

# BRITISH WORKMAN



Joseph Paxton

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## CELEBRATED GARDENERS.

**JOHN ABERCROMBIE**, a horticultural writer of some celebrity, to whose taste and writings the science of gardening is considerably indebted, was originally a working gardener, near Edinburgh. To increase his knowledge in the different branches of gardening, he came to London at the age of eighteen, and worked at Hampton Court, St. James's, and Kensington Royal Gardens. He commenced his literary labours by the publication of a work entitled "Mayer's Gardener's Calendar." The flattering reception which this experienced induced him to publish "The Universal Dictionary of Gardening and Botany," under his own name. This was followed by "The Gardener's Dictionary," "The Gardener's Daily Assistant," "The Kitchen Gardener, and Hot-bed Forcer," "The Hot-house Gardener," &c., &c. He died in 1806, in the eightieth year of his age.

**WILLIAM AYTON**, an eminent botanist and gardener—born in Lanarkshire, in 1781. Having been regularly trained to the profession of a gardener, he came to England in 1794, and was engaged as an assistant by the superintendent of the physic gardens at Chelsea. His industry and abilities recommended him to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and he was appointed in 1799 to manage the botanical garden at Kew, where he became a great favourite with His Majesty George III. Here it was that Mr. Ayton formed one of the best collections of rare exotico plants in the world, an account of which he published in 3 vols. 8vo., entitled *Journales Kewensis*, the result of many years' labour. In 1828 his merit was properly rewarded with the lucrative office of managing the pleasure and kitchen gardens of Kew, which he was allowed to retain with the botanical department. Mr. Ayton's private character was highly estimable for mildness, benevolence, piety, and every domestic and social virtue. He died in 1856, and was interred amidst a large concourse of influential friends, in the churchyard of Kew.

**WILLIAM BARNBY**, an able horticulturist, was born at Old Meldrum, in the county of Aberdeenshire, in 1757, and having been early initiated in the science of horticulture, came to London, in 1788. Shortly after he was appointed to the celebrated Philip Miller, gardener to the Company of Apothecaries, at their botanical garden at Chelsea, and succeeded him in that situation in 1771. He was subsequently appointed by the King chief superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kensington, and at St. James's, which appointments he held until his death in 1824. He invented a composition to cure the wounds and diseases of trees, and his two principal works are entitled "Observations on the Causes, Defects, and Injuries of Fruit and Forest Trees;" and "A Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees."

**THEODORE DENIS EHRET**, a celebrated self-taught botanical painter, the son of a gardener, was born at Durlach, in Germany, and died at London, in 1770. His greatest works are, "The Hortus Cliffortianus," and a Collection of Flowers and Fruits. He was a friend of Linnæus, and a member of the Royal Society.

**EMERED STONE**, an eminent naturalist, son of the Duke of Argyll's gardener, was born in Scotland,

towards the close of the seventeenth century. Before he was sixteen he taught himself arithmetic, geometry, Latin, and French, without any assistance. He wrote a Treatise on Fluxions; and a Mathematical Dictionary; translated Bion on Mathematical Instruments; and published an edition of Euclid, with a Life. He died 1707.

lethargy he had sunk into for a century previously, and awakened the attention, and raised the admiration of all Europe by his projects. He died in 1752, at the age of 67.

**LANCELOT BROWN** was originally a kitchen gardener, but raised himself to be the most eminent landscape-

**SIR JOSEPH PAXTON** One of the most interesting illustrations of perseverance and success that our times can furnish is found in the history of Sir Joseph Paxton. The son of parents in humble life—one of *the poor*, he now possesses a name known the world over, and a fame which history will be glad to chronicle. Not being born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," the instruments of horticulture were early put into his hands, and by the spade and mattock he earned subsistence as a working gardener. His way was opened, however, to the employment of the Duke of Somerset, at Wimbledon, as a landscape-gardener, from whose service he passed into that of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. Here he laid out those beautiful gardens, famous throughout England. The vast conservatory, which the King of Saxony graphically compared to a tropical scene with a glassy sky, was contrived by him; and in 1848 his fertile mind originated the idea of the glass and iron building for the reception of the splendid plant called the Victoria Regia. This was of a light and airy appearance, and was in fact, the parent of the Crystal Palace. His grand and original conception for that wonderful palace was realized in 1851, and admired by the thousands from all countries who met under its extensive roof. It gained for him the honour of knighthood. Sir Joseph also added much to the glories of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and grace and beauty of which so well harmonized with its artistic contents, and the prescribed objects of his profession. Sir Joseph is a distinguished Fellow of the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies, and has produced a Botanical Dictionary of accredited worth, besides editing the "Flower Garden," and other botanical and horticultural works. He was elected a member of Parliament for the ancient and celebrated city of Coventry in 1854.

**SIR CHARLES LINNÆUS**, the most celebrated of modern naturalists, was born at a village in Sweden, in 1707, where his father was then vicar. He studied at the Universities of Lund and Uppsala, and between 1731 and 1736, explored Lapland, where he obtained the materials for his "Flora Lapponica." Like many famous men, however, he had always been in narrow circumstances, and in a tour through Holland, which he undertook for scientific purposes, found himself reduced to the necessity of labouring for his bread. Linnæus at once accepted the situation of kitchen gardener in the establishment of Mr. Clifford, under the simple name of Charles Linnæ, and while engaged in his duties there was one day recognized by Count Carlberg, the Ambassador of Sweden, as his teacher when a student at the University of Uppsala. Linnæus, after this, became an inmate of Mr. Clifford's mansion for some years, and published, with the assistance of his patron, his famous system of nature. After his return to Sweden, in 1738, he settled as a physician at Stockholm, and his subsequent career was uniformly prosperous. His fame spread through every part of the civilized world, scientific bodies eagerly enrolled him amongst their members, he was honoured by his sovereign, and acquired sufficient wealth to purchase a princely estate, on which he resided for the last 16 years of his life.

**SIXTUS V.**, Pope of Rome, was the son of a gardener, and was born in Anagnino. He died in 1590, and was employed as a wreath-bearer, but early showed a



**JULIUS ALMERONI**, the son of a poor gardener in the suburbs of Piacenza, was born in 1664, and by his great abilities rose from this humble station of life to the exalted post of prime minister of state at the court of Philip V. of Spain. He raised that kingdom out of the

garden of his day; and also acquired reputation by his skill in architecture. He was born at Kukbarak, in Northumberland, in 1716. By his industry and talents he realized a handsome fortune, and was appointed High Sheriff for the county of Huntingdon; he died in 1778.

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with a hop, skip, and a jump, he scampered off towards the town. As Patsy looked after him, she thought what a good thing it would be, if no strong and healthy boy would go to sea in a merchant ship, for she felt sure he would come to harm there. She was glad, though Tom had been a tyrant to her, yet she had a sister's love for him. But her love was also to help him when all her hard work scarcely procured food for him.

That night one of the children came in and told Patsy that it wasn't fit to sleep. The window looked into the street, and she saw her brother Tom waiting, and watching at the opposite corner. Soon after she noticed her master going with a haggard step towards "The Friend and Pitcher," and then Tom darted across and entered the shop, as she thought. Presently after, she noticed him carrying a heavy bundle, across the road, and go down the street opposite that led to the beach. Patsy was certain that something very wrong was going on, and in her great grief for her brother she felt an impulse to run out of the house and fetch him, or watch him; but her mistress's voice however recalled her to the fact that she must not run out without asking leave.

Mrs. Viner was sorting some damaged stationery in the shed at the back, when she called Patsy, she gave her a note and sent her to "The Friend and Pitcher," which it was a long run for her, and after she gave it, she stood waiting near the bar for a considerable time, and indeed, she thought herself forgotten; she observed a passage way at the side of the house that opened a short cut to the beach, and was, in consequence, a rough frequented thoroughfare. After a long waiting the post-boy came to her, and said, "There's no answer, your master said a coming home here."

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"You're so sleepy and stupid," he replied, "you must have seen night what I thought I saw I saw you take it, and I thought I must see you for it."

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there's a shilling for you, and mind you come and wait about at dusk, and I may often have a job for you."

So saying, they separated, and Patsy crept to her hiding place, returned home, fully and happily as if her mistress about the key, and not knowing what she had done, and money her brother had charge of. She turned her eyes at the back door, and noticed that her mistress had been crying.

"How long you have staid, were's your mistress?"

"Patsy told her unsuccessful errand, and cleared her hasty throat to tell the rest, and then she turned to her mistress and went to bed, and, as Patsy turned to leave the room, she saw her poor mistress sink into a chair, bury her face in her hands and sob bitterly.

During that night, sound as Patsy slept, she was disturbed. She heard platoon words—and heavy sob—and a great struggling going on in the house; the next morning she noticed Mrs. Viner had her arm in a sling, and her face did not, and also heard Jasper Sinng tell a customer that his hand had missed her footing, and fallen down stairs. Patsy thought, however, that "The Friend and Pitcher," and the justice Mr. Viner, who was such good company, had more to do with the matter than the stairs, and she was right. Yet, it's not the poor battered women who appear at police offices, that are the only, or the worst sufferers from the brutality of drunken husbands—many a looking back never feels in sorrow, in wrong; and Mrs. Viner was one of those silent sufferers, of whom there is a great number. This event, and the compassion it excited, drove the history of the street-door key out of Patsy's head, but she felt wretched; and when, as it was the children's half-holiday, she went into the fields with them, and they strayed about finding wild flowers, Patsy sat at the side of the hedge and thought of the man who had been with her, and how he fell fast over her back.

"Holla my lass! wida's the matter!" said the clergy voice of a stout respectable sea-faring man, who came into the field since Patsy had been lost in thought. The manner of the stranger seemed to compel reply.

"Please sir, I was crying about my brother."

"What of him, girl, is he sick?"

"No, sir; but he has no work, and no money to teach him to be good; and I am afraid sir, while he's left off do some bad thing." The secret of poor Patsy's heart was now open, and she trembled and wept more than ever.

"Where's he? Would he go on, as he is a sorry of a thing, like you and your stranger."

"Oh sir! he's a deal bigger than me, and he's had five years younger, if you would take him I'm sure, that is, I think, he'd be good."

"Well, you're a brave little piece of goods," was the reply, as he fumbled in his pocket and gave her out a card. "All this

to come to me there, and I'll see what can be done."

To think of her crying, not about herself, but about her brother! Well, there's nothing in the world left, now, to shed a tear about Jasper! He mistook the stranger as he wandered off.

In an hour after, the falling dew warned Patsy to collect her things and return home. When she reached the shop, the first person she saw was the stranger who had spoken to her, and whose name on the card she saw was Mr. Drift. He was inquiring about two letters he had sent, directed to Mrs. Drift, Blue Anchor, London; that had been sent, money, and to neither of which had he ever received any reply. Now, he had been ever since out of the parish; they were addressed to, for some new docks had been built on the houses where she lived, and all traces of her was lost. Jasper Sinng, however, said he clearly remembered a young farmer-blue coming for the letters, and taking them both away.

"That evening, Patsy caught a glimpse of Tom lounging about in the dust, and she told her mistress she saw her brother, and asked leave to speak to him. Taking him a little distance from the house, with an earnestness of entreaty that struck home to her, she told him of the offer, and gave him the card of Mr. Drift, who was master of the vessel that traded to St. Michael's for fruit. "Tom, you'll be raised if you stay here; that Sinng's a bad young man—he'll kill you, Tom—said so he can't be honest and right—now do go out of his wicked way, that's a dear boy, do, for poor mother's sake."

Tom was moved, he trembled in his rags, and Patsy hid the comfort of seeing him go off to Mr. Drift's lodgings.

On her return, a great surprise awaited her.

A policeman and two gentlemen were in Tom's master's shop, and a cab was at the door, round which a crowd was gathered—she was just in time to see her master and his accomplice driven up to the police, and hurried off in the cab, on charge of robbing the post office. Before she recovered her spirits, the cab drove away—and the empty shop, and desolate house, rang with the shrieks of the heart-broken mother and her straggled little ones.

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PERSEVERANCE, OR, SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. G. B. BALDWIN. CHAPTER IV.

It was with a strange feeling, half of fear and half of exultation, that Patsy left the workhouse for her first place. She had heard terrible stories of cruel treatment to help the young servants, and yet the thought of earning her own living strengthened her heart as she rode along in her destination; for the grocer who had the contract for supplying the workhouse, had kindly given her a lift in his cart, and dropped her off at the door of her new abode. It was a numerous household that little Patsy came to serve. There were six children under ten years of age, their father and mother, and a young man in the shop, the nephew of the master. Patsy soon saw that the person who worked the hardest, both in the house and the shop, was the mother. From morning till night she was always toiling, and her looks were so worn and anxious, that it was easy to see she had some secret source of sorrow that preyed upon her and made life a hard struggle. The master was a very easy-going man, and much more generally liked than his wife. He seemed to have two distinct characters, like two coats, one for out-door and one for in-door wear. One, he was reckoned a cheerful companion, and much sought after by the choice spirits, as they called the school-boys, of the town. Every evening this man, Mr. Viner, was to be seen in the parlour of "The Friend and Pitcher," there he sang his jokes, his bits, and his opinion were sure to be well received by the group of toppers and smokers who took up their evening quarters. As home, Mr. Viner was either dull or crafty, always complaining and never pleased; he lounged in the shop, and dozed at his desk, and his conversation, if such it might be called, was made of whining and grumbling. For an hour in the afternoon, when the letters had to be stamped, he put on a really made a great bustle, and wrangled with his wife. Meanwhile, Mrs. Viner was sewing and saving with the right hand of gold, that her husband might scatter with the left hand of waste. Jasper Sinng, the nephew, in reality managed the business, and as he knew the importance he was of, he contrived to let his mind feel that he was a very indispensable person. And while he exacted from her great and constant assistance in the shop, he planned to marry the most important part of his business, and arranging should be his. Mr. Viner was not a very happy man, he was never satisfied, he always had his breakfast and his newspaper at half-past nine, when four or five of his little sons would be ready for Jasper Sinng contrived to be so busy in the shop previously, that he came in for his morning meal just after breakfast had been taken from breakfast, and lounged into the shop; so that Patsy found a house, where, as she thought, any comfort, meals were served on the table, and yet, poor as her fare had been in the workhouse, it was wretchedly inferior to that which mothers who are full of kindness and consideration for their own children, and in the main, are so ready to bestow, would so often forget that young servants are ever hired. Patsy was up the first in the morning, making the fire, and clearing up the house; then she had to wash the children and get them ready for school, and when the errands were done, and it was half-past ten, and until late in the evening, and when, at length, she sat down for a minute or two to eat a bit of bread; and then it was found, during Mrs. Viner's absence, that she had a very drowsy girl; and Jasper Sinng, who was so ready to delight in having something to torment, gave her a nickname of "Humpty-Doey," and thought himself so very witty in making that name, that he repeated it to all his companions, who thoughtfully caught it up, and so our little Patsy was not only a half-worried and half-alarmed, but the words "Humpty-Doey" were in the workhouse,

came to Patsy's mind. "Though you have no friend on earth you have a friend in heaven." This had taken root in her heart, and often when she went crying to her hard bed, she thought of the "Father of the Fatherless," came into her lonely soul and comforted her. When she had been about two months in her place, she was roused to observation by a strange circumstance. One night, when she was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion, she was suddenly awakened by a noise in her little room, and as she opened her eyes, at first without any distinct consciousness, she gradually saw that she saw Jasper Sinng got in at the window, and pass through the chamber out on to the stairs. As soon as she could recall her thoughts, she felt sure it was not a dream, and she rose in the night, and she noticed that there were footmarks on the mould of the little garden-patch that surrounded the shed, and sometimes in the wall as of some one having climbed up. While she was looking at this, she was frightened to notice Jasper coming towards her with a spiteful look. "You careless creature," said he, "what have you done with the house door key? I have you taken out of the door last night."

Patsy, sighing, said truly, "I never touched the key."

"You're so sleepy and stupid," he replied, "you must have seen night what I thought I saw I saw you take it, and I thought I must see you for it."

In vain she repeated she had never touched it; he still, while pretending to look for it, accused her. At length she said, quite innocently, "That was you looking for the key in the night, when you got through the window of my room?"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Jasper, coming close up to her with a savage expression of face. "I get through your room, you say that again if you dare, that's all!"

"Why I'm sure I saw you as I woke out of my sleep," said she, "only I want to speak to you."

"Awa's!" said he, hurrying into a tanning laugh, "you, Humpty-Doey! that's hardly awks now; 'ye pretend that anything woke you, indeed! who ever heard of a woman waking you? You've been dreaming—'but mind, I advise you, don't you dream about that and pretend such stuff because you've lost the house-key, or I'll have you turned out, you or I shall go."

So saying, he turned into the garden, and Patsy saw him digging round some roots just where the foot-marks had been.

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From that time, either Patsy got used to the work, or the crew stronger, or her faculties were rendered active by the belief that something wrong was going on, and a desire to find out Jasper's doing.

A fortnight after the incident related, Patsy had been walking in the fields with the children, when she saw a boy crossing the field path, that she knew her brother Tom. It was a great pleasure to her to catch him, but Tom would not tell her what had brought him there. He was very dirty and ragged, but looked strong and well. He had a younger children were ill, and that the father drank as much as ever, and then

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In an hour after, the falling dew warned Patsy to collect her things and return home. When she reached the shop, the first person she saw was the stranger who had spoken to her, and whose name on the card she saw was Mr. Drift. He was inquiring about two letters he had sent, directed to Mrs. Drift, Blue Anchor, London; that had been sent, money, and to neither of which had he ever received any reply. Now, he had been ever since out of the parish; they were addressed to, for some new docks had been built on the houses where she lived, and all traces of her was lost. Jasper Sinng, however, said he clearly remembered a young farmer-blue coming for the letters, and taking them both away.

"That evening, Patsy caught a glimpse of Tom lounging about in the dust, and she told her mistress she saw her brother, and asked leave to speak to him. Taking him a little distance from the house, with an earnestness of entreaty that struck home to her, she told him of the offer, and gave him the card of Mr. Drift, who was master of the vessel that traded to St. Michael's for fruit. "Tom, you'll be raised if you stay here; that Sinng's a bad young man—he'll kill you, Tom—said so he can't be honest and right—now do go out of his wicked way, that's a dear boy, do, for poor mother's sake."

Tom was moved, he trembled in his rags, and Patsy hid the comfort of seeing him go off to Mr. Drift's lodgings.

On her return, a great surprise awaited her.

A policeman and two gentlemen were in Tom's master's shop, and a cab was at the door, round which a crowd was gathered—she was just in time to see her master and his accomplice driven up to the police, and hurried off in the cab, on charge of robbing the post office. Before she recovered her spirits, the cab drove away—and the empty shop, and desolate house, rang with the shrieks of the heart-broken mother and her straggled little ones.

(To be continued.)

# IT'S NOBBLT' AND NAWVER HEED!

By DR. BAKER, INSPECTOR OF FACTORIES, LEEDS.

## It's nobblt a Minnt.

How comasally we say that, without much regarding whether it is a minute of our own, or a minute of any body else's; and yet, whenever it is, we have no right to waste it or despise it.

Minutes are the sands of life running through the hour-glass of time, and are, therefore, of all things the most precious. One of them is always gone for ever; and the clock ticks time into eternity, and adds to the sum of human knowledge, human happiness, human misery, life and death.

"To-day is yesterday's pupil, and has only twenty-four hours in which to make great advances;" and, "Time is a fly, which is perpetually rubbing off our sharp edges," and that so innocently that we are generally unaware of what it is doing.

Let us calmly look at a life of seventy years. It is made up of 37,000,000 of minutes, to give it its fullest amount of measure. These drop away at the rate of sixty in an hour, and steadily go on, night and day, summer and winter, without let or hindrance. But do not let us suppose that we ever have the full and actual enjoyment of those 37,000,000 of minutes.

On the contrary, 5,000,000 of these minutes are expended before any contribution of ours is worth anything to society, and before, therefore, we can be said to have been of much use. This is at the beginning of life; at the close, 5,000,000 are all that are left to us, when the wheel is run out, and nothing but the loam remains; in which civilized society tolerates us only for the past, and when we have to be included in natural affection to lay us gently down, instead of leaving us to be pushed down, 12,000,000 of these minutes nobody would care to have before us, in fact, to active-life—and being refreshed for new exertions. Lastly, there are only 15,000,000 left for active exertion, deep reflection, anxious care, honour, gratitude, or struggling dependence in this life, and in preparation for another.

But even from these last 15,000,000 of minutes, we have still some further deductions to make. We must take 5,000,000 for eating, drinking, dressing, and undressing, and holidays; so that there remains, but a small proportion of the whole sum of human life in which we have to learn, on any subject that we choose to study, that everybody has known before, or to do what everybody else has done before, or to originate a new idea, or develop a simple improvement worthy of a name. We begin with 37,000,000 of minutes, and we end with 10,000,000. Alas!

## It's nobblt a Minnt.

Let us value the time of a professional man, who makes a close thousand a year by his practice. Say that he works for an hour every day; every minute of his that you occupy, is worth twopenny and a fraction. Can you wonder, then, if you make an unusually long and perhaps an unnecessary call on such a one, at the end of the year you are presented with a long bill.

But take another instance; in many parts of Yorkshire as many as forty, fifty, sixty, or one or two hundred persons are employed in a room, at an average wage, say of eight shillings per person. If you make an unnecessary call on an average wage of eight shillings, the wages per week come to £24 for the work of sixty-four hours, or seven and ninepence an hour.

But the value of the time to the employer, who has to make a profit of it, in return for the risk he runs, and the capital he employs, may be three times that sum, or £73. 3d., depending entirely upon the quality of production made by the particular employment of every minute of every person engaged. The loss of a minute, therefore, a day, to the employer, by all the persons employed, would be £73. 3d.; of a minute every day in the week, of £518. 6d.; of a minute a day every day in the week throughout the year £232. 4s.

So, you see how it is that time is money to the master. We shall shortly see also, how it may be money to the workman.

We are indebted to Miss London for the saying, "that a minute taken from the life of every person, and added together, would make an age." When, therefore, you are consuming your own time in loose conversation with another person, spare his courtesy the pain of telling you, that you are drinking away a precious part of that 10,000,000 of minutes he has, which you can have no possible claim; and remember, that if you have nothing to do, perhaps, he has, and give him the opportunity of doing so.

And how many of you sell your time, and receive compensation for it, at so much an hour, for so many hours daily? Well, after these hours are over, there are still more which remain to you before the day is done, which, if you like, you may still further dispose of.

"Oh," I fancy I hear you say, "what is it to be worth?"

It must be either work or waste. It may not be the same work. Change of work is the true rest of the mind; the farmer puts his land to rest in fallow, in order to give it rest, while he feeds before the summer crop; that it is more his, which you and that it would be idle for him to feed it. So with the land, so with the mind; give it change. Work is rest in that way rest. Simple physical rest is managed by sleep, which, in a healthy body, takes care of the matter.

This time is also money to the workman, for who can overstate the value of his time, at the rate of ten hours a day, and fills the remaining four, hours himself of twenty-pence of improvement, which might otherwise, if he had had it, have served his family better, and being of the greatest benefit to him.

## It's nobblt a penn'orth.

Al! how often have these words been sown, as the seeds of repentance, and regret; and seldom uttered then, when they are sown in earnest in old age.

A penn'orth to-day, will, unless abused, become sixpence by the time next year, a shilling's worth the year after, and reckons ruin a few years hence.

Tell me, when is it nobblt a penn'orth? In the morning before breakfast, or in the middle of the forenoon, or just by way of a finish after dinner, or with a cigarette at night. Where is it nobblt a penn'orth? Is it in the dram shop at the street corner, in and out like a steadily coveting through a door that the corner, or through a private entrance round the corner, but the same result to your measure, in all our occasions? Is it at the workshop among young companions, who look up to you for example, and who are so ready in coming to look like men, and to copy examples which may give them such a bearing and appearance, as it is away from the domestic hearth, where there should be sobes and sympathy, and self-denial, and mutual love? Are these the garden of your measure, in which the seeds are sown, hereafter to produce a harvest of misery to you and to Alas, in too many cases is it even so!

## It's nobblt a penn'orth!

In early life, a young man of cheerful and confident temperance is approached to a business which throws him in the way of great temptation to drink. At first, little drinks were supplied to him, and he became inured to them, and in two years he drank spirit of wine, and in three years he was of the same general character, they, how-

ever, all drank brandy and water. Twenty of them set drunk in 1831, to brandy, tobacco, and three card life. In 1836, the first died of brandy and water, and not one of those gay companions lived to be thirty.

"It's nobblt a penn'orth!"

What volumes might be destroyed of families dismembered, hopes destroyed, laws broken, punishments awarded, by the beginning of a penn'orth!

There was an old soldier in one of the midland counties, who, at the age of thirty began to drink gin and water; at forty, he drank a bottle of gin a day, and smoked sundry pipes of tobacco; and during the day he also had sundry glasses of ale and wine. He died at sixty-six, and reckoning the ale and wine as a bottle of gin, on the days when his gin was out, it was computed that he had, in the last twenty-eight years of his life, drunk twenty-eight hogsheads, or between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds worth of spirits, independent of tobacco!

At 30, he was a staid and sober man, and a poor man, who had never been known to taste spirit in his life. First he took to pen'orthing, and these brought him up to the mark, when he became rich, and that which was only a drop at first became an ocean.

But not so that having of a pipe and a pot will do for a family. If you had but one pint of beer a day, and smoke but one pipe of tobacco, that which would have educated six children in any of the best national schools of the country, schools of which any age of the world might have been proud—and the learning acquired in them would have built up for these children houses of education, solid and imperishable; what he who drinks water drinks that which never yet made a man sick, nor

be necessary to quit.

"Cursed not the king, not in thy thought, and more not the rich in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air will carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall carry the master."

Is it a theft?

Do you remember the story of the boy who stole the horse-lock at school, and who taking it home to his mother, so far from being reproved by her, was rather commended, in that he had saved her the cost of buying one. When, however, he was about to be hanged to another room, and it learning a trade, and he was turned out, as in so doing, his eye for eye, saying to her these words, "If you had corrected me when I was young for stealing the horse-lock, I should not now have died at your old age by my selling my life on a scaffold."

"Thieving, like debt, begins with the nurse; and many a man owes to his school-boy days the propensities of his after-life—it may be "abstinence," but what one is inclined to combat and antagonize that one. In fact, there are few things more important than our children, when they get them, and how they name by them; and there is more difficulty in accomplishing a voluntary renunciation of all but necessary necessaries, substitutes. In fact, "nobblt once," "nobblt God to many a time, and among many matters of all, but inurement about the second or third month of matrimony, and it is far better to begin, and so if and so if it gets deep, it is very difficult to eradicate. There is, in fact, only one cure for it, and that is to begin again, and act differently. Let a man calculate his household expenses, just as he likes to live, and can live for a week; then take a small sum for wear and tear, and another small sum for sundries and amusements, and give his wife that sum every week, fortnight, or month, as he can afford it or prefers, and never say but what he does for the surplus, so long as his comforts are attended to. This is the cure for the quarrel to which I have referred.

A woman who confides her happiness to a man, should never be under a suspicion of extravagance or mismanagement, except upon long trial and abundant proof. Trial should always be granted for experimental wisdom, and proof should never be looked for with expectation, for a young wife may not wish to show, and ignorance, as the engagement is for life, it is far wiser to build her a bridge over the river, than to pull her through it. It must be remembered that a woman has many calls for money, which, though they are too insignificant for a husband's consideration, they greatly diminish her little means; and as a constant drip will wear away a stone, so, a constant asking for every shilling soon the best of temper, and eventually leads to the most unfortunate results.

My friends, there should be no slavery at home, whatever there may be abroad; and there be no greater slavery than poverty, and no greater disparity, than a well-to-do husband and a poor wife. In fact, he may be said to have fallen into a happy vein who himself frugal without being stingy, and who trusts his wife with what she needs, and who has the same opinion of her forethought and prudence that he has of his own. Depend upon it, that a man's great work, but all things go by contrasts in it, and therefore there are trials for every man, and there are trials for every woman, and that we need not be afraid of poverty, and that we need not be afraid of home, but we should be afraid of all quarrels should break outside the door where love has taken root, and where it is a wise man who philosophizes his life before he goes in, and never says but what he does for the surplus, so long as his comforts are attended to, this is the cure for the quarrel to which I have referred.

"Do, sir," said the thief, "do, sir; it is my trade." "What," said the magistrate, "if you could do it, would I never taught a trade?" "True, sir, sir—never! I never knew what it was to do anything but steal, I was a thief!"

"What," and you are not tired of it, would you like to trade in it, and to be sure, I earn an honest livelihood like other men, instead of being hounded down everywhere as a thief?"

The poor fellow looked the magistrate in the face very earnestly, and said, "Sir, if I would give anything, do anything but what I am capable, to know the smallest means of honest living, I would be glad to do it."

"Listen to me, my friend," said the magistrate, "I have an institution, in which such a man as you are engaged to trade, and hereafter to live by the law's own exertions. But there is a condition attached which must be observed, if that condition is broken, the candidate is conveyed to his cell, and no further attempts are made for his recovery."

"It is a trade," he said to another man, "and hereafter to live by the law's own exertions. But there is a condition attached which must be observed, if that condition is broken, the candidate is conveyed to his cell, and no further attempts are made for his recovery."

"It is simply this," replied the magistrate, "that you are to be removed to another room, if the door of which will be left unfastened, and you are to be put on bread and water a fortnight; and if you do not never pass the door without remembering, if he carries them inside with him."

"That grandee does have little sense. You don't know to 300's own; And still this law have better sense, and I'll be bound to it." (To be concluded in the next number.)

## THE MAGISTRATE AND THE PRISONER.

"Winnery, sir, most winnery, for two months if you please."

In debt, nor his wife a widow, nor his children beggars.

It's nobblt once!

Well, if we're 'nobblt once,' we shouldn't 'mink mind; but the great danger is, of its being done all ways.

Mark the proverbs which indicate the danger of a bad habit.

"Once a case, and always a custom."

"In for a penny, in for a pound."

"It's a shander."

"He who has done ill once, will do it again."

And scores of others of the same kind.

What is it that's 'nobblt once'?"

It is a debt, a slander, a theft, or a quarrel!

Let the debtor remember, that once in debt, he is no more a freeman, for "Happy is he that owes nothing," and he who puts by every night a penny over and above his expediture, is on the high road to independence and liberty.

Let a slanderer remember, that once in debt, he is no more a freeman, for "Happy is he that owes nothing," and he who puts by every night a penny over and above his expediture, is on the high road to independence and liberty.

Let a thief remember, that once in debt, he is no more a freeman, for "Happy is he that owes nothing," and he who puts by every night a penny over and above his expediture, is on the high road to independence and liberty.

Let a quarrelsome man remember, that once in debt, he is no more a freeman, for "Happy is he that owes nothing," and he who puts by every night a penny over and above his expediture, is on the high road to independence and liberty.

"FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL; OR WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?"