

creature saw, and, having satisfied her mind that the interests of the elder brother were safe, she let the subject drop.

"I have a friend, mother," said Phil, "whom I am sure you will love. When released by Oliver from my prison she watched over me—nursed me with almost maternal care—I owe my life to her."

"Do not name Lady Dalville," whispered his guardian, hastily.

"Bless her!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken woman. "Tell me her name, that I may remember it in my prayers."

"She is not the only person I must introduce to you," answered her son, evasively—"one who is still dearer—on whom my happiness depends."

Lady Alton Towers passed her hand athwart her brow, as if a sudden pain oppressed her.

"Are you ill?" inquired her son, anxiously.

"Nothing—it is passed. You were saying—?"

"The boy is in love," exclaimed the broker, "with an excellent, good girl—Bianca Belgioso."

"Bless you, my poor, neglected boy—bless you!" said his mother, pressing her lips to the forehead of her son; "may you be happy with her!"

"Banka Bojiussoon," muttered the negress; "dat bery fine name. Samba like it—it sound grand. Massa Phil know how to choose 'im wife."

The restlessness which tormented Lady Alton Towers could only find relief in continual change. Home had become hateful to her, for it brought reflection—hideous dreams, even in her waking hours, followed by great mental as well as physical prostration.

The *dri* was gradually doing its work. From the residence of her son's guardian, the unhappy wife drove to the show-rooms of one of the most fashionable milliners in Regent-street, where she looked listlessly over the latest novelties, and ordered several of the most expensive.

"What name," inquired the modiste, surprised at the liberality of her commands, "shall I have the honour of writing?"

"Lady Alton Towers."

The announcement of her title caused a handsome, foreign-looking woman, who had been trying on a cashmere shawl, to turn round and regard her attentively. Without anything offensively curious in her gaze, it was so marked that the milliner noticed it, and, fearing it might give offence, inquired whether madame had decided upon the shawl.

"I will think of it," replied the lady, in an Italian accent. "Positively you must let me have one of my dresses this evening."

"Which, madame?"

"The blue. I shall require it for the opera to-night."

"Madame may rely upon it. And the shawl?" repeated the speaker, in her most persuasive tone.

"I am really giving it away at the price—only a hundred and fifty pounds. It would become the figure of Madame—"

"Do you really think so? Well, perhaps it would. You may send it."

With a stare still more pointed than the first, the foreign-looking woman quitted the show-room.

"Who is that person?" inquired Lady Alton Towers.

"Madame Oldi," replied the modiste. "Bless me, is your ladyship ill? A glass of water, Juliette—quick! quick!"

The assistant hastened to procure it.

"Thank you," said the sufferer, when she once more recovered her self-command; "I am better now—a mere momentary indisposition. I require no assistance," she added—"I can walk to my carriage."

"I have seen her," she exclaimed, as she resumed her seat by the side of the faithful negress.

"Me wish Samba see her, too."

"The opera to-night!" murmured her mistress, as her head sunk upon the shoulder of the nurse.

"I will be there!"

(To be continued.)

A SEQUEL TO THE FABLE OF THE DOG IN THE MANGER.—The dog, having refused to get off the hay on which he was lying, and which the poor bull required to eat, the hungry animal tried all kinds of arguments to convince the grudging cur how much more need he had of it than a dog could have. "I don't care," said the dog; "the hay is as much mine as yours." "Oh, very well," replied the bull, as he presented a formidable pair of horns; "since there's no other way of settling whose it is to be, I'll toss you for it!" The dog, probably from a conscientious objection to gambling, declined to toss or be tossed, and slunk out of the stable like a hound, as he was.

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### TEMPERANCE AND PROVIDENT HABITS.

ESSAY X.—BY JAMES DANN, PLUMBER, 4, WALFORD STREET, OLD ST. PANCRAS ROAD, LONDON.

To whom was awarded the first prize of £5.

Supply is obvious, placed within the easy reach Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.

COWPER.

#### EVIL OF INTEMPERANCE GENERALLY.

IF in the heart of a community there exists an evil which neutralises efforts to do good, or assist national progress; if, by its means, society, and especially the productive class, is rendered unhappy, unhealthy, and mischievous, thus undermining the foundation of commercial prosperity; if the general health of the people, and their exemption from disease, be interfered with; and crime, death, and disaster, with their inevitable concomitants—taxation, poverty, and pauperism—be induced as a consequence of its existence, no sensible man—be he merely a logician, or truly a large-hearted patriot—dare say that we should be wrong in denouncing and endeavouring to eradicate it. Such an evil is intemperance.

Convicted by the denunciations of Scripture, the laws of ethics, and the unanimous verdict of public opinion, it is as useless as absurd to attempt its defence.

Even the victims of the vice themselves—whose sunken, bloodshot eyes, disordered, bestial, and often tattered and mangled aspect, parade their shame before their fellows—slink cowardly away, conscious of their utter defencelessness; the time for braggart, noisy eulogy of such practices has past away—swept, with the mass of kindred rubbish, into eternal oblivion by the besom of progressive intelligence.

Few, however, there are who comprehend the ultimate extent and ramifications of intemperance; the knowledge of it is not to be grasped by mere casual observation, but is contained in the experimental facts which the archives of the country embody.

#### INCREASE OF MORTALITY OCCASIONED BY INTEMPERANCE.

A few of these, illustrating the bearings of drunkenness on the death, disaster, poverty, &c. of the United Kingdom, we propose to bring before the reader.

A writer in the "National Temperance Chronicle," July, 1856, estimating the part borne by intemperance in the deaths of the United Kingdom, concluded as follows:—

Deaths by intemperance direct	27,050
" " its sequences (as accident, &c.)	20,651
" " limited drinking	6,922
Total	54,623

Dr. Grindrod, the well-known author of "Bacchus," in that work gives the following:—

"A striking illustration in the rise and fall of mortality, as dependent on the consumption of strong drink, occurred in the years 1757 and 1758. In consequence of a scarcity of grain, distillation was suspended for three years. In 1757 the mortality was 21,313, but in 1758 it was 17,520—being a decrease of no less than 3,793. In 1760, when distillation was resumed, the mortality increased in one year 1,230."

Mr. Wakley, the coroner, at an inquest, once observed:—

"I have lately seen so much of the evil effects of gin-drinking, that I am inclined to become a teetotaler. Gin may be thought the best friend I have; it causes me to hold annually one thousand inquests more than I should otherwise hold. But, beside these, I have reason to believe that from ten to fifteen thousand persons die annually in this metropolis from the effects of gin-drinking upon whom no inquests are held."

#### HOW PRODUCTIVE OF PAUPERISM.

But it is equally potent in the pauperism of the country.

The Rev. J. Beggs, D.D., Edinburgh, after giving the results of his inquiries into the causes of pauperism, concludes that in Scotland a direct tax of from £200,000 to £400,000 a-year is imposed on the hard-working population, for the purpose of making up to drunkards and their families what they have spent in drunkenness.

Mr. Mott, the contractor for the management of the poor in Lambeth, after careful investigation of 300 cases, asserts that, "in nine cases out of ten, the main cause was the ungovernable inclination for fermented liquors."

#### LEADING TO CRIME.

The testimonies of governors of prisons, chaplains, police magistrates, and the most eminent modern judges, all go to prove that intemperance is the chief cause of crime. Space will not, however, allow of more than one or two examples.

Mr. Smith, governor of the Edinburgh prison, says:—

"The result of my experience is a firm conviction that, but for intemperance, instead of having 500 prisoners in this prison at this time, there would not have been 50."

W. Corrie, Esq., magistrate of Clerkenwell police court, says:—

"Nineteen-twentieths of the crime which prevails arises from drunkenness, in some shape or other."

These are sufficiently conclusive; or we might add the testimony of such men as M. D. Hill, Esq., Recorder of Birmingham; S. Warren, Esq., late Recorder of Hull; and all the eminent judges of our land; all of whom testify with Judge Patteson in his charge to the grand jury—"If it were not for this drinking, you and I should have nothing to do."

#### INJURIOUS INFLUENCE ON THE NATIONAL WEALTH.

But, in addition to its crime-producing tendencies, drinking causes great waste of food and money.

It has been computed that about eight million quarters of grain are annually consumed in the breweries and distilleries of the United Kingdom; a quantity which, when milled into flour, would furnish about three 4lb. loaves per week to every family in Great Britain.

A writer in the "Temperance Chronicle," as the result of careful investigation of facts, of official origin, states that, "in one year, the inhabitants of the British Isles expended in alcoholic liquors sixty-four millions of pounds sterling."

#### HOW IT IMPOVERISHES THE LABOURING CLASSES.

But the gravest part of the business is, that the larger portion of the burden falls on the working classes; a burden in, to say the least, a majority of cases, self-created.

The extent and character of the impost thus endured by the operatives of Great Britain may be inferred from the statement of the Rev. John Clay, before the Parliamentary Committee on Public Houses, 1853, that, "in the case of two large manufacturing towns, twenty-six of the industrious classes virtually club together for the support of a public house."

So long as this state of things continues, we may well conclude that our working classes must be kept poor—an inevitable result of the habit of swallowing home comforts, peace of mind, and health of body; a habit, we fearlessly assert, for which no tenable argument can be adduced.

But as the idea is still very industriously promulgated that intoxicating drinks are essential to the successful performance of labour, let us take a hasty glance at the facts of the case.

#### ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT.

It is a well-known truth that, in consequence of the exertions of temperance reformers in England, numbers of persons, amounting in the aggregate to millions, have adopted the principle of total abstinence from alcoholic compounds; and their testimony is to this effect—labour can be better performed without them than with, let the circumstances be what they may.

And this is no more than what a just and logical inference from the facts of science would lead us to expect.

#### ACTION OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS ON THE PHYSICAL NATURE.

Food in the human body fulfils two great offices, its elements being classed under two heads—*Plastic* and *Respiratory*.

The former is necessary to build up and restore those portions of the body which are lost in the constant waste of its structure by action; the latter to maintain the supply of vital heat, which is essential to the performance of the functions of life.

Chemistry, by the mouth of its most eminent professors, declares that food, in order to be entitled to the denomination *plastic*, must contain the elements of the body itself in proper proportions. It asserts, further, that these elements are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, with minute proportions of sulphur, phosphorus, iron, &c. Intoxicating drinks, which are composed of water and alcohol, with a portion of extractive matter, do not answer to these requirements in an adequate degree. Water, which in beer, &c., is the principal ingredient, cannot do it at all, and the extractive so insignificantly, that Baron Liebig declares the point of a table knife will contain all the nutrient in a gallon of the best beer!



What, then, of the residue—the alcohol, which is the beloved portion of the drink? It may be thus briefly described—a fiery spirit, of a strongly-marked narcotic character, an irritating stimulant, which exhibits upon analysis the following parts:—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. It is, therefore, destitute of the necessary mineral matters, and the all-important gas, nitrogen, and cannot build up the tissues like *bond-fide* plastic food. It has been, however, contended that it may and does fulfil the offices of respiratory food, in virtue of its containing so large a proportion of carbon—the chief element of respiration.

It is not denied that alcohol may be taken into the body and burnt in connection with the oxygen of inspired air; but, from the peculiar affinity which it possesses for oxygen, and the rapidity with which it is consumed, the normal fuel of the system—*i.e.*, the fat, &c., of the food received, and the decayed particles of the tissues—are left untouched, and remain (when they should have been removed) obstructive and offensive. Moreover, after it has thus recklessly perverted the respiratory elements to an important extent, experiment has proved (Lee, Prout, Liebig, &c.) that less heat is evolved during its combustion than in that of the food-fuel.

We have said it is dangerous; and how can it be otherwise, since we find that its direct tendency is to inflame the mucous membrane of the stomach and precipitate the gastric juice? and, were it not for the fact that it is rapidly removed, digestion would be impossible to those who use it. It stimulates the nerves and muscles of the body to undue activity; thus causing premature decay of their tissues, and engendering lassitude and disease as ultimate results. Alcohol is a narcotic poison; one of the principal qualities of these is, to use the words of Dr. McCulloch of Dumfries, “to create an artificial, persistent, and uncontrollable appetite, or craving, which renders the person using them a slave to the habit.”

This last peculiarity it is that renders alcohol the blighting, blasting agent of the bottomless pit, which so many take to their bosoms, unconscious of its venomous sting, till they reel under its benumbing influence into the yawning grave—to them the entrance to eternal misery.

#### INTEMPERANCE INSEPARABLE FROM IMPROVIDENCE.

Intimately connected with the subject of intemperance is the co-existent one, *improvidence*.

This is a phasis of social demoralisation which has puzzled and perplexed some of the greatest thinkers of the day. That men, whose daily bread is contingent upon precarious circumstances, as the labouring classes, should, while in the enjoyment of health and remunerative employ, recklessly squander their means, and neglect to provide for future probable necessities, seems inexplicable and paradoxical.

Mr. H. Mayhew—who quotes as on his side the eminent statistician, Mr. Porter—in his work, “London Labour and the London Poor,” vol. ii., p. 325, seeks to assign it to the casual character of labour among many of the working classes. Now, admitting that the casualty of labour is one of the factors in the sum, we must consider it as quite a minor one. There are some branches of trade, operatives in which have not to contend with systematic uncertainty in their vocations; but, unfortunately for Mr. Mayhew's conclusions, experience of them proves that improvidence prevails among them as well as their less successful brethren.

The great cause, besides which other causes shrink into comparative insignificance, is intemperance. The facts we have before adduced, while treating of the expenditure of the working classes, proves this; the money which would have gone to the savings' bank, and the maintenance of the labourer's family, dissolves at the bar of the public-house, and is swallowed. A more apt illustration of this can scarcely be found than that given by Mr. Thomas Beggs, F.S.S., in a lecture on “Dear Bread.” He knew a man whose expenditure in drink was for years 6s. 6d. per week, who at last gave up the practice (of drinking) entirely, and kept an account of how he spent the money in the following year:—Table, £1 2s.; clock, £4 16s.; fire-irons, 7s. 6d.; books, 9s. 6d.; clothing, £3 13s. 6d.; he effected an assurance upon his life, which cost £3 7s. 6d.; and he invested in a building fund £3 2s.

#### EVIL INFLUENCE OF PAWNBROKING AND LOAN SOCIETIES ON THE POOR.

But, besides these instances of improvidence in articles of consumption, there are others of indiscretion, to say the least, too common among the labouring classes: we allude to those species of mortgage, so to speak, by which future resources are taxed beyond their power—the pawnshop, the tally system, and the

loan society. Few persons, save those who are intimately connected with artisans, know to what extent these insidious institutions burden the industrial classes. Oftentimes it happens, from a want of forethought and economy, that a labourer becomes embarrassed, and, in his extremity, his wife or child is dispatched to the nearest pawnshop, at first with articles of a purely ornamental description, such as rings, &c., or some unsubstantial part of costume; but, as the habit grows, all restraint is thrown away, and the very bed is sacrificed, or the shoes from off the feet. But the time must come for a redemption, and the poor artisan is charged a greater rate of interest than the business man of high standing for the use of money. Nearly the same may be said of the loan society, which, if a man appeals to it for assistance, after extracting fees for inquiry, &c., gives him the sum he requires, subject to a great reduction, to return which he must, if honest, endure a constant tax of considerable magnitude. It is much to be regretted that no society exists which, in the event of family difficulties, is ready to lend assistance of a pecuniary kind. It is easy to imagine one, formed upon similar principles to a building society, with efficient checks for laziness, and really efficient organisation; such a society would go a long way towards destroying the trade of the avaricious pawnbroker, and the vultures of the loan society and the tally system. But, before even they would be radically efficient, the working man must learn to husband his resources, and apply them in the best manner.

#### OBJECTIONS TO BENEFIT SOCIETIES AND TRADE CLUBS, AS NOW CONSTITUTED.

But what of the benefit societies and trade clubs? In justice, we must admit that they are tolerably well supported; but, being generally held at the public-house, they are, in many cases, so many decoys to the habit of drinking. The working man uses the publican's spare room, and pays him for it; but, with characteristic Englishness, there seems to him a residuary recompense due; added to this feeling are the attractions of society, rendering the public-house bar the most suitable place, the social glass the most suitable vehicle for the payment. To this cause we may trace the evil, that the man who commences as a careful depositor in the sick fund, often ends a drivelling, unmanageable, improvident, inebriate; the ready tool of demagogues, and the victim of the vicious effects of his own creations—especially where they take the form of strikes. Place the trade club, the provident society, or the mechanics' institute within the reach of the pot-house, and they will be alike stunted, inefficient, puerile.

#### CLOSING CONSIDERATIONS.\*

The question is, shall this state of things continue? Having faith in the ultimate discrimination of our fellow-labourers, we answer No!

But, we must remind them, so long as persuasion, and belief of the facts adduced in this paper, are suffered to slumber in the mind, unaided by the force of action, doomsday may be confidently anticipated before amelioration. And this must be no tardy action: let it be radical. Having satisfied ourselves of the utter fallacy of those ideas we have cherished as the relics of bygone years, let us begin with the determination to root out the evil we must all deplore. But we must beware of half motives: if the conclusion arrived at by reflection falls short of a total renunciation of drink and drinking, with social customs of tipping, and public-house bonds, as the pillars of the mischief, a reaction may be expected, which will bring with it a deterioration rather than improvement.

It can be done; and when, out of the dust and rubbish of the demolished temple of Intemperance, reared to the honour of the heathen Bacchus, we look on the promising future before us, with calm heads, and hearts thrilling with gratitude to a gracious Providence for the result of our labours, we shall feel ourselves able to fight with unhampered hands the battle of life, and make home happy, rich, and bright by the exercise of habits of economy and temperance.

\*Mr. Tidd Pratt, the registrar of friendly societies, has laid down wholesome rules for the establishment of societies of this kind. These rules have especial reference to the superannuation or old-age pay, and they furnish a test, by means of which a party desirous of joining a friendly society can determine whether or not it is established on sound principles. He advises the inhabitants of any parish in which there is a friendly society founded upon correct principles, to join it in preference to one at a distance. He recommends that the meeting-place of the society should be some public institution or school, and that each member should pay according to his age at the time of admission.—Ed.

## The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

THE management of plants in dwelling-houses is one of the operations in gardening least understood, by many thousands who are the best customers at market, and patrons of the street hawkers. It may, however, be remarked by many of these buyers of plants, that, from the day they make their purchase, their pets begin to decline, and it is our present object to point out the various causes. First, then, we will take notice of the beautiful-looking plants that are brought by thousands to market, and are bought up by greengrocers and hawkers to sell again, and sometimes by parties who fancy they come to the fountain head if they buy at the market themselves. These plants are often brought forward, for the purpose of sale, in hothouses and greenhouses, and produced at market when they are at their best, so that, with all the care that can be bestowed upon them, they commence their decline at once. If they were kept in the very houses in which they were grown, they would get worse. How much more, then, are they likely to be affected by the change from warmth and moisture to the dry and cooler air of a dwelling-house, or perhaps a sitting-room, in which there is a fire all day and none at night, causing a difference of ten or fifteen degrees in the twenty-four hours? Geraniums turn pale and the flowers soon shrivel, camellias drop their half-opened blooms, fuchsias cease to open their buds, which fall off with the leaves, and there is apparently no help for it. This deplorable state of things is often hastened by too much watering, or none at all; but the primary cause is this—that, having been kept all the winter in a warm temperature, until they arrived at their best condition, they are unable to withstand the change of air. Let us take another class of plants which come to market. Polyantheses, primroses, wallflowers, sweetwilliams, and many other hardy subjects, are dug up from their beds, the soil about the roots is squeezed into a hard ball, and in this state they are distributed to shops and hawkers, or bought by amateur gardeners to put into pots or in the gardens, where they hang their heads and droop their leaves, and soon die. Now, if these very plants were returned to the nursery they came from, their recovery would be doubtful—how much more certain, then, is their miserable end when they get into inexperienced hands? The squeezing of the soil into a ball round their roots, to keep them in order till they are sold, is destructive to health, if not life; yet thousands wonder how it is they cannot keep such plants alive. What, then, are the lovers of plants to do? Go to a suburban nursery for all hardy plants, have them dug up and potted for you—or, if you have pots of your own, have them carefully placed in a basket—and when you get them home pot them in good soil, spreading the roots out and filling in the mould upon them, keeping them the same depth as they were in the bed they came from. Choose them before they are in bloom, that you may have the advantage of their advancing flowers as well as their decline. With regard to greenhouse plants, buy nothing till May, and then select them ready to flower, but not open. These plants will not have been forced, but grown in the ordinary cool greenhouse, or in pits. Geraniums of all sorts, verbenas, azalias, rhododendrons, all the plants that are grown in common frames, that are not yet opened into flower, will do well, with ordinary care, and last all the summer. Our first advice, therefore, must be, to buy nothing of hawkers in the street, nor at market, nor at shops, if they can be otherwise obtained, unless you feel disposed to risk the chance of their failure. Even hardy things, such as evergreens, are often potted up from the open ground, and made to appear as if they had been grown in pots, whereas they have not been in them long enough to flag, and will do that after you get them. In potting hardy subjects, such as polyantheses, primroses, hepaticas, &c., take care to have good soil—that which has already grown things in pots will not be safe. When you get your plants get some prepared compost, for much depends on the soil a thing is growing in. For early spring flowers, you cannot be at a loss; crocuses, snowdrops, jonquils, narcissus, early tulips, and hyacinths, may be purchased in the bulb, planted in pots, and will bloom under the most adverse circumstances, even in poor soil, and they will not have all lost their beauty until the May flowers come in. Crocuses and snowdrops are very early; these are followed by jonquils, early tulips, narcissuses, and hyacinths, and all these require frequent watering; but greenhouse and hardy fibrous-rooted plants must not be watered while the surface of the soil they are growing in is damp; they ought all to get dry on the surface before any water



the delicate beauty of her features, the transparent purity of her complexion, the soft light of her large, upturned, violet eyes, and the perfect symmetry of her sylph-like figure. The neatly-braided hair, the well-fitted clean cotton frock and chocolate-coloured check pinafore, the close straw bonnet, and grey woollen cloak, all became her well.

Early hours—for the children rose and retired with the birds and the sun—excellent food, constant employment, varied by lively recreation, plenty of companions, and one bosom friend—the peace of God which passeth all understanding—an approving conscience, fears for the future shut out by faith in Him who said, "Feed my lambs,"—these blessings made Primrose blithe as a bird; everybody loved her, and she loved everybody.

A faint tinge of colour dyed her cheek; the lustre of health and happiness shone from her eyes. Keziah went to see her once a month, Tabitha occasionally; and now having the dear child safe in the happy Christian home, in which it was her fortunate lot to pass from childhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, watched by all the virtues, and sheltered from every temptation, snare, and vice, we must leave her, to inquire what has become of Sim, whom we left apprenticed to a stationer; and Harry, whom we last saw perched on a high stool in Mr. Linley's counting-house, setting an example of such steadiness to his brother clerks, that Mr. Linley remarked, "There was an instance of an old head on young shoulders; and that so far from the union being (as some said it must be) monstrous, it was one delightful to behold."

(To be continued.)

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### ON TEMPERANCE.

ESSAY XVII.—BY ELIZA STARK, WIFE OF A SHIPSMITH—427, LOWER HAIGH-STREET, EVERTON, LIVERPOOL. To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

THE INEVITABLE RESULTS OF IMPERANCE. Who can properly describe the benefits of temperance? Surely no one like those who are partakers of its blessed results. Who can tell what it can accomplish towards the renovation of man's moral nature? Not the pen of man—the powers of an angel might be well employed upon this heaven-born blessing. Go to the homes of half our mechanics in this highly-favoured land, and see what misery the monster-evil, strong drink, has brought into those abodes of sin and wretchedness! Go to the prisons, and ask what brought each guilty creature there? Will not the answer be in almost every case—*Drink*? Ask the wan and careworn wife what makes her look so sad—will not her answer be, "My poor husband drinks"? Ask those squalid, shoeless children, "Why are you not clothed and fed as others? Why are you not smiling and rosy-cheeked as others?" Will not the poor little lambs tell you, "Father spends so much at the ale-house, mother cannot get us such comforts"? Ask that reckless, wild, and dissipated young man, now on the very verge of destruction, "Who taught you to drink?" Will not the answer be in almost every case, "My father"? Need we go further to prove, while disease destroys its thousands, drink is destroying its tens of thousands? Disease can only destroy the body, but drink destroys both soul and body, and that for ever.

#### REFORM SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.

The working men at the present day are calling loudly for reform, while the majority are neglecting the reform needful in their own habits and homes. True, the legislative body of our country may do much to improve our social position. But I, as a mechanic's wife, and the mother of ten children, affirm—Unless the reform takes place in a man's own castle (that is, his home), himself being commander, as he certainly ought to be, it is quite necessary he should ask himself, Am I letting in enemies who will surely destroy my castle, while I am vainly calling for help to higher powers? If so, it will avail me little all they can do for my safety, be they ever so willing. First, am I welcoming that monster, *Strong Drink*? If so, be his visits ever so few or far between, depend upon it he will one day become master of both me and mine; because he hath in his train improvident habits, loose company, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, lying, disease, and death, with a host of others too numerous to mention. I admit at first he enters with a smiling face and friendly greeting; but be assured, if he is not turned quite out of doors, he will sooner or later be your

master, cause your wife a broken heart, and your children want and rags. And what will he do for you? He will ruin your character, undermine your constitution, and bring you to a gaol, workhouse, or perhaps, what is still worse, to appear before the Judge of all flesh, with all your sins upon your head, by a premature end. Then, will it not be wise in you, as men endowed with capabilities of rising superior to your present position, by cultivating your mental powers, exerting them for the benefit of those around you, and standing erect, a man in the presence of Him who formed you in His own image and likeness—to glorify your God below, and find your way to heaven? Then, and not till then, are you in a position to call upon those in authority to assist you, and I am sure they will. But unless the reform begins at home, all outward reform will fall far short of the object and end desired.

#### THE "TREATING" AT ELECTIONS.

In order to see what good can result from temperance it will be wise to look at one or two instances of intemperance and improvidence. I will take the case of one family with whom I lived under the same roof. The man was a first-class mechanic, working in a large ship-yard at Blackwall, earning from 2*l.* to 3*l.* a-week. Take him first as a man: a stranger would pronounce him a respectable, intelligent man; in fact, he carried quite a majestic air, as though he were one of the lords of creation. No man so ready to stand up for his rights and privileges in his trade. As to discussing politics, he was perfectly eloquent, especially when a little beer or liquor was in his head. At electioneering times he was always on the committee; having a vote for the borough, he could not possibly think of going to work till his man, as he styled him, was firmly seated: that was the man who kept the most open houses, and was most liberal in ordering everything the house afforded; that was his opinion of liberality; and, alas! the opinion of thousands beside—a sure warrant of their liberal principles. I have known such men return a member of liberal principles by an overwhelming majority. Upon the dissolution of Parliament a man comes forward who is a staunch Conservative, but very liberal according to their ideas; they flock round his banner, and leave the old member unseated by a large deficiency. I could state the names, but it would be out of place. *This is not the man, but the drink.* Unfortunately, such are well-known facts. In a previous election, about six years since, a member was returned who threw all (not previously engaged by the opposing member) houses open in the borough. Men and women (yes, with shame I write the word) were in such a beastly state of intoxication; they were not content with wearing the ribbons of this man, who allowed so much drink, but allowed their faces to be coloured blue, and paraded the most public streets, in token of their liberal principles. Gentlemen may mean well at such times: but let them have no open houses, nor pay their committees, and I think they would find many valuable men to work without payment; we should then have more sound sense displayed in returning a member, far less sin committed, and our enlightened gentlemen would prove their disapproval of drunkenness.

(To be continued.)

#### PULL OFF YOUR COATS CHEERILY.

PULL off your coats cheerily,  
Heardly, merrily;  
And sing, blithely sing, for there's work now to do.  
Let not a moment pass—  
Heed neither lad nor lass;  
For nought in the world's like time present to you!  
Young men, who'er you be,  
Seize opportunity;  
Learn all you can while the spring-tide's your own:  
Read much—and think o'er it;  
Digest—and well store it:  
And rest not, but wrestle for Wisdom's bright crown!  
Men of each class arise!  
Seize the rich, glitt'ring prize,  
Hope, all encouraging, holds out to view:  
What'er your station be,  
Work on with energy  
Be not dishearten'd—the prize is for you!  
Fear not to run the race,  
Heed not your humble place;  
Jostle not, either, with those by your side:  
Though the road may be rough,  
There is quite room enough  
For ev'ry one of you, what'er betide!  
Then doff your coats cheerily,  
Heardly, merrily;  
And sing, blithely sing, for there's work now to do:  
Let not a moment pass—  
Heed neither lad nor lass  
For nought in the world's like time present to you!  
G. R.

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS ON THE SUBJECT OF THE GERMAN LESSONS.—S. W. B.: Judging from your letter, you have made sufficient progress in German to make it worth while to purchase "Cassell's German Dictionary." Willing as we are to oblige, we cannot turn the FAMILY PAPER into a dictionary of common-place German words.—GERMANIUS: You say you can "speak and write German fluently," and you ask us to advise you what to do. Our advice is, endeavour to add correctness to your fluency, both in your English and German composition. They both admit of improvement. We regret that one of our correspondents should term herself a "hopeless German scholar." But her letter shows us that she has been rather an inattentive scholar, for all the questions contained in her long letter have been virtually answered in the Lessons. If she has not all the numbers containing the Lessons, she need only write to our office for them, and they can be forwarded to her abode. The French Lessons began No. 23, New Series, and ended No. 108.

#### LESSON XVIII.

WE gave you, in the preceding lesson, the first part of the regular verb *loben*, "to praise."

A verb is regular when the vowel or diphthong (two vowels united) of the radical syllable remains the same in the different moods and tenses, and when the imperfect ends in *t*, and the participle in *et* or *t*.

THE VERB *loben*, "TO PRAISE"—(concluded).

#### IMPERATIVE.

Singular.

*lobe* (du), praise thou.

*lobe et*, let him praise.

#### Plural.

*loben wir*, let us praise.

*lobet* (ihr), praise ye.

*loben sie*, let them praise.

#### SUBJUNCTIVE.

Present Tense.

*ich lobe*, I may praise.

*du lobest*, thou mayest praise.

*er lobe*, he may praise.

*wir loben*, we may praise.

*Ihr lobet*, you may praise.

*Sie loben*, they may praise.

#### INDICATIVE.

*ich lobete*, I might praise.

*du lobetest*, thou mightest praise.

*er lobete*, he might praise.

*wir lobeten*, we might praise.

*Ihr lobetet*, you might praise.

*Sie lobeten*, they might praise.

#### Perfect.

*ich habe gelobt*, I may have praised, &c.

#### Pluperfect.

*ich hätte gelobt*, I might have praised, &c.

Observe that in German all the substantives begin with capital letters; and *Sie*, when used for *you*, requires a capital letter. We have already directed your attention to this subject, but we must beg you to bear it in mind when you begin writing German yourself.

#### FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

How are you?	Wie geht es Ihnen?
When did you arrive?	Wann sind Sie angekommen?
Yesterday evening.	Gestern Abend.
When do you start for your journey?	Wann werden Sie abreisen?
I don't know yet.	Ich weiß noch nicht.
There is three o'clock striking.	Da schlägt es drei.
So late already!	Schon so spät!
How the time passes!	Wie die Zeit vergeht.
Come and see me to-night.	Besuchen Sie mich heute Abend.
With pleasure.	Mit Vergnügen.
Where are you going now?	Wo gehen Sie jetzt hin?
I am going out walking.	Ich gehe spazieren.
Accompany me.	Begleiten Sie mich.
Very willingly.	Sehr gern.



said Harry, "tell me, Sim, why did you never complain to Tom's and Mary Jane's father or mother, or to me, Sim?" asked Harry.

"Once I did tell; but they denied all, and I was called 'Tell-tale-tit' by all the boys in the street. And as for telling you, dear Harry, I've been plague enough to you already; and to Mr. Linley, too. No! I thought I'd keep it to myself, till I could die and have done with it! I sometimes had half-planned writing you a letter, to be delivered when I was no more, to tell you what had driven me to despair, and to beg you not to hate your poor Seymour for all the trouble he had given you, and for having wound all up by a wicked action—one I know you think the worst of crimes."

"Oh, Sim!" said Harry, "you'd have made me miserable for life. It would have been too cruel."  
"Yes! I never thought of that, Harry. I hoped you would be sorry for a time, I did not want to make you miserable for life."

"Dear Sim!" said Harry, "never again keep such terrible thoughts to yourself! Whenever your poor heart gets too full, come to me; tell me all. There is no trouble that is not lightened when another shares it. Many a heart that bursts in silence would have been relieved, if its owner had poured its sorrows into the ear of a friend or a brother. And now you've told me, you feel happier already, don't you?"

"Oh, I feel quite another thing now, dearest Harry! and I should enjoy proving to Tom Crump and all his cronies that I'm not the 'muff' and the coward, and the 'mammy's pretty boy,' and the 'cry-baby,' they're always calling me! There isn't a little newspaper-boy in the street that doesn't insult me, and call me names, and take sights at me, because Tom Crump tells them all that he can thrash me with one hand; but oh, Hal, if it is really true that, by learning to box of Bob, I can defend myself, and even thrash Tom, why I feel I wouldn't mind what bruises I got! Only let me make him, and Mary Jane, and all the boys about here own that I am the better man, and no 'cry-baby,' or 'muff,' or coward, and I shouldn't care if I was black and blue from head to foot."

"Oh, you won't be that, I suspect. One good lesson of the kind I suggest, if it cannot be avoided, would send Tom crying to his mammy; but at any rate I'll speak to Bob about it. I do know how to defend myself pretty well. Uncle Seymour taught me; and as you know, Sim, that knowledge has stood me in good stead, and that, by just giving them a touch of my science, I've kept off hosts of boy-bullies, and made many a great lout run as if for his life. And so I'll call for you the day after to-morrow, and you'll soon be ready for Master Tom. You'll astonish him and all the young bullies, or I'm much mistaken!"

By this time they had reached Mr. Crump's shop, and the brothers parted, Harry full of sympathy, and the old love for Sim warmer than ever at his noble heart; and Sim no longer hanging his head and slinking, half-weeping, to bed, but with an object and a hope.

(To be continued.)

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### ON TEMPERANCE.

ESSAY XVII.—By ELIZA STARK, WIFE OF A SHIPSMITH, 427, LOWER HAIGH-STREET, BERTON, LIVERPOOL.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 346.)

#### THE TRIALS OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

We have viewed this man as a mechanic and a liberal constituent, we will now look upon him as a husband and father. Alas! alas! what was he but what thousands more are—a regular drunkard? Endowed by his Maker with fine, well-built, manly proportions; thanks to his poor wife, always clean and becomingly dressed at his work—scrupulously so; not of a Sunday,—no, poor woman, she could not accomplish this without his aid. What was she when he married her? The daughter of a respectable man, foreman at a large yard—always respectable in appearance—for looks, the pride of the mother who bore her, and the belle of the neighbourhood; in fact, a more equally-matched pair could not be found. The first two years of their married life passed on very well—he always stayed to take a parting pint with his mates; shortly it became two, and three, or more pints. Instead of coming home at seven o'clock, it became eight, nine, ten, eleven, and sometimes later, as circum-

stances happened. At the beginning of his married life he would carry home to his wife £1 10s. or £2; when she has two or three children, and needs it more, it is reduced, by degrees, till finally, she thinks it well to get a sovereign at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. She has to market for the Sabbath. Everything must be very superior, because drunkards are perfect epicures; their appetites are so bad through the drink, they must be tempted to eat. After this unhappy wife has run to the nearest shops, which are just closing, and paid what they please to ask—paid any trifle she may owe for food for her children—what has she left to keep the house during the other six days, and provide hot suppers? Yes, this lord of creation must have hot suppers, because he does not come home to dinner. Well, she must go on through the week, and meet his requirements as best she can. If everything is not to his mind, what then? why, he throws the knife at her, and uses language which would make the blood run cold of any intelligent human being to hear, and very frequently gives her a sound thrashing. Yes, she, the wife of his choice, whom he swore at God's altar to love and cherish! What sort of a situation she is in to bear it, I will try to give you some idea. She is almost fainting for want of food, but dares not say so, because her husband has been drinking; at most, she has had tea and bread-and-butter twice during the day. Meat she or her poor children never think of after Sunday; and, what was worse, during four months I witnessed her sufferings she was in a fair way to become a mother again. Perhaps some may say this picture is too highly coloured: would to Heaven it were so! I could, in the narrow circle of my own experience, write enough of such cases to fill a volume. Very often her screams have chilled my blood, and yet I dared not interfere. My husband has often tried, but the man was half-mad, and would tell him he was master in his own house, and to mind his own business. Our only plan was to leave the house; this the poor wife would come and beg of us, almost on her knees, not to do. She said the last lodger received a blow in her defence—took him before a magistrate, who fined him, and she, poor sufferer, had to sell part of her furniture to pay it with. You may ask how he behaved when sober. Why, as all drunkards do—he was a perfect coward, and would try to avoid all who knew his private character. I will now inform you how unavoidable expenses were met. She dared not trouble her husband; she would trouble any one sooner—they dared not beat her. At her confinement she could not pay a doctor, and she dared not get in debt, her husband would kill her. She finds out charitable ladies, and gets a ticket given her for a midwife from the dispensary, and the loan of a linen box for her confinement. Poor woman! she told me this with her own lips, and how, when the box is returned, the ladies make a practice of giving something, either in money or clothing. This is how charities are imposed upon—not by the poor women, but through their drunken husbands. Does she get a nurse? Alas! she knows not how to get necessaries for herself; some kind neighbour or relation performs little acts of necessity for her, when her husband is not at home—most women are frightened at a drunkard.

#### THE ONLY REMEDY.

How does she look, poor woman? Why, ten years older than she really is—care-worn and pale, the very personification of *Sorrow*. How does she manage for clothes? Ah! how, indeed? She is glad to wear her mother's left-off things, and any trifle she can bring her. Poor mother! you had better follow her to an early grave than see her the wife of a drunkard. "Oh, but," she would say, "he was not a drunkard then. No, he was as fine a young man as the sun ever shone upon, and I thought they were well matched." Yes, and so they would have been, had he been a member of the Sons of Temperance, instead of the falsely so-called Hearts of Oak. Yes, they are hearts of oak, when they are so drunk as to lie in the gutters of a Saturday night instead of being at home in their families, preparing for the Sabbath. Did the poor wife say she would sign the temperance pledge if her husband would? ay, and more; she feared, had she a husband who came home always sober, and spent his leisure hours in his family, she should worship him; she was sure she should fall upon her knees and praise God half-a-dozen times a day. Oh! ye drunken husbands, look upon the wealth of love you are casting from you; look upon the faithful hearts ye are breaking, and resolve, by the blessing of God, you will taste not, touch not, handle not the unclean thing. Great will be your reward, both here and hereafter.

(To be continued.)

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A LEARNER, AND OTHERS: We particularly avoid all technicalities in teaching the grammar of the German language; and it is evident to us that many of our correspondents put questions to us not because the desired information has not been given, but because they have not read it with sufficient attention to apprehend it. At the same time, we must beg our pupils to bear in mind that we cannot remove all difficulties at once, and that many questions about which they are impatient are sure to be answered in due time, in the course of the lessons.

### LESSON XIX.

WE intended, after giving the regular verb *loben*, "to praise," to pass on to other parts of speech; but we had better first give our pupils a specimen of German passive verbs. Passive verbs are not used as much in German as in English, because the indefinite personal pronoun "one," in German *man*, is frequently used with the active verb, instead of the passive verb; for instance, "Nothing has yet been found out," *Man hat noch nichts entdeckt*.

THE PASSIVE VERBS *geliebt werden*, "TO BE LOVED;" AND *geleitet werden*, "TO BE LED."

#### INDICATIVE MOOD.

##### Present Tense.

*ich werde geliebt*, I am loved.

*ich werde geleitet*, I am led.

##### Imperfect.

*ich wurde geliebt*, I was loved.

*ich wurde geleitet*, I was led.

##### Perfect.

*ich bin geliebt worden*, I have been loved.

*ich bin geleitet worden*, I have been led.

##### Pluperfect.

*ich war geliebt worden*, I had been loved.

*ich war geleitet worden*, I had been led.

##### First Future

*ich werde geliebt werden*, I shall be loved.

*ich werde geleitet werden*, I shall be led.

##### Second Future.

*ich werde geliebt worden seyn*, I shall have been loved.

*ich werde geleitet worden seyn*, I shall have been led.

##### First Conditional.

*ich würde geliebt werden*, I should be loved.

*ich würde geleitet werden*, I should be led.

##### Second Conditional.

*ich würde geliebt worden seyn*, I should have been loved.

*ich würde geleitet worden seyn*, I should have been led.

#### EASY DIALOGUE.

I want some paper.

*Ich habe Papier nötig.*

Here is some.

*Hier ist etwas.*

Have you enough?

*Haben Sie genug?*

I want some letter-paper.

*Ich habe Brief-papier nötig.*

I also want some pens.

*Ich habe auch Federn nötig.*

Give me a dozen.

*Geben Sie mir ein Dutzend.*

They are not good.

*Sie sind nicht gut.*

They are the best I have.

*Das sind die besten, die ich habe.*

Make me a pen.

*Schneiden Sie mir eine Feder.*

I want a steel pen.

*Ich habe eine Stahl-feder nötig.*

There is a very good one.

*Da ist eine sehr gute.*

Lend me your penknife, if you please.

*Leihen Sie mir ein Messer.*

With pleasure. There it is.

*Mit Vergnügen, hier ist.*



wreck; but love and confidence, and hope and happiness, will soon make your poor Blanche once again "The fair one with the locks of gold, dearest!" (She tried to smile as she spoke; but that wan smile, like an ineffectual sunbeam on a rainy day, was lost in gushing tears!) "Husband! I will die here," she cried, sinking at his feet (for he had dropped into an arm-chair close by, buried his face in his hands, and, but for the groans that escaped him, might have seemed a statue). "Yes! I will expire where I kneel, unless you will raise me to a contrite heart, and say you repent and love me still."

Bad as Adair was, he was not quite a fiend, nor (uninfluenced by the Duprés) quite a brute; and, when he raised that light, wasted form and folded it to his almost bursting heart, tears gushed from his eyes and fell upon her pale, pinched face, and into her wasted bosom, while he sighed—

"Too late! too late! Blanche! Love!—wife!—victim!—martyr! You, whose sublime forgiveness makes me seem even to myself so doubly vile! It is too late! The police are in possession of this accursed house. The Duprés have carried off the cash-box, and every portable article of value, and left me all the debts. Henri is keeping the police at bay, merely while I try to effect my escape."

"Do not try to escape, husband," said Blanche. "You cannot escape in such a town as this, so watched by the police. Let us go to prison. It is not here as in England; if they take you they will take me too, as your partner, your accomplice, and I will thank them, bless them; for that sly, wicked, cruel Eglantine will not be there (the snake that wriggled her false self between our hearts' loves). Together, and loving one another once more, it will be a palace! Wedded love makes every place so bright and sweet! Let us go to prison, husband."

"No, no!" said Adair; "conscience would kill me there, and by a slow, slow poison! Let me go, Blanche!—injured, outraged, blessed wife! Your innocence and misery will raise you friends. Hark, hark! they come—they come! Farewell! I shall escape them yet!"

He tore himself from her embrace, and rushed into the dressing-room.

Blanche darted after him, but the door was closed; she heard him lock and bolt it, and barricade it with a wardrobe and a chest of drawers.

"You cannot escape from that window, husband!" shrieked Blanche, kneeling outside the door, as the police rushed in.

Gently and compassionately (not rudely and violently) they lifted her from the ground, and directed the maid-servant of the hotel, who had followed out of curiosity, to attend to her.

After repeatedly, and in vain, crying aloud to Adair to open the door, they forced it open. Down fell the wardrobe and the chest of drawers; and Adair, darting forward—his eyes on fire, his hair on end, and pale as death—stood for one moment confronting them; and the next, before any one had the slightest suspicion of his intention, and while they were preparing to spring upon him, he, with the words, "Oh, Blanche! forgive and do not curse me!" put the pistol to his right ear. The next instant the report of that pistol was answered by a woman's shriek of unutterable agony; and Adair, his head and face blown to pieces, and his blood and brains bespattering the delicate pink and silver paper upon the walls, fell forward—a corpse!—one more added to the hideous crowd of the self-immolated victims of the gaming-table!

Blanche—despair lending her a strength that seemed miraculous—tore herself from the arms of the pitying, horror-stricken servant, and springing through the door and across the barricade formed by the wardrobe, fell upon the dead body of the wretched suicide.

Even the *gens-d'armes*, used as they are at Homburg to such sights and scenes, felt their eyes grow moist as the poor young widow knelt beside the bleeding, mangled form of her first and only love, calling him by every endearing name which love and grief could prompt, and imploring him to look up and kiss her.

"She's delirious," said the officer in command, "poor creature; we had better divide. I will take her to the hospital, and do you, and you, lift her up and bear her along," he said to two of the policemen; "and you" (to two others) "mount guard here, and watch the body till I return to finish our work here."

By noon the next day Adair was lying in a shallow grave in the Protestant burial-ground, amid other suicides—nettles, thistles, and rank grass covering the abhorred and neglected graves.

Blanche, the gambler's wife, the victim of her own

credulity, folly, and a clandestine attachment, was tossing in a brain fever on the narrow bed of the Homburg Hospital, tended by two physicians and cared for by two kind and attentive *béguines*, or hospital nurses.

(To be continued.)

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### ON TEMPERANCE.

ESSAY XVII.—BY ELIZA STARK, WIFE OF A SHIPSMITH, 427, LOWER HAIGH-STREET, EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 356.)

#### THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

I WILL now look at this poor drunkard as a father. When seven o'clock has struck, and no father at home, they well know he is drinking. The mother begins to put her poor children to bed, that she may be alone to bear the brunt of his ill-humour. No father's kiss for them, poor lambs; she has let them stay till the last moment in hopes that he might come home sober for a treat. Most drunkards are very ill-humoured when they get home. How is this? Because they know those at home have reason to complain, and, as they are very dissatisfied with themselves, they begin to find fault with some one, in case they should find fault with them first. If a child is up, of course that would be a reason for great complaint; as that is not the case, they complain something is done they wished left undone, or not done that they wished done. If not, some fault with the cooking of the food the poor wife has set before them; how obtained, they never trouble themselves. If the poor wife gets off without blows she is thankful. How gladly would she have partaken of the food she had prepared, and given the children some, but she is never asked how they have fared during the day. Drink makes a man selfish or careless. How does he discharge his duty as a father? ah, how indeed!—the day of judgment alone will prove. I will endeavour to give some idea. The eldest, a fine boy about ten years of age, slept in an attic alone. Many times has that poor boy gone into the dark, cold room at seven o'clock of a winter's evening, cold and hungry, and remained till eight or nine the next morning, to be out of a father's way. I have heard him moaning for hours. Could he be expected to love such a father?—impossible! Some three years after, I, living in the main road, heard a noise, and, upon looking from my window, saw a policeman with this boy. What had he been doing? He had stolen a penny pie, and eaten it. Poor boy! his mother used to let him out of an evening in the street, now he was a little older (to be out of father's way), and let him in at a convenient time without his knowledge. He was hungry—the old trouble; what was he to do—he had no money!

#### THE FIRST OFFENCE.

Mark the contrivance. He arms himself with a darning-needle and cotton, pretends to be looking at the pies so temptingly exposed for sale, drives his needle into one near the end of the board, watches his opportunity, draws it off, and eats it. Poor boy! to fall into crime for want of something to eat! Intemperate fathers, how many of you have this sin at your door—your poor boy's first step in crime! He is taken before a magistrate; being his first offence, he gets seven days. Unfortunate boy! he now sees the inside of a gaol, knows the worst; not half so bad as a good thrashing with *father's belt* when he is drunk. He comes out with his hair cut short, is the ridicule of all his former playmates, and is compelled to seek companions a grade lower. Thus crime begins. Some hardened young sinners who had seen him in the gaol, find him out, and claim acquaintance. In less than a month I see him in the hands of the police again. This time he gets a month for robbing an orchard. Poor children! no father's fond caress for them at the close of each day; no look of love for his poor heart-broken wife. Ah, no, indeed; long since have such interchanges of affection been forgotten. How does the poor wife bear her miserable existence? Why, it is simply told—she *hopes* he will one day turn. She knows it rests with himself; and then, ah, then, what a happy woman she will be! how she will bless the man who persuaded him to leave the drink! Oh, she sits and fancies the happy future, till she almost forgets her present position. Who so full of hope as poor confiding woman? It is astonishing to see what a poor drunkard's wife submits to, and yet hopes and clings to her heart's first love.

Though he be vile, loathsome, and even an outcast from respectable society, yet she never tires, but hopes on, in some instances to her *last home*—the grave. Drunkards, think of what an awful responsibility rests upon you! Say not, "I have gone too far to become a respectable man, a loving husband, a fond father,"—no, no, far different; all are waiting with open arms to receive you as a parent would a child who had strayed from his home. Look upon your dear wife and innocent children; with what an outburst of love would they receive a temperance father! Respectable, enlightened, influential men are waiting to take you by the hand, and call you brother. Your own understanding is waiting for the time when you will allow it to give full force to all your mental powers, and echo the gladsome strain, "The dead is alive—the lost is found!" Above all, your Creator is waiting to crown all with His blessing, and make you a happy man in this world, and, in the world to come, an inheritor of his kingdom. Perhaps some may say, "I am willing to turn, but I have no friend to take me by the hand." True, no friendly hand may know just where to pluck you from ruin, as a brand from eternal burning, or they would gladly do it. Well, never mind, that which is honourable is manful; and it is strictly honourable, if a man has lost his road, to turn and seek for the right one. Now, you are the man who has lost his road. Take my simple advice (as I have experienced it to be good for the last twelve years); go to the nearest temperance meeting, and go straight up to the desk, and ask to sign the pledge. Take my word, you will no longer be in want of a friend or a brother; plenty will gladly flock around and cheer you on in your noble resolve.

(To be continued.)

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

### LESSON XX.

WE hope you are diligently practising the capitals and small letters of the German running handwriting, and that you have attended to our directions about the letters requiring particular observation.

When we think you have had time to acquire facility in the single letters, we shall furnish you with a specimen of the writing as a whole, and give you in the German hand an alphabetical list of the names of some towns, countries, &c.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE PASSIVE VERBS,

geliebt werden, "TO BE LOVED," and geleitet werden, "TO BE LED."

#### IMPERATIVE MOOD.

##### Singular.

werde (du) geliebt, be thou loved.

werde du geleitet, be thou led.

werde er geliebt, let him be loved.

werde er geleitet, let him be led.

##### Plural.

werden wir geliebt, let us be loved.

werden wir geleitet, let us be led.

werdet (ihr) geliebt, be (ye) loved.

werdet (ihr) geleitet, be (ye) led.

werden sie geliebt, let them be loved.

werden sie geleitet, let them be led.

#### SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

##### Present Tense.

ich werde geliebt, I may be loved.

ich werde geleitet, I may be led, &c.

##### Perfect.

ich würde geliebt, I might be loved.

ich würde geleitet, I might be led, &c.

##### Pluperfect.

ich sey geliebt worden, I may have been loved.

ich sey geleitet worden, I may have been led, &c.

##### Imperfect.

ich wäre geliebt worden, I might have been loved.

ich wäre geleitet worden, I might have been led, &c.

#### INFINITIVE MOOD.

geliebt werden, to be loved.

geleitet werden, to be led.



cowslips and wilets, and talking to one as he calls his sweetheart, and his little wife Polly; and then he began a hymn—

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

I never see 'un so before, and I don't half like it; and I'm more nor ever agin the shower-bath—and that's where it is, sir."

"I never suffer subordinates to express an opinion as to my system," said Dr. Douce Smyles, "but you may make your mind easy about 'Bald Bob;' the shower-bath's the only thing in such a case as his; why, the old maniac suddenly, because I ordered the strait waistcoat to be put on him, when I saw him quarrelling with 'One-eyed Og,' seized a pewter pot, and aimed a blow at me, which, if Holdfast here had not warded off, might have proved fatal. As it was, it struck my elbow, which I raised in self-defence, and my arm has pained me all day. So now bring along this fine fellow; we'll try the shower-bath on him!"

Jack did not know what the shower-bath at Heart's-ease Hall really was, but, from the doctor's evil and vindictive glance, he guessed it was meant to punish him severely. No sooner, then, were his straps unfastened from the staples, than, almost wild with rage, he forcibly released his right hand, struck out, and resisted manfully. But after a fierce contest (which the doctor watched from a safe distance), Jack, having only one hand free, was overpowered.

"Strip him!" said the doctor.

"Fiends incarnate!" cried Jack, with a terrible oath.

"We'll want more hands," said Samson, "to strip him, and get him into the bath."

"Holdfast," said the doctor, "call Armstrong, Barker, and Byles." They came, and the keepers thus reinforced, stripped Jack, and bound his hands behind his back. Maddened with rage and despair, Jack poured out words and curses that stung the vile doctor to the quick.

He seized the cat-o-nine tails, and with a practised hand lashed poor Jack from rage into frenzy. He then led the way to the shower-bath in an inner courtyard.

(To be continued.)

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### ON TEMPERANCE.

ESSAY XVII.—BY ELIZA STARK, WIFE OF A SHIPSMITH, 427, LOWER HAIGH-STREET, EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 372)

#### A SECOND OFFENCE.

WHERE did I leave my poor drunkard? When the lad comes out of prison the second time he begins to feel alarmed, and orders him to be kept in the house. Alas! the bad seed is sown; and where it will end no human heart can suggest. He is a fine-grown, handsome boy, the very picture of what his father once was. How fearfully does this remind me of that passage of Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He was kept in for some time, till one day his mother sent him to get some coals of a poor man with a large family, who kept a cellar opposite. While the man was gone to weigh the coals, he made the most of his time, by slipping round the counter and helping himself to the contents of the money-drawer. The man caught him in the very act, and, of course, gave him into custody. When the father came home at night, in liquor, as usual, and very valiant indeed (as all persons are when in that state), he went over to the coal-dealer, who, by-the-bye, was a teetotaler of long years' standing, a Methodist, and a man who worked for 16s. a-week, selling coals and potatoes, to make up a living for a large family, which he did and supported them respectably, and was a man whose word was credit to all who knew him. The father talked very large, asking the man how he dared give his son into custody, said he ought to have come to him, and a great deal more; finally ending by threatening to give the man—who was a dwarf to him in size—a sound thrashing, if he dared to go before the magistrate to prosecute. This did not frighten the man. He did his duty conscientiously, begging of the magistrate to get the lad into some reformatory. Where was the bounceable father? Where most

drunkards are when sober. A coward, he did not come near, but left his poor boy to the mercy of the magistrate, who, through the intercession of the prosecutor, gave him six months, telling him, if he came before him again, he should send him to the Old Bailey. Where was the poor mother? Why, at the seat of trouble, as she always was—and returned to her unhappy home many steps nearer her grave.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Yes, she loved her boy dearly! He was a fine, promising lad. She had hoped he would grow up to manhood, and prove a comfort and support. Fathers and mothers, is not this a fearful reality? Look upon your promising boy, and ask yourself, in the sight of an eye-seeing and heart-searching God, are you doing your duty towards your children, as you would wish you had when you come to die? Are you daily saying, by your own actions, *Do as I do?* or are you leaving them to take their course in the world, while you spend your substance and leisure at the ale-house? If so—in the name of all that is sacred, by all your hopes both here and hereafter—look again at this fearful warning! What might this poor lad have been, had his father been a total abstainer? Working by his side as a companion at home, by his earnings adding comforts to an already comfortable home, the pride and joy of the mother who bore him, and in after life a respectable and useful member of society. Oh! what an unhappy creature such a parent must be, who, by his own example and neglect, has caused a child's ruin. He may try and drown his thoughts in drink; but Conscience is a keen monitor, and will not be stifled. In the dark and silent watches of the night, when no eye sees or ear hears but that All-seeing Eye, Conscience is doing her duty. She may be cast down or trampled upon, but she rises superior to all defeat, and is still at her post, and there she will be till we quit this world for another, where her services will not be needed. Shall we look at the drunkard's Sabbath? His poor wife rises early in fear of disturbing him, creeps out of bed, and takes her youngest child. Noiselessly she prepares the breakfast, and gets her other little ones up, washes them, and gives them their Sabbath-morning's meal, more like criminals than happy English children; as quietly she lets the elder ones out to Sunday-school. About eleven o'clock the father makes his appearance. He looks dissatisfied with everything, because he is dissatisfied with himself. Ah! Conscience is at work there; she is telling him it is God's own day, and more than I can tell. He looks upon his little ones, who eye him with a jealous fear—endearments and fatherly love they are quite strangers to. He must say something by way of a prelude, which he does by remarking he is not well; he is quite out of sorts this morning. Yes, drunkards always are out of sorts in the morning. "What is there for breakfast? he should like something nice." Perhaps the poor wife offers him an egg, or some fish. Oh, no! he cannot eat them; he fancies some fried ham, or something quite as luxurious. What can the poor wife do? She is obliged to go to the nearest chandler's shop and get some, paying far more than she would at a cheesemonger's, who are all closed, with money she will need before the week is out to buy bread. She dare not refuse; it would make words; anything but that.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S SUNDAY.

This poor deluded man's first act is Sabbath-breaking, instead of prayer and praise. Next, he asks where are the children? "Sent to Sunday-school, to be out of the way." Alas! how many poor children are sent with no other end in view. After breakfast, this poor man proposes to take a walk to do him good, till dinner-time. He cannot go any other time in the day; he has no clothes fit. Drunkards are very seldom troubled with many clothes, and what they have are mostly in pledge—only brought out on special occasions. He wanders about with his mates the by-ways and lanes till they find a house open; unfortunately, public-houses will serve in church time, though our Legislature has done so much to try and stop it; there they remain till the house is closing for afternoon service, when they return to their homes, not the better for drink, and shut themselves in for the rest of the day, because every one who has Sunday clothes puts them on before that time in the day, and they must go home to hide their shame. The poor wife is anxiously cooking the dinner with the greatest care—it must be ready by one o'clock, that is the working man's dinner hour, and he ought to be there. One, two, three o'clock, no husband! Shortly after, he makes his appearance, eats his dinner, and goes to lie down. This is the way he spends his Sabbaths most of the year round. In

the evening he must have beer or grog to keep him in temper. Can such a man look for the blessing of God upon his six days' labour? No; it is a positive contradiction to Him who has said, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," &c.; and "Him that honoureth me, him will I also honour." Is it any wonder such a man—and, alas! there are thousands like him—should be dissatisfied with everybody and everything? The reason is plain enough—he is dissatisfied with himself. A heart at peace with itself is at peace with all around; and how can a man or woman know anything like peace of mind who is living in wilful neglect of every moral and religious obligation? It is a positive absurdity to expect such a thing. I will look upon this unhappy man in the position of householder. Is he honourable? far from it. Drink drowns every principle, and leaves a man careless and imprudent even for a home to shelter his innocent children. The landlord is a lenient man, and takes what the wife can give him. The poor creature makes any excuse rather than blame her husband, well knowing, if he will, he can alter, and all will yet be well. At the expiration of three years the landlord finds them back four quarters, which is fourteen pounds. He had better never have seen them. Houses are in great demand, and he allows them a week to get off the premises. All the time they let apartments for three shillings and sixpence a-week. Thus he loses his highly-prized vote. Now, such men as this are Chartists, or Britons that never will be slaves; at the same time, they are slaves—ay, most abject slaves of their own lusts. Instead of being a respectable householder, he is compelled to remove his poor children into a back court, where the rent is three shillings a-week; no one will let him a respectable house; no one will live with him. He takes his poor children where their morals are corrupted and their health impaired; but God in mercy sent a disease, and took the two youngest in one day. Such are the fearful effects of intemperance. What might this man have been? Ah! what might he have been?

(To be continued.)

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

### LESSON XXI.

IN this chapter we shall give our pupils some idea of the German adverb. The rules respecting this part of speech are remarkably simple. In fact, by placing German adjectives after verbs, you often change them into adverbs; for instance, "This woman acts prudently," is translated *Diese Frau handelt klug, not klüglich.*

The Germans, like ourselves, have adverbs of place, of time, of number, of quantity, of manner, of doubt, of affirmation and negation, of interrogation, and of comparison. Of these adverbs the following are examples.

*Hier, here; da, there; daselbst, in that place; jetzt, now; gestern, yesterday; heute, to-day; morgen, to-morrow; übermorgen, the day after to-morrow; vorgestern, the day before yesterday; oft, often; einmal, once; erstens, first; viel, much; genug, enough; weise, wisely; langsam, slowly; vielleicht, perhaps; ja, yes; wahrlich, verily; gewiss, certainly; nein, no; nicht, not; wie, how; sehr, very; mehr, more.*

But some German adverbs are formed from other parts of speech by the addition of one or other of the syllables, *ich, haft, and icht.* We will give you some examples of these adverbs.

*Glücklich, happily; weislich, wisely; glaublich, credibly; unaufrichtig, incessantly; thunlich, practically; wörtlich, verbally; ängstlich, anxiously; betrüglich, deceitfully; freundschaftlich, amicably; sündhaft, sinfully; scherzhaft, jocosely; meisterhaft, masterly; salsicht, tasting like salt; kupfericht, looking like copper.*

A good many of the most useful adverbs end with the letter *s.* *Ex.—Bereits, already; stets, constantly; besonders, particularly; anders, otherwise; vergebens, in vain; bestens, in the best manner; meistentheils, for the most part; allenfalls, at all events; keinesweges, by no means; unterweges, on the way; vielfach, many times; vormals, formerly; damals, at that time; meinerseits, on my part; deinerseits, on this side; jenseits, on that side; allerseits, on all parts; beiderseits, on both sides; allerding's, by all means; schlechterding's, by any means.*

We advise you to learn these German adverbs by heart, and you will have a tolerable stock of this part of speech.



was, and to see with her own eyes that he had every attention paid him (for she had more than once caught nurse Jubber napping), Lena had risen from her bed, thrown on a white cashmere wrapper, and noiselessly opening her door (at the further end of a long passage), had stolen on tiptoe to Harry's room, and unperceived by the nurse (whose broad back, as we have said, was turned to the door), had stood all the time nurse Jubber had been engaged in examining the handkerchief, looking over her shoulder, more moved and more deeply interested than the nurse herself by the name in the corner, and the blood streaks on the cambric. Vividly Lena remembered the history of that little pocket-handkerchief; and more than once, when first Harry became an inmate of her father's house, had she asked him what had become of it, for she well recollected putting it into his pocket at the Sunday school. "Not that it matters to me, Harry, if it is lost," she would say. "I meant to give it to you, then and there; and if it is 'stolen or strayed,' the loss is yours, not mine; but you never told me whether you found it in your pocket, or what you thought when you drew it out. I meant it as a surprise—I was such a silly little thing then, and fancied you would be so pleased and amazed when you discovered it."

Harry had always put Lena off with some evasive answer, and she felt so convinced that the handkerchief had been lost in his sad, dreary, and dangerous wanderings—and that he did not like to own the fact to her—that she ceased to tease him about it.

And now the mystery was solved.

Lena herself, when she had oftentimes stood weeping by Harry's bedside, during the tedious progress of this long illness, had noticed a ribbon round his neck, and, as he tossed about in delirious agony, had caught a glimpse of the little blue silk bag.

What maiden could have been unmoved by the sudden evidence of deep, secret, passionate devotion in one who, though he had come to that house in hunger and rags, had even then that best of introductions to her father's notice—an act of noblest honesty; and who, by the mere force of virtue, industry, intelligence, and moral dignity, had risen to be that father's best and most trusted friend and adviser (though not yet twenty-years of age), the object of affectionate respect to every member of the family, and of a feeling of admiration, shy tenderness, and unacknowledged deference even to herself?

Lena watched nurse Jubber replace the handkerchief in the little blue silk bag, and she hid herself behind the ample curtains of the bed, while the nurse readjusted the ribbon round Harry's neck.

Harry, though still in his deep opiate sleep, no sooner clutched the little treasure again than he ceased to moan, to murmur, or to "trouble," as the nurse called it; and soon that volubrious person was once more settled in her arm-chair by the fire. Now this fire she persisted in keeping in (in spite of Mr. and Miss Linley's remonstrances), upon the plea that at any time the patient might wake, and boiling water be required for tea if he were better, or mustard blisters or fomentations if he were worse. But Lena shrewdly suspected it was kept up with reference to her own periodical relays of tea, or hot rum-and-water.

Lena, seeing her fully engaged, sank on her knees by Harry's bedside; and if fervent prayers from pure hearts are always heard on high (as we believe they are), then Lena's reached the Throne of Grace that night.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

And even the name I have worshipped in vain,  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;  
For to bear is to conquer our fate.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

NOISELESSLY as Lena had glided into Harry's sick room, she glided out again, regained her own apartment, and returned to bed; but a great change had taken place in Lena's inner-self.

Hitherto the youthful Lena, though heart-whole, has not felt offended or annoyed when her father's playful hints, or her young friends' laughing innuendoes, or Hector Hartwell's constant and marked attentions in public and private, confirmed what she had often herself suspected, that a union had been projected between her father and Hector's. She had never resolutely, calmly, or seriously pondered on such a destiny; but Hector was very elegant, very handsome, highly accomplished, amusing, and interesting; admired by all her young female friends, liberal to excess in money matters, passionately in love with her, and always showing her in public that delicate devotion which woman is ever proud and pleased to inspire, espe-

cially in one who is himself "the observed of all observers."

All this time the inner depths of Lena's woman-heart had not been reached; she was capable of far deeper, holier feelings than those of flattered vanity and playful preference, with which she regarded the handsome Hector Hartwell.

She had never sounded the depths of her own nature. She knew not, she suspected not its passion, its devotion.

Latterly, Harry's manner towards her had been one of respectful reserve; he had rather shunned than sought the few opportunities that might have brought him into her presence. Mr. Linley had confided to him, just as he might have done any projected mercantile enterprise, or promising investment, those plans regarding the future union of Lena and Hector, which he had formed, in the infancy of both their children, with his old chum, Hector's father. While Mr. Linley spoke, Harry had his head over a sum he was adding up, or even Mr. Linley, pre-occupied and unsuspecting as he was, must have been struck with the ghastly pallor that over-spread his face of ruddy-brown; the tremor that passed through the strong, young frame, and the large, hot tears that gathered in his burning eye-balls.

What vague, delicious hopes, cherished unconsciously to himself, did those words of Mr. Linley's destroy! What fairland—golden and rosy in the distance—did that disclosure lay waste! It was only in the far future—when it seemed to him possible that a career of earnest diligence and steady application to business, backed up by mental improvement, high principle, and rigid punctuality, might meet with the reward that so often awaits them in England—that Harry had, even in his wildest day or night dreams, associated his destiny and his name with those of Lena Linley.

And yet for long years she had been, unconsciously to himself, the bright particular star towards which he soared.

If, after a day of earnest attention to business at the counting-house, he spent many of the hours of the night in the close study for which self-educated men are so remarkable, and to which they owe a progress that, all things considered, seems almost miraculous, the hope of being one day more worthy of Lena, was at the bottom of the energy that drove sleep from his eyes, and nerved him to persevere, in spite of every obstacle.

And now it is all over; and no human being, save himself, knows that such things were, and were most dear. The light of life has gone out in that young, noble heart, and not a creature save himself is aware of the dark and dreary change. But from the moment that Harry knew what were Mr. Linley's plans for Lena (and exaggerated, perhaps, in his own jealous heart the importance he attached to his daughter's union with his wealthy ward), Harry resolutely refused all invitations to attend Lena and her father to any public places or evening parties.

(To be continued.)

#### MY BROTHER.

I WAS a young and happy child,  
Without a care or sorrow;  
The day passed brightly o'er my head,  
With bright thoughts of the morrow.

I had an only brother,  
How I loved him none can tell;  
But this I know, that, in return,  
He loved me quite as well.

He was my dear companion,  
I had no friend beside;  
Oh! sad and dreary life has passed  
Since my loved brother died.

He died! Alas, the sorrow,  
The grief, the agony!  
We know not where my brother died,  
Nor where he now doth lie.

He left his peaceful home  
To seek a foreign shore;  
Our dear, our much-loved sailor-boy,  
Was never heard of more.

I ask the raging winds  
That o'er the ocean sweep,  
In what dark cave, on what bleak shore,  
Does my loved brother sleep?

In my wild and tearful sorrow,  
I ask the sounding waves;  
They answer, "Our dark waters  
Roll over countless graves."

Oh, God! my heart would break,  
But that Thy Word has said  
The time is fast approaching  
When the sea shall yield her dead.

The blessed hour is coming  
When we from earth shall rise,  
To meet and know our loved ones  
In a world beyond the skies.

M. E. L.

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### ON TEMPERANCE.

ESSAY XVII.—By ELIZA STARK, WIFE OF A SHIPSMITH,  
427, LOWER HAIGH-STREET, EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 405.)

#### THE DRUNKARD'S IMPROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENT habits! Did ever any one hear of a drunkard being provident? I did not. In this poor man's case, he entered several clubs, from all of which he was expelled, through not keeping up his payments. At the time of his death he had not a penny coming from anywhere to bury him with. His wife sent a petition into the shop where he worked; but it met with very little encouragement, because they had a burial club in their own yard, for ten pounds for either man or wife, by only paying one shilling for three deaths. It was begun at sixpence a death, but had increased so much as to leave a balance of ten pounds upon the receipt of two subscriptions. This poor man had belonged to this club; but, like everything else but drink, he could never spare the money when it became due. Reluctantly the committee expelled him. Oh, drink! thou universal bane! when did not improvidence follow in thy wake?

I have taken up a deal of time with the evils of intemperance. I will now try to show, from my own personal experience, the blessed results of temperance and provident habits. I knew a young man, a smith, who held a situation by the side of the poor man who died through drink. When they engaged for the first year they received £1 2s. 6d. per week. Still, this young man supported a wife and two children respectably; one evil, he was not a total abstainer, though not a drunkard. He never took his earnings from his wife; but occasionally he would be induced to spend an hour with his shopmates, and when he went to pay his club. Oh, the ruinous system of keeping benefit clubs at public-houses! they often cause a man to go to a public-house, and spend both time and money, because it is absolutely necessary he should provide for sickness and death. An election for the borough took place; this young man fell into temptation, and becoming involved in a street brawl, was severely injured. The next day he determined, with the blessing of God, not to taste drink for a month; at the end of which time, if his health was as good without it as with, he would become a Total Abstainer. Oh, blessed resolution, who can fathom its benefits to generations yet unborn? Eternity alone will unfold. I will try and show some of the happy results to himself and family for now upwards of twelve years.

He did find his health and strength even better. Of course, it was rather hard, at first, to go entirely without stimulants; but any good thing is worth some little self-denial to obtain a victory. Habit in a good or bad cause soon becomes second nature. Thus it is that drink obtains such a fearful ascendancy. At the end of the month he became convinced he was a wiser and happier man, and determined, by the help of God, to remain so. From a temperate man he became a thinking man, and saw his responsibilities in the sight of his Maker. He could now frequent a place of worship on the Sabbath, whereas, in time past, when he had a desire, the thought came across him, he was in a public-house parlour on the Saturday night, listening to the song and the jest—he could not be a hypocrite. No, no one should point at him and say, "that man was in a public-house last night, now he is going to chapel." Thus his conscience is free. This is the first blessing. Next he looks upon his dear wife, and feels it is his duty, and ought to be his pride, to walk out by her side as happily as when she was her own mistress. To this end he asks her what it cost a week for their dinner and supper beer? Two shillings and sixpence—a pint at dinner and supper, and a pint and a half on Sundays—very reasonable for a man and his wife; still, it may be well dispensed with. That amount is six pounds ten shillings in twelvemonths—a nice change of clothing it will purchase for any working man's wife. This young man determined this amount should be regularly set aside every week, to buy clothes for his wife, or at least saved for her private use.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

Thus, we find this young man regular in his attendance at the house of God—he finds he has a soul to save, and train those young immortals committed to his care for another and a better world. He finds,



at best, he is but a probationer here; he sends his children regularly to a Sabbath-school; and whereas, in former days, he led his wife to the tea-gardens, he now leads her to the house of God, that as they are one on earth, they may become one in heaven. Go to the home of this man at the close of the day, you will see his children with smiling faces, watching who shall be in readiness to open the door; one will place his slippers, another his chair, all waiting to hail his welcome step and earn the first kiss—what a prize to a child! no fear in their hearts of cuffs or blows. Home is that man's earthly paradise; all his children love the sound of his welcome step; even the infant at the breast looks for the father's caressing after tea. No anxiety on that wife's brow about her husband being over his time; she well knows nothing but accident or death can keep him from those beloved ones who are eagerly waiting his well-known rap at the door. How such a father's love twines around the hearts of his children—it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. After tea he will spend an hour or more with his children, then bring out his Bible, read a chapter to them, explain to their little minds as well as he is able, kneel down with his family, thank God for his mercies during the day, ask for his kind care and keeping during the silent watches of the night. He then dismisses the dear children to bed with a kiss and a blessing. View this man in every other relation of life—as a husband, a neighbour, or a friend—and you will find him acting as becomes a man of probity and principle, and earning the respect of all who know him. I think I have proved that temperance leads to providence, happiness, and heaven; whereas intemperance leads to misery, want, crime, and endless woe. Surely every wise man should choose, and, in a good cause, work while it is called day, as the night cometh wherein no man can work; and there is neither knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the grave, whither we are all hastening.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

### I.—RHYMING PROPHETS.

THOSE who have ever thought it worth their while to bestow a glance of inquiry upon the subject, must have been often struck with the intense reverence and veneration which, in many a country locality, is still paid to sundry doggerel rhymes, handed down by tradition and village records as veritable predictions uttered by some small prophet, who has, in bygone times, honoured the locality with his presence.

Without attempting to enter into any discussion of the question, why the march of enlightenment has yet failed to banish these floating motes of misty divination from the vision of the credulous, it may prove no uninteresting prelude to examine the pretensions of a few of those who have acquired some extended notoriety for their supposed powers in this art and mystery of withdrawing the veil from futurity. There are few who have not heard of one Robert Nixon, "the Cheshire Prophet," as he has been called, and whose ruddy face, in the picture title-page of the old story books, must be fresh in the recollection of those who have numbered him among the marvels of their childhood. Let us see, for instance, what materials for our purpose can be gleaned from the scanty records his biographers have furnished.

A volume, originally printed some years ago for private circulation, and entitled *Palatine Anthology*, supplies some curious particulars respecting Nixon. From this it appears that John, or Jonathan, the father of the presumed prophet, was a husbandman, who had the lease of a farm of the Abbey of Vale Royal, to this day known by the name of Bark, or Bridge-house, in the parish of Over, near Newchurch, and not far from Vale Royal, in the forest of Delamere. The house is still kept up and venerated by the natives of Cheshire, for the avowed reason of perpetuating the place of the prophet's birth, which took place on Whitsunday, in the year 1467, about the seventh year of Edward IV. He was christened by the name of Robert, and from his infancy was remarkable for a natural stupidity and invincible ignorance, so that it was with difficulty his parents could instruct him to drive the team or tend the cattle. He seldom spoke, and, when he did, he had so rough and unpleasant a voice, that it was painful to hear him. His words, however, were seldom without some prophetic application. Having on one occasion displeased a monk of Vale Royal, he muttered in an angry tone—

"When you the Harrow come on hie,  
Soon a raven's nest will be"—

a prophecy which is said to have been fulfilled; for

the name of the last abbot of that place was Harrow, and when Henry VIII. suppressed the monastery, the domain was given to Sir Thomas Holcroft and his heirs, who bore a raven in their crest. A most elastic allegory, it must be confessed!

At another time, he told the monks that Norton and Vale Royal Abbeys should meet on Acton Bridge—a thing at that time looked upon as improbable; but these two abbeys being pulled down, the stones were used for repairing the bridge, and thus realised the prediction. He is also reputed to have said that a small thorn growing in the abbey-yard would become its door—a prophecy actually fulfilled long afterwards, at the time of the Reformation, by the thorn being cut down and cast in the doorway, to prevent the cattle that grazed from entering. The advent of the Reformation, however, is declared in still plainer terms. Nixon says—

"A time shall come when priests and monks  
Shall have no churches or houses,  
And places where images stood;  
Lined letters shall be good.  
English books through churches are spread—  
There shall be no holy bread."

Sad doggerel, it must be admitted; but, if not written after the event, we are bound to acknowledge it tolerably correct in every particular.

Those who live near Delamere Forest point triumphantly to the following triplet, which has been repeated among the "oldest inhabitants" from a time beyond the memory of man—

"Through Weaver Hall shall be a lane,  
Ridely Pool shall be sown and mown,  
And Darnel Park shall be hacked and hewn."

Now, curiously enough, two wings of Weaver Hall are yet standing, but between them is a cart-road; Ridely Pool is filled up and made good meadow-land; and in Darnel Park the trees are cut down, and the ground laid out as pasture. Nixon is also asserted to have foretold the introduction of broad wheels and railways; and has predicted that Northwich, now a town of considerable trade in salt, will be destroyed by waters—an event which is expected by natives of Cheshire to come to pass as much as any other part of his prophecy has done. Indeed, some urge that it is now taking place, and that the navigable cuts, recently made, are productive of considerable injury to the prosperity of the town. What rendered Nixon, however, most famous was, that, at the time when the battle of Bosworth field was fought between Richard III. and Henry VII., he stopped his team on a sudden, and with his whip pointing from one hand to the other, he cried, "Now, Richard; now, Harry," several times; till at last he exclaimed, "Now, Harry, get over the ditch and you gain the day." The plough-holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home, and it was soon verified by special messengers dispatched to announce the proclamation of Henry as king of England on the field of battle. The messenger who went the Cheshire circuit related on his return the prediction of Nixon concerning the king's success, which, though it had been confirmed by his arrival, had made it no news to the natives of those parts. Henry sent the same messenger back to find Nixon and bring him before him; but, while the king was in the act of giving this commission, Nixon was running frantically about the town of Over, calling out that the king had sent for him, and that he must go to the court and there be "clemmed," meaning, starved to death.

In a few days the messenger passed through the town, and demanded a guide to find Nixon; and then, to the amazement of the people, who had before scoffed at his idiotic appearance and odd sayings, the Cheshire prophet was hurried to court, where his lamentations that he was going to be starved became still more pitiful. To prevent this being the case, Henry, after a few satisfactory trials of his supposed powers of prediction, provided the royal kitchen for his dwelling-place, and appointed an officer to see that he was neither ill-used nor affronted, nor at a loss for any necessary of life. Thus situated, one would have thought that want could never have reached him; yet, one day when the king was going to his hunting-seat, Nixon ran to him crying, and begging, in the most plaintive terms, that he might not be left; for that if he were, his majesty would never see him again alive. The king, intent upon his expected diversion, only replied that it was impossible, and recommended him more emphatically to the officer's care. Scarcely, however, was the king gone, than the servants mocked and teased Nixon to such a degree that the officer locked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend him. It so happened that a message of importance from the king was received by this very official, and, forgetting his involuntary

prisoner in his anxiety to obey the royal command, he set forth, and, though but three days absent, when he remembered the poor fellow, he found him, on his return, starved to death, thus literally fulfilling his own prediction!

This is about as much related of the Cheshire prophet as is worth recording; and, though it would be absolute heresy in the neighbourhood to utter a syllable of disbelief as to its veracity, it would be no difficult matter, we opine, to prove that Robert Nixon; if not positively a myth, had yet little claim to the marvellous exploits so liberally associated with his name. What with the inventive faculty of the village minstrel, the dimly-remembered instances of the prophet's presumed inspiration, accumulated after his decease, and liable to corrections and interpolations as occasion rendered them necessary, we may be fairly allowed to doubt the integrity of his predictions, as handed down to us; and, even if these were genuine, to dispute the correctness of the signification which is sought to be attached to them. But it is time to turn to a contemporaneous professor of the craft.

What Robert Nixon is in Cheshire, Mother Shipton is in Yorkshire; and just as firmly are her predictions advocated and believed in by the people of her own county. Our authority—a little blue-covered book that we lately purchased at the Dropping-well of Knarborough, and which, notwithstanding its unpretending charge of sixpence, has no mean claims to be considered as an authentic biography—thus briefly sets forth her birth and parentage:—

"Ursula Southley was born in 1488, during the reign of Henry VII., near the Dropping-well of Knarborough, in the county of York, of poor but honest peasants. She was baptised by the Abbot of Beverley by the name of Ursula. Her stature was larger than common, her body crooked, and her face frightful; but her understanding extraordinary."

The vulgar relation of her life and actions is equally extravagant with that of her birth, but it is generally supposed that she was a person of ordinary education; endowed with strong natural religious feelings, and that, being believed to possess an uncommon penetration into futurity, she became so famous in her time that great numbers of all ranks and degrees resorted to her habitation to hear her wonderful vaticinations. As if a part of her mission was to prove that even the most unattractive of the fair sex need never despair of a husband, it appears that at the age of twenty-four she became the wife of one Toby, a builder at Shipton, a little village six miles to the north of the city of York; and from this change in her maiden appellation she derived the familiar cognomen of "Mother Shipton." As usual with the fraternity, her last prediction was concerning the time of her own death; her demise, corresponding to the prediction, taking place in 1561, when she was upwards of seventy-three years of age. After her death, a stone monument—representing a woman upon her knees, with her hands clasped before her in a praying attitude—was erected to her memory in the high north road, about a mile from York. A few months since, being in the neighbourhood, we made a pilgrimage to the spot, and, after considerable difficulty, found the memorial, which seems to have been almost forgotten by the northern antiquaries. It is a mere shapeless mass of stone, hardly a foot high, standing on a small, triangular patch of ground, where the broad leaves of the potato plant—with which the place was thickly covered—nearly screened the crumbling relic of antiquity from sight. The original epitaph is said to have been—

"Here lies one who never ly'd,  
Whose skill has oftentimes been tried;  
Her prophecies shall still survive,  
And ever keep her name alive."

On a careful examination and analysis of what are called Mother Shipton's prophecies, we find in them a most wonderful and suspicious similarity to those emanating from Nixon. Handed down through the treacherous medium of verbal tradition—a few committed to writing by her cotemporary believers, open to the future emendation and transcription of successive possessors, and thus assuming a more direct relationship between the prediction and the fulfilment—we may be fairly allowed in this case also a small share of incredulity as to their presumed authenticity. We have the old story over again of a bridge coming to be loftier than the turret of a neighbouring tower; and economy in parochial expenditure leading to the use of the materials of the ruined tower for repair of the bridge, bringing the prediction to pass. We are similarly assailed with mysterious prognostications of great political changes couched under a very opaque, allegorical