

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Fact Instead of Fiction.

A fine looking, vigorous man stepped into the bar-room and called for a dram. His well filled purse attracted at once the landlord, who became his particular friend, and made him a universal favorite. Joyous and free, Conrad called for well filled bumper after the best seat at the fire was his; his words were oracles; his side of every question was maintained bold and punctual; he could run a score as length; true, sometimes he thought the score rather a long one, but as no one could doubt the veracity of the landlord, this was but a passing thought.

"I wish, sir," said Conrad's wife to the landlord one day, "you would discourage my husband's visits. I care not for the money he spends, but he comes home foolish, or cross, and his children notice it. For the love of heaven, sir, do not encourage him."

"Oh," replied Boniface, "you are too anxious. My house is respectable and licensed. Twelve good citizens have endorsed my establishment. He is in no danger."

A tear dropped from the eye of the wife and mother. "She saw too well that she might well appeal to death or hell to resign their prey, as to this interested vendor." He disengaged any one, indeed! Did not his living depend upon the drunkenness of the constituency? Temperance would curtail his means; prohibition ruin his trade.

Poor Conrad was toasted at the bar as a hen-pecked husband—tied to an apron string. His wife was toasted as a pattern governess and prudent manager of her spouse. All this galled him, and to prove his *mammoth*, he drank steadily at the bar later—wrote home to say he was, of course, he was master! He could do as he pleased, was a freedom, and drank confidently to all testators who filled the brains of his family with their fanatical notions.

Money began to fail with him. His companions would dispute with him. Arranging one day with a new owner, flushed with success, the landlord told him to be civil, and not raise a disturbance. His credit failed at the bar, and he was referred to the significant words, "No Trust," which had before escaped his attention. He saw that he had fallen, and vowed amendment. His family, though sadly reduced now, encouraged him in his reformation, and he began to rise again. But the infernal devil was still open. The landlord, seeing his cash, smiled again, and lured him back. Now the struggles of conscience were weaker—a sense of degradation seized him—he had lost caste—the pew was given up—traders were shy of him—his friends dropped off—his landlord was his only friend—he stuck to him as long as three cents ginged in his pocket—kindly purchased, at some value the articles he would purloin from home—not appearing to notice that the clothing was feminine and small. So accommodating was he, that even when Conrad brought a half-worn washboard, he received for it a portion of the strongest poison. But no human patience can endure always. When no articles remained at home—when bed, stool, cooking utensils, all were gone—the landlord himself called him a drunken brute; would trust him no longer, and when he annoyed him with his boisterous importunity, kicked him out. To die? Oh! not at all; merely to prevent an orderly house from being scandalized!

The poor wretch missed his way home, and was found under a snow-drift. The coroner called a jury—some of them his old companions—and the verdict was rendered, "Found dead; cause of death unknown."

The landlord smiles now upon other victims, and is as accomodating as ever! If we did not believe in a future retribution, we would exclaim, "Has God no lightning to blast such a wretch?" We do exclaim, as loudly as we can, shun such places as you would shun the pit, and use every means to close them forever.

Book Notices.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, revised, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface by his Son. Illustrated with Copies of his own Sketches. In two volumes. Pp. 310, 320. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the great humorist Hood ceased his struggle with life. But still his memory is green. Not soon will the world allow anything he wrote to perish. With filial tenderness and judicious care have the son and daughter collected together these memorials of a parent who loved them dearly, and who delighted until thousands, though his eyes were often dimmed with tears, and his heart was often filled with sadness. Each chapter of the volumes covers a year of his life. The matter consists of letters and scraps not previously published, and of scenes and incidents illustrative of the genius and character of him who "sang the song of a shirt." The conception was admirable, and the entire execution reflects credit on the children and honor on the parent, and will charm and instruct multitudes of appreciative readers.

THE SAND HILLS OF JUTLAND. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improvization." Pp. 267. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

This is a story on one already favorably known to the reading public. It commences in Spain, but its scenes are mostly in the Jutland sand-hills. The style is possessed of great and quiet beauty, along with much simplicity and tenderness. The incidents are based on a shipwreck, and the various occurrences of seafarers' life along the coast of Denmark, and the characters are drawn with a skillful hand, revealing mingled stems of happiness and sorrow in a way that attracts the attention of the reader.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By George Henry Lewes, author of "Life of Goethe," &c., &c. Pp. 140. New-York: Harper & Bros. 1860.

This is a story on one already favorably known to the reading public. It commences in Spain, but its scenes are mostly in the Jutland sand-hills. The style is possessed of great and quiet beauty, along with much simplicity and tenderness. The incidents are based on a shipwreck, and the various occurrences of seafarers' life along the coast of Denmark, and the characters are drawn with a skillful hand, revealing mingled stems of happiness and sorrow in a way that attracts the attention of the reader.

CASTLE RICHMOND. By Anthony Trollope. Pp. 474. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

A new production from a popular author.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS OF PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.; WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE. Compiled by Rev. James R. Boyd, A.M., editor of English Poets, with notes, &c. Published by the American Tract Society, 10 Nassau Street, New York, and sold at the Tract House, No. 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and by William S. Rentoul, St. Clair Street, Pittsburgh.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and said of Doddridge, there was need of this volume, which contains the very cream of his correspondence and diary. It is a book that will be relished by every devout Christian, and that will profit every theological student who turns to its pages.

HASTEN TO THE RESCUE; OR, WORK WHILE IT IS DAY. By Mrs. Charles W. Webb. With a preface by the Author of "English Hearts and Hands." Published by the American Tract Society.

Society, and for sale at the Tract House, No. 929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and by William S. Rentoul, St. Clair Street, Pittsburgh.

This little book has been already re-published

in this country, by the Carters, and is well wor-

thy of the extended circulation that can be given

it by the American Tract Society. It is a touch-

ing exhibition of the evils of intemperance, and

of the success that has attended well directed

Christian efforts for the reformation of drunkards.

The fact that it is introduced with a preface by Miss Marsh, is a sufficient commendation.

W. M. S. RENTOLU.

The attention of our

renders is called to the weekly advertisements of

the bookseller. He has a large and valuable se-

lection of standard Scotch and English theolog-

ical books, together with all the publications of

the Carters, Gould & Lincoln, Sheldon & Co., Smith, English & Co., Presbyterian Board, Amer-

ican Tract Society, &c.

WE have received Appleton's Valuable Rail-

road Guide for August. "The Family Christian Almanac" for 1861, published by the American

Tract Society, and for sale by Rentoul; and the

following tracts, published by the Presbyterian

Board; viz.: "The Service of Song"; or, Some Plain Thoughts on Singing in the Worship of God," by the Rev. W. P. Carson; "Dead upon the Waters; or, A True Story of Lucknow"; "Are Your Children Baptized?" "Why I Love My Church," by the Rev. J. H. Boocock, George D. C.; "John's Baptism"; "With Christ or Against Him"; "Grieve Not the Holy Spirit"; a Warning to Delaying Sinners"; "The German Watchmakers in Sourabaya." Also, from the Presbyterian (New School) Publication Committee, the tracts: "Shall I Dance?" "Little Sins; or What People Call Sin"; "Simplicity in Worship"; "The Poor Blacksmith Made Rich,"

and many others.

For the Fireside.

Ingratitude to Parents.

There is a proverb that "a father can

more easily maintain six children, than save

one child." Luther relates this

story:

"There was once a father who gave up

everything to his children—his house, his

fields, and goods—and expected that for

this his children would support him. But

he had been some time with his son,

the latter grew tired of him, and said to

him: 'Father, I have had a son born to me

today; let us go to him.' Will you not

perhaps, go to my brother, who has a larger

room?"

"After he had been some time with the

second son, he also grew tired of him, and

said to him: 'Father, like a warm room,

and that hurts my head; won't you go to my

brother, the baker?'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have

your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. And she may respond that, whatever befit her, Most happy shall be with her husband beside her!'

"The father went, and after he had been

some time with the third son, he found him

troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the

people run in and out here all day, as if it

were a pigeon house, and you can not have