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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

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No. 5.

## A WARNING TO PARENTS.

BY ARNOLD F. GORMAN.



HERE are few men who have not, during their lives, been witnesses of scenes, the recollection of which, causes the most painful emotions; such, however, is my experience, as I call to mind the sad events I am about to relate. I would not undertake the task, but for the hope that it will tend somewhat to open the eyes of our more wealthy citizens to the too often sad results of introducing wine to the social board. Of course the localities and the names are entirely changed, but the events narrated are precisely as they occurred.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MAN OF HONOR.

In a beautiful village pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ohio, stood the residence of Mr. McDonald, or, as he was most familiarly known, "the Judge;" he having

many years before acquitted himself with honor and distinction on the bench of his native State. He had, during his long legal career, accumulated considerable wealth, which, together with an estate inherited from his father, enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in affluence. His house was indeed a lovely residence, the gardens surrounding it were laid out in the most exquisite taste, and the hot houses were filled with the rarest of flowers, and delicious fruits. The Judge was on the grave side of sixty—he was beloved by every one—the poor of the village were frequently provided for from his ample purse, the needy and unfortunate never applied to him in vain, and the benighted traveller ever found shelter beneath his hospitable roof. His lady was every way worthy the companionship of such a man. She was one of the most amiable women I ever saw, and even at her advanced age she retained traces of great personal beauty. Their children had all died young with the exception of a son and daughter. Ellen, the eldest, was in her twenty-fourth year, possessed of

considerable personal attractions, but the beauty of her mind exceeded that of her person. She was now a widow. At the age of eighteen she married a worthy young man, a promising member of the Cincinnati bar; after the death of her husband, which occurred in a brief period, she returned to the home of her childhood, where her grief would be respected. Edward, the subject of our story, was about two years younger than his sister. He was above the medium height, and possessed a most commanding figure; he was not handsome, but there was something in those bright eyes, and thoughtful brow, that won the respect and admiration of all beholders. He had received a classical education, and had recently established himself as a lawyer in his native village.

On the Fourth of July, 1850, some three thousand persons assembled in a delightful grove, to participate in the celebration of our national anniversary. In the centre, a platform was erected to accommodate the speakers; a band of music was engaged for the occasion, and everything prepared to make the day pass pleasantly. On the arrival of the Judge and his family, a tremendous cheer was given by the multitude, for Edward McDonald was the chosen orator of the day.

The Declaration of Independence was read in beautiful style by the gentleman appointed, and was received with tremendous cheers by the company, but it was when young McDonald took the stand, that the very welkin rang with enthusiastic shouts; those who were present on the occasion, and heard the eloquent speech of the young orator, will not easily forget it. The writer of this has listened with admiration to the greatest

statesmen, the most eloquent divines, but never did he experience such emotions as when listening to Edward McDonald on the above occasion. There was one continual buzz of admiration at the end of the soul-stirring oration, and many were the prophecies of the young man's future greatness, and one venerable gentleman was heard to remark: "There is one destined to be one of the brightest stars in the horizon of America."

On the evening of the day above mentioned, the Judge and his family were seated in an elegantly furnished apartment, together with some friends, assembled to spend a social hour. There was one whom we wish particularly to mention. Lucy Merville was in her nineteenth year, the daughter of a wealthy merchant; she had received an accomplished education, and was endowed with all the qualities admired in woman. Although possessing a beautiful figure, there was nothing strikingly handsome in her features, but her virtue, refined manners, and generous nature, endeared her to all.—She was the betrothed bride of Edward McDonald.

As we have already stated the Judge indulged freely in the use of wine, and was often heard to remark, he owed his success on the bench to its influence, he never summed up a case or charged a jury before imbibing his favorite drink. With the example set before him, it was not strange that Edward should follow the example of his parent. On the evening alluded to, the refreshments were ample and luxuriant; the most costly wines were provided, and the company did most ample justice to the rich viands. Until about ten o'clock, the time passed pleasantly in relating incidents of the revolution, and congratulating

young McDonald on his success in the grove. At this hour the ladies, after taking a glass of Madeira, withdrew. After the ladies retired, the glass circulated more freely, cigars were lighted, the Judge prepared a bowl of punch, and in a few moments the apartment was filled with the odor of whisky and cigars.

Towards midnight the party became boisterous, and more or less intoxicated. One was already under the table, overcome by the burning fluid; and as the father gazed on the prostrate son, he said: "Ned is not used to punch, but he must learn, or he will never be a lawyer."

On the following day, Edward McDonald was suffering from the effects of his last night's potations; he had never before indulged in anything stronger than the juice of the grape. His appetite was aroused, and he found that the liquor that caused his indisposition would effect his cure. His father encouraged him by stating that it would do him good; the bowl was prepared, the first glass did not satisfy, the second made him feel better, a third would set him all right—it was taken.

It is perhaps necessary to state here that long before the commencement of our story, Edward McDonald had abstained from the use of intoxicating drink—he naturally disliked it—but its frequent appearance at the table, his parents' example, and his father's oft repeated remark, "a little wine at dinner, and a glass of punch in the evening would do him good," at length overcame his scruples. The Judge did not see the danger of indulging his son in the sad habit, he had never suffered any inconvenience from its use himself, and he firmly believed the glass was necessary to every man's happi-

ness. Could he have looked into the future of that young man, or even perceived the least danger, he would have banished, forever, the fatal poison from his house.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DRUNKARD.

About one month after the events recorded in our last chapter, Lucy Mervill was seated in her chamber window, she had been weeping, she was alarmed at her lover's protracted absence, he not having visited her, (although living but a short distance off,) for upwards of a week; she had heard that he was frequently seen intoxicated, but she had so much confidence in him, she did not credit the report, but now the poor girl began to fear there was some truth in the assertions so freely circulated. Lucy was trying to adopt some plan to win her lover back to honor, when she saw him approach the house. Hastily adjusting her dress, and wiping the tears from her eyes, with her heart full of joy, she rushed down stairs and in a few moments was folded in the arms of Edward McDonald.

In spite of the maiden's attempt to hide her recent grief, it was not unperceived by her lover; the truth flashed across his mind, and he inwardly resolved to drink more moderately in future. Their conversation was full of affection, for they loved each other dearly. When they had conversed some time, Lucy gently chided him for his long absence, she did not upbraid him, or even allude to the reports she had heard, but gazed upon him with eyes beaming with love. Edward embraced her, and promised to be more constant in future. They parted, Lucy in joy to her chamber, and Edward in sorrow to the house of his father, where we will precede him.

The Judge and his lady were seated in what was called the closet—it was a small room situated in the back part of the house, and it was principally used by young McDonald in his hours of study. The present occupants had lost much of their former cheerfulness, they had been talking of the danger their son was in, his frequent inebriations during the past week, having opened their eyes to the sad consequences that threatened the noble youth. The awakened parents had resolved to banish the soul-destroying liquid from their home, and endeavor to repair the injury they had done. Alas! it was too late. The young man had resisted the temptation out of pure dislike, until overcome by parental example, he partook of the slow, but sure poison, gradually and imperceptibly the inclination for liquor grew stronger. He commenced with wine at first, but as his appetite increased, it required a stronger stimulant to satisfy its cravings, and now that noble young lawyer to whom we listened a few weeks before, and whose eloquence and masterly oration we heard with admiration, of whose future career such bright hopes were entertained, was now the victim of the demon rum.

On Edward's entering the apartment where his parents were seated, he felt abashed in their presence, but assuming a resolute air, sat down; for some time there was a decided embarrassment on both sides; the Judge was the first to break silence—he used all the eloquence of an anxious parent in warning his son of the danger he was in, and entreating him to attend to his profession, and give up the society of the two strange gentlemen who had been his companions in his late carousals. Mrs. McDonald entreated him with tears

in her eyes, and all the eloquence of maternal love, to abstain forever from partaking of intoxicating drinks.

The young man listened attentively, he was evidently struggling with himself, one moment he looked upon the authors of his being as the cause of his present misery; but again he reflected upon their love, and the great anxiety they always evinced for his comfort and happiness, he felt he alone was to blame, and he resolved that evening should be the last he would spend in the company of the two strangers; had it not been for the appointment made, he would have remained at home, but his word was given to meet them, and his honor forbade him breaking his pledge. Having expressed his determination to his parents, who thanked Heaven for the favorable change, and the prospect of a reformation, Edward McDonald left the apartment and proceeded to the place appointed, whither we will accompany him.

In the village where the scenes lay were some three or four taverns, but there was one that had more pretensions to respectability than the rest; it was a neat wooden structure, the interior was furnished in a plain but substantial manner; in a small room at the back part of the house, were the two men above alluded to. On young McDonald's entering the apartment he was received with evident pleasure by his companions.

There was a great difference in the ages and appearance of the two strangers; one must have been on the verge of fifty; he was a stout, well made man, and doubtless in his youth was considered good-looking, yet there was something in his appearance to excite suspicion or disgust. The other was scarcely out of his teens, yet

at that early age was familiar with vice in its most hideous forms, his conversational powers were great, and the elegance of his language proved, at least, he had received a classical education; in short they were both accomplished and unprincipled gamblers, and were contriving to get young McDonald into their meshes.

The three were seated around the table, cigars were lighted, and the steaming bowl was passed freely round; the effects were soon apparent in our young friend, the resolution he had formed, gradually faded from his mind.

During this time the fiends were watching their prey, and at the proper moment commenced operations by proposing a quiet game of cards for amusement; this was eagerly accepted by the unfortunate victim. The villains allowed him to win for some time, the excitement was increasing and the poor dupe offered to bet on the result of the next game, which, of course, was accepted. The success was still on the side of young McDonald; but as the stakes were increased the tables were turned, and the gamblers were fast filling their pockets, but before their purpose was fully accomplished, the young man was prostrated from the effects of whisky and smoke.

On the following morning the Judge and his wife were seated at the table, the breakfast was untouched; they were in the most painful state of anxiety at the absence of their son. The hope which his resolution inspired grew weaker, and completely vanished when the cause of their sorrow entered the room. Good Heavens! could it be possible the being who stood before them covered with mud, and gazing wildly at his parents, was the promising lawyer and accomplished orator we ad-

mired a few weeks before. Alas! yes, Edward McDonald the honorable, was now a poor miserable drunkard.

When young McDonald left home on the previous evening, he had a considerable amount of money about his person, which, together with a magnificent watch and other valuables, the villains robbed him of while in his prostrate condition, and then under the pretence of taking their friend home, (telling the landlord the gentleman was overcome) made their escape, leaving the victim groveling in the mud.

When the young man became conscious of the loss he had sustained, he resolved to attempt the capture of his former companions at all hazards. From information he had received, he inferred they had gone to Cincinnati, and thither he prepared to follow; in vain did his agonized parents and beloved sister, together with his affianced bride, who used all the eloquence of love, entreat him to take a lesson from the past and remain. They foresaw the danger he was running in visiting a large city where so many inducements were held out to entrap the unsuspecting; but he was resolved (using his own language) to bring them to justice, firmly believing from the experience he already had, he was proof against temptation, and a watch for the tyrant rum. Alas vain delusion. In a few hours he bid adieu to his weeping parents, and beloved sister, and embracing the maiden who loved him dearer since his fall, and stood gazing on him with intense devotion, he solemnly promised to redeem his character, and render himself worthy her affection. Edward McDonald left all that was dear to him on earth, never to return.

(To be Continued.)

## AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.



R. C——, assuming the name of John Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house, on the edge of the common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown and unknown by the neighborhood.

Various conjectures were formed respecting the solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit to this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer; at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing tub. He looked at the girl, and thus accosted her:—

“My girl would you like to be married to me?”

“Sir!” exclaimed the deeply astonished girl.

“I ask you, young woman, if you want to marry.”

“La, sir! these are strange questions from a man whom I never saw in my life before.”

“Very likely,” replied Mr. Jones, “but, however, I am serious, and I will leave you till to-morrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your father's consent, we will be married on the following day.”

“Sir, I have seen your daughter; and I would like her for a wife, and I am come to ask your consent.”

“This proposal,” answered the old man, is very extraordinary from a stranger. Pray sir, who are you? and what are you?”

“Sir, replied Mr. J., “you have a right to ask these questions; my name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm, and buy half the neighborhood.”

Another hour's conversation brought all parties into one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned, united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and they were blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed the greater part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosing his own origin. At length upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, “This, my dear,” said he, “is B—— House, the seat of the Earl of E., and, if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it; it is an elegant house and will probably amuse you.

The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. He once had a nephew, who in the gaities of youth, had incurred some debts in consequence of which he had retired from fashionable life on about £2,000 per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate, and is the present Earl of E——.

A GREAT drinker being at table, they offered him grapes at dessert.

“Thank you,” said he, pushing back the plate, “I don't take my wine in pills!”

## LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A FRENCHMAN, newly arrived in London, impatient to see the town, but fearing of not finding his way back to the hotel, carefully copied upon a card the name printed upon the wall at the corner of the street in which it was situated. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principle vulgarly known as "following one's nose." The whole day long he strolled and stared to his heart's content; wearied, at last he jumped into a cab, and with the easy confident air of a man who felt at home, he read from the card he had prudently preserved the name of the street he dwelt in. The cabman grinned horribly. "This English pronunciation is sadly difficult," said the Frenchman to himself, "he does not understand me." And he placed the card before the man's eye. Cabby grinned more than ever, gazed in his fare's astonished face, and ended by sticking his hands in his pockets, and roaring with laughter.

Indignation on the part of the foreigner; he appealed to the passers-by who gravely listened to him at first, but upon beholding his card, joined one in all in chorus with the coachman. The Frenchman now got furious, swore, stamped, gesticulated like a candidate for Bedlam. He went so far as to threaten the laughers; a crowd assembled; everybody sympathized with him till they learned the circumstances of the case, when they joined in the infectious hilarity. Up came the police, those guardian angels of bewildered foreigners in London's labyrinth. The aggrieved Gaul felt sure of sympathy, succour and revenge. He was never more mistaken.

The gentlemen in blue roared like the rest. They evidently

could not help it. Compunction mingled with their mirth, but they nevertheless guffawed exceedingly. To what extremities the desperate Frenchman might have proceeded it is impossible to say, had not a gentleman acquainted with his language appeared upon the scene. He too laughed violently on beholding the card, and when he had spoken a few words to the Frenchman, the Frenchman laughed likewise, which was a signal for a recommencement of the general hilarity. The address, so carefully copied by the foreigner at the corner of the street was the following, "Commit no nuisance." --*Blackwood.*

"BOYS WON'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING BEFORE YOU GO?"

It was my unhappy privilege, a few days ago to be seated in the bar-room of one of our village hotels, where were two fine appearing, healthy looking young foreigners. As they were about passing out, the landlord stepped genteelly into the bar, turned around, and fascinatingly addressed the youths, "Boys won't you take a little of something before you go?"

The one nearest the bar answered in a low tone of voice, "I don't know," at the same time turning to the other, exclaimed, "Jim?"

By this time the landlord's oily tongue began to utter, "A little brandy and sugar?" while his hands were placing the tumblers and the *ensign of death* on the counter, with an air of profound kindness, that proved successful in captivating the young men. The scene, as it passed before me, caused sensations I never shall forget.

From littleness of the dram, and the manner in which it was taken, I inferred at once the young men were not accustomed to drink. I looked at the straight, manly figure.



of the landlord, while seeming intelligence beamed from his very appearance. Thought I, can it be possible the man is ignorant of the probable tragedy he has committed! The probability is, the young men were not accustomed to this, and that abominable, fascinating act of that rum-seller will prove the stepping-stone to a drunkard's hell.

The same day (court being in session) I happened to be in the court-room while a number of emaciated forms of humanity were conducted, by a set of authoritative looking fellows, carrying the law in their hands, to their seats before the judge. While they were acquitted, one after another, and exhorted by the judge not to be found guilty of the same again, the last one, it seems, had been arrested and committed to jail for some misdemeanor toward his wife while in a state of intoxication. The judge pronounced his acquittal, with the same advice, not only to avoid the crime, but the cause of the crime also. As the released prisoner marched out from his seat, he exclaimed, "You must make a law that will remove liquor from before us! while that remains, you will always have your jails full."

The appeal was pathetic, and felt by all. The authorities had enough to do to quiet the audience, and save them from cheering for the Maine Law. When will human sympathy be sufficiently aroused to drive the vile practice of rum-selling to take its appropriate place, "with the unfruitful works of darkness?"—*Nor. Christian Advocate.*

"JAKE, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed?"

"No, father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought that it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

### LESS THAN A MAN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the feet of wealth and power,  
He'd kneel and flatter, cringe and cower,  
Then haste some poorer man to spurn,  
And play the tyrant in his turn;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

When by his words he leads his friends  
To danger for his selfish ends,  
And leaves them in the evil day  
To stand or fall as best they may;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

When without sowing he would reap,  
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;  
When he would rather beg or steal,  
Than labor for an honest meal;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

When by misfortune stricken down,  
He whines and whimpers through the town,  
And never lifts his strong right arm  
To save himself from further harm;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

When'er he plays the coward's part,  
And trifles with a woman's heart,  
Or scorn's, ill uses, and deceives,  
The love that lingers and believes;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

When he delights in raising strife,  
Or values honor less than life;  
When he insults a fallen foe,  
Or at a woman aims a blow;  
Then is a man less than a man—  
Then we pity him all we can.

**EVIL THOUGHTS.**—Beware of evil thoughts. Oh! the mischief that they have done in this world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds bring up the rear. Strive against them. Watch against them. Pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy.

Bad thought is a thief: he acts his part;  
Creeps through the window of the heart,  
And if once his way can win,  
He lets a hundred robbers in.



## NATURAL HISTORY.—ART. III.

## THE SQUIRREL.

**T**HE common squirrel of Europe is a beautiful little animal only half wild, and which, by its gentleness, its docility, and even the innocence of its manners, might deserve to be exempted from the present class. It is neither properly a carnivorous nor an injurious animal, though it sometimes seizes on birds; its general food consisting of fruit, almonds, hazle-nuts, beech-mast, and acorns; it is neat, cleanly, alert, lively, and industrious; its eyes are large, black, and full of fire, its countenance is sharp, its body is nervous, and its limbs are supple. It is of a bright brown color, inclining to red; the breast and belly are white; the ears are ornamented with long tufts of hair. The fore feet are strong and sharp, and the fore legs are curiously furnished with long stiff hairs, projecting on each side like whiskers.

The beauty of its form is yet heightened by a spreading tail, in shape like a plume of feathers, which it raises above its head, and forms into a kind of shade for itself.

The squirrel may be said to be less a quadruped than almost any other four-footed animal. It generally holds itself almost upright, using its fore feet as hands for a

conveyance to its mouth. Instead of hiding itself in the earth, it is continually in the air; it somewhat resembles the birds by its lightness and activity; like them, it rests upon the branches of trees; leaping from one to the other, and in the highest of them builds its nest. It avoids the water still more than the earth; and it is even asserted of this animal, that, when it is obliged to cross a river or stream, it uses the bark of a tree, or some such light woody substance, as a boat, while its tail supplies the place of sails, and of a rudder. It gathers together a quantity of nuts during the summer, which it deposits in the hollow part of some old tree, and to these has recourse for provision in winter; and such is the agility of its body, that it will, in an instant, climb a beach tree, let its bark be ever so smooth.

The American Gray Squirrel is remarkable for its beauty and activity, and is common throughout the United States. It is generally found in hickory and chesnut woods, where it feeds on nuts, and lays up a hoard for the winter. They construct their nests with care on the tops of tall trees, and seldom leave them during the cold

weather. They do a great deal of mischief in the corn fields, by destroying and carrying off a great quantity of corn. They are very easily domesticated, and in captivity are very playful and mischievous. The gray squirrel is commonly of a fine bluish gray, mingled with a golden color.

The common flying squirrel is very abundant in the United States, and is much admired for the softness of its fur, and the gentleness of its disposition. The skin of the sides is extended from the fore to the hind limbs, so as to form a sort of sail, which enables it to descend swiftly from a great height, in the easiest and most pleasant manner, after passing over a considerable space. This squirrel is small, of an ash color above, and white beneath, with large prominent black eyes. It builds its nest in hollow trees.

The Severn River flying squirrel is much larger than the species described above, has a longer tail, and is of a different color.

The Rocky Mountain flying squirrel lives in thick pine forests, and seldom leaves its retreats except at night. It resembles the Severn River flying squirrel in form, though its limbs and tail are larger. It is of a yellowish brown color.

#### A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

**T**HE most beautiful and affecting incident I know associated with a shipwreck, is the following. The Grosvenor, an East-Indiaman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across

the trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers, a little boy of seven years old, who has no relations there; and when the first party are moving away, he cries after some member of it, who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such a great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment. From that time forth the child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft across the broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, (he patiently walking all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him, when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lays behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death, in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—Oh! Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be seen until the great last day; but as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation, and the steward succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want;

how he folds his ragged jacket around him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions in the wilderness—and then the time comes when they both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in numbers now, to wait by them one day; they wait by them one day; they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about, in making preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes—the fire is dying—the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, when he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as you have done it into the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

"ANNETTE, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well, now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

## A SKETCH.

BY OLIVER PARAGRAPH.



WAS passing hastily down Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, one fine moonlight evening in the month of June, when I was suddenly accosted by a young friend, who was standing at the time on the steps of one of the fashionable saloons which line that great thoroughfare. Harry Martin had been my playmate in childhood, and our acquaintance through many, many years had been uninterrupted. He was a fine fellow—noble, generous, and impressible to a fault. I was more than astonished at finding him at such a place, for he had always been strictly temperate, and one who had hitherto been quoted as a model for young men generally.

"See here, Oliver," he cried, somewhat thickly, as I thought—"which way, in such a hurry?"

"I am going to the Post Office, Harry, and if I do not hurry, I will be too late for the mail"—was my response.

"Come in and take something?"

"No—no I never drink—you know that."

"Pshaw! that's all hum—a little will do you good. P— keeps the grand article—if he don't I'll be d——d!"

"Hold, Harry, hold, do not take God's name in vain. Why, old friend, you are in liquor! What devil has possessed you and made you do this? I thought you were always temperate?"

"So I am, Oliver, so I am. I only take a little lately. All the young men do it, and I must be in the fashion. Besides a glass now and then won't hurt anybody. I'll never, never be a drunkard!"

"On that rock, Harry, friend, thousands have split. Oh, take care! There is a storm coming—trim your sails, and speed back to the safe port you have left. Go home, old friend, right away—drink no more, for as sure as you live, if you do, it will play you false. Take my advice—good night."

"Well—I know—but—but, I must have another drink. No danger of me—I don't drink often, Oliver."

"Look here, Harry," shouted some one from within—"don't keep us waiting all night. Come get your liquor."

"There—there's a call for me, Oliver," exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "Jolly fellows—I must go in. Good night, Oliver, good night;" and he hurried within.

I passed on my way a sadder man than I had been half an hour previous. Thoughts of the future that might be in store for my old friend, made the big tears course each other down my cheeks.

Five years passed away. Harry Martin had married a lovely young creature, and gone to another city to reside. I did not see him again until one cold, dark, rainy night in mid-winter of 18—. I was passing along a bye street, at a somewhat late hour, muffled up in cloak and cap, shivering, as the drizzling rain which was falling, penetrated even through my thick clothes, when I was accosted by a miserable looking wretch standing upon the corner.

"Will you please, sir, to give me a few coppers? I am starving—I have not broken fast for twenty-

four hours. I can't get work—I've tried, God knows I have; but I can't, no one will hire me."

"That is hard," I answered.

"You may say that, sir, you may say that. You see I got down in the world for I was not always what I now am; and people are now too selfish to lend me a helping hand. If I ask for work I get scorn and contempt,—if I beg I get curses and kicks."

"If I give you money, you will spend it for rum," I said.

"No, no; I want bread, bread, or I shall die. Give me, give something for the love of God;" he exclaimed violently.

"Harry Martin," I cried, unable to restrain myself, and throwing back my cap and cloak at the same time; "can this thing be?"

For a moment he gazed at me in stupefied astonishment.

"Oh, Oliver, is it you?" he exclaimed, at last, bursting into tears, and falling on his knees on the wet pavement, clasping my hands within his own at the same time.

"Your words have come true, old friend, true, true. I am a drunkard—curse on the fiery, hellish liquid. I'll tell you all about it, Oliver, I owe it to you. You know I married and went away; my wife was an angel, Oliver, God bless dear Nannie, I wish she were only with me now. I had got a profitable situation, but I had also got a hankering after rum. I soon got to drinking hard, was kicked out of my situation in six months, and in a little year, broke my poor sweet wife's heart. She sleeps in the grave-yard, Oliver, all her troubles over; her soul, I hope, is receiving the light of God's bright smile. Down—down—down, has been my course ever since, until at last, I'm a common loafer, begging a penny to buy a mouthful of bread. Sometimes, I feel as if I should go

wild, man, with the thinking of it. Pity me, pity me, Oliver, and think kindly of me sometimes;" he cried passionately, springing from his kneeling posture and rushing wildly down the street.

"Harry, Harry — come back. come back to your friend;" I cried lustily. But he heeded me not—on, on, he went until he was lost to view.

After an absence from the city of some eighteen months, I returned again. Coroner \_\_\_\_\_ was my most intimate friend. Passing along the street one morning after my arrival, that gentleman hailed me from a vehicle, in which he, with several others, was riding past at the moment.

"Come, go along, Oliver," he cried—"we are going to hold an inquest."

Having nothing particular at that time to occupy my attention, I consented, and was soon seated beside him. "Where are you going, and who are you going to hold an inquest on?" I inquired.

"Out on the outskirts of the city, —some miserable wretch died there, last night, I am told."

After a sharp drive of a few minutes, we arrived at a wood familiarly known as Carmac's. Here we got out and proceeded in search of the body.

"Harry Martin!" I exclaimed, horrified at recognizing in the bloated, corrupted corpse, lying before me, the once promising young man. By his side lay the fiend—a bottle; harmless then, it is true, for it was empty. But it had done its work.

"You know him, Oliver?" said my friend.

"Yes—once he was a fine, noble, prosperous fellow. Now he is"—  
"A disgusting, loathsome carcass;" said the coroner, finishing the sentence.

Intemperance and exposure had done their work. The end had come of which I had seen the beginning. Poor Harry, he deserved a better fate, but the votary of rum must meet the curse which rum entails. While I stood gazing at the body, a picture of the Past and the Present floated before me, and I bowed my head in sorrow.—*Troy Daily Advertiser.*

#### CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

Chelsea, July 9, 1854.

SIR,—On Friday evening, July 7, the Cadets of this place held a public installation of officers, at which no little amount of talent and ability were displayed. The officers installed were, Reuben Moshier, P.W.A.; Mills Chamberlin, W.A.; David Mcshier, V.A.; Horace Church, S.; Norman Reid, A.S.; Alexander Petrie, T.; Hibbard Hudson, A.T.; Lennox Brooks, G.; Rufus Hudson, U.; John Hudson, W.; Abraham Crouter, J.W. The section room, which is large, was well filled with a very respectable collection of people. After the installation was over, there were several appropriate and highly interesting dialogues and single pieces spoken, which gave good satisfaction to those present.

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER & S. OF T.

ROYAL MOUNT SECTION, MONTREAL.—This section held its usual quarterly installation of officers on the evening of the 13th instant, when, as usual, a large number of Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and other friends, assembled to witness this interesting ceremony. After the installation services were concluded, the rest of the evening was spent in listening to addresses, songs and recitations, and the whole passed off well.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE  
BROOKLET.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

THERE ran a little brooklet  
Through the pasture land at home,  
Where its low and plaintive music  
Often tempted me to roam.

It was shaded by the elder,  
Which was growing all about,  
And the hazel followed ever  
Its windings in and out.

'Twas a merry little brooklet,  
And babbled all the day,  
And never seemed to weary  
As it sped upon its way.

In the early spring and autumn  
'Twas a broad and goodly stream;  
And, in a golden sunset,  
How richly it would gleam!

But I loved it best in summer time,  
When, standing on its bed,  
I saw it kiss the flowrets  
That blushed with drooping head;

Or o'er the shining pebbles,  
And through the sunny dells,  
It rang a gladsome music,  
Like the chime of silver bells!

Or o'er the rocky bottom  
It bounded free and wild,  
Its voice so like the laughter  
Of the merry-hearted child.

And I often asked the brooklet  
Why it had so many crooks,  
Instead of flowing smoothly  
By all the pretty nooks?

But to my earnest question  
It never deigned reply,  
But with rimple and with dimple  
Would hurry quickly by.

In the evening it would answer,  
"Oh! I cannot tell you now;  
I must dally with the moonbeams  
That dance upon my brow!"

And, in the pleasant noontide,  
It still would softly say,  
"I must sparkle in the sunbeams  
Which on my bosom play!

"Or hasten to the river;  
It will not wait for me,  
For its flowing proudly onward  
To mingle with the sea!"

But on a glorious morning  
I rose at early dawn,  
To ramble on the hill side,  
And o'er the meadow lawn,  
And weary with my wanderings,  
I knelt upon the brink,  
To sip from out a nooklet  
A draught of cooling drink.

How quickly was I startled  
To hear the brooklet speak,  
"Come, tell me, gentle maiden,  
Why those dimples in your cheek?"

Ah! often in the mirror,  
I had seen them day by day,  
And thought they were for beauty,  
But this I dared not say.

So I blushed in my confusion;  
'Then the brooklet kindly said,  
"There is no sin in beauty,  
God gave it, little maid.

"Go, wander through the forest,  
And mark the silver leaves,  
Or cross the golden meadow,  
So rich in golden sheaves.

"So the clouds with purple fringes,  
Tipped with silver and with gold,  
The flowers so brightly painted,  
And the shell of beautiful mould.

"Look up to yonder mountain  
With its proudly-waving crest,  
And down through all the valley,  
Are they not in beauty dressed?

"So my many little windings,  
And the dimples, mine and thine,  
Are a beauty and a blessing,  
For the *Giver is Divine.*"

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
known;  
No traveller ever reached that blessed  
abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars in his  
road.

## DEATH AND SLEEP.

A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

THE angel of slumber was journeying once upon a time through the earth, hand in hand with his brother, the angel of death. Evening came on, and they rested upon a hill, not far from the dwellings of men. There was a solemn stillness around them; and even the vesper bell of the distant village was not heard.

The two good angels of man sat, in their usual way, in perfect silence and loving embrace, till the night approached.

The angel of slumber then arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with his gentle hand his invisible sleep-bringing dust. It was carried by the evening breeze to the quiet homes of the weary villagers. And soon the tenants of the rural cottages, from the hoary-headed old man, who went leaning on his staff, to the infant in its cradle, were folded in the arms of welcome sleep. The sick forgot their pains, the sorrowful their troubles, the poor their cares. The eyes of all were closed.

When his work was done, the friendly angel of slumber again laid himself by the side of his more serious brother. "When the morning breaks," said he with cheerful simplicity, "I am praised by every man as a friend and benefactor. How delightful it is to do good in secret, and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How charming our quiet vocation is!"

Thus spoke the friendly angel of slumber.

The angel of death looked at him in mournful silence, and a tear, such as immortals shed, came into his large dark eye. "It is sad," he said, "that I cannot, like you, enjoy their cheerful thanks. The

earth calls *me* its enemy, and the destroyer of its peace!"

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good man, when he awakes, see that you too, were his friend and benefactor, and thankfully bless you? Are we not brothers and messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spoke, and at his words the eye of the angel of death brightened, and the twin angels embraced each other more warmly than before.

## THE FAVORED RUMSELLER.

WHY is it that the man who destroys his neighbor's life by violence is hanged as a murderer, while the rum-seller may destroy his victim by poisonous liquors, and be considered innocent and respectable?

WHY is it that the man who steals from you is punished as a thief or robber, while the rum-seller may rob you of property, character, reason, and happiness, and go free?

WHY is the incendiary made to suffer for his crime, while the rum-seller is allowed to kindle the torch and fan the flame without being held accountable?

WHY is it that dealers in dry goods, hardware, &c., &c., are required to transact their business in six days of the week, while the rum-seller is allowed seven? We pause for a reply?

A NUT FOR WINE AND BEER DRINKERS.—It was recently testified before a Cincinnati court, that bullock's blood was in almost universal use among the wine merchants of that city, especially when they wished to make sweet wine. A daily paper in that city also stated as a fact, that they use *rotten meat* to improve the quality of the beer.

A SIGN of luck—a will signed in your favor.



## FUN AND SENTIMENT.

Do GOOD with that thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

THE man who never speaks to nobody was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

NOTHING.—(A new definition.)—The portion of a lady's head on which her bonnet rests.—*Punch*.

"ARE you a Christian Indian?" asked a gentleman of one of the Cattaraugus tribe. "No," was the answer, "I whisky Indian."

YOUNG LADY—"Pray, cabman, are you engaged?" Cabman—"Oh! bless yer, Miss—why I've been married this seven years."

A GENTLEMAN asked a negro boy if he wouldn't take a pinc' of snuff." "No," replied darkey, very respectfully, "me thank you, Pomp's nose not hungry."

BONNETS.—We very much doubt whether the present fashionable bonnet will ever become a great favourite with the ladies, as their love for it cannot be said to be *over head and ears*.

A WRITER in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near skerries, rejoiced that all the crew were saved except *two hogsheads of molasses*.

"COME here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly—has she got a beau?" "No it's the janders she's got; the doctor says so."

A GOOD ANSWER—A lady the other day asked a young gentleman of our acquaintance:—"Sir, is your wife as pretty as you are?" He did not care to be complimented at the expense of his wife, and so by way of gentle reproof, he blushing replied: "No, Miss, but she has very pretty manners." No further interrogatories were propounded upon the subject by the lady.

## ENIGMA.

NO. IX.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 10, 2, 6, 6, 1, 13, is a town of Yorkshire.

My 10, 6, 4, 5, 2, is a town of Staffordshire.

My 3, 16, 12, 10, 6, 4, 1, a town of Somersetshire.

My 3, 4, 1, 6, 4, 5, is a town of Lancashire.

My 4, 6, 6, 13, 16, and 16, 17, 3, 3, 12, 6, are animals.

My 17, 1, 3, 17, 6, 16, 4, 10, 10, and 9, 17, 16, 16, 4, 6, and 1, 12, 14, 5, 13, 6, are birds.

My 3, 17, 10, 10, 2, and 9, 4, 16, 9, 4, 12, 10, 13, and 10, 17, 1, 8, 4, 5, are fishes.

My 3, 7, 13, 6, 1, 2, is an insect.

My 16, 4, 10, 7, and 17, 14, 7, 8, 4, 5, 2, and 9, 17, 14, 10, 12, 2, and 11, 12, 4, 1, 2, 6, and 3, 17, 1, 10, 17, 8, are flowers.

My 9, 4, 6, 17, 6, 4, and 3, 2, 17, 14, 10, and 4, 5, 12, 4, 14, are vegetables.

My 17, 9, 9, 12, and 9, 13, 17, 16, 10, are fruits.

And with my 16, 13, 17, 15, 7, 16, 10—3, 13, 16, 8, 12, 10, 10, 12, 4, 14, I will now 16, 7, 10, 6.

My whole is a sentence in French.

A. T. D.

## CONUNDRUM.

Why may we reasonably expect that the Turk will succeed in preventing the Russian bear from devouring his subjects? Because he is a *muzzle-man*.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST No.—No. 8, Andalusia. No. 9, California.

The following answer has been sent to Henry Pilson's French question.—What time between 12 and 1 o'clock makes the hands of a common clock or watch point in exactly opposite directions?—Ans. 12h. 32' 23" 15".