

Jack Marlingspike.

A blunt-spoken nautical wag, (perhaps naughty would be the better word,) who rejoices in the characteristic *nom de plume* of JACK MARLINGSPIKE, spins us out a long yarn, in the course of which he rates us soundly for our inattention to the Daughters of Temperance, and other such craft.

Well, perhaps we have been somewhat remiss; however, as we don't sail a pleasure boat, we may be excused for not calling round and taking the girls aboard. The blessed creatures are possibly not very often in circumstances to need our special services; and if they will take our advice, not one of them will hereafter go out upon the voyage of life with any chap who swaggers away in disregard of the pledge, or who already swipes and swigs. No, girls; give them a wide berth, and plenty of sea room, or keep them in quarantine until they come with a "clean bill;" but let there be no billing before!

The *Life Boat* will readily take freight from the Daughters, if they will send the right kind; and we hope their friend Jack Marlingspike will use his palaver to induce them to address us an occasional Bill of Lading.

Notwithstanding the sauciness of Jack, we would have put in his yarn if it had not been so long; but we did not know how to reduce it. Try it again, lad, and belay the slack at the proper place,—we shall then find room for it.

"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "we can't be wed without it."

From a correspondent of the *Portland Watchman*:—"The Rev. J. C. Lovejoy has taken the stump against the (Liquor) Law, and report says he receives the handsome sum of \$30 a lecture,—*thirty pieces of Silver!* Pretty good pay; whether he will make the same use of the money that his distinguished prototype did, remains to be seen."

[Capital, hit him again. We very much fear that his thirty pieces would go a short way towards buying a field large enough to bury the victims of the trade he defends. It is to be hoped, however, that he will limit his discipleship to receiving the money, for the hanging part of the business is behind the times.]—COXSWAIN.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.—An old toper, in the last stages of dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing could save him but being tapped. His little son objected to this proposition, by saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't let him, for you know there was never anything *tapped* in this house that lasted more than a week."

Mat.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

Was man for nobler realms born
Than those o'er which he now doth tread?
Or shall he fairer scenes adorn
Than those which are around him spread?

Shall fields of a more golden hue,
Or mountains tipp'd with brighter green,
Break on the distant future's view,
Or from the grove's black brink be seen?

Shall clearer streams, or cooler springs,
Flow through Eternity's fair fields?
Or have they birds with brighter wings,
Whose silvery voice more sweetly peals?

Yes! Hope declares a nobler scene
Shall burst on man's astonished eye;
That fields more rich and mountains green,
His earth-bound soul shall yet descry!

While Reason lights Truth's flowing torch,
Emitting rays that pierce the gloom,
Which hovers o'er the Future's porch,
Beclouded by Doubt's dresded doom!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.