers putting summut else into her bundle; and when I can't manage to pop it, I doubles it up, and when I gets near home, I drops it in the kennel and makes it muddy, picks it up agin, and takes it home, and says I found it."

"Stunning move, that," said Tiny, brightening up.

"Ar, I believe yer," said Tom. Sometimes I manages to find a pair of boots as 'll fit my old man, and the old woman allers gives me a shilling or two for pocket money, so I'm never hardly without money; but you aint half awake, I tell yer; but I'll put yer fly to a move or two."

By the time the boys had concluded this conversation, and had made many other mutual confessions in character with the preceding, two hours had passed away, for they had occasionally broken off the conversation in order that Tiny should see what an adept Tom was at extracting pies from shop windows and fruit from stalls, and by the time they had feasted themselves by this heartless, serious, and, to the shop-keeper, ruinous species of depredation, they had arrived at Tottenham Court-road.

"Have yer got a knife?" said Tom.

"No," said Tiny.

"Then I must have one," replied Tom; "and I'll show yer how to 'star the glaze,'"

The boys halted for a minute.

"I say," said Tom, addressing Tiny, "do yer see that 'ere greengrocer's shop, opposite?"

"Yes," said Tiny.

"Well, then, do yer see them 'ere oyster tubs there? You must sneak inter that 'ere shop and get one of them 'ere knives wot's sticking in the edge of the tub."

"I can't," said Tiny, "I feels all in a fluster."

"Wot a fool," said Tom, "I must have one, I tell yer, and you must get it."

After much hesitation, and a corresponding amount of persuasion, Tiny consented—obtained the coveted knife, and received from Tom an eulogy for the dexterity with which he stole it.

The boys now turned into Tottenham Court-road.

"We must look alive," said Tom, "or we shan't get to Sadlers Wells by six o'clock; its five now." Many shop windows were looked into by the boys, and, ultimately, Tom fixed on one to suit his purpose and as the field of his operation.

"Now, Tiny," said Tom, "can yer 'cover' me?"

"How," said Tiny.

"Why, look, yer young fool! stand close beside me,—here, this side, so as nobody can see atween us. Keep talking to me, and pretend to be looking into the shop window; and—do you hear—don't be looking at wot I'm doing, but when I gives yer a dig in the ribs with my elbow, take wot I gives in yer hand, and run off round the corner, and go and wait for me in that 'ere old house in the 'Kite Fields.' You—you, understand?"

"Yes, all right," replied Tiny.

The boys now neared a large linendraper's shop, near to Howland-street, and the depredation they were about to commit was one of such magnitude that Tiny trembled with fear—nevertheless he continued to follow Tom's instructions, as near as he could, and, considering that he was a novice, he played his part well. About two minutes of intense anxiety, magnified by fear into ten, had passed away, when, lo, a tremendous crash of glass startled Tiny, and, at the same time attracted the attention of the by-standers and foot-passengers. With the fleetness of a hare, and impelled by fear, and unincumbered with shoes, Tiny sped away round the corner, along Howland-street, closely followed by Tom. Being out of breath, they both soon halted, looked behind them, and, not seeing any one following them in pursuit, Tom exclaimed,—"It's all right, Tiny, let's turn back, pass the shop, and see how it looks."

They did turn back, but just as they were turning out of Howland-street, they were fairly caught in the arms of a policeman in plain clothes.

"All right my young'uns," said the man, "you've just saved me a run."

"What?" said Tom.

"Oh, all right! come along my chickens," was the reply.

A great mob had collected round the shop, through which the young culprits were conducted in the tight grip of the policeman. The two boys persevered in declaring their innocence of the matter laid to their charge. Some of the by-standers said that they thought they were the boys who were looking in the window at the same time that they were. Others sympathised and pleaded for them, but that with that kind of inconsiderate sympathy which only tends to defeat the aim and end of justice, and the delinquents certainly would have been allowed to depart, had not the officer declared that he had been watching them during the operation of removing the putty from the glass, and plunging his hand into Watson's pocket, drew forth the knife, the point of which fitted the marks made in the putty on the window frame. This evidence was conclusive, and, forthwith, the young criminals were taken to the station-house, followed by a concourse of people, the charge taken, and the boys were locked up and left to their own reflections.

At the time of which we write our judicial machinery was not of that orderly and compact character, in any one of its departments, as it is at the present day; but few men of well-ascertained good character filled the minor offices about our police-courts, or in our prisons and penal settlements; such offices being, in most instances, held by men of avaricious, and, to say the least, unkind dispositions, while strings of unfortunate individuals of all ages and of both sexes were escorted through the public streets by policemen, and exposed to the gaze of the public—be their crimes real or imaginary—and by this means the character and reputation of many an innocent person has been damaged in the minds of the prejudiced in society past all recovery in after life.

Watson and Tiny were the only charges at the station-house, and, in about half an hour after the commission of the offence, they were duly handcuffed and marched off to Hatton-garden police-office, and walked past the end of the street in which Watson's parents lived, and near to the street from which Tiny's father and mother-in-law were, but a few months since removed to the workhouse. There the boys were known, and, being seen by several persons, the news spread,—though that was not the first time by many that Watson had been favoured with such safe conduct. A little while, and the boys were in the presence of the magistrate, but for the want of the presence of the proper persons to establish the charge, the case was left for final hearing till the following morning, and the juveniles were escorted back to that durance which they had so recently left.

On the following morning, manacled as on the previous evening, and in like manner, our dejected juveniles were paraded through the streets, and jeered at by many a young acquaintance. Watson and Tiny—and who at best bore the reverse to a formidable appearance—now looked extremely wretched, after having passed a sleepless night in a cold cell. It was a cold October morning, and Tom, although clothed the best of the two, shivered with the cold quite as much as Tiny, with his tattered garments and shoeless feet.

The entrance to the police-court for prisoners was by the back way up Hatton-yard, and here, as was usual, were assembled a great number of persons, every one having their individual anxiety concerning son, daughter, brother, sister, father, mother, or friends. Watson's parents were among them. The two boys were locked up in a cage-like contrivance at the rear of the court, to await their hearing, and every one but Tiny had his or her friend to supply them with gin, beer, and food, and sundry encouraging words, hints, and winks to keep up their spirits.

In due time the boys had their hearing, and were sentenced to three months each in the House of Correction, Cold Bath Fields, with a threat for Watson that if he came there again he should be sent to Newgate. This hint, as well as his sentence, he took with what is termed pluck, but to the lonely Tiny there was something undefinably horrible in being secluded from the outer world for so long a time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRISON.

"Poor philosopher; to think,
Man but made to eat and drink,
To be clothed, and housed, and fed,
And wot buried when he's dead,
He philosopher! Ah, no!"

As the dusk of evening came on another string of faulty human beings were guarded to their destination, for varied

offences against the laws, and for terms ranging from seven days to twelve months. Cheering and feeding them by the way, were hosts of friends and relatives. As the great prison gate closed the world from view, a softness stole into Tiny's heart, and he wept aloud. In a short time the two boys, in common with their fellows, were divested of their own attire, washed in a bath, and clothed in the prison garb, and then according to the nature of their crimes distributed among the various yards of the prison, Watson and Tiny being sent to the second yard. They had each a small loaf and some water, and were locked up for the night in separate cells; but although Tiny had fasted since the night he was captured, he felt so full of that extreme grief, and for which a guilty, although inexperienced mind cannot find a solace, that he could not eat, and in the bitterness of his mind wished himself dead, but hope, the blessed recompense for every failing, and which stimulates man to renewed actions and to fresh exertions, favoured even the youthful Tiny, and never for any length of time left his breast void of its calming influence, and during the long watches of that sleepless night, Tiny had made a covenant with hope, which in all the chequered scenes of his after life never forsook him, but served to cheer him in and through every adverse circumstance. On that night, in that lonely cell, the little loves of early childhood, and the dear form of a departed mother seemed to hover over him, imparting to his mind the strength and vigour of mature years, but towards morning he fell into a peaceful sleep, till awoke by the firing of the prison gun at six o'clock.

At the present day, large hearted practical men, among moralists, religionists, and philanthropists of every class, sect, or party cry aloud, and justly too, at the inefficient though systematic and vigorous administrations of our criminal code, particularly where it has reference to the punishment, and it is presumed, reclamation of juvenile offenders, and well, indeed, and with much truth, they may infer that the reformation of the crime-matured adult criminal population, is a problem, and one which the entire exhaustion of intellect and every other mental power would fail to solve, and who can wonder that the incurable man or woman-thief of the present day is what he or she is? If they know anything of the soul and body destroying influences of the so-called "House of Correction," twenty-five years ago—influences so warranted to shut up every avenue to virtue, that the great enemy of mankind could well afford to lay by, when one class of society proved themselves so eminently qualified under his guidance, to carry on and perfect his work. It will be found in many instances that the man-thief of to-day—the developer and teacher of the precocious child, the hardened and incorrigible man, is the whip-tortured, prison-corrupted boy of thirty years ago.

On the morning following the evening of Tiny's incarceration, he was put into rank with about fifty boys of various ages and stature, and he being a new comer, had to go through the ordeal invariably practised on every individual addition to their numbers. In exercising around the yard, previous to being introduced to the "Mill," a smart Irish lad dexterously planted his foot in front of Tiny, so as to enable him without any effort of his own, to measure his length on the ground, his forehead coming in speedy and violent contact with the stone flags, he was for the moment stunned. A few nods and winks from the other lads assured the Irish boy that it was done "fust rate." However, Tiny soon recovered his sense of feeling, and, with it, his equilibrium, and, before his adversary could be aware of his intention, he gave one of his inimitable springs, and afforded the Irish boy such a striking and unpleasant proof of his courage in the corner of his eye, that sent him staggering, and then, as if completely forgetting where he was, commenced putting himself in such ludicrous attitudes of offence and defence, that it might have been inferred that he had received some practical lessons from his renowned godfather, Tom Belcher. The affair, however, was soon brought to a termination by the interference of the "yardsmen," and the matter was amicably settled between the boys, while Tiny's prowess had such a salutary influence upon the rest of the boys, that, although he received an occasional challenge to fight, he would not put up with the tricks of individuals with impunity. For several days a dark shade graced the eyes of the Irish lad, and, apart from phrenological manipulation, it was easily discernable that Tiny had an extra "bump."

(To be continued in our next.)

GOOD FOR A GOOSE.—The Rev. Cesar Olway, in his published paper on the intellectuality of domestic animals, gives the following anecdote:—"At the flour mills Tub-berakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose, which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or gosling. Now, it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which, in due time, were incubated; and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the mean while, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to my care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion, we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her natural trouble; but it is a fact that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event: day after day, the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good-humour; numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen."

FUNNY FOLKS.—On Friday evening, Oct. 29th, Mr. John De Fraine delivered the first of a winter course of lectures in Manor Street Chapel, Old Kent Road. Grumblers, gossipers, fops, and affected people, drunkards, hasty folks, and Pharisees, came in for a share of criticism and rebuke. Mr. De Fraine earnestly appealed to those present to break away from wrong habits, and to attain to true manliness; and on resuming his seat, was loudly applauded. The next lecture will be given on Nov. 12th, when the subject will be, "Woman."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Maine Law Almanac for 1859. London: W. Horsell. —This is a capital almanac, and contains some excellent articles, headed "The people are not ready," (in reference to the Maine Law), "Why this Want and Destitution?" "Difficulties of Prohibition in America," "The Maine Elections," "The Canvass for the Permissive Bill," and a valuable tabular statement of the enactment and progress of prohibitive laws. The cheapest pennyworth we ever saw.

The Teetotal Almanac for 1859. London: W. Horsell. —We have seen a proof copy of this annual, and are much pleased with it. It contains sterling pieces on "How to preserve our members," "Our Youth," &c., and, beside a profusion of Teetotal extracts and mottoes, a list of London Temperance societies and secretaries, which, having carefully compared it with other lists, we pronounce to be the most comprehensive and accurate extant. Mr. Horsell informs us that societies can be supplied with this valuable almanac at 8d. per dozen.

Words by the Way; or, Practical Lessons in Everyday Life, for the Saved and Unserved. By the Rev. John Kirk, Edinburgh. London: Ward and Co. A volume of practical fragments, of a religious kind. These fragments, somewhat after the manner of the parables of Christ, seize upon the occurrences of everyday life—trivialities, as some people would call them,—and either extract from them some practical spiritual lesson, or make them serve as illustrations of some religious truth. Undue advantage is not taken of these trivialities, nor is their spiritual analogy forced, but it is extremely natural and easy; and Mr. Kirk has done well to make them subservient to his purpose of benefitting his fellow travellers to eternity, and in collecting and reprinting them in a more permanent form than that which they assumed in the columns of a weekly newspaper. Many a man's heart has been relieved and stimulated in spiritual life by these beautiful fragments; and, we hope, hundreds of others will reap a lasting benefit from their perusal. Here is one of them, entitled "Before and after Trial:"—"See that sailor on the beach. He is going round and round a fine new life-boat, that has never yet been launched. You see him most critically examining every part, and soon hear him speaking of her in terms of strong admiration. He discovers many features of what he believes to be remarkable adaptations to the purpose for which the vessel has been constructed, and he feels as if he should not hesitate to breast the wildest wave, if once fairly seated in her. A month or two after, you see the same man on the same beach, and he is looking at the same lifeboat. She is now a very different object in his eye, or, I should say, his heart. The marks of rough work are on her bow, and sides, and stern. The boat has evidently seen service now. Well, that same man, a day or two before was driven before the storm, and his ship stranded on this coast. He, with the rest of his shipmates, were expecting a watery grave beneath the angry surf upon which their unmanageable ship was fast drifting. Their danger was seen, and the new lifeboat, with her brave crew, dashed through the foaming billows to their relief. After almost inconceivable dangers they were safely landed. Now he stands looking, with tears of gratitude and admiration, at the lifeboat. He does not need to go round her with a critic's eye now. There is no need of scrutinising plank by plank, and joint by joint, of the noble construction. The grand whole of her sterling worth is before his mind, and deep in his inmost heart. His former look was before—this look is after trial. My reader, you can somewhat enter into his mind. You can thus in some degree understand the principle I wish to explain. It is that upon which the soul's Saviour is viewed before and after trial. You observe that man seated quietly in a pew of yonder chapel. He is listening with intelligent interest to a description of the great atonement of Jesus. The subject is somewhat new to him, and especially is it new for him to be shewn that the death of Jesus is all he can have between him and eternal despair. He is truly interested in the preacher's matchless theme. He seems to weigh every syllable, and anxiously to scrutinise every feature of the great salvation. By and bye, its glorious adaptation appears to his understanding, and he sees the truth. He admires the great propitiation. Yes, he even blesses God that there is such a ground for human hope. He leaves the place with a new and glorious object in his mind. He meditates, with great interest and satisfaction, on the newly-found Saviour. But just step over a month or two and look at the same man. He has just begun to have some favourable symptoms of recovery from a dangerous illness. He has been at the gates of death, and he has seen through them into eternity. He has had anticipations of judgment, as if the next hour he would stand before God. The dark catalogue of his past deeds had been held before him, and the 'accuser of the brethren' had sought to hurl him headlong over the precipice of self-condemnation. The propitiation of the Lamb of God has upheld him. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin,' has proved the pole-star of his spirit in the darkest hour of his spiritual conflict. How he thinks of that atonement! O how he admires it now! His feelings in the pew, and his feelings in the hour of dark tribulation, are almost a contrast. Yet they are the same in kind. They are different only in degree. So different, however, are they in this, and so strong is his adoring estimate of Jesus now, that he little grudges the ordeal which has had the effect of making him prize his Redeeming Lord so highly. My dear friend, have you entered upon the first part that of which I have been describing? If you do not look to Jesus before overwhelming trial, you are in danger of never seeing him at all. O, there are many who put off till the storm has burst upon their heads, ere they think of the life-boat. How often are such found at

last without a refuge in the hour of need. Be it yours to act otherwise. Examine the great salvation of God—consider it well—be fully acquainted with it, and lodge it in your mind, so making it your own now, and then when the time of trial comes all will be well. You are ready to reap the blessed fruit of the conflict, in having proved the matchless refuge provided by God for guilty man."

The Christian Tradesman's Almanac for 1859. London: W. Horsell. —A very useful *vade mecum* for the in-coming year, containing, beside the calendar matter usual in such publications, a large amount of readable matter, including a selection of Bible utterances, applicable to trade and commerce, a list of merchants mentioned in the Bible, articles on "How to help the Poor," "Success in Life," "The Maine Law no Failure," &c, the whole being comprised in 32 pages, and sold for only a penny. There are, in the third page some wholesome remarks on trade and commerce, which all young men beginning business should attend to. "There is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the human race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other." This almanac, which may be had with ruled paper for cash accounts and memoranda for two pence, is uniform in size, style, and excellence with Mr. Horsell's "Teetotaler's," "Maine Law," and "Homoeopathic" Almanacs, and will doubtless have, as it deserves, a large sale.

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