

his fist under his nose, and defied the whole crew. The Spaniards, in a solid phalanx, each armed with a club and a long knife, were ordered to advance and seize the ringleader. Then ensued a scene of strife and confusion seldom seen on the deck of a boat. The Spanish crew, however, were victorious, and managed to secure four of the ringleaders, who were tied neck and heel, and peace was once more restored. The chief of the mob was not caught, and for several days could not be found, and it was thought that he, together with four or five others, had jumped overboard, and either drowned or swam ashore. Several of the cabin passengers aver that they distinctly saw three or four men in the river, and as the affair occurred soon after the boat left New Orleans it was impossible to tell who was lost.

During the melee, a coal boatman of the name of Blakely was dangerously stabbed, and sent to the Hospital. The mate of the *Trabue* received a cut in the hand from a knife which he caught just as one of the mutineers made a lunge at him. The four that were arrested were put off of the boat soon after the affray was quelled, and when the boat was in the neighborhood of Milkens Bend, the big fellow that had been missing was found, and was forthwith set ashore. He had been secreted under the cylinder timbers. No further outbreak occurred during the trip, though many threats were made just before the boat reached port. The discipline of the Spaniards, and the determination of the officers of the boat, put an effectual stop to the lawlessness of the coal boatmen.

### Should have been a Man.

"There goes something that should have been a man," exclaimed a friend.

The poor wretch was just leaving a low grog shop.—A tall form, with a massive chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frizzled gray hair, eyes, deep, dark and lustrous once, now still deep but sepulchral, and burning like smouldering fires on red altars; these made the sum bodily of that something that should have been a man.

But at once to trace his career.

A beautiful babe pressed fondly on the breast of a joyous mother,—clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets, all innocence; filling the house with the music of his laugh.

A lovely boy, towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, his brow curved with intellect, wending his way to school, and there winning prizes,—perhaps silver medals. So, in the play-ground, the king amongst his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shouts!

A youth, already singling his gentle, blue-eyed partner, from the band of social girls; such ardent spirits seek for the frail clinging of graceful vines; strangely enough. A youth, sipping at small parties the bright-hued wine, and poetising upon the frothy pearls that deck its surface.

A young man! How the words leap to paper. How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves, and proud startings for fame! What yearnings to be rich? What hopes of happiness! What mines of gold! What height of greatness! What excess of joy, these three little words conjure before the mind!—A young man! Does he mean to be drunken? To be poor? To be dishonored? To have the children laugh and point the finger at him? To strike down the de-

fenceless man? To deform innocent children? To turn home into worse than a howling desert? Oh! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights and the bewilderment of beauty, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul—hugging it as the miser hugs his treasure—the fiend that desolates.

Well, time has passed swiftly, the brand is burned out; it is charred and blackened; the star fallen from the heaven of home. He bickers, he quarrels; he laughs with silly leering, and kicks at the harmless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar him back, and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to the grog shops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man."—*Religious Herald.*

### The Earl of Shaftesbury "Amongst Thieves."

At a meeting a few days ago of the friends of the London Industrial Institution, the Earl of Shaftesbury said that in one of his late visits to a juvenile school in Westminster, he met a notorious old chief called the "Doctor," who willingly accompanied him, went over the premises, expressed his gratification, and put down his name as an annual subscriber of a guinea. When asked if he really was in earnest, he replied that he was, shook his head and said bitterly that if such invaluable institutions had existed when he was a boy, his subsequent career would have been very different. Orphans, of course, had the strongest claims on their patronage. He (the Earl) knew of a poor boy, 12 years old, who slept every night during a whole winter in the great iron roller in the Regent's-park, and got a young friend to keep him company. Many children had no bed except to lie under the shambles, and no food except cabbage leaves and what they could pick up from the refuse of the markets. Care must be taken that these preventive schools did not hold out inducements to parents to abandon their children. Again, there was the case of many children, he might say, in worse than orphanhood, from the wretched and debasing example of their parents. He had been present the evening before at a tea-party given in one of these preventive seminaries, to 144 reclaimed children who had kept their situations for twelve months. These were not ordinary children. They had once been the veriest outcasts, picked from the mire, and seemingly almost beyond the reach of the Gospel. He hoped Mr. Driver's institution would be serviceable for some legislative measure he intended bringing before Parliament. He had brought in a Bill last session regarding juvenile delinquents, giving power to the police in certain cases to place them in the workhouses at the expense of their parents. He regretted that it had not passed. It was notorious that many of the parents of such unfortunate children were in comfortable circumstances. They sent out their offspring to beg and steal, and seized what was carried home. In 200 cases brought to his notice, the weekly wages of such inhuman guardians had averaged from 16s to 35s. If the parents were taxed for the maintenance of their children in the workhouses, it would be soon found that they would give up sending them out in the streets.

**SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.**—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course grown grey with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*