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# THE LIFE BOAT.

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1852.

No. 2.

## To Our Young Friends.

*My dear Boys and Girls,*—We have the pleasure of presenting you this month with a number of the "LIFE BOAT," thoroughly freighted with interesting and improving matter. You will find several original articles, among them a poetic effusion of some merit. The *Life Boat* has already many contributors, and the prospect of their increase will, we fear, make the task of selection somewhat onerous, for in such cases there is danger in giving offence. We do not, however, mean to repress the zeal of our young friends, but beg them to believe we are ready to receive whatever they may send, providing they allow us to judge of its suitability to our little book. We want the Boat to establish a character for sea-worthiness, steadiness, obedience to the helm, and all the other good qualities of a vessel class A. 1.

Some of our freight may perhaps be considered as reaching somewhat above the standard of youthful capacity, but we think that the friends of

our noble boys and girls will thank us for giving them food for mental digestion. Reading which does not task the mind will seldom do good.

The Trial of Alcohol reported for the "Boat" will suggest to our youthful subscribers a mode of agitating the subject which is attended with great interest. From the first attempt at making the evil of intemperance a jury case,—which occurred two years ago in Montreal,—several other communities have adopted the idea with much success.

Among our Agents the name of a young LADY will be found, and we are happy to say that her list of subscribers is of the longest. Will any other lassie undertake to emulate her example?

The space reserved for introductory remarks is so limited as to compel us to "belay the slack" rather abruptly, but we hope to give you a longer yarn next trip.

JACK AIMWELL,  
COCKSWAIN.

[From the Sunday School Advocate.]

### Dialogue on the License Question.

*Henry.* Good morning, William. Which way are you going so fast? and what is that paper you have?

*William.* I am going, Henry, through the village in order to enlist the feelings and secure the influence of our citizens in favor of the temperance cause; and the paper I have is a petition to our State Legislature for the repeal of our license laws, and the enactment of a law similar to that of Maine.

*H.* Ah, indeed! You are not satisfied then with the action taken upon this subject from time to time by our legislature.

*W.* No, Henry, we are not, and for good reasons. These regulations, if they were actually carried out, would effect but little; yet they are constantly violated by rumsellers and their friends.

*H.* How are they violated?

*W.* I will give you two or three instances. First, rumsellers will get twelve names on their petition for license, whom they call reputable freeholders, while some of these are drunkards—reputable drunkards, I suppose. Again, they will say three public-houses are needed, when but one is really necessary. And, lastly, some of these very rumsellers are themselves drunkards. Here are three gross violations of the law, and the court either does not know, or does not care. This is the way it goes, and we are tired of it.

*H.* But we must have public-houses.

*W.* Yes, but we don't need grog-shops.

*H.* I hope you do not call our respectable public-houses grog-shops!

*W.* I do; and even that name is too good for some of them. Why, Henry, if you had seen that poor fel-

low come reeling and staggering out of there the other day,—he was actually so top-heavy, that he mistook his head for his heels, and went down splash in the mud, and there wallowed like the swine.

*H.* But he would have rum! How was the landlord to help it?

*W.* Yes, he would have rum; and the landlord would have his money. He did not care a straw whether the poor fellow got home, was run over, or frozen to death; and if any one hinted that he had been the cause of it, he would bluster and storm as though he owned the whole creation!

*H.* Is not that a story gotten up for excitement?

*W.* Story indeed? Is it possible you are not aware that more than ten thousand drunkards die annually in these United States, and that poverty, misery, wretchedness, and crime, follow in the wake of the rum traffic? indeed rum has been the parent of the worst crimes that have ever disgraced humanity.

*H.* But the landlords say they will close their houses if such a law is passed.

*W.* That is just what we want.

*H.* But what will become of travellers then?

*W.* They will find respectable temperance houses to put up at; and the community will not then be troubled by loungers, who have spent all their money for rum, and have then been kicked out of doors; such fellows will be mighty scarce, I tell you.

*H.* But how are these landlords to get a living if they cannot sell rum?

*W.* Let them engage in an honest business, as other men do; if they are too lazy to do that, let them starve—the whole race of them, from Maine to Georgia.

*H.* Well, William, I must confess that there is some propriety in what

you say. But how is it that so many professed Christians stand aloof from the temperance cause?

*W.* There are many reasons for this course. Some are profoundly ignorant, and refuse to be enlightened; others are afraid of persecution, and hence compromise with sin, rum, and the devil; others love the *good creature* themselves, and it is not at all surprising that they oppose it; others sacrifice principle, or leave their consciences at home, when they go to the ballot-box.

*H.* But I am acquainted with some branches of the Church that have accredited members distillers and retailers of the article.

*W.* I must acknowledge with sorrow that this is the case; yet to their own Master they stand or fall. We as a Church have rolled off this reproach, and I believe this will soon be the case with other Churches.

*H.* Well, I'll admit it would be right to have a law that would stop the traffic, but the public mind is not yet prepared for it.

*W.* How is the public mind to become prepared for it, except by the constant agitation of this subject? This is what we are at.

*H.* I do not believe you will succeed.

*W.* Perhaps not at the first effort.

*H.* What if you fail in the first effort?

*W.* Then we will come afresh to the contest, only more determined by our failure.

*H.* Well, William, I hope you will succeed; you have my best wishes.

*W.* But I want your name.

*H.* Let me see your paper.

*W.* Here it is.

*H.* Why, here is a long list of names. Can it be possible! Here is Mr. A., who loves a glass himself. Here too is Mr. B., who gets tight

occasionally, and many others that I did not expect to see here. I am astonished beyond measure.

*W.* You need not be astonished; I tell you this movement meets with the public approbation. They have seen the good effects of the Maine law. In some of the large cities of that State crime has decreased nearly seventy-five per cent since the passage of this law. Is it any wonder that the people are in favor of it?

*H.* Well, William, I am satisfied. Here is my name—go ahead.

*W.* Hurra for the Maine Law!

### The Wise Monkey.

Mr. Pollard states, that in his drinking days he was the companion of a man in Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at five hundred dollars. He says, "We always took him out on our chesnut parties. He shook off all our chesnuts for us; and when he could not shake them off, he went to the very end of the limb, and knocked them off with his fist.

"One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of whisky was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the liquor. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, and danced, and set us all into a roar of laughter,—Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all the day.

"I called at my friend's house the next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being, as usual, on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a corner. 'Come out,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs, one of his fore-paws being upon his head. Jack had the head-ache;

I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick, and could not go; so we waited three days. We then went; and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. 'Come Jack, and drink,' said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went out to call him down; but he would not come. He got a whip and shook it at him; but Jack sat on the ridge-pole, and refused to obey. His master got a gun, and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back-side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed from each side of the house; and the monkey, seeing his predicament, at once jumped upon the chimney, and got down into one of the flues, holding on by his fore-paws. Thus the master was beaten. He kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whisky."

What a lesson does this teach to all poor drunkards! We hope that this will be read by many of them, and lead to their abandoning the intoxicating cup.

### Rum—Beggary—Death.

During the past summer there was a little girl asked by a kind Sunday School teacher why she did not come to school.

She replied, "I have no clothes fit to go with."

The teacher kindly furnished her with clothing. She attended school awhile, and was again missing: the teacher looked after her, and inquired of her the reason for her absence.

She said again, "I have no clothes fit to go with."

"But," said the teacher, "I gave you clothes."

"Yes, I know you did," said the child; "but father took and sold them for whisky!"

The winter came, and this poor little girl was furnished with shoes by her teacher. Soon, however, she was again missed from Sunday School; her faithful teacher looked her out, and asked the reason for her absence from Sunday School.

She gave it,—*"Father has sold my shoes for whisky!"*

That drunken father beat and abused his family so much, that they had to seek refuge by leaving him, which they did while he was lying in a drunken stupor. A few nights since that same man fractured the skull of another by a blow, of which he died; and the drunken father is now in prison awaiting his trial for life. Reader, pity the drunkard and his family!

MORDECAI.

December, 1851.

### Temperance Speech.

DELIVERED IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—FACT.

"Well, the subject to be excussed is whether ardent spirits does any good or not. I confer it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days, they lived to a wagt numerous age, so that I think ardent spirits nor whiskey don't do no good." (Long pause.) "Well the questioned to be excussed is whether ardent spirits does any good or not—so that I conclude it dont." (Another long pause.) "I can't get holt of the plaguy thing."  
—Finis.



Above is the Portrait of JOHN B. GOUGH, the Temperance Lecturer *par excellence*. We give him this rank not because of the matter, but of the manner of his addresses. His peculiar excellence consists in *acting out* the various characters he presents to his audience. If eloquence be, as it was once defined, action, action, action, then Gough is of all men we have ever heard a true orator. Is it the province of eloquence to move its hearers? Then Gough is eloquent indeed. To excite deep, rapt attention; to harrow up the sensibilities; to move indignation; to arouse enthusiasm; and, to promote laughter to an extent actually painful to the listeners, are the prerogatives of John B. Gough. May he live long to do battle to the enemy of his youth, the great foe alike of young, old, rich, poor, learned, ignorant, white, red and black! John B. Gough for ever!

THE BOYS IN MAINE.—We cannot help thinking what a set of boys the boys in Maine will be. If the present good laws continue, they will never see, smell, or taste the fiery liquors which have proved so ruinous to thousands and millions. And the little sailors, what fine fellows! we reckon they will give up fighting, swearing, and be in high demand all the world over. We hope Maine will not be the only State that will send out fifty thousand young and thorough teetotalers. Three cheers, boys, for Maine!—*Youth's Temperance Advocate*.

### Alcohol.

Hark what groans from vale and mountain,  
Read the air and heave the sigh !  
Of this anguish where's the fountain ?  
Lo, some fell destroyer's nigh.

Hydra monster ! mortals shudder !  
Read his names, and mark the fiend !  
Stain'd with blackest guilt of murder,  
Bringing thousands to their end.

Crime producer, prison filler,  
Hateful flatterer, raging pest ;  
Health destroyer, credit killer,  
Peace disturber, foe to rest.

City burner, curse of nations,  
Wealth destroyer, sorrow's source ;  
Sire of theft and vile temptations,  
Road to ruin, gambler's course.

Gallows builder, halter maker,  
Guide to strife, reproach and shame ;  
Foul intruder, base heart-breaker  
Way to guilt of every name.

Children starver, wife abuser,  
Obscene talker, Christian's foe ;  
Deadly venom, false accuser,  
Satan's messenger of woe.

House disturber, head confuser,  
Evil thinker, living death ;  
Noisy blusterer, body bruiser,  
Sire of tumult, fraud and wrath.

Midnight screamer, children waker,  
Saucy mimic, friend of ire ;  
Horse abuser, carriage breaker,  
Diver into flood and fire.

War promoter, vile truce-breaker,  
None can count thy *woeful sum* ;  
Base, revengeful, trembler, shaker,  
You're the daug'rous monster, rum !

RALPH MERRY, Sen.

Magog, Canada East, Feb., 1852.

### Lydia and Her Brother.

Lydia was sitting in the room, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard, drawing his care about. Their mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large, red-checked, rare-ripes—the rest small, ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to their mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was then eight years

old. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out, and was gone out about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him *that*."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she, and her bosom began to heave and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach;" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the biggest," said the father; "you are older and larger than he is."

"I want you to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear generous sister, "I love him so—I always feel best when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."—*Selected.*

## Trial of Alcohol.

[Expressly reported for the Life Boat by the  
Cockswain.]

A series of Temperance Meetings in the form of a Trial by Jury has recently closed. The accused was one Alcohol, a party tolerably well known in this city.

The two first sittings were held in the Bethel School Room, Griffintown, but at the conclusion of the second one, a disposition to disturb was manifested by persons evidently come for that purpose, and as the audience was retiring a pistol bullet came whistling through one of the windows. No report having accompanied it, it is thought that the missile was thrown by hand; but the presence even of such a warlike article is abundantly suggestive of the near neighborhood of the weapon itself. The friends then deemed it better to adjourn to a more central place, and the two remaining evenings were spent in the Temperance Hall.

A COURT was organized by the appointment of a JUDGE, SHERIFF, CLERK, CRIER, &c. One gentleman assumed the duty of ATTORNEY GENERAL, and another that of COUNSEL FOR THE PRISONER.

The COURT was then opened with solemn prayer. The Chairman (JUDGE) briefly stated the objects in view to be, not so much the entertainment of the audience, as their instruction. He believed that by this plan many modest and retiring persons would be induced publicly to state their opinions, and to sustain them with facts, who but for such an opportunity could never be induced or never expected to do so. The sequel proved the justice of the remarks.

1. The SHERIFF was ordered to place the Prisoner at the Bar, which was done by the presentation upon a high stool of a number of black bottles variously labelled, and with a common band encircling the whole, with the general name "ALCOHOL" printed thereon.

2. An indictment containing some eight or ten counts of offences against person and property, beginning in breaches of the peace, and ending in murder and suicide, was then read, and the Prisoner by his Counsel required to plead, which he did as NOT GUILTY.

3. The audience was then constituted a Jury to try the case; an injunction to abide by the evidence being laid, and accepted by an assenting and unanimous vote.

4. The ATTORNEY GENERAL opened the case with an able and telling speech, indi-

cative of the evidence which he had to adduce in proof of the charges set forth in the indictment.

5. Witnesses were called, and upon promise of speaking truly, without favor, partiality or enmity, were examined by the Attorney General. In the course of these examinations,—the witnesses being most respectable and trustworthy tradesmen and mechanics—a most appalling catalogue of misery, wretchedness and crime, was fairly traced to the influence of alcohol. Facts were piled like a pyramid; and if the skulls of the victims could have been heaped in the room, cemented with the gore and blood attendant upon the riots, murders and suicides narrated, a horrible holocaust, worthy the sanguinary worship of Juggernaut or Baal, would have appeared—an awful comment upon the morality of this most favored age of Christian civilization and progress. We cannot stop to notice the many and important statements in respect to the damage which society suffers by the trade in alcoholic liquors. The testimony was so uniform to the fact, that to this grand cause might be credited the very great proportion of the evils which press upon Christendom, as we are assured must have left deep and lasting impressions upon the minds of the audiences.

6. The WITNESSES were cross-examined with great tact and fidelity. We sincerely aver, that if the Attorney for the accused had really and truly intended to do all in his power to avert a conviction, he could not have discharged his duty more faithfully or efficiently. Some of the witnesses were kept under his galling cross-fire until we almost feared their patience would give way. Every simple fact adduced was thoroughly sifted; and the attempt to refer the disasters, losses, affrays, vices and deaths to other causes than alcohol, most pertinaciously persisted in. The opinions offered were subjected to the same unmerciful criticism. Failing, however, to shake the evidence against Alcohol, his Counsel endeavored to draw from the witnesses facts and opinions favourable to him. In some instances he succeeded in badgering the witnesses into unwilling admissions, which after all appeared of very equivocal value, for they were scarcely made than they were recalled.

For four nights the trial attracted very respectable audiences; and the excellent order observed, the judicial air of the proceedings, the professional appearance of the Judge and Counsel—in their gowns—



the nature of the evidence adduced, sometimes amazingly humorous, but mostly of a very grave and melancholy character—all conspired to stamp this mode of agitating the subject of Temperance as among the most effectual ever employed.

7. The case for the prosecution being closed, witnesses for the Defence were invited to come forward. This call was made every evening, in order that when the time came some of the friends of the prisoner should have the opportunity of speaking to the many virtues he is said to possess. The Crier's call being apparently vain, the Counsel addressed the same request in forcible language, but no one among the many admirers of alcohol could be prevailed upon to render him the slightest service in the time of his extremity.

8. The prisoner's Counsel was therefore compelled to defend him simply with a speech; the heads of which we now proceed to furnish.

This Trial, he said, was among the greatest and most important that had ever been held in the civilised world. The trial of Warren Hastings was trifling in comparison. That had reference to a man filling but a page in history. This was the impeachment of an all but Omnipotent and Omnipresent Spirit. One whose influence was nearly as ancient as the race of man; as wide as the globe; as potent as the hand of death; and as enduring in its consequences as eternity.

Respecting the antiquity of the prisoner, it was alleged that he might have been found in a latent state in Paradise; this was possibly a poetic license; but he certainly exercised a control over the older patriarchs; but this would be an after consideration.

His lineage was first in order. He was allied to all that was healthful, refreshing and beautiful in the products of the earth. He claimed intimate consanguinity with all its fruits; the luscious grape of Canaan owned his presence; oranges, citrons, apples, pomegranates, figs, dates, peaches, plums, and the ten thousand other delightful fruits of the earth acknowledged him in their juices. The corn, the wheat, the barley, oat and rye, all esculents and edible roots, and all vegetables alike admitted the family bond. True he dwelt in them as a modest and unsuspected guest, but he was not the less present because unrevealed. The milk and honey of the land of promise freely yielded him up at the command of a sufficient caloric force. Few if any were the articles of human nutriment which denied his presence, when properly invoked.

The genial rays of the great light of Heaven were sufficient to excite his virtues; and though a more direct and ardent application of fire was necessary to evoke his purest essence, the sun's heat was sufficient to awaken some of the strong points of his character.

Under this form he was an intimate friend of Noah, the second federal head of our race. After him Lot, scarcely less distinguished in ancient history, owned his enchanting power; and down through the ages of time we find him an honored guest of the kings, mighty men, and captains of the times. Ahasuerus seems to have known his excellent qualities, for he made a great feast, the mirth and joy of which were chiefly dependant upon wine. Belshazzar, another of the great Eastern monarchs, appears surrounded with the vessels of gold and silver taken from the Temple at Jerusalem, in which he pledges his mighty men. This was the great occasion on which a hand wrote the mysterious characters upon the wall; but it would be endless to speak of all the great and dignified men and women whose achievements in connexion with wine have come down to us. Antony and the beautiful Cleopatra abandoned themselves to his blandishments; even Alexander the Great made obeisance to him.

But all these honours were paid to the prisoner while in a latent state,—a comparatively quiescent and inactive condition. He was not, however, always to remain in embryo. We find him asserting his personality, and in his new-born power causing his votaries to reel under his Imperial authority. His birth as a pure essence, was as illustrious as his lineage. The most noble, perhaps, of all the sciences, put forth her magic wand, and his imprisoned substance was evoked, never, perhaps, again to be restrained. Philosophy smiled upon his birth, and already has he numbered some eight or nine centuries. Who shall tell how far down the vale of time he will proceed before a hand of sufficient nerve can arrest his progress?

As to the familiars of Alcohol in this age, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, that all men accounted great and noble were his bosom friends. The kings and queens of our day could scarcely preserve their regal honors without his aid. Without a figure, he may be said to occupy the throne. The old hereditary aristocracy, the bulwark of all dignity, receives and acknowledges him a daily and household friend. Men of letters, of science, and of

genius, worship at his shrine. Judges dispense their awards under his soothing spells. Ministers of religion, those heralds of the sublimest truths which heaven can reveal or man accept, are not among the least of his admirers. From house to house in their pastoral oversight, they promulgate the wholesome opinion of his exalted virtues; and of all his adherents, few have been more successful in restraining by their influence the fanatical innovations of a mushroom sect, whose woe-begone and melancholy faces sufficiently indicate the cheerless character of their absurd creed. True, there were Ministerial exceptions, but they were supposed to be narrow-minded men.

As to the abilities of Alcohol *per se*, he is admitted on all hands to be superlatively promotive of genius. It is at least known of him, that he has been the most intimate companion of the greatest and most talented men in the world. Under his sway the painter has made the canvases all but instinct with life; the actor has so personified his hero as to forget his own identity, and the architect has built airy castles of the most gorgeous magnificence.

The mythological Momus, the deity of mirth, has abandoned the field to Alcohol. No such laughter has ever been promoted as that which the generous wine or the subtle usquebaugh has created.

Of courage he has increased the sum in almost incalculable progression. Men under the charm have hazarded their lives without hesitation or fear.

Breathing thoughts and burning words are his. To him the higher flights of the most impassioned eloquence are due.

Poetry confesses his sway. Lighted up by his mysterious fires, the dormant powers of the imagination have awakened, and given birth to the most beautiful images. In honor of him bards have sung, and instruments of ravishing music have been tuned to the loftiest strains.

Philanthropy, benevolence, and all the kindred charities of the soul, owe him a mighty debt. At his bidding the miser has unclutched his hoards; the keen commercial calculator has forgotten competition, and with a creditable magnanimity devoted his energies to the cause of humanity. Let our national societies tell of the gradations of pity towards the unfortunate emigrant, when, at the annual celebrations, they have poured down libations of rosy wine. Let the after-dinner-endorsements of worthless bills tell how faithfully he has

exercised his power on behalf of the failing creditor.

Alcohol has propounded and advanced the interests of true philosophy; at least he has taught his disciples to steer a middle course between the Epicurean and the Stoic. His votaries go at first with the doctrines of the gastronomic and bibatory school; but they always end in a lofty indifference to all human opinions and external comforts. The earth becomes to them a welcome pillow, and prone upon its maternal breast, they seek no higher good.

But piety itself has often (in profession) been promoted by alcohol. Full many of his servants have made long and loud professions of religion; and it has been frequently evident, that when some of them have well drunk, they can give utterance to the most pious thoughts and fervent prayers.

But to do justice to the prisoner, it would be necessary to indicate at full the vast benefits he has conferred upon trade and commerce. How thousands and tens of thousands derive subsistence in the way of working for him. How the ground is tilled for him, the seed sown for him, the harvest reaped for him, the breweries and distilleries built and worked for him, the glass factories employed for him, the puncheons, casks and kegs made for him, the ships built for him and navigated for him, the hotels and taverns filled for him, and almost all branches of human industry directly or indirectly influenced for and by him.

How government is sustained by his taxation, the gaols filled with his devotees, the law Courts crowded with his litigants, the lawyers paid, and all the apparatus of police and night watchers occupied through him. Indeed, time would fail to tell how money is raised and spent by and through him, to the great prosperity of many of the rybund, obese, and warm featured citizens of this and all other communities; and yet in defiance of this accumulation of evidence in his favour, his friends have allowed him to be caged, cribbed, insulted and impeached by a petti-fogging frigid clique of would-be reformers, whose puny efforts to leaven the world with the modern heresy of hydropathy, can only end if successful, in the loss of all the generous principles which for ages have owned no other fount of inspiration, than Alcohol in some one or other of his multifarious forms. With perfect confidence in the discrimination of the Jury, the learned Counsel asked for a favor-

able Verdict, and sat down amid great applause.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL then made a categorical review of the arguments advanced by the prisoner's counsel. The prisoner was ancient, alas! that he should have been allowed to live so long a dreadful incubus upon the world. His alliance to the good and beautiful fruits and flowers of the earth could only be ascertained by the destruction of their nutritive qualities. Thus was the food of man and beast sacrificed in order to obtain a poisonous agent.

His birth as a subtle and fiery spirit was indeed due to Science, but the discovery had entailed vast misery upon the world. At his advent no idea of using him for a beverage was for a moment entertained.

His companions selected from sacred and profane history were examples to all ages of the melancholy effects of his power, in robbing men of reason, and awakening their passions to the most sinful excesses.

That men of science, of letters, and of genius, should ever have harboured so abominable a deceiver, was a sad proof of the influence of antiquated errors even upon gifted minds.

That Ministers of the Gospel especially should still be found giving Alcohol countenance, was one of those disastrous obstacles to the progress of true Religion which remained to be overcome before the world could return to its long lost allegiance.

Genius was fired into vagaries by wine, courage turned into reckless and sinful disregard of life, poetry became rant, and piety fanaticism. Benevolence degenerated into waste, and philanthropy became a maudlin sentimentalism.

As to Commerce, it suffered in all its material interests. Labour was lost, and pauperism superinduced. Risks were increased, and insurances doubled in cost. Capital was abstracted from the channels which would add to the value of the country, and applied with a generally contrary effect. Taxes and public burdens were increased for the benefit of the few, and the ruin of the many. The promotion of trade by Alcoholic gains and traffic was a miserable fallacy, fully demonstrated every time an idle drunken vagrant appeared in the street.

The speaker then recapitulated the most salient points of the evidence, carefully showing that every count in the indictment had been proved by incontrovertible facts, and by an accumulation of them which showed to a demonstration that the effects

of alcoholic liquors could not be regarded as exceptions to their general results, but as the common, invariable, and, indeed, direct and necessary issues of the drinking usages, wherever they might prevail.

With confidence—without the slightest apprehension as to the result—he then committed the case to the Jury.

The Judge regretted the lateness of the hour which would prevent his re-production of the testimonies advanced in proof of the prisoner's guilt. He felt obliged to say, that the Attorneys on both sides had exerted themselves with praiseworthy zeal, and that he felt confident the Jury would agree with him that the prisoner had secured a fair and patient trial. It was his duty, however, to say, that in his opinion all the charges had been fully and truly sustained; still, it was their business to decide, and he would give them a moment to consult about their verdict.

The Jury was then called upon for its verdict; when, by a very large preponderance, the prisoner was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him.

Silence having been enjoined, and proclamation made, the Judge delivered the following sentence:—

"That you, the prisoner Alcohol, alias Rum, Gin, Brandy, Whiskey, Usquebaugh, Mountain Dew, Old Tom, Bitters, Sling, Toddy, Wine, Beer, Ale, Porter, Cider, &c., be taken to the place whence you came; that you be branded on the face with the word "Poison"; that you be no more permitted to appear as an honored guest in the social circle,—that henceforth you, on no occasion, be allowed access to the human stomach, and that the only reason you are not sentenced to be completely exterminated, is that you have been found useful in some of the arts, as in the manufacture of Varnish, &c. And may a kind Providence grant that the great evils which you have so long produced among mankind, may soon be known only as things that once were."

## The Organ of Language.

Rum excites this as well as other organs. Under its influence an old toper was in the habit of speaking much to himself. He was asked the reason, and in reply said he did it on two accounts—

1st. He liked to *hear* a sensible man speak.

2nd. He liked to *speak* to a sensible man.

## To the Publisher of the Life Boat.

Launch forth your Boat, and do not fear,  
For dauntless hearts are ready near  
To lend a helping hand—

For though the surf be rolling high,  
And wave on wave chase other nigh,  
The Boat will soon be manned.

Cool heads and ready hands are here,  
And hearts that never yet knew fear,  
All ready for an oar;  
And though some sink beneath the wave,  
Yet haply some your Boat may save  
And bring them safe to shore.

When saved, and looking back they see  
The angry, swelling, raging sea,  
From whence they've rescued been;  
With gratitude their hearts will glow,  
'Tis only then that they can know  
The danger they were in.

Success then to your little Boat,  
Well manned, no doubt, she long will float,  
And sail o'er *Rum's* red sea;  
Though loudly roars th' intemperate gale,  
Yet fearlessly we'll set the sail  
And brave the storm with thee.

RECHAD.

Montreal, April, 1852.

## Jerry Guttridge.

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mr. Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs. Guttridge. He told her the neighbors could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs. Guttridge began to cry. She said, "she didn't know what they should do; she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr. Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his natur' to work."

Well, Mrs. Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?" said Mr. Frier, solemnly.

"I'm sure I do," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I believe all there is in the Bible."

"And don't you know," said Mr. Frier, "the Bible says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat?'"

"I know there's something in the Bible like that," said Mrs. Guttridge, with a very serious look.

"Then do you think it right," added Mr. Frier, "when your neighbors send you in a basket of provisions, do you think it right that Mr. Guttridge, who wont work and 'arn a mouthful himself, should sit down and eat more than all the rest of you, and pick out the best part of it too?"

"Well, I don't s'pose it's right," said Mrs. Guttridge, thoughtfully; "but somehow, Mr. Guttridge is so hearty, it seems as if he would faint away, if he didn't have more than the rest of us to eat."

"Well, are you willing to go on in this way," continued Mr. Frier, "in open violation of the Scriptures, and keep yourself and children every day in danger of starving?"

"What can I do, Mr. Frier?" said Mrs. Guttridge, bursting into a flood of tears; "I've talked, and talked, and it's no use; Mr. Guttridge wont work; it dont seem to be in him. May be if you should talk to him, Mr. Frier, he might do better."

"No, that would be no use," said Mr. Frier. "When I was over here before, you see how he took it, just because I spoke to him about going over to the shop, when he ought to be to work, to get something for his family to eat; you saw how mad he was, and how provoking he talked to me. It's no use for me to say anything to him; but I think, Mrs. Guttridge, if somebody should complain to the grand jury about him, the court would make him go to work. And if you are willing for it, I think I should feel it my duty to go and complain of him."

"Well, I don't know but it would be best," said Mrs. Guttridge; "and if you think it would make him go to work, I'm willing you should. When will the court sit?"

"To-morrow," said Mr. Frier; "and I'll give up all other business and go and attend to it."

"But what will the court do to him, Mr. Frier?" said Mrs. Guttridge.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Frier, "but I expect they'll punish him; and I know they'll make him go to work."

"Punish him!" exclaimed Mrs. Guttridge, with a troubled air. "Seems to me I don't want to have him punished. But do you think, Mr. Frier, they will hurt him any?"

"Well, I think it's likely," said Mr. Frier, "they will hurt him some; but you must remember, Mrs. Guttridge, it is better once to smart than always to ache. Remember, too, you'll be out of provisions again by to-

morrow. Your neighbors can't support your family all the time; and if your husband don't go to work, you'll be starving again. Still, if you don't feel willing, and don't think it's best, I won't go near the grand jury, nor do nothin' about it."

"Oh, dear!—well, I don't know!" said Mrs. Guttridge, with tears in her eyes. "You may do just as you think best about it, Mr. Frier; that is, if you don't think they'll hurt him much."

Mr. Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent that he was able to get in only one ton of his hay, leaving the other three tons out to take the chance of the weather. He and his wife spent the evening in discussing what course it was best to pursue with regard to the complaint against Mr. Guttridge; but notwithstanding his wife was decidedly in favor of his going the next morning and entering the complaint, since Mrs. Guttridge had consented, yet Mr. Frier was undecided. He did not like to do it; Mr. Guttridge was a neighbor, and it was an unpleasant business. But when he arose the next morning, looked out, and beheld his three tons of hay drenched with a heavy rain, and a prospect of a continued storm, he was not long in making up his mind.

"Here," said he, "I spent a good part of the day yesterday in looking after Guttridge's family, to keep them from starving; and now, by his means, I've nigh about as good as lost three tons of hay. I don't think it's my duty to put up with it any longer."

Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Frier was out, spattering along in the mud and rain, with his old greatcoat thrown over his shoulders, the sleeves flapping loosely down by his side, and his drooping hat twisted awry, wending his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

"Well, Mr. Frier, what do you want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand jury," replied Mr. Frier, taking off his hat, and shaking the rain from off it.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman. "I didn't think he had life enough to do any thing worth complaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do any thing," said Mr. Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr. Foreman, he's a lazy idle fellow, and wont work, nor provide nothin' for his family to eat; and they've been half starving this long time; and the neighbors have had to keep

sending in something all the time to keep 'em alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has any body ever talked to him about it, in a neighborly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get any thing for it."

"I'm sorry to say," replied Mr. Frier, "that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family most a week, but I couldn't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop, to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him, calmly, I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old, miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond, and a scoundrel, and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury; "who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a vile, blasphemous wretch!" exclaimed another; "I shouldn't 'a wondered if he'd a fell dead on the spot!"

The foreman asked Mr. Frier if Jerry had "used them very words."

"Exactly them words, every one of 'em," said Mr. Frier.

"Well," said the foreman, "then there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if any body in the world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs. Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honorable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following, namely:—"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness."

"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not Gully," said Jerry; "and here's my wife can tell you the same, any day. Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I don't know but you have as well as —"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness; "stop, Mrs. Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward, and hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier advanced, with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs. Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her careworn features, which, though sun-burnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs. Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs. Guttridge," said the judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband any thing more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time," said Mrs. Guttridge, trembling; "but I don't know but Mr. Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get, a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr. Guttridge don't work much, but I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time; the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in

the matter; "well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put the natur'* in him."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr. Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point, clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did, on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court, with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:—"Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith, by the constables, at the whipping-post in the yard, adjoining the court-house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colors, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and

stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good bye, he straightened for home as fast as he could go.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something" that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr. Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterward, Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say, that "somehow, ever since that 'ere trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed!"

LACONIC.—From a French wife to her absent husband:—"Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire. Je finis parceque je n'ai rien à dire."

FOR THE LIFE BOAT.

## The Power and Influence of the Press.

BY "MURDOCK"—A YOUTH.

Though many centuries have passed over the grave of Lawrence Keoster, still his name is cherished and revered by millions of human beings. Nor can this be wondered at when it is remembered that, next to religion, the art of printing has conferred more real benefits on the world than any other discovery—ancient or modern.

The moment that this invention became circulated and understood, man—who had hitherto been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and depravity—began to assume the exalted sphere for which he was created; and progressively, though gradually, he continued to rise, until he had attained his present happy state of civilization, enlightenment and humanity. Knowledge, too, soon commenced to be diffused abroad; and, since then, has kept steadily increasing amongst all classes of society. Books, at one time the hoarded treasures of a few, are now the priceless gems of many, so that the poorest man has thus afforded him equal facilities as the wealthiest, for obtaining general education: the rich streams of classic lore, or the more practical (and therefore more desirable) learning of this utilitarian age, are open to both.

Truly the people of the nineteenth century have cause to be thankful for the many channels, opened up by this wonderful art, through which valuable, nay indispensable, information may be acquired almost gratuitously! Does any one require proof of this—reference need only be made to the noble Literary and Scientific Institutions, with their well-selected Libraries, every where to be found; to these Magazines published monthly, at prices to suit the pockets of every individual; but more especially to that mighty agent of improvement—the Newspaper Press—which, possessing the numerous advantages of the others combined, is better adapted for the requirements of those three great sources of a people's prosperity or happiness—the Merchant, Agriculturist and Mechanic.

"The invariable objects of the Press," to use the comprehensive words of Knox, "have been to enlighten the understanding of mankind, to exalt and improve their nature; to preserve and vindicate their rights as men, and teach them to pay no implicit obedience but to Truth, to Reason, to Conscience, and

their God!" \* \* \* This writer has not over-rated the importance of its character. For through all those extraordinary revolutions and changes which have retarded the advancement of the human mind, it has maintained that character: until now, it rears itself in pride and majesty, and is a colossal statue, erected to the memory of its founders, far mightier in strength than the vast pyramids of Egypt—more magnificent in grandeur than any monument that ever graced the tomb of Warrior, Statesman, Philosopher or Poet!

If then the past tendency of the Press (when comparatively limited) has been productive of so beneficial results, surely, it may be presumed that its influence on the political, social, and moral reforms of this and future ages, will be incalculable. Oh! it is a glorious field of usefulness and honor yet before it. As, day after day, new agents of its power are springing into existence, new objects for the exercise of that power are appearing on the world's vast stage. For years it has been heroically battling with the Despots of Europe, some of whom, trembling at its wide spread operations, are at this very time attempting to trammel it. War, too, with its glittering paraphernalia and false glory, has felt its renovating lash. It has disclosed the great but obnoxious truth, spanning like a rainbow the new heavens of humanity:—"That God hath made of one blood all nations of men!" Capital punishment, one of the most disgraceful blots on this boasted age of enlightenment, has also begun to wither as it diffused the principles of true philanthropy. Of all these, however, the Temperance movement has met with, and *must* assuredly continue to receive, the attention and support of the Press.

The damning scourge of intemperance destroys everything good or beautiful in its path. Like a cursed, pestilential spirit, it stalks about creating sorrow and woe wherever it goes. Its stream of burning lava sweeps over the mountain—enters the peaceful valley—leaving nought behind it but death. It dwells in the populous City, increasing murder, rapine, theft, with other vices of the worst description. It visits the homes of the rich and poor, leaving unhappiness behind in both alike. The mother mourns as she sees it lead the husband or son to certain destruction; the sister weeps tears of bitter sorrow when she beholds it impel the dearly loved father or brother on towards the pit of utter desolation; little, helpless children, feel its sting as, starving,

their hungry vitals cry for food, or their tender limbs are pinched by winter's icy blast! \* \* \* Regardless then of its deleterious effects on Commerce—putting aside the political economy of the question—in spite of the outcry against "mock" philanthropy—(as it is often termed) the Press is bound, and eventually will, espouse this glorious reform. No insignificant portion of it, both in Europe and America, already give their approval, if not their entire concurrence; while many join heart and hand in aiding to overcome the numerous difficulties that have to be contended with. And that they are succeeding, full evidence is afforded by what has been effected in Maine, and other parts of the American Republic. Let not, therefore, doubting dispositions recur to the fashions, customs, or prejudices of ages—they have been set at defiance there, why may we not hope for a similar result everywhere? No one can positively assert that the cause of Temperance will be triumphant; for the veil that conceals futurity is closed—and the portals of the present cannot be passed. But whoever looks abroad in the world and beholds her sons, marshalled in bright array, all aiming at one grand object—the improvement of the human race—must feel convinced that the results will be commensurate with their efforts.

### Origin of "Rum 'un."

A lady had established a free school in a poor district and defrayed its expenses. The master held an examination to show the lady and her friends the progress of the pupils.

Spelling class called.

John Smith, spell *wine*. W-i-n-e. Good.

Thomas Wilson, spell *cake*. C-a-k-e. Very well.

James Tripp, what does m-i-l-k spell? Don't know sir. Spell silk. No answer. Well s-i-l-k spells silk. Now spell milk. No answer. M-i-l-k, what does that make? Don't know. What does your mother put in her tea? Quite cock-sure, the boy shouted *Rum!* Sir. The lady evaporated.



## Bigotry.

Bigotry is, as our young readers know, an arrogant prejudice against the religion of other people, and is very generally found to exist in peculiar force where the party has little real religion of his own. Franklin who was opposed to all narrowness of mind, adopted a novel mode of dealing with *Bigotry*. He composed the following verses in imitation of the language and style of the Bible, and having the leaf in the Book would read it as part of its contents. Many persons not conversant with the sacred records were by this little (pardonable) deception admonished of their error.

And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun

2. And behold, a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, not-

withstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

From the very many handsome notices which have been taken of the *Life Boat*, we insert the following:—

The first number of a new Temperance Magazine, published by Mr. F. W. Campbell of Montreal, lies before us. It is styled "The Life Boat," and will, we hope, save many from perishing, who are struggling in the sea of dissipation. Shipwrecks, however, do not prevent people from going to the sea in ships, and we are apprehensive that the too graphic descriptions of the perils of dram drinking may excite the daring to risk the shipwreck of health and worldly prospects, for the sake of the excitement. Neither the miseries of war nor the terrors of the deep are sufficient to deter the inexperienced from encountering them; and the experienced become accustomed to such dangers and dread them not. "The Life Boat" is neatly got up and creditably edited, and will, doubtless, get to the safe side of the breakers of the bottle. Pull away, brave boys.—*Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

THE LIFE BOAT.—We have received the first number of a monthly periodical devoted to the cause of Temperance, more especially among the youth of Canada. It is very neatly printed and has a handsome vignette title page, and also an excellent likeness of Dr. Jewett. It promises to be an efficient auxiliary in the temperance reform. Terms 2s. 6d. per annum; published by F. W. Campbell, Montreal.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

## Cadet Library.

We are requested to state that "Royal Mount Section of Cadets" have in contemplation the formation of a Library for the use of its members. Any person wishing to aid can do so by leaving their contributions (either in books or money) at the house of Master G. B. Scott, 111 Craig Street, Montreal.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—Nineteen Divisions were opened in the month of March in Upper Canada.

MAINE LAW.—Six public meetings were held last week about Toronto and Hamilton, and all decided in its favor by large majorities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Henry Kemptville" and "A Reader" are under consideration.