

interesting girl, simply yet elegantly habited in the European costume. The squaw preserved a demeanor so perfectly calm, as to betray neither look nor emotion suggestive of fear as to the result; with head erect and proud, she seemed to believe it impossible that her rights should fail of being vindicated: at her side, the girl, with a look of melancholy resignation, was equally immoveable. At the extreme end of the hall, the parents, Kingsmans, with troubled countenances and heaving breasts, regarded the child whom they had believed to be their offspring, and under their defeated hopes, they appeared to feel the disappointment most poignantly. The wife, at the moment that the squaw and the young girl were retiring, appeared unable to resist the strong impulses of her maternal love, phrenziedly rushed towards one whom she had evidently taken for her child, but who was now passing from her for ever—an emotion founded, it is true, in error, but not the less worthy of our respect and compassion.

Problems.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

In a town containing 14,520 inhabitants, 1 out of 33 dies annually, and there are 5 births for 4 burials, and 12 girls are born for 13 boys. How many boys and girls are born there annually?

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, February, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the following Problem for insertion in the *Life Boat* :—

The population of a certain village is such, that when a $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, and $\frac{3}{4}$ are multiplied together, the product is 55,566. I require the number of the population.

JAMES EGLESON.

Bytown, Jan. 23, 1853.

Enigma.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 7, 10, 17, 10, 19, 7, 10, is a city in Upper Canada.

My 19, 8, 5, 9, 10, is a river in South America.

My 20, 1, 19, 7, 10, 19, is a town in China.

My 14, 10, 10, 19, is a mountain in Africa.

My 10, 19, 8, 5, 1, is a lake in Russia.

My 20, 10, 17, 11, 4, is an island in the Adriatic Sea.

My whole is what every young lady ought to be.

T—s G—N.

Toronto, February, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the answer to the Enigma in the *Life Boat* :—

The whole Alexander the Great. Solutions.—Axe, Lead, Tea, The, Garden.

Yours truly,

JAMES EGLESON.

Bytown, 4th Feb, 1853.

Conundrum.

SIR,—I beg leave to hand you the following Conundrum for the *Life Boat* :—

What is that instrument with which every tooth in your head may be drawn, not only without pain, but without perception of the operation, provided you open your mouth and keep your eyes shut?

I am, &c.,

TYPHO.

Montreal, Feb. 20, 1853.

We observe in the *Son of Temperance* a letter intended to prejudice the *Life Boat*. We need only say that the public were made perfectly acquainted with the circumstances under which our little Magazine was to be issued; that it would be printed at the *Pilot* Office, and would be owned by a *Cadet*, a son of the proprietor of the *Pilot*. No deception has, therefore, been practiced by its managers. The *Life Boat* is edited by a Temperance man of fifteen years standing, and all the affairs of the little concern are entirely separate from those of the *Pilot*; just as much so as those of the *Baptist Register*, formerly published at the same Office. The youth of the proprietor made it necessary that his father should in the beginning give him some little counsel; and we believe the letter written by him to the correspondent of the *Son*, is the only one he ever did write in connexion with the *Life Boat*. Since then, its correspondence and accounts have been altogether in the hands of Francis W. Campbell and the Coxswain.