

A Shameful Spectacle.

Last week, early one evening, being in company with two ladies, we encountered one of those repulsive sights which even a rum-seller does not like to see. It was a woman so helplessly drunk, that at every step she stumbled and fell in the snow. She was near the door of a groggery, and we must do the landlord the justice of saying, that he came out to help her on her way. The evening was very cold, and but for the aid given her, the wretched creature would have been frozen, perhaps to death.

This fact reminded us of another somewhat similar, which came to our knowledge several years ago in Quebec. Very early, one morning in winter, a woman was found at her own door half covered with snow, frozen as hard as marble. She had in her hand a small flask containing liquor, and being very much intoxicated, as was proved at the Coroner's inquest, had fallen where she was found; but unable to rise or to call assistance, which was within three yards, she had slept her last sleep amidst the raging of an exceedingly severe storm. The wind had uncovered her shoulders, and exposed the fine plump and white arm of a still young and comely woman. She had gone to a neighboring tavern at about eleven o'clock, to get spirits for herself and her husband. How many such cases occur which on earth pass unnoted, the archives of eternity will unfold. Where did the blame lie?

Several extra-extraordinary meetings have lately been held in Boston, in support of the Anti-Liquor Law of Massachusetts. The Music Hall, capable of accommodating Five Thousand persons, was filled long before the time of commencing, and the enthusiasm manifested was truly sublime. What may not a moral people do in the cause of order, when they have made up their minds to do it. Let the Boston men alone when the high duties of patriotism are to be performed! You will always find them on hand!

The Sons of Temperance held their Annual Soirée in Montreal a fortnight ago, and its success was perfect—always excepting that they lodged their invited country guests at an Hotel where rum is dispensed, although a place equally comfortable at the very least, and conducted on Temperance principles, was within bow-shot! Very singular indeed, and requiring explanation.

To Correspondents.

O. K. H., Chesnut Hill, Pennsylvania.—Have written you on the subject.

O. D. W., St. John, N B., is received. Have sent the numbers as desired. All right.

F. H. S., Picton.—We are reluctantly compelled to decline an "Acrostic on the *Life Boat*" We are always glad to encourage our juvenile contributors when we can do so with propriety; but this effusion falls below the standard which has hitherto governed us in our selections, and we are not prepared to lower it.

D. C., Toronto.—Will write you soon.

J. E., Bytown.—Your answers came too late.

H. P., Bytown.—Our space was all occupied when your Problem arrived. We will make room for it in our next.

S. C. K.—The lines by this hand are rather pleasing, but the measure is very defective. Before offering poetry for insertion, our young friends should see that the rules of versification are at least complied with. It is not enough to rhyme the ends well, or to produce an easy flow of language; there should be an agreement in the measure. Yet even when this is done the performance may be any thing but *poetical*. Poetry consists in the beauty of the images and metaphors employed. Measure and rhyme are but the form and dress; still the rules by which they are governed, cannot be overlooked.

Answer to Enigma in last *Life Boat*:—Solutions.—Toronto, Negro, Canton, Moon, Omega, Corfu. My whole, a Daughter of Temperance.

F. H. SMITH.

Picton, March 19, 1853.

Answer to the first Problem in the March number:—

528 boys and girls born

261⁹/₁₃ girls

266⁴/₁₃ boys

Answer to the second Problem:—84.

Answer to the Conundrum:—A Pencil.

D. J. MAC.

Montreal, March 3, 1853.