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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 11.

A THRILLING SEA STORY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.



It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Elliot, having on board the late Edward Livingston, then Minister at the Court of France, and family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls, drew near the "chop" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight, P.M., the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and bye," remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam; but he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it

without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers, and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P.M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light ho!" was heard from the foretop-sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points to the lee bow," replied the lookout man, which the unprofessional reader will understand to mean very nearly straight ahead.

At this moment the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands!" was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boat-swain, with the long, shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board a man of war.

"All hands!" screamed the boat-swain's mate, and ere the echo died away, all but the sick were on deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers,

where Sir Cloudesly Shovel and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead Man's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. 'To go ahead, seemed to be death, and to go about was sure destruction. The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—that hauling up of which, contrary to the last order he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close graze along their outer edge. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the Captain, in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the Lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the Master's Mate.

The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it, sir," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack!" thundered the Captain; "keep her full and bye, quarter-master!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet!"

shouted the Captain; and aft it went, like the spreading of a sea-bird's wing, giving the huge sale to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea!" cried the Captain.

"Aye, aye, sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and bye!"

"Aye, aye, sir, full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady so!" returned the Captain.

"Steady!" answered the helmsman, and all was silent as the grave upon the crowded deck, except the howling of the storm, for a space of time that seemed to the imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour to us; unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly; and who ever touched upon those rocks and lived during a storm?

The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got shove whistling—it came in puffs that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while everything on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the fore shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep

her at small helm, Quarter Master, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the Captain.

The luffs were soon put under the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the over-laden frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides his coffin of glory.—She had been fitted out at Boston, when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course, therefore, slacked at every strain, and her unwieldy masts—for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship—seemed ready to jump out of her.

And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew—and then another—until at last our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most frightful proximity to them. This trifling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but is a literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish.

As we galloped on—for I compared our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the bold Atlantic

rolled its white caps before us. During this time all was silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the Captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail which in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, "he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution!"

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in., and from the light of the Scilly, the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure, and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down!" said the Captain to the First Lieutenant, "and splice the main brace."

"Pipe down!" echoed the First Lieutenant to the Boatswain.

"Pipe down!" whistled the Boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to the Master's Mate, the next morning.

He made no reply, but taking down a chart, showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal, and the Light House Island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from our mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger, but never before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrible as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt. to weather Scilly on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston enquired of the Captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly, "You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church."

It is singular that the frigate Boston, Captain McNeal, about the close of the Revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and, also, Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the Captain—a rough but gallant old fire eater—if they were not in great danger; to which he replied—"You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray God to forgive your numerous sins, for if we do not carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes."—*Selected.*

#### "UNCONSTITUTIONAL."

**A** BUTCHER in this city was recently arrested, for selling *beef*. He was detected in the very act. We humbly suggest that this is a case which calls for the interposition of the Governor. Such a high-handed invasion of personal liberty—such an outrageous interference with the rights of commerce, should not be passed over in silence by our Chief Magistrate. Is not the sale of *beef* "constitutional?" Is not the interference of the policeman with the "vested rights" of the butcher, clearly "un-

constitutional?" May not a man do what he will with his own?

We submit these queries to the Liquor Sellers' Association of the City of Albany.

*Post Scriptum.* Cows are mortal. Our persecuted butcher's cow died one day, without the interposition of the *knife*.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

#### THE YOUNG.

**O** COULD we gain the young, who have no inveterate prejudices to combat, no established habits to overcome; could we gain the young, we might, after a single generation had passed away, shut up the dram shop, the bar-room, and the rum-selling grocery, and by shutting these up, shut up also the poor house, the prison house, and one of the broadest and most frequent avenues to the charnel house.

"More than this, could we shut up these licensed dispensaries of crime, and disease, and death, we might abate the severity of maternal anguish, restore departed joys of conjugal affection, silence the cry of poor deserted orphanage, and procure for the poor demented suicide, a respite from self-inflicted vengeance.

"This, the gaining of the young to abstinence, would constitute a mighty fulcrum, on which to plant that moral power to raise a world from degradation.

"O! how the clouds would scatter, the prospects would brighten, and the firmament of hope clear up, could the young be gained, intoxicating liquors be banished, and abstinence with all its train of blessings introduced throughout the earth."—*Dr. Nott.*

SLEEP is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without prayer.

## DEFECTION—ITS CAUSE.



JOHN B. Gough, the well known devoted and efficient advocate of temperance, stated in a late speech in London, that out of 500,000 persons who had signed the pledge in the United States, 450,000 had broken it!"

The above paragraph, with variations, has been traveling the rounds of the press for the past two or three months, and has very generally passed unchallenged. We have not noticed it hitherto, for we believe the intelligence of our readers would put the right interpretation upon it; but our "sober second thought" suggests that we might as well help them in this matter; and, more especially for the sake of the unintelligent, do what we can to place it in its true light before the world.

Mr. Gough probably never made the statement attributed to him. What he *did* say we presume is substantially true—that, of the thousands of inebriates who had signed the pledge, the greater proportion of them had gone back to their cups. He might have stated the number of signers at 500,000—but more probably at just three-fifths of that number, which is not far from the truth. Of course, no one who knows anything of the progress of the temperance reformation in the United States, would suppose that either of these sums included the aggregate of signatures to the pledge. These are counted by *millions*, and not by thousands, or hundreds of thousands; and there is no reason to

doubt that the great majority of them have maintained their integrity.

But there is a dark side to the picture, and nothing can be gained by shutting our eyes to it. The "Washingtonian movement"—so called—commenced in Baltimore, in 1840. From that time to 1845, probably not less than 300,000 inebriates—including both confirmed and occasional drunkards—signed the abstinence pledge. Many of these united with the organization of the "Sons of Temperance," and not a few are, to this day, ornaments and efficient supporters of the Order. But for the greater number, we are sorry to say, were tempted back to inebriety. We have been in a position to *know* something of the history of "Washingtonianism," and no one who has taken the pains to furnish himself with the facts, will question the truth of our assertion, that at least *three-fourths* of the drunkards who signed the pledge from 1840 to 1845, inclusive, have fallen from their position of sobriety, to a lower depth, if possible, than that from which they were temporarily rescued.

This is the *fact*. Now, what does it teach? That the effort to redeem the drunkard is a hopeless one? That his appetite must, sooner or later, get the mastery of his virtuous resolutions, and drag him down again to the perdition from which he had been rescued? Or that his pretended reformation was a mere sham—a hypocrisy, having in it no element of a virtuous purpose, a righteous resolve? No—none of these. The drunkard *can* be redeemed,—as at least fifty thousand living witnesses in our land, to-day significantly testify. His appetite *can* be, not merely *subdued* but *extirpated*. Nor were the reformed inebriates of the era

of Washingtonianism, insincere or hypocritical. They were honest and earnest men. They *desired* and *resolved* to reform. They signed the pledge in good faith, determined to abide by the solemn covenant.

Why, then, did they fall?

Simply because the temptation presented by ten thousand open grog shops, acting upon an unsubdued appetite and an infirm (though honest) moral purpose, was too strong for them to withstand. In one word, it was for the want of a *protective prohibitory law*. They *desired* to abstain—they *resolved* that they would do so—they signed the pledge *in good faith*; but they were borne down by the steady, remorseless, cumulative pressure of an ever-present temptation—and *they fell!*

But their fall teaches us this lesson: *the drunkards of our land can never be saved, except through the operation of a prohibitory law!* The grog shops must be closed—temptation removed from their path—time afforded them for the recuperation of their exhausted energies,—for the extinction, through long disuse, of their depraved appetites, and for the upgrowth and strengthening of *moral purpose*, without which the hope of permanent reformation is in vain. Prohibition,—the outlawry of the traffic—will do all this. By prohibition, we do not mean a statute simply declaring the sale illegal, and then leaving the matter to regulate itself: but a stringent law, with suitable penalties, rigidly enforced, cutting the infamous traffic up by the roots, and giving it no chance to strike a single fibre into the soil. Such is prohibition in Maine, generally—such it is in Connecticut—such it must be in New York, and throughout the whole sisterhood of States; and

then humanity will rejoice in the demonstration that *the drunkard can be saved!*—*Prohibitionist.*

#### A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

THE Albany Express gives an account of a very remarkable case which occurred in that city in 1849, and which is vouched for by the attending physician. The subject of the incident was an eccentric old man, well known in that city. Daily would he be met in the streets, with his huge, old fashioned "bull's eye" watch suspended from his neck with a massive cord, and on the latter swinging a brass key, of size proportionate to its service on the "bull's eye." Every block or two would the watch be pulled out, eyed with an unmistakable expression of pride, affection and approval, wound up, and again deposited in its quarters. The operation was invariable—so much so, that the "old gentleman and his watch" had mutually become town features. One day, during the cholera, in the year above given, the old gentleman was taken down with it, and notwithstanding prompt and continued assistance, failed rapidly, and, as it was thought, died.

His old and faithful watch—his attendant in sickness as in health—lay, during the illness, upon a table, within reach of his bed, its loud tickings seemingly mournful and subdued, as though conscious that each one brought it nearer to the final separation.—While the physician and friends of its master were standing near his bed consulting as to the time and manner of his burial, the corpse, long since cold as ice, and motionless as the grave, without premonition suddenly straightened up, the eyes opened, the hand stretched forth and seized the long loved watch—with careful fondness it was wound

up, replaced on the table, and the body fell back and died! The consternation of the by-standers was intense at this sudden and ghastly performance, and all save the physician and attendant fled! these two promptly attempted to resuscitate him, but life had finally fled.

#### SHAMEFUL INJUSTICE.

**I**F the liquor traffic imposed its burdens on those only who participate in its benefits, our opposition to it might be regarded as unreasonable; but the reverse of this is true. Not only does it lay a tax upon all the industrial energies of the State to repair the mischiefs it inflicts upon it, but it also imperils *the most sacred rights of society*—rights unpurchasable and infinitely dear to man. Says the author of "An Appeal to Voters:"

"The liquor seller is not the *only* one who has rights. What becomes of the rights of other people, while the liquor seller is exercising this *legal* right to live by the destruction of his customers? They are invaded and destroyed. The sober man has the right to raise his sons to sobriety and virtue. The liquor seller ensnares and destroys them. He has the right to travel without unnecessary risk, in the steamboat, stage coach, and on the railroad. Can he do this with drunken drivers and engineers? He has a right to his own property, but the liquor seller's *customers* steal, burn, and destroy it. He has a right to the money he earns by his labor, but the law *compels* him to support the paupers and criminals which the liquor seller makes. No man's life or property is safe, while the right to sell liquor is granted by the legislature."

A HEART unspotted is not easily haunted.

#### A DRUNKARD'S OPINION.

**O**R. Snodgrass, in an address at one of the recent anniversary meetings, in New York, related the following incident: Said I to a friend of mine in Baltimore—a man of talent in one of our professions, a well-meaning, useful man, in the days of his sobriety—"What think you of the Maine Law for Maryland?" "Think?" replied he; "I think well of it. Give me that and I shall have hope; I have signed your pledges over and over again, but only to break them as often. Shut up these houses with your prohibition law—take away from my eyes these attractive saloons and sparkling decanters—remove the sight of these and the fumes of their contents—the Satanic temptation to ruin; and then, but not till then, I shall hope to remain a sober man—to be myself again." For my own part, my friends, such appeals have an irresistible force with me. I think it is high time that we had legal prohibition everywhere, when the very inebriates themselves are imploring its assistance for their agonized, desponding souls!

#### BOYS.

**B**OYS are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prisons for their crimes:

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper; and who are apt to get into difficulties with others.

6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.

7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.

We add,

8. Those who loaf around grog shops and drink whisky.

### NIGHT.

BY J. BLANCHO WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS NIGHT! when our first parents knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely fame,

This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,

Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperous with the host of heaven came,

And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who would have tho't such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O, sun? or who could find,

Whilst fly and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

### WATER.

WHERE does the water spring gladsome and bright?

Here in the leafy grove,  
Bubbling in life and love;

Born of the sunshine up-op'ning to light,

Waked in its pebbly bed,

When the still shadows fled,

Gushing, overflowing, down tumbling for flight.

Where does the water flow?—where glides the rill?

Now 'neath the forest shade,

Then in the grassy glade,

Dancing as freely as child of the hill,

Bright cascades leaping,

Silver brooks creeping,

Wearing the mountains and turning the mill.

Where does the water dwell, powerful and grand?

Here where the ocean foam,  
Breaks in its rock-ribbed home;  
Dashing and lashing, up-bounding, wrath-spurred,

As on, sweetly sleeping,

Soft dimples o'er creeping,

Like a babe on its mother's breast, soothed by her hand.

Where smile the dew-drops that night shadows woo?

Where the young flow'rets dip,

Leaving each perfumed lip,

Close in the rose's heart, loving and true;

Pois'd on an em'rald shaft,

Where never sunbeam laughed,

Deep in the dingle—the beautiful dew!

Where glows the water pledge given of old?

'Tis dropped from God's throne,

When the shower is gone,

A chain of pure gems, link'd with purple and gold;

In Eden's hues blushing,

With infinity gushing,

A line from the book of life, its love half untold.

The bright bow of promise, the signet of power,

The crown of the sky,

The pathway on high,

Whence angels bend to us when darksome clouds lower,

Breathing so silently,

Kindly and truthfully,

Of their wings for a shield in the wrath-bearing hour!

Then we'll love the threads lacing our beautiful world!

Tangling the sunbeams,

Laughing in glorious gleams;

The wavelets all dimpled, and spray tresses curled;

The tear on the flow'ret's breast—

The gem on the ocean's crest—

And the ladder of angels by rain drops imperled.

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven.

THE GIRL AT HER SISTER'S GRAVE.

— A little child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?



T Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslems, is a short distance from the town. It is planted with green trees, and is a favorite resort not only for the heaved, but those whose feelings are darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl with half playful countenance, busy blue eye and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she would do with these bright things in such a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it seemed the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level table, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

“And why,” I enquired, “my sweet girl, do you put seeds in these little bowls there?”

“It’s to bring the birds here,” she replied, with a half wondering look; “they will alight on this tree when they have eaten the seed, and sing.”

“To whom do they sing—to you or each other?”

“O no, sir,” she replied, “to my sister—she sleeps here.”

“But your sister is dead.”

“O yes, sir; but she hears the birds sing.”

“Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers.”

“But she knows I put them there. I told her before they took her away from our house I would come and see her every morning.”

“You must,” I continued, “have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again.”

“Yes, sir,” she replied with a brightened look, “I shall see her in heaven.”

“But she has gone there already, I trust.”

“No, she waits under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together.”—*Anonymous.*

THOUGHTS ON A CARESS.

“OH, what a nice place to cry!” said a laughing little girl, as she nestled her head lovingly on her mother’s breast.

The words were spoken playfully, and the little fairy was all unconscious how much meaning lay hid in them; but they brought tears to my eyes, for I looked forward to the time when care and trial should throw their shadows over that laughing face—when adversity should overpower—when summer friends should fall off like autumn leaves before the rough blast of misfortune—when the faithful breast she leaned upon should be no longer warm with love and life—when, in all the wide earth, there should be for that little one no “place to cry.”

God shield the motherless! A father may be left—kind, affectionate, considerate, perhaps—but a man’s affections form but a small

fraction of his existence. His thoughts are far away, even while his child clammers on his knee. The distant ship with its rich freight, the state of the money market, the fluctuation of trade, the office, the shop, the bench; and he answers at random the hisping immortal, and gives the child a toy, and passes on. The little, sensitive heart has borne its childish griefs through the day unshared. She don't understand the reason for anything, and nobody stops to tell her. Nurse "don't know," the cook is "busy," and so she wanders restlessly about, through poor mamma's empty room. Something is wanting. Ah, there is no "nice place to cry!"

Thank God!—not unheard by Him who "wipeth all tears away," goeth up that troubled heart's plaint from the despairing lips of the motherless!

#### SMITH DRUNK VS. SMITH SOBER.

**S**MITH, the razor-strop man, occasionally breaks off from the subject of the very peculiar quality of his strops, and gives his audience a short lecture on temperance, in his own peculiar, droll way. Here is a short extract:

"SMITH'S CAT.—When I drank grog, I owned a cat—a poor, lean, lantern-jawed thing, that was always getting into a scrape. As I had nothing for her to eat, she was compelled to take to the highway; and the neighbors were continually crying out, 'Cuss that Smith's cat, she's drank all my milk.' Poor thing! she had to steal or die; for she could find no pickings at home, for even the poor mice that were left were so poor and scraggy, that it took several of them to make a shadow; and a decent cat would starve to death in three weeks, on an allowance of eighteen per day.

But when I reformed, things took a different turn. The kitchen being well provided, the crumbs were plenty; and the old cat grew fat and honest together. When the mice grew fat and oily the old tabby would make a hearty supper on them, and then lie down and snooze with the pleasing consolation of knowing that when she awoke there would be a few more left of the same sort.

"And again: When I was a beer guzzler, mother cried, father cried, Bill cried, Moll cried, and the cat cried. But when I signed the pledge, father sung, mother sung, wife sung, the cat sung, and the kettle sung, and I bought a new frying pan, and put a nice piece of beef-steak in it, and placed it on the fire, and that sung, and that's the kind of singing for the working man.

"And a third: The difference between Smith sober and Smith drunk is this: Smith drunk, was rummy, ragged, and riotous.—Smith sober, is joyful, jovial, and jolly. Smith drunk, was stuttering, stupid and staggering.—Smith sober is cool, clear-headed and cautious. Smith drunk was sick, sore, and sorry.—Smith sober is hearty, healthy and happy. Smith drunk was ill-read, ill-bread and ill-fed.—Smith sober is well-saved, well-behaved, and well-shaved."

#### FILLING THE JUG.

**M**R. S., a staunch temperance man of W., went to Hartford about the time—the day, or day after—the Connecticut law went into operation. He called, on some business, at a grocery and provision store, where had traded occasionally, and was well known. "Ah! Mr. S.," said the grocer, "I am very glad to see you; where's your jug? For a few days past, all the temperance men around

have been in to get their jugs filled, and I suppose you have come too I have not had such a run of business for years," chuckling and glorying in his supposed advantage over his old acquaintance. But the honest, solid farmer had handled and broken too many wild colts to be easily frightened by such unprovoked and rough treatment. He mildly, but firmly assured the grocer that he might depend upon it his triumphing was short, that the law must and would be sustained, and that he would come to like it as well as anybody, when he should see how well it worked. The grocer laughed at the absurd idea, and a very earnest discussion of the question at issue followed.

A number of weeks after, the farmer made it convenient to call again at this store. He saw the desirable change already effected. He met the grocer, and accosting him very pleasantly, said, "What does all this mean? What has become of all the old barrels and loungers that used to block up my way out here? And what makes you look all so nice and prosperous now? Doing a good business, too. The new law is beginning to work, I guess." He was a pretty good Yankee, and dodged away without waiting to hear the unnecessary deep mystery.

#### THE TRUE WARRIOR.

HE came not in vile war's array,  
With sword and flaming brand,  
Nor with a lawless, reckless throng,  
To devastate our land.

HE came not in war's glittering pomp,  
With its blood stained guilty train,  
Fresh reeking from the field of fight,  
'Mid martial music's strain.

No stain of blood was on the flag  
That waved above his head;  
No mourning mother's shriek went up,  
In wailing for her dead;

No sister's tear bedew'd the cheek  
For a lov'd, lost brother's doom;  
No aged sire turned pale with fear,  
At musket's ring, or cannon's boom.

No mourning widow pressed her babe  
Still closer to her heart,  
In agony of wild despair,—  
Nor grasped, with nervous start,  
The boy, her first-born, by her side,  
Who watched her voiceless woe,  
And child-like asked, with quivering lip,  
"Where did my father go?"

No burning homestead sent up its glare,  
To redden on the midnight sky;  
No startled maiden hid in fear,  
From arm'd men passing by.  
No dying groan, nor rending shriek,  
No stifled word, or half-breathed prayer,  
Escaped from mangled victims' tongues,  
To thrill with horror on the ear.

His was a bloodless victory,—  
The victory of RIGHT—  
The victory of the tried and true,  
O'er the countless hosts of MIGHT.  
He came 'mid stalwart forms and hearts,  
That made the welkin ring  
With loud huzzas, and joyous words,  
"God save the Temperance King!"

No sculptured marble speaks his praise,  
No statue to his honor's given,  
But a nation's voice in praise goes up,  
Re-echo'd by the choirs of heaven.  
A million hearts his image wear,  
A million voices breathe his name,—  
From East to West, from North to South,  
Has spread his never dying fame.

On England's shores, o'er Ireland's soil,  
On Scotia's hills his name is heard;  
While in our own blest happy land,  
It has become a household word.  
The young, the old, the grave, the gay,  
Before his name in reverence bow,  
A million voices blend as one,  
To speak thy lasting praise, NEAL DOW.  
—*Maine Temp. Journal.*

ABUNDANCE is a blessing to the wise;  
The use of riches in discretion lies;  
Learn this, ye men of wealth; a heavy purse  
In a fool's pocket, is a heavy curse.

## THE GREYHOUND OF AFRICA.



NOTHING evinces more the aristocratic tastes of the Arabs of Sahara, than their treatment of the greyhound. Here, as in all other Arab countries, the common dog, whatever the utility of his employment in protecting the tents and flocks, is still regarded as a contemptible and troublesome servant—disagreeable necessity. The greyhound alone, as the companion of his chivalrous pastimes, is treated by the Arab with affectionate attention and respect. While, therefore, the faithful watch dog is driven forth from the tent, treated as a vulgar brute, and allowed to seek his food among the offal and bones that have been thrown out, the greyhound sleeps in the men's apartment, on a carpet beside his master, or even on his bed. He is abundantly, but carefully fed with kooskoos; and in summer, cakes made of milk and stoned dates, which are said to be highly tonic. If a thorough bred animal, he will not drink out of a dirty vessel, nor will he taste milk in which any one has put their hands. He is defended from the cold with coverlets like the horse; the Arabs have no objections to his being sensitive in this respect—it is evidence of high blood. They delight in decking him with ornaments, and make for him collars of cowry-shells, to which they attach talismans to secure him from the blight of an evil eye.

At the age of forty days the pups are removed from the mother,

and fed with goat or camel's milk, mixed with dates and kooskoos.

At the age of three or four months, the education of the greyhound is begun by the children starting jerboas or small deer, and inducing him to give chase. He soon becomes so fond of this pastime, that he will bark round the holes, to induce the youngsters to renew the sport. The next game on which he is tried, is the hare; then the young gazelle. The Arabs talk to him as a human being: "Listen to me, friend; thou must bring me some venison: I am tired of eating nothing but dates;" whereupon the dog leaps, wheels about, and intimates as plainly as possible that he understands his master's wish, and is abundantly willing to comply.

When the dog perceives a herd of thirty or forty gazelles, he trembles with joy, and looks wistfully at his master. "Ha! young Jew," says the Arab, "thou wilt not say this time that thou has not seen them." He then unties an ox-skin, and refreshes the body of the dog with a sprinkling of water. The impatient animal turns on him an imploring eye: he is loosed on the game, and bounds away; but yet conceals himself, crouches down if he is perceived, a zig-zag course: and it is not till fairly within reach, that he darts with all his strength, choosing the finest of the herd as his victim. When the hunter cuts up the gazelle, he gives the dog part of the loin; if he were offered any of the refuse he would reject it with disdain.

A thorough bred hound will hunt with no one but his own master; and he manifests due self-respect in his choice of a prey. If on loosing him, his master has pointed out a fine gazelle, and he has succeeded only in taking a small and middling looking one, he seems

to feel the reproach that attaches to the failure, and slinks away ashamed, instead of claiming his accustomed share. He always accompanies his master when visiting, and shares whatever hospitalities he receives. By his extreme cleanliness, the kindness of his manners, and his respect for the usages of society, he shows himself worthy of the attentions thus bestowed on him. When the Arab returns home after a somewhat prolonged absence, his dog makes a single bound from the tent to the saddle, and welcomes him with caresses.

The greyhound of Sahara is very superior to that of the coast. He is tall and fawn colored, has a thin muzzle, black tongue and palate, large forehead, short ears, muscular neck, very soft hair, no paunch, dry limbs, and the muscles of the rump well marked. A pretty good one is considered worth a fine camel; but those which take the largest gazelles will bring as much as a horse.

A family hunter, however, is never sold; an Arab would almost as soon think of selling one of his sons. When he dies, it is a time of mourning in the tent; the women and children weep and lament as for a member of the family.

#### TO THE INTEMPERATE.

**Y**OU wish to escape from the terrible thralldom in which you are held. *We know you do.* You struggle against the bondage of appetite—you pray for deliverance—you *resolve* to be free—but still you are held down as by chains of adamant. Some of you have once broken those chains, only to find them, in a little while, more firmly riveted upon your limbs than ever. But there is yet hope for you. You may be free from your bondage, sober, prosperous, and happy men.

Do you ask how? By the removal of temptation from your path—by shutting up the grog shops—by a prohibitory liquor law.

Your appetites solicit your votes for liquor candidates, and *against* prohibition. Your interests, your happiness, your very salvation, demand your suffrages for temperance men, and a prohibitory liquor law. Be true to your nobler impulses, your better instincts, your holier hopes and aspirations. Let the *man* within you rise superior to the *drunkard*—and then you will be sure to give your votes for temperance, and against the grog-shops—for prohibition, and against your own enslavement—for your wives and children, for your own most precious interests, for all your hopes, for time and eternity, as involved in your redemption from the power of an evil habit, and for a life of sobriety. Vote for temperance men, and you will thus vote for your own manhood, and a life redeemed from the destroyer.—*Prohibitionist.*

#### "GUESS I WONT."

**W**HILE passing down Wall-street, New York, several years ago, my attention was arrested by two boys who stood near a basket of pears, which a poor old man had left for a moment on the side walk, while he entered a house to obtain a morsel to eat. "Bob take one," said one of the boys.

Bob looked up the street and down, stepped nearer the basket, then moving suddenly back he said:

"Guess I won't."

"Guess you'd better not," said I.

"Thank you," said he, "I did feel like taking one, but now I don't want it."

Ten years later while examining some articles in a shop window in Vine-street, Cincinnati, a clerk

presented himself, and while waiting for me to make a selection, he was accosted by his next door neighbor with :

"Bob, do you stand to your bet?"

"Well," said he rather hesitatingly, "I don't know, guess I won't."

"Guess you'd better not," said I.

"Thank you," said he, "I'll take your advice."

Five years later, and but a few days ago, while in a store on Canal-street, a gentleman came in and addressed one of the firm as follows :

"A cold day, Bob, business dull: let's go over and take a glass of cogniac."

"Why, Mr. L., are you not aware that I am about joining the Sons?"

"I've heard so but don't believe it."

"It's a fact."

"You have not joined yet?"

"No; but I have been proposed."

"Well, it will not injure you to take your bitters until you do join, and perhaps the cold weather will be over by that time."

"But you know, Mr. L., it has been something of an effort for me to break off, and if I taste again, it may have a tendency to renew my old appetite."

"O, come along, no more nonsense; you might have been over and back by this time; it will do you good this cold morning, and you can preach afterwards."

"Well I don't know," said he, taking up his hat, "but I, I guess I won't. No, Mr. L., I will not go."

"Guess you'd better not," said I.

"Now stop a moment, and I'll tell you something very strange. This is the third time in my life, that I have been deterred from doing wrong, by the same words, spoken by a female voice. Once by a little girl, next by a young lady, and now by this lady."

"Is it not," said he, turning to me, "very strange?"

"It is," said I; "but, would it not be more so, if in every instance the words had been uttered by the same voice?"

"It would indeed," said he, "for they were spoken in different parts of the United States."

I then related the incidents of the pears and bet. He said that he was the man! I was much surprised at this, as were others present, and believed that its very singularity renders it worthy of notice. It also shows how much good a few words, spoken at a proper time, and in a proper spirit, may do. Happy would it be if females could always use their tongues to so good advantage. And now, I would say to "Bob," (and all other Bobs that feel like taking the advice,) if ever you are tempted to do what your conscience will not readily approve of, remember that voice is still saying to you, "I guess you'd better not."

KATE CLOVER.

#### NO TIME TO READ.

**THIS** is a world of inflexible commerce; nothing is ever given away, but every thing is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfaction of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delicious whirl. He says to himself, I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, and pictures, and friends I have knowledge, taste and cultivation, the perfumes of scholarship

and winning speech and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountain of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me, history shall instruct, and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her world of wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a pleasant dream when the morning has dawned. He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downward, and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read: "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now insulted nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural to him, the enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken.

He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books and knowledge, and wise discourses, and the amenities of art, and the cordial of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul, nothing genial, graceful or winning will cling. He cannot even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean money-getting mask which the child does not look at without ceasing to smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth he is like a blind man in a picture gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do; he must accumulate riches which he cannot enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without any thing to make age venerable or attractive; for age without wisdom and without

knowledge, is the winter's cold without the winter's fire.—George S. Hillard.

#### HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.



R. DUFF, the distinguished Scotch missionary, who visited this country a few months ago, on his return home, made a speech, 4 hours long, before the General Assembly of the Free Church, in Scotland, telling the people what he saw in the United States. Among other things, he says, "In all the Northern States, what have been called common schools, have been got up, at the public expense. They voluntarily tax themselves for these, and children are here taught free; and in every new State, they set apart millions of acres, to be devoted some day to education. In every district of 16 miles square, they set apart 1 square mile, or the 16th part, as a fund for common education, when that district is planted with human beings. Why, it is astonishing to see the edifices they get up there for educational purposes. They say that they will have nothing to do with small, paltry, close, confined, ill ventilated school houses. Their common school houses in New York, and elsewhere, are like palaces, 3 or 4 stories high; and they get some 1500 or 2000 children to attend. They are really furnished up and replenished most tastefully and handsomely, and the rooms are remarkably healthy and airy. Go into one of these crowded rooms, containing 500 children, and as

far as fresh air is concerned, you may almost as well go into the airiest drawing room or saloon in Edinburgh. And the training of the children in these schools is admirable. Why, every little boy in any of them has the idea that he may some day be the President of the United States; and why should he not endeavor to be a great man? The whole training is well fitted to develop, not only the mental faculties, but to inculcate the duties of citizenship. There is an energy and vigor, and an apparently precocious thoughtfulness and free outspokenness, in even a boy of the age of 12 years, that makes him appear already a little man. This is the training which these children are receiving for American citizenship."

#### BEWARE OF THE FIRST GLASS.

WHERE is a sickly sentimental-ity abroad in reference to the "moderate use of liquor, and not the abuse of it," as the cant phrase now goes. If a man did not take the first glass, there would be no drunkards in the land. There can be no harm in drinking "moderately," has been the language of every drunkard in the land.

Our young men, particularly, have stereotyped the phrase, and the polished young blades who step into the stage of action from our literary institutions, dash it off with a proud air as they give themselves freely to the wine-cup.

A young man of extraordinary genius, who graduated at Princeton with the first honor, was seen by a party of students, in less than one year, lying drunk in the street—his brow so recently crowned with the laurels of the college amid the plaudits of admiring hundreds now bruised and begrimed with dirt. The poor ruined man, on beholding a disposition to

make themselves merry at his expense, with some effort, he raised himself a little, and supported on his elbows, addressed them in language like this: "Young men, I once stood erect, and walked firmly on the ground as you do now. Had I been told but a year ago, I should be found in my present condition, I should have condemned the prophet, and exclaimed as one did of old: 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing.' It is ardent spirits—fit only to be concocted in hell, and swallowed by devils, that has prostrated me in this mud and made me despise myself. Laugh not at a poor ruined wretch, who can no longer control the fury of his raging appetite. Be admonished by my example, and as you regard your reputation, as you love yourselves, beware of the *first glass*, beware of the college wine party, the morning dram and evening potation."—*Southern Organ*.

#### A PUZZLE.

If any of our subscribers can make out the point or meaning of the following letters, and attend to the advice given, it will afford us satisfaction:

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W E F O  
R Y O U R  
P A P E  
R P A  
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P

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