

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1855.

No. 12.

THE LOST BOY.



THE editor of the Sandusky Mirror was formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary. He gives the following as one of the incidents that occurred while he had the control of that Institution:—

I had been a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention was attracted to, and a deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein and permitted to work in the shops with old and hardened convicts. This interest was increased on every evening as I saw them congregate in gangs marching to their silent meals, and thence to the gloomy bedrooms, which are more like living sepulchres with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies as they marched to the terrible "lock step," and consequently, most easily attracted attention. To see

many youthful forms and bright countenances mingled with the old and hardened scoundrels whose visages betokened vice, malice, crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was among the boys a lad of about seventeen years of age who attracted my attention; not from any thing superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow and the silent uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of by both officers and men, and, I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rule of propriety, yet he seldom had any excuse or apology, and never denying a charge, or he took the reprimand and once the punishment, without a tear or murmur, almost as a matter of course, seeming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out—his health was poor—his face pale—his frame fragile, and no light beamed in his dark grey eye. I thought every night as I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I