

THE LIFE BOAT.

CADET PLEDGE—I do solemnly promise that I will not make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider, and that I will abstain entirely from the use of Tobacco in any form, so long as I am a member of this Order, &c. &c.

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The Maelstrom.

Abroad again! Our trig little craft has already breasted some angry billows, but we trust it has borne both aid and warning to persons in danger of wreck. Once more we venture upon the wave! We go to the rescue of the perishing! You have heard of the MÆLSTROM on the coast of Norway. It is a large and dangerous whirlpool in which many vessels are said to have been engulfed. Some curious theories have been offered in elucidation of the mysteries of this formidable vortex. We are not, however, about to trouble you with them; our purpose is merely to use the fact as an illustration. When vessels sail too close to the Maelstrom, they are seized, as it were, by a strong current running in a large circle, and it soon becomes apparent that they are upon the outer edge of the pool: the circles become smaller and smaller, until the centre is reached, when the ill-fated bark sinks into the abyss, to be seen no more! We have often seen a faithful representation of this perilous

whirlpool, and still fear that in most of our cities and towns it may be observed every day. The farmer brings his three or five gallon keg or jug to town for a supply of "fire water;" and to facilitate its introduction into the vessel, a large tin or wooden funnel is inserted in the neck or bung-hole. In a moment, the liquid begins to run round and round the funnel, and if a chip or fly should be in the stuff, it will describe all the evolutions of a vessel within the suction of the Maelstrom. Would to God that the likeness were confined to this miniature representation! Alas! that the possession of Rum should already constitute the outer edge of a perilous vortex, more dreadful than all the dangers of all the seas in the world. But we must leave the farmer, while we pull after a young man who has launched his bark upon the tempting sea of dissipation. See him there away! With a crowd of canvass and gay streamers, he gives to the winds his fears; folly swells his sails with the breath of her plea-