



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

No. 8, Vol. I.]

LONDON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1858.

[ONE PENNY.]

TO OUR READERS.

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

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THE FUTURE OF THE "TWO WORLDS."

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 give eight pages of matter with a circulation of less than five thousand, we have resolved to reduce the size *one half*, for this and the next number. 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 issue it at its present size. We shall be glad to receive the opinions and suggestions of our friends, which should reach us on or before Monday next; that we may form our plans and arrangements in accordance therewith.

THE LIGHT OF REASON INSUFFICIENT TO DISCOVER RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

(Concluded from our last.)

Supernatural knowledge cannot flow from nature, but from a higher source, and the original teacher, God, who is the archetype of the mind, and the only being who could communicate knowledge pertinent to himself. Some of the heathens were convinced of their own weakness, and desired a higher power to direct their enfeebled capacities to the bright realities of truth and the greatest good. Plato wished for a prophet to develop the will of God to us, without which we cannot know it. Plutarch observes, "The knowledge of the gods can only be had from them." The knowledge of the highest excellence seems to soar far beyond the limits of human discovery, and all the flights of the imagination are baffled in their attempts to arrive at the climes of bliss and unfading splendour.

Plato remarks, "The most glorious works of nature would not lead men to the knowledge of God, but rather stop their minds to consider the Sun, &c., as the first cause, which had been the real fact in all ages, till a stronger light than that of the heavens burst upon the earth, to direct them to the Author of them." The pursuit and possession of truth are of amazing importance to all intelligent beings; by the lamp of truth we are empowered to soar beyond the finite and limited sphere of time, to engage in the contemplation of higher and more exalted subjects, calculated to inspire the soul with that pure celestial fire and divine influence which are her native element, and where her powers may dilate in the full enjoyment and perfect essence of her immortal nature. The faculty of reason conducted aright, and extricated from the endless hypotheses and absurd systems which have appeared in the region of learning, may cast a light on the paths of science, though its imperfection will appear wheresoever we pursue our researches.

The complicated machinery of our physical nature is an insolvable mystery to our understandings, and too intricate for the penetration of

the most powerful capacity. Of the essence of the soul we are entirely ignorant, we but faintly comprehend it by its operations, termed by some an intelligent and conscious principle within; we cannot unravel the mystery of dreams, how ideas are communicated to the mind while the organs of sense are lost in insensibility; whether we always think, or only at different periods; the connexion of the body and soul, &c. A conviction of the limited powers of the intellect is calculated to confirm the doctrine of the necessity of a superior light from heaven, and to demonstrate the existence of some supernatural power governing and controlling the universe.

Finally, when the hallowed flame of Divine love is communicated to the mind, all its powers, principles, and faculties emerge from the difficulties of doubt and error, rising triumphant beyond the impervious clouds which intervene between the mortal eye and God. Man, viewing the beauties of a bright Divinity, enters the golden portals of the temple of truth. The most brilliant compositions of poetic genius are those which verge nearest the wisdom of inspiration, and display, in all the beauties of diction, the essential doctrines of Christianity. This is exemplified in Milton, who "into the heaven of heavens did presume, an earthly guest, and breathed imperial air;" and in Young, who, with the pen of morality and religion pointed to the bliss of heaven, exposed the transitory duration of all sublunary affairs, and introduced the soul into the vast scene of immortality, where she might reign "midst radiant ranks of essences unknown," and shine in the brightness of celestial glory. Literature is beautiful and useful in proportion as it is engaged in the development of truth, and directed in its operations to subvert the empire of error and superstition. The wisdom which cometh from above feeds the soul with the "celestial manna of perpetual hope."

During a period of nearly six thousand years, Ignorance, Vice, and Superstition have reigned august on their infernal thrones, casting a blackness of darkness around their votaries, excluding every ray of light, lest it should make that darkness visible. Though Christianity has never been fully elucidated in all the parts of its divine revelation, yet this glorious epoch of its celestial series demonstrates the benignity and glory of its character, by restoring myriads of human souls to the assimilation of their lost and original brightness, and entitling them to the unfading bliss of a more celestial clime: the records of heaven now shine in some degree in many dark recesses of the world, and we wait, with pleasing anticipations of faith and hope, until Immanuel's reign shall encompass the universe of God, and beam in all the splendours of infinite perfection. J. B.

NOTES OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

TELEGRAMS received inform us that Pei-ho was to be fortified, in order to stop the further advance of the "barbarians," and that Tourn had been taken, and declared to be French territory, five forts being destroyed by the gun-boats in half-an-hour, and the town being occupied by the allied troops; that Scindiah had fought with Tantia Topee for three days at Chandaree, 14000 men still holding out against us in that part of India, who might all be scattered if General Michel had only sufficient cavalry at his disposal.—A movement has commenced in the building trade for shortening the hours of labour; a meeting was held on Thursday, in Exeter Hall, where one of the speakers said the shortening of one hour of labour in the day would have a wonderful effect on the labour market, for there were 32000 mechanics in London, and that hour would give employment to 3555 men;—this would be beneficial to the community at large, for there were in our workhouses not fewer than 100,000 paupers, kept at a cost of £700,000. Manchester, like Birmingham, has spoken out on the Reform question; 7000 persons in the Free Trade Hall unanimously voted for manhood suffrage, triennial parliaments, electoral districts, and the ballot.—Parliament was ordered on Saturday, at the Privy Council, to be prorogued from Nov. 18, to Jan. 13, and the six Crown Members of the Medical Council were appointed.—Prince Napoleon has instituted a Commission of Inquiry into the real nature of the African Immigration scheme.—At a demonstration of working men, on

Sunday morning, in the Britannia Fields, Hoxton, a deputation was appointed to wait on Mr. Bright, on behalf of manhood suffrage.—A correspondence has been taking place between Lord Derby and Sir C. E. Eardley, as to the Maynooth Grant, and compensation for its proposed withdrawal.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, was opened on Sunday for Special Services; the Rev. Mortlock Long preached.—The 105th session of the Society of Arts opened last evening, when Mr. Dilke, Chairman of the Council, delivered the address.—A dwelling-house in Spitalfields fell on Monday, killing two persons, and injuring several others.—The Dean of Ely was buried on Saturday.—Evening Classes, at King's College, Strand, are numerous attended by young men, 170 having entered for the current term.—The death of the Rev. John Hickling, aged 93, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world, and last survivor of the "helpers" of John Wesley, is reported.—The letter carriers have appealed to the public for sympathy and support.—The Prince of Wales has been invested with the rank of colonel in the army, on his attaining his 17th year.

Our Letter Box.

SPIRITUALIST PHENOMENA.

SIR,—A "Truth Seeker" has done such good service in his notice of Mr. Malthouse's letter of October 4, that it may appear both superfluous and unnecessary to make further calls on the power Mr. M. has thought proper to exhibit. If, however, a gentleman begins by making wholesale attacks, he is bound to be prepared with wholesale defences. Like the writer above, I am willing to believe Mr. M. in search of truth; but I cannot help smiling at the easy *non-chalance* with which he declares modern Spiritualism (so called) "a delusion and a snare." Myself an earnest searcher after truth, I have witnessed numberless phenomena in the search amongst "the modern manifestations," have read very considerably its *pros* and *cons*, and still declare my total inability, dogmatically, to declare the cause. Failing any "scientific explanation," I conclude after much experience, that spirits do communicate with men; and this is all, as far as I know, Spiritualists affirm, viz., their belief; but Mr. M. peremptorily affirms it is "a delusion and a snare." Well, I, for one, shall be glad (and I think I may answer for Spiritualists generally), to be undeceived, to be unsnared. Now, by the strict rules of logic, an affirmation can be the result of demonstration only. No man can properly affirm until he knows; when he knows, he is capable of giving some rational proof to others. Can Mr. M. do this? Can he give us such unmistakable evidence as to remove all doubt on this question? This, at least, he is bound to do, having flung down the gauntlet. Now I undertake to pick up the aforesaid gauntlet, and dare him to the proof; happy if I conquer, happier in being conquered, for truth is a holy and blessed possession. But our friend must be more strictly logical than he is when he tells us, that the fact of trees being around us is a proof of the existence of God. To our mind it is not proof. Our belief in God's existence, from what we perceive around us, is an inference, a powerful one indeed, and sufficient with the wondrous beauties and sublimities of the universe to raise in our breasts conviction of almighty power; but to the Atheist it is not proof, nor even inferential; and surely Mr. M. will not deny intellectual power to this class of our fellow beings. All men agree that the sun shines, that rain descends. To every rational man these are *proofs* of their existence; and if Mr. M. is ready to give us equal proofs, I venture to say there is no Spiritualist who will not readily accord to him a high position, and bow to his superior intellect. Further, Mr. M.'s analogies (John Wesley, &c.) are also illogical. No man can test their assertions; they belong to the individual. Mr. M. himself, if patient, can witness most, if not all, the phenomena described by modern spiritualists; these depend not on individual statement, but on personal examination. The statements of others become confirmatory only. In the cases of Wesley, &c., we have statement only, and we must rely (if at all) on testimony only. But after telling us Spiritualism is a "delusion and a snare," Mr. M. says, it is a good thing if it turns a few, who would not otherwise be turned, to God. Rather an irreconcilable statement, an unintentional irreverence, which ascribes Loyolaism to the Almighty. No, it is either a good or a bad thing; either true or false. Which, we shall be only too happy to learn. Error can only be corrected by proof positive and tangible, and not by mere declamation. W. TUCKLEY.

SIR,—When the chemists first exhibited in Paris those simple electrical experiments which amuse the visitors at our Polytechnic, the savans of the academy pool-poohed them off, by saying, "Very pretty; but of what use are they?" The experimenters could not then answer the question; but we can answer it very plainly in two words—"Electric Telegraph." Electricity is but a material agent, applied at the will of higher spiritual agents. Thus a wire is placed from point to point; the machine is worked, a current is passed through the wire, sparks may be extracted at the extremity;

but is there any intelligence in the wire or in the sparks? No! But place a mind at either end, with proper apparatus and understanding as to signs and modes of operation, and at once you make the electric fluid move a needle or an indicator; and you have intelligent messages passing to and fro as frequently as you please. Now, replace a man's mind at one end, and a spirit mind at the other,—the latter sending a message, the former receiving it, or both engaged in conversation, and you have the result attained in spirit communion, the one being the action of mundane electricity, tinged by vito-magnetic forces, and the other being the action of spiritual with animal or human vito-magnetism. In the first case there is an artificial means of production; in the latter the mental organism is the apparatus by which the vito-electric manifestations are produced. Otherwise, how can any science explain the following clear and undeniable facts occurred two years ago in the presence of two persons, having pretty good ears and eyes, the like of which is occurring every day: but which we select as a simple and clear case of what is termed the physical manifestations? These two persons, having a favourable opportunity of investigating these peculiar phenomena, sat opposite each other at an oak tripod table, neither of them believing in the spiritual sign of these movements. In a few minutes the table tilted (did not turn as they expected to see it), then one of them, to test its causes, asked several questions in a calm, placid, and inquiring spirit. Is there any other mind or organism present besides our two selves? The table rose three times! Does the table rising three times indicate yes? The table again rose thrice. Then we understand—rising three times means yes; once, no; twice, doubtful; and other numbers of risings to indicate figures? The table rose three times! Now, can this power that is present, beside ourselves, raise the table three times when we will it to raise once? The table rose three times! Is it *bona fide* a spiritual existence that's present? Yes! Did this mind once inhabit a body like ours? Yes. Can you tell me your mode of existence? The table rose twice—meaning, doubtful. Were you related when you were in the body to either of us two? Yes. Is there any relationship now? Yes. Are either of us what are called mediums? Yes. Can you move the table to that one? The table then moved to the one to whom the table had principally tilted,—a lady of a very unenthusiastic turn. Do you love that person?—and the table tilted joyously several times. What relation—a father? No. A mother? Yes. The lady then said, Do you still retain a mother's love, then? Yes, and the table was thrown on to her lap and tilted as if it had got springs. Is there any truth then in the guardianship of spirits? Yes. Now can you tilt the table for the number of years since you have been in the spirit world? Yes. Well now, we'll count; and we counted on 25 risings. Did you mean 25 years? Yes. I said to the lady, Is that right? I think not, she said; I think it is only 23 years. It was ascertained, as well as we could, that 25 years were nearer the fact. The sitting finished; and after a time the impression subsided, and the lady herself subsided into thinking that it was a freak of "Animal Magnetism." Nor was the lady thoroughly convinced that a spirit presence had anything to do to it until, less than a twelvemonth ago, peculiar proofs of a private and family nature made her doubt no more. The impression left upon the writer's mind was that there was something more than mundane, or animal electricity—and pursuing the subject to all its legitimate lengths he cannot account for this manifestation on any other ground than that it was a real mind-being, which knew the circumstances of the mother's life, and portrayed a mother's feelings,—in fact, the mother, and no one else. Can mundane electricity account for this? If it can, there must be a mind or intelligent force controlling its currents, or it would be all unintelligible, as the electric wire without the mind at either end to control the apparatus. Can animal magnetism alone account for this? Whence comes the controlling intelligence? The 25 risings did not come from the sitters; for their minds would have had 23 or none at all. Nor could it have been delusion or collusion, for the favourable circumstances precluded either, both being only anxious for the truth, and having no interest or feeling contrary to it.—S. W.

SIR,—I went again to the mediums, Mrs. Marshall and her niece, on October 26th, in company with a friend, a lawyer, who wanted to bring his legal eyes to bear on the phenomena that he has heard me speak so much about. We found there a gentleman whom I have met before, in my enquiries, and who does not accept the Spiritualists' solution of the problem,—at least, I believe so; and also Mr. Tiffin, a well known "backbone" Spiritualist, with two or three strangers. My friend being new to the enquiry, I felt anxious he should witness some of the more striking manifestations; but those present did not want the enquiry they had commenced interrupted, and so a slight feeling of discordance was produced which seemed to weaken the demonstrations. In the course of the evening I got the medium to hold a piece of paper, and the raps were produced on it, in accompaniment to a tune hummed by my legal friend. The medium wore gloves and thus escaped the suspicion of producing the raps with the nails. One "spirit" answered questions, not by raps, but by rapid vibrations, to be compared only to the humming of a bee, one vibration, or circular flight of the imagined bee, corresponding to one rap. I wished, for my friend's sake, to hear the accordion played upon, but the want of concord in the circle prevented: the instrument, held in a pendant manner by one hand, was only slightly moved and sounded. My friend on getting up to leave felt his foot pressed by an invisible hand; I then suggested that he should ask some questions mentally, to which he received answers, affirmative, negative, and numeral, which satisfied him that

they proceeded from an intelligence. A few evenings after, I was accompanied by another friend, Mr. S., who has been convinced through these mediums; he called to mind a deceased friend, and wished to receive a communication from him. To the surprise of all present, the table seemed to dance with every possible eccentric movement, and so far as a table can be imagined to express it, with humour, as if dancing a hornpipe. Mr. S. said the friend he had thought of had been exceedingly fond of dancing in his life. I have been requested to give the address of Mrs. Marshall; it is at present No. 9, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn; I say at present, for the last time I was there she told me that she is under notice to leave, on account of the noises which disturb the other inmates of the house, not only when circles are making their investigations, but at other times of the day, and even night. She was therefore compelled to seek other lodgings.—H. WHITAKER, 31, Newman-street.

SIR.—My attention has been called to the practical investigation of the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism for some time. Seeing an account in the *Two Worlds* of an opportunity of witnessing them through the mediums spoken of by your correspondent, Mr. Whitaker, I learned their address from him and went there on the 29th ult., in company with Mr. H., a sceptical friend. Mr. W. and an elderly gentleman were there before us. I suppose my friend and myself looked sceptical and suspicious; for Mr. W. proposed that the mediums should be requested to remove all doubt as to the origin of the raps by removing their shoes; this being complied with, we all sat to the table, and soon received telegraphic answers to our enquiries by means of tiltings of the table, raps, and buzzings like those of a bee. Miss Marshall held an accordion, keys downwards, and the music of the "Huntsman's Chorus" was produced from it. At taking our seats at the table, I said I should like to see if the "spirits" would knot my handkerchief, and dropped it between my feet on the floor. It was intimidated by the "spirits" that four raps would be made on the table when the knot was tied. As the music was being played, my friend said "Why, your handkerchief is now on my side." I asked him to pick it up; he did so; there was a knot at one corner of it. Remembering, then, that we had not waited for the signal, the handkerchief was replaced beneath the table, and soon there was another knot. Going on with our questions, we again returned the knotted handkerchief to receive further proof of this curious action, when some minutes after, we found one of the knots perfectly and the other partly undone. My friend, Mr. H. is an osteologist, or preparator of bones for scientific purposes, and he had with him a skull. Placing this on the table, he asked if the "spirits" could bring him to whom it had belonged? On the affirmative being signified, a signal, of so many raps, being asked for and given. Presently the signal was made. To the questions put by Mr. H., the answers were now made by the table rising vertically several inches and falling with force. The visitors held their hands 6 or 8 inches above the level of the table, while both the mediums sat together with their hands lightly placed upon its surface, the table descending with force. One of my questions was whether Mr. H. was a medium, thinking he was, from what had taken place with my handkerchief. The next evening I called on my friend H., and he resolved to put his announced mediumship to the test by sitting at the table with myself and his housekeeper. The table we sat to was one of the largest sized loo tables. His mediumship was at once proclaimed by our hearing the raps in a very few minutes. He put his handkerchief under the table to see if he could have it knotted. He then put a skull, a different one to that used on the previous evening, on the table, and asked the spirit if it "could come—and when?" It was intimidated—"In ten minutes." In the meantime we looked to the handkerchief:—it was knotted. The table was now tilted up with such quickness and energy that the housekeeper was alarmed and shrieked; but she soon recovered and said she was not at all afraid; immediately up the table darted again with the lightness of a feather, again drawing forth a shriek. We ceased here. I called again the next evening on my friend, and talking about the knotted handkerchief, he drew it from his side-pocket, and behold the one knot of the previous evening was now multiplied into a curious and complicated set of knots! On taking our seats at the table, he put the knotted handkerchief under it to see what might be further done with it. After a few minutes, it was taken up with the knots all undone, and most certainly by invisible agency. I enclose my address.—K.

SIR,—My letter in the *Two Worlds* has caused surprise. Perhaps the best course is to send another, containing facts; for it is waste time to grapple with any man who "thimble-rigs" the words of a writer, so as to make it appear that when he said a "Chesnut Horse," it was a "Horse Chesnut." I have been asked, "Is it true you believe that after Death deceased relatives have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?" My answer is, "Yes," because:—1.—The Bible is full of statements showing the power of Spirit to make itself visible, and to move tangible substances. As those spirits are still alive, they may do similar things again; moreover, those statements demonstrate the possibility of spirits communicating.—2.—Since 1848, especially since 1852, men eminent for mental power, have, after examining the subject, candidly acknowledged their conviction of the truth of spirit manifestations: some boldly; other, under the fear of loss of business, avoid the subject in public.—3. I have seen, felt, and heard things which thoroughly convince me of the truth of our being ever surrounded with spirits who have lived on earth. Some who have not seen spirit manifestation say—1. It is Collusion;—2 Delusion;—3. Cerebral action;—4. Electricity. The first

and second ideas are now exploded, as the manifestations take place at our own homes, with our own friends; as to the 3rd, it is absurd to suppose the action of the brain can raise a table 5 feet in diameter off the ground, &c. Why not, as Christians, believe that God, to undermine the wide-spread materialism of the day, and to convince MAN of his immortality and of a judgment to come, has allowed those days to come again narrated by St. Paul, wherein some had the gift of healing—others of working miracles—others discerning of spirits—as well as minor manifestations for families. If it be said, "I should like to see those things," the answer is, you may, if you will work for it, with a single eye to the mental good of your neighbour, and for confirming your own belief in the truth of life after physical death: Form a circle of your own family and a few relatives or friends, in all say from 10 to 12, who will make a conscience of meeting regularly twice a week, for say 4 or 5 weeks from 8 till half-past 9 o'clock; in the majority of instances, before you have sat half an hour, you will have the commencement of spirit manifestations, which may have a powerful effect in your future life. Be cheerful, but avoid joking, it is too serious a business for tom-foolery. Spirit manifestations:—I have seen a loo-table I was sitting at with eleven friends undulate up and down off the ground, and rise in one instance 6 inches, in another 18 inches from a carpeted floor; the table remaining SUSPENDED IN THE AIR, and then gently descend, the finger ends of twelve pair of hands slightly touching the top of the table. I have had a watch and chain taken out of my right hand by an unseen power, and carried to the owner at the opposite side of the table. I have had the first and second fingers of my right hand touched as by an unseen warm finger, lengthways. I have seen an accordion taken off the table by a person, held with one hand by the white rim, keys downwards, his other hand resting on the table; and any tune mentally asked for, by any of the circle, played with the style and finish of a master. I have heard raps or knockings on tables as gentle as if by an infant's finger, and as loud and violent as if by a hammer; my fingers and those of other two persons gently resting on the tables. I have seen a large dining-room table with four leaves, heave, twist, tremble, and rock as if possessed with life; and the legs nearest me moved up and down several hundred times the same evening, answering questions. I have heard under the table we were sitting at, and round the chairs, sounds as of a storm at sea, the moaning of the wind, and the table moved as if a vessel in distress, the accordion giving the cries of a drowning crew; and when all was still, there rapped out the name of one related to a person in the room, supposed to be alive and well, but afterwards found had been wrecked off the Cape. I have seen another class of manifestations, called Trance,—wherein ideas of mental power and beauty, jewelled with words of purity, have dropped from the lips of the young. I have seen an accordion handled by a person for the first time in his life, and under spirit influence, his hands moved to play out "Helmsey," which is sung to "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," and then suddenly another medium with closed eyes call for a Bible, open it, and with averted head point to Rev. xx. 12,—"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God;" &c.—the accordion and Bible never having been in the hands of either party before. I have seen tests of the individuality of deceased friends and relatives given of the most conclusive character. I have seen diseases cured by the simple laying on of hands under spirit power. I have seen a man predict correctly the death of a relative of mine three weeks before its occurrence, he stating he heard a voice repeating the day of the month. Having seen, heard, and felt these things, you will no longer wonder at my so unhesitatingly saying "Yes" to the question, "Do you believe that after death, our deceased relatives have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?" Yours truly, J. JONES, Peckham.

P. S.—In the foregoing, I have avoided anything but what has come under my observation; or I would have stated a few incidents narrated to me by credible witnesses, of conversations carried on in foreign languages by mediums ignorant of such languages—of a medium ascending from the floor to the ceiling of a room,—of pianos playing masterpieces of music, no hand touching the instrument—of children unacquainted with instrumental music, under spirit influence, playing some difficult pieces of Beethoven's music—of spirit hands taking wreaths of flowers off the table, placing them on the brow of persons in the room, &c.

THE "TWO WORLDS."

SIR,—As the floating straw indicates the direction of the current, so do the various signs that present themselves on the surface of society determine the hidden workings of unseen agencies. We have looked upon the advent of the "Two Worlds" with intense interest, presenting as it does a new era in British journalism, where the reader, instead of being presented with a broadsheet of horrible murders, shocking accidents, and trifling occurrences, is referred to the shining gate that leads to the hope of the philanthropist and the goal of the patient investigator. On this account I was sorry to learn that the circulation is not sufficient to warrant a continuance of the paper in its then size. That such a paper is much needed at the present time none will dispute. Will they, therefore, take upon themselves the responsibilities of allowing it to be checked in the bud? If you please, we would venture to throw out a few suggestions for extending the circulation:—1. Let all our friends draw the attention of their acquaintances and "kindred spirits" to the fact of the existence of the "Two Worlds," send copies to friends, societies, or communities at a distance, where it is known the subjects discussed will be appreciated, and follow up the copy with an energetic note of recommendation. 2. To our better circumstanced friends we suggest the formation of a fund for gratuitous distribution, so that a quantity of the early numbers might be brought before parties who it is well known would gladly support you in future. Whatever is done, do quickly; and shame on the schools of philosophy your pages defend if they allow your light at this early stage to be "put under a bushel."—HUMBLE HELPER.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;

OR,

Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COLD BATH FIELDS HOUSE OF CORRECTION, CLERKENWELL.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye not of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alphine raised by Mar?"
—"No, by my word."

The Lady of the Lake.

At the risk of being considered tedious, we will now proceed to give the reader a somewhat minute description of the boys' yard, with its working and sleeping arrangements. The necessity for such an explanation, will be obvious as the narration continues.

The yard to which we invite the reader's attention is three sided, or triangular in form, the entrance gate being little more than wide enough to admit one person at a time. On the right and left hand sides as you enter are the fire rooms and sleeping cells, and on the third angle, or bottom of the yard, and which faces you as you enter the gate, are the arrangements for the treadmill. The machinery of the "Mill" is set in motion by weight. At an elevation of about eight feet from the ground is a platform, on to which access is obtained by means of a ladder. When on this platform, and at a further elevation of about four feet, is a stout iron shaft, the end of which rests in a circular hole in the southern wall, in the brick work of which is an iron bed fitted to receive it. Projecting from this shaft are spokes, equi-distant, and closely assimilating to those of a cart wheel, and are twelve in number, to which are attached long boards of about six inches in width. The shaft is parallel with the platform above mentioned, and the boards twelve in number, which project from the spokes horizontally and form steps, are also parallel with the shaft; the diameter of the wheel is about eight feet, and when at work goes at the rate of about two miles an hour. The upper part of this wheel is covered by a wainscoat, on which, at about four feet from the first step, is a handrail; resting on the platform are three short ladders of five steps each, one at each end, the other in the centre; these are used to get on to the wheel. Over, or at the top of each of these short ladders, are small trap-doors securely padlocked, but which are occasionally opened to admit of oiling the works of the wheel. When the boys are assembled on the platform these short ladders enable them to mount the wheel and to catch hold of the handrail, the fewer there are on the wheel the harder the work; but as the shaft goes through other yards there are at a given time a sufficient number on the wheel to produce an easy motion. The weight forces down the step on which the boys stand; it is therefore obligatory that they raise one foot for the next step, and so keep on in constant succession, and in uniformity of step which produces and carries on a rotary motion of the wheel, which motion is extended to a fly, situate in the south-west corner of the grounds, expending a great amount of labour in the air.

A certain number work on the wheel, and a corresponding number sit on forms on the platform to rest. The boy on the extreme end of the wheel looks down on the steps he treads on, and at each revolution gets sight of a large notch cut in one of the steps. On its appearance he cries aloud, "one;" at the second appearance "two;" and so on, till its sixth appearance: he then shouts, "Tally," gets down to rest, and sits down on the form appropriated for that purpose. The boys on the wheel shift along; one of those who have been sitting at the other end of the form, and who has rested, now mounts the wheel. The three short ladders referred to, by which the boys ascend the wheel, are at equal distances from each other, and make three equal divisions of the wheel, and each division takes twelve boys. When the tired boy shouts, "tally," three boys get down to rest, one from each division, and others take their places on the wheel, and thus there were thirty-six boys on the wheel, and eighteen off; one hour's work and fifteen minutes' rest for each lad.

As we before observed, boys previously uninitiated were subjected to a terrible means of ill-usage. The wheel is trod first with the right foot, then with the left one, causing an uniform and compact swing of the body from right to left, and from left to right. A boy when learning becomes fixed between two young villains, who through the whole hour they are on the wheel, change their mode of treading, and in this reverse action of body and feet, the right shoulder of one boy and the left one of the other, come with cruel force against the body of the poor wretch they are "Paying," this they term "Baking,"—as in the summer months, many a poor lad has become so exhausted as to fall from the wheel to the ground.

Such was the state of insubordination at this time, and such a fearful compact existed among boys as well as among men, that no one dare on pain of terrible punishment, either in or out of prison, complain of this "baking" system and other cruelties which we shall notice, but doomed to endure them for the time, and afterwards themselves inflict the like on a new comer. The next system of cruelty resorted to by "Old hands upon new ones," was a species of slow starvation. Several lads tried the scheme with Tiny, but to use his own expression, "He wasn't to be had that way," although having caught the initiative, he practised it on others. The plan was to induce a new comer to give half of his food, every day, for a fortnight, or for a month, according to agreement, and the recipient of it to do the same in return afterwards; but the system of changing numbers with an old hand, so as to be enabled to sit far away from the victim, put aside all chance of asking or of obtaining a return of the favour. The barber, too, who cut the hair, did so by favour; and whilst some boys looked ridiculous, others looked sleek, and saved the fat from their allowance of meat to grease their hair with. As before stated, on each side of the yard, as you enter, are the sleeping cells. A description of one side will suffice for the whole. On entering the door which leads to them, and which is close to the gate, you find yourself in a room of triangular shape, with seats around, in which, in winter's time, a good fire is kept; this is called the fire room. Out of that room runs a long passage, along side of which are several doors, entrances to single cells; into these cells light and air are admitted through an iron grating. Each cell has one cast-iron bedstead, and which, when occupied by a prisoner, is furnished with a straw bed, but this is removed by day, and taken in again at night. This passage terminates with a strong iron railing, in lieu of a door, and looks out upon a piece of waste ground, which is bounded by the high outer wall facing the south. At the end of this passage is a flight of stone steps, leading to a passage and suite of rooms, similar in shape and position to those we have mentioned, only that the cells directly over the solitary ones have, some three,

others five beds, and the large one over the fire-room has nine beds. On the signal being given for going to rest, all was confusion, helter skelter up the stairs, and often fights for the possession of certain cells. When all were full, the turnkey would come and ask, "Is all right?" and when answered, would lock the doors, and retire for the night. Then would commence the singing of songs of the most beastly and demoralizing kind; the rehearsal of filthy tales; the telling of past, and the planning of future robberies. Sometimes there was a fight to come off, which had been planned in the day; and in order to accommodate the belligerents, the bedsteads or "barricks," as they were termed, were turned on ends, so as to "square the yards," or some part of the time was whiled away in the cruel practice of "toeing," or "goosing." The latter was tying a shoe to the end of a string, and in the dark, throw it with all possible force at the spot where the head of the intended victim was supposed to be, and being drawn back by means of the string, no one knew who it was that gave the blow. Many fearful cuts and blows where this way dealt out to two new comers. The former was to wait till the intended victim was asleep, then creep to his bed, lift up the clothes at the feet, tie the string round the big toe, retire and pull with sudden snatches, causing frightful screams and the most excruciating torture. The sufferer but seldom awoke to be aware of the cause of his pain, but the toe in some instances was sprained and swollen, so as to be painful for many days. Add to these games of regular occurrence, a very many others comparatively unimportant, and what shall we call the prison? a house of correction or a den of corruption. Then look at the avaricious—extorting turnkey, a medium between the prisoner and his well-to-do friends, to carry out news, or to smuggle in useful articles against all law, rule, or allowance, and that at a certain charge to the prisoner's friend. Extorting in some cases the last shilling from some sorrow-stricken parent, or from some friend anxious for news of a fallen relative.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRISON—TINY CONTEMPLATES AN ESCAPE.

"High in his faith and hope, look how he stretches
After the prize in view."

FIVE weeks had now passed away, and Tiny had become thoughtful and sullen, and to the constant inquiry of the lads, "What's the matter, Tiny?" he gave no satisfactory answer; no, not even to Watson. But Tiny was incessantly drawing comparisons between his past and present condition, and planning for the future. Whilst for a few months at an errand-boy's place he had gained the esteem and confidence of master, mistress, and the workpeople for his activity and industry, and, for his years, ingenuity. Several persons who had done business with his employer had patted him on the head, and called him a "clever boy," and his master had said in his hearing that "Tiny was a good boy," and had many times, as a token of his satisfaction, given him a good meal or a few extra pence. His master was a barometer and general weather-glass manufacturer. At first, Tiny's duties were confined to going on errands, but a great number of small brass screws were used in the manufacture of the above-named instruments, and Tiny thought that if he was but once shown how to make them he could do so. He was shown, and succeeded so well that he furnished sufficient for the use of the men in the shop. The frames of barometers were sent out to be French polished; Tiny had often watched the process of French polishing, and was bold enough to tell his master that he thought he could do it.

"Do you think you can, my little man?" said he.

"Yes, I do," said Tiny.

"Well, then," said his generous master, "you shall try."

Tiny was delighted. Tried, and succeeded in this also, and gave general satisfaction, and the men would say, "you will be a clever man, if you mind your eye." But all these bright hopes, which, by these cheering remarks and his own successes, had lightened his heart and lit up his eye, were through one mean petty act extinguished. "And where am I now?" mentally ejaculated Tiny. The thought was agonizing, and he would weep till his sensitive little heart was ready to break. Sometimes he would think that the "gov'nor oughtn't to sack me for that; and I shouldn't be here now." At other times he would surmise—which was indeed the truth—that had he have gone to the gov'nor and told him how the thing was, he would have forgiven him, and I shouldn't be here now, and "I won't stay here, neither," said he to Watson one day.

"Won't yer, tho'?" said Tom.

"No," said Tiny, "I won't. I'll go to sea, next week."

"I wish yer luck," said Tom; "how'll yer do it, old feller?"

"I'll bolt from here," said Tiny.

"I hope yer'll take me with yer, then," said Tom.

This conversation took place between Tiny and Tom on a Sunday morning whilst marching to the prison chapel. "When we get back to the yard," said Tiny, "you sit aside of me in the fire-room, Tom, and I'll tell yer how it can be done if you like to go with me, and if you don't like to go don't split on me."

"No, no," said Watson, "all right."

And now we must claim the reader's indulgence while we briefly pass through a little more of the descriptive, as young Tiny had arranged and matured in his mind a daring and determined attempt to escape from prison and follow his father's example of being a sailor.

The boys' yard stands, as it were, in the centre of a piece of waste ground facing the south, and in the south-west corner, as has been previously stated, stands the "fly" in connexion with the "mill" in this part of the prison; and this waste ground continues all along the west and north sides of the prison, all of which could be seen, and had been well examined, by Tiny on his way to chapel, as could also the fly-wheel before-mentioned, the height and form of which Tiny had measured with his eye over and over again. Outside the western boundary wall—now known as Dorington-street—had for years been a repository for every description of filth; and such was the amount of rubbish that had accumulated there, that several hills had been formed, and which greatly, at least, to the extent of several feet, reduced the height of the wall outside, compared with the inside,—in fact, so much of the earth had been removed from the inside, near to the foundation, as to form a slope, and viewing the height of the wall from the inside, it seemed impossible to scale it. Now the fly-wheel is erected on the top of a pyramid-like construction horizontally, and swings round on an upright shaft or pivot-shaped axle, and Tiny had noticed, on more than one occasion, that the "fly," on being relieved from the weight, which caused its motions, had stopped, with one end pointed to the wall, and he thought that he could speedily climb up that pyramid, mount the "fly," walk along it, step from the end of it on

to the wall, and drop from thence on to one of the dirt hills in Dorington-street, and thus make his escape and go to sea. This he felt assured that he could accomplish, but how to do so without being seen was the difficulty: but this very Sunday morning the "fly" attracted Tiny's attention once more, as being in the right position, and being again invited, by its tempting appearance led to the above-named conversation between him and Watson on the way to chapel. While at chapel Tiny was so full of his scheme for escaping that he paid no attention to the service, and (to him) bright thoughts flashed across his mind and illuminated his face, which was noticed by Watson. Time seemed to drag on sluggishly, and the service appeared to last an age. When it was concluded Tiny was all impatience to join Watson and impart to him his plan, and ascertain whether he would really accompany him. As they passed along by the western wall Tiny gave Watson a smart drive in the ribs with his elbow, dropped his head as if looking on the ground, and said to Watson, "Do you see that fly-wheel?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "Why?"

"Don't you think," continued Tiny, "that if you was on top of it you could soon get away?"

Tom looked at it for a minute, and then in a low whisper said, "Stunning."

"Hush," said Tiny, "don't speak any more about it till dinner time."

Not having an opportunity in the course of the day to talk about such an important matter, in consequence of the presence of other boys, and the fear of being overheard, the two boys agreed to make a push at bed-time to get together in a two, or at most three-bedded, cell, and then, as was customary among the boys, put their two beds together on the floor, and whisper out the project. An anxious afternoon passed away, they succeeded in getting by themselves—the attempt, if made at all, must be made soon after six o'clock the following morning, as such an opportunity might not offer itself again.

Being in bed, Tiny said, "Now, Tom, if I tell you how it is to be done, will you come with me?" "I will," said Tom, "win or lose, luck's all." Tiny explained all to the entire satisfaction of the wondering Tom, and who, from fear and personal danger attending the enterprise hesitated for some time, but ultimately consented to be guided by Tiny, and to use his own words, "go in neck, or nothing."

(To be continued in our next.)

PAPERS ON HOMŒOPATHY.

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

XXI.—HOMŒOPATHY: ITS HISTORY.

HOMŒOPATHY'S history is that of its founder. Hahnemann, as we learn from his biographers, was the son of a painter of Dresden porcelain. The boy was studious; his school-teacher saw that he had genius, and recommended that he should have a liberal education. The father, wishing his son to be the inheritor of his own art, hesitated, but ultimately consented. By the time he was twenty, Hahnemann was prepared for the university, and, with a trifle in his pocket, started for Leipsic, and entered as a student of medicine, supporting himself by teaching and translating. He took his degree, however, at Erlangen, and, on receiving a professional appointment, married. In a short time, however, he abandoned the practice of physic, and devoted himself to chemistry and literature. His reason for this was that he found no guiding law in medicine. While translating Cullen, he met with this remark:—"Peruvian bark possesses the power of creating in the healthy body the same symptoms it is known to cure in disease." "If so," said he, "here may be the great secret of cure." He tried it upon himself, and brought on all the symptoms of fever and ague. This was to Hahnemann what the falling apple was to Newton. For six years he proved medicine after medicine upon himself and friends without meeting with an exception to the rule. He published the results. He experimented for fifteen years upon other drugs; the law was manifested in the case of each; again he gave the results to the profession. Another fifteen years passed, and he had tested upon himself more than fifty medicines, thoroughly establishing the doctrine that—*The effects of drugs indicate the diseases they will cure*; and affirmed the deduced law—*Likes are cured by likes*. Before he published this law, Hahnemann was esteemed highly for his literary, scientific, and professional attainments; after he published it, the medical world rose in arms against him, intriguing for his expulsion from every place he settled in, until the Grand Duke of Anhalt-Coethen invited and honoured him—in which he did himself most honour. At eighty years of age, Hahnemann accepted invitations to Paris, whither, with his second wife, young, accomplished, and devoted, he went and took up his final abode. Here under the patronage of Guizot (what shall Guizot be called, ye who find bad names for the high disciples of Homœopathy?) Hahnemann found a fit field for exertion, and he was soon recognised as the most successful physician in Europe. For ten years he had the happiness of finding his labours appreciated; he was regarded reverentially. One who knew him writes:—"His capacious head, of the finest Saxon mould, presented a full broad face, expressive of noble benevolence and high intelligence, while the illuminated eye and speaking lip indicated the ceaseless energy and unyielding determination that enabled him, amid the most disheartening embarrassments, to achieve the reward of his proudest aspirations, 'the triumph of a celestial truth.'" On the occasion of one of his birthdays, a festival was organised by his disciples, and the array of men of science and letters, of men distinguished by position and birth, was auspicious for the future. The celebrated David, an ardent adherent of Homœopathy, had executed his bust; this was placed in his saloon, crowned with a golden chaplet, the flowers and leaves of which were covered with names of distinguished professional disciples in all parts of the world. The orator of the occasion took the good old man by the hand, led him to the garlanded bust, and, in an eloquent address, spoke of his name in connection with the future of the race; poems were recited expressive of love and honour of him by generations to come. Such was Hahnemann—the genius—the reformer! Knowing that he had discovered a natural law—an expression of a will of God—no opposition could lead him to relinquish its development; he felt it a privilege to have been the medium of a blessing to his fellow-creatures. Dying, he said—"Each one here below should work as God gives him strength; his reward will be greater or less at the judgment seat of God."

My allopathic friend, hitherto unknowing of Hahnemann, what name fits the founder of Homœopathy?

LITERARY NOTICE.

The British Spiritual Telegraph: A Monthly Record of Spiritual Phenomena. Vols. 1 and 2. London: W. Horsell. —Those of our readers who wish to make themselves acquainted with the question of Spiritualism, which has been opened in our columns, and especially with its current phases, and with the views of its advocates and defenders in this country concerning it, cannot do better than peruse the contents of these two volumes. The various notices of phenomena, having more or less affinity with those which are believed to be of spiritual origin in our own day, have been gleaned very industriously, and are here presented in a series of very readable articles. There are also several exceedingly curious articles on "The use of the Mirror, Crystal, and Water-Vessel, in Spirit-intercourse;" written with ability by the Editor of the *Biological Review*. Writers, who have reviewed Spiritualism in the *Westminster* and *National Reviews*, are themselves reviewed here with considerable smartness. It is, indeed, a sign of the times, that this subject should be deemed one worthy of notice by such powerful organs of public opinion as the *Times* newspaper, and the *Reviews* referred to. The reason seems to ooze out, however, in the confession of the *Westminster Reviewer*, that Spiritualism numbers its disciples by millions, and that "our readers would be surprised were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unflinching believers in it, or are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels;" and, again, we are told, that that among the persons at its head are "men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem." If this be so, it is indeed high time for the subject to be seriously investigated, and it would be mere ignorance or affectation to treat it with that levity which some of our contemporaries indulge in. Certainly those who undertake to write upon this question, whether *pro* or *con*, should at least make themselves acquainted with the facts about which they write. "We wonder it does not sometimes occur to *Reviewers* that it would be useful for them in the first place to be *viewers*." Just so. These are our sentiments, and we would wish that all our correspondents upon this subject would act in accordance with this suggestion. One of the most remarkable articles in these volumes is entitled "The Miraculous Cures of Madame St. Amour." The facts narrated are indeed of the most extraordinary kind. The article bears the initials W. H.,—understood to be those of one of the most popular writers of the day. Equally startling is the account we have of "Direct Spirit Writing;"—startling, because apparently so well attested by numerous living witnesses moving in the higher grades of society, and easily accessible. Thus, among others, the writer refers to a Professor Georgii, who lives, "not in the Valley of Diamonds, but at 102, Piccadilly." Several of the contributors append their names and addresses to the facts which they profess to have witnessed; we must therefore assume that, at all events, they write in good faith, and are willing to assist honest inquirers in their investigations. The *British Spiritual Telegraph*, a unique publication, affords much curious matter for reading and thought.

NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. Badet died a short time since, after an illness of three months. He was in the habit, during his illness, of sitting at a window looking upon the street, where he remained motionless for hours together, watching the passers by. The house opposite was inhabited by a M. Peltrie, who was not a little surprised quite recently at seeing, to all appearance, the pale thin face of the defunct M. Badet looking out of the same pane of glass. Great was his emotion, not to use a stronger word. He called in some of his neighbours to whom the visage of the deceased was familiar, and who likewise saw it distinctly. He then invited some men whose testimony was not to be doubted, to come to his house, and added their authority to his statement. He then pointed out the apparition to the family of the deceased, who, after satisfying themselves of its existence, had the pane of glass removed immediately. It is therefore beyond a doubt that the glass had taken the impression of the face of the sick man as if it had been daguerreotypied—a phenomenon that might be explained if, on the side of the room opposite the window, there had been another window, by which the solar rays could have fallen on M. Badet, but this was not the case, the room having only one window.—*Photographic News.*

A Chinese Bath-house.—Having expressed a wish to inspect a Bath-house, the doorkeeper admitted me, and withheld no information. The Chinese have a horror of cold water in any form, for drink or lavation. Of course, then, this was a warm-water establishment. I was shown first into the dressing-room, a large chamber with compartments running along the wall, fitted up as wardrobes. In these the bathers suspended their vestments, each having one allotted to himself. Then came the bath-room. For an ordinary person a bath was charged but one farthing. As the door opened, a volume of vapour poured forth to envelope me. Being a foreign spectator, I was apprehensive that I might frighten the bathers by my sudden apparition. But the fog was so dense, that I could scarcely discern if there were any there. At last, through the steam cloud, I spied out four stark-naked men, squatting opposite to each other in a tank, scrubbing themselves and splashing about. I am shocked to say, the water was detestably filthy. The keeper himself told me that he put the fresh water in only once a day, at an early hour in the morning, and that the same element, whoever the bather, was used without change or admixture! Imagine the same liquid for one entire day, to cleanse and purify a multitude of filthy, itchy, diseased fellows! "Monstrum horrendum," &c. The odour generated and pent up in the confined chamber was overpowering; and, more than satisfied with my scrutiny, I beat a retreat and rushed for the door. At the back and under the bath-room, I was shown a large stove, in which a slow fire was fed by a stoker, to keep the water in the bath-room warm.—*Life in China*, by Rev. William C. Milne, M.A.

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.—It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird; even a tame goose shows more than instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with an organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which they appear to act in so organised and cautious a manner, when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to approach these birds; either a careless step, or a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion of my person, has rendered useless whole hours of manoeuvring.—*Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When we consider how uncertain are life and health, and their value is appreciated by all human beings, it is strange indeed to observe how often men neglect the means of preserving these blessings at even the most trifling cost. They pay heavily to insure their premises from fire, or their goods from accident on flood and field, but they often put off until it is too late the expenditure of a few shillings on a box of Holloway's Pills, which they might keep by them as an unfailing safeguard, as a charm which will protect the possessor against all diseases. They must certainly do good, if used according to instructions given with each box.

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