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THE MAN IN THE WELL.

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It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February, which follow the breaking up of cold weather. The snow which had fallen, at intervals, to a considerable depth, had been washed by a three days' rain, except here and there it lay saturated with mud and coal dust, where it had been driven round the corners by the sweeping winds, or brushed from the pavement into the gutters. The frost was just out of the ground. The eave-spouts ran gurgling streams of inky hue; for the long dripping rain had thoroughly soaked up the deposits of winter from the blackened roof. It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet and disagreeable as one can possibly conceive a day to be. Everybody, who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering. "Oh! how disagreeable it is." Those who had to go out, buttoned up

close and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water, he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. The well was nearly completed, and the men engaged in digging it held a consultation whether they should continue their work. The elder and wiser of the two said, "No, the earth was too full of water, the ground too soft, the pressure of the stone work too great; it would cave in;" and he refused to enter. But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, "No danger; I know what I'm about." But he did not know. The burthened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel. Wild went the cry over the village—"Fisher's well has caved in and buried Custard beneath!" The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard-stick; the farmer left his market wagon in the street; the