

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1854.

No. 2.

THE FRANTIC WOMAN AND THE GROGSELLER.

MANY instances have occurred, where the wife of a drunkard, driven to desperation by her poverty and suffering, and having no law to protect her—has “become a law unto herself,”—and sought redress by executing “summary justice” on the cause of her woes. Contrary to law, against the peace of the grog-seller she has “wantonly, maliciously, wickedly, and with force of arms,” committed sundry violent assaults on the heads of bottles, demijohns, casks, &c., disregarding the sacred rights of property, and exposing herself to the wrath of the rum-seller, the penalty of the law, and the sympathy of the people.

On a cold winter's morning, some years since, in a quiet New England village, a frantic woman was seen in the street at an early hour, making her way through the newly fallen snow towards the village tavern. Her dress was disordered,

her hair hung over her shoulders, and her face was bruised and badly swollen. As she strode rapidly through the street in this condition, with a hatchet in her hand, she presented a frightful appearance, and attracted the attention of the few who happened to be out at that early hour.

She entered the bar-room just as the smiling landlord had kindled the fire, replenished his bottles, swept out the room, and got things in order for another day's work. Without seeming to notice the presence of Mr. Toddystick, the frantic woman proceeded within the bar, and *smash* went the newly filled bottles; the astonished keeper sprung forward to protect his property, but he was suddenly arrested and transfixed by a most defiant look from the intruder, with the startling exclamation, “keep your distance, wretch, or your head shall share the fate of your bottles!” And without further ceremony, or opposition, she proceeded to demolish demijohns and casks, until the liquors were all on one common level with the *other* filth of the bar-room.

Having finished her work within the bar, the frantic woman made hasty steps towards the middle of