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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, AUGUST, 1852.

No. 5.

The Maelstrom.

Abroad again! Our trig little craft has already breasted some angry billows, but we trust it has borne both aid and warning to persons in danger of wreck. Once more we venture upon the wave! We go to the rescue of the perishing! You have heard of the MÆLSTROM on the coast of Norway. It is a large and dangerous whirlpool in which many vessels are said to have been engulfed. Some curious theories have been offered in elucidation of the mysteries of this formidable vortex. We are not, however, about to trouble you with them; our purpose is merely to use the fact as an illustration. When vessels sail too close to the Maelstrom, they are seized, as it were, by a strong current running in a large circle, and it soon becomes apparent that they are upon the outer edge of the pool: the circles become smaller and smaller, until the centre is reached, when the ill-fated bark sinks into the abyss, to be seen no more! We have often seen a faithful representation of this perilous

whirlpool, and still fear that in most of our cities and towns it may be observed every day. The farmer brings his three or five gallon keg or jug to town for a supply of "fire water;" and to facilitate its introduction into the vessel, a large tin or wooden funnel is inserted in the neck or bung-hole. In a moment, the liquid begins to run round and round the funnel, and if a chip or fly should be in the stuff, it will describe all the evolutions of a vessel within the suction of the Maelstrom. Would to God that the likeness were confined to this miniature representation! Alas! that the possession of Rum should already constitute the outer edge of a perilous vortex, more dreadful than all the dangers of all the seas in the world. But we must leave the farmer, while we pull after a young man who has launched his bark upon the tempting sea of dissipation. See him there away! With a crowd of canvass and gay streamers, he gives to the winds his fears; folly swells his sails with the breath of her plea-

ures, and before their allurements he is borne along, regardless of consequences! Young man! young man! we want you to mark the dangers you are venturing upon. Attend a moment to our friendly admonitions. Throw out a grapnel, and bring yourself up! Good. Now, just look around you, and observe the drifting remnants of many wrecks. These were once like yourself—gay and hopeful. The bright sun of an unclouded morning had opened before them the prospects of a happy life.

“The morn was calm,
The eve (might have been) serene,
When welcome death had closed the scene.”

Whereas, attracted by the gairish splendours and meretricious adornings of PLEASURE, they followed her into forbidden scenes. The deceitful phantom led them on through seas of unhallowed delights and sensual indulgences. The “rosy wine” and the “subtle spirit” were among the things that ministered most to their enjoyment. Look at them in the hey-day of their excitement. Lots of cash, and of course, lots of friends. High spirits, gushing out in songs and jests. “Begone dull care.” “A short life, and a merry one.” “No croaking,” &c. &c. &c. Now, look at them a few short years afterwards. Aye, it must be a few years only, for these merry souls are short-lived; they pass off the stage in very few years. But let us furnish a specimen.

The substance of the following is from letters received by the writer within these three months:—

“NEW YORK, ———, 1852.

MY DEAR *****

I am suffering the pangs of extreme hunger! Days have passed without my tasting a morsel of food! O, who would have thought in Montreal that ***** could ever come down to this! The choicest food and liquors were wont to invite my flagging appetite; lately I have had to beg a crust to

stay the cravings of nature! Without money, my clothes have been seized for a week's board, and I am turned out of doors—a wretched, wretched object. Of the thousands who pass me in the streets, no one knows me. I have not a friend in the world; my habits have alienated them all. O pity me this once, and, although much your debtor, do yet advance me a few dollars, until I can earn my food and shelter. I sleep upon the squares, or wander about to pass away the night. I am amazed at my folly! Would that I could recal the past! The cursed cup has robbed me of all the hopes of youth: and at twenty-four, with a classical education and commercial aptitude, I am degraded below the common beggar,” &c. &c. &c.

Now, young man, let us assure you that this letter is not “made to order;”—it is no fancy sketch; on the contrary, we pledge you our word that it is made up of extracts from four or five notes received from a young gentleman who, not very long ago, occupied a most respectable and lucrative office in Canada. The difference between his communications and the above, consists in the fact that we have selected only a few of his most expressive sentences, *but not by any means the strongest*. But “some one” will say this is an uncommon case. We beg to disagree with “some one;” for although not yet arrived at the meridian of life, we can call up from among the families we have known, more than six score instances, many of them more deplorable than this; and the only cause of the selection of it, is the fact of its very recent occurrence. We tell you, young man, that in our crusade against Rum and its adjuncts, we are acting upon no temporary impulse—no party feeling; we seek no political results; we have no personal considerations in this matter. The subject has engaged our mind for more than fifteen years, and during that time we have reviewed the ground over and over again. We have weighed the arguments in favor of the *moderate use of*

stimulants, and those for *unpledged abstinence*, with an honest desire to take the course which should be followed by a man feeling individually responsible for his opinions; and after all, we are only the more convinced of the soundness of the principle of Total Abstinence, and of the necessity of being pledged to it.

Let us, then, persuade you to give the subject your own personal thought. Think, think, think, and then decide. If you do think, you will, we are sure, put up your helm and follow the LIFE BOAT into safe harborage; and may you be guided in your reflections by "the Spirit of Wisdom and of a sound mind."

JACK AIMWELL.

Celia Beverley;

OR, POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER II.

"By this the drooping daylight gan to fade
And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
Who, with her sable mantle, gan to shade
The face of earth, and ways of living light,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright."

"O, I am so glad it is night!" exclaimed Ella, as she flung herself on the sofa after tea, "I hope we shall not have another call; I am almost tired to death."

"Gather yourself up, my dear, and put on a less lachrymose phiz," said Celia, carelessly, as the door-bell rang again.

"O, yes, I am all in order," she replied, springing up laughing, and shaking back her curls; "I should think the poor bell would be tired, shouldn't you?"

"The compliments of the season," ladies—many returns of a happy New Year," said Henry Lester, marching into the parlor, closely followed by Charles Lucerne, and more leisurely by the rest of the troupe.

"Pray, be seated gentlemen, happy to see you are able to get here, said Julia, teasingly.

"We are very much fatigued," coolly remarked Bancroft, "but we have nerved

ourselves up by a desperate effort to do something for our friend Somers, who has been as one moonstruck all day."

Somers blushed deeply at this sally; but Lucerne, knowing Celia's sensitive nature, and fearing they might fail to elicit the recital they desired, dexterously turned the conversation upon the events of the day for a time. At length, taking a seat on the sofa beside Celia, he told her plainly the object of their second call.

"But I cannot tell my story before all these," remonstrated Celia.

"You said your reason for not drinking wine would be a warning to me, will it not be equally so to them?" asked Lucerne.

"Can you not repeat it to them?" inquired Celia.

"Not as you can tell it," replied Lucerne.

"O, Celia! if you only knew the power in woman's very tones, you would not hesitate to exert your influence where there is the possibility of doing good," he added with emotion.

"You have conquered," said Celia; "may my melancholy story be indeed productive of good."

"Miss Beverly will favor us with her reasons for not drinking wine, though her story is a sad one," said Lucerne, addressing the company.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon her, and a breathless silence evinced their anxiety for the narration.

Celia struggled a moment with her embarrassment, then turning partly toward Lucerne, she said:—

"I once had a brother Charles, an only darling brother," she murmured in tones so low that her auditors could scarcely catch the words; "he was ten years my senior. I was his pet—his 'baby sister,' as he fondly called me—and he, he was to me the personification of all that was good, and noble, and manly.

"And now, as I look back through the dim vista of long, long years, I still feel that my brother must have been all I then thought him;—tall and commanding in form, with fine classical features, a mind richly endowed, and a heart overflowing with kindly affections—such was my brother, my only brother, is it very strange I loved him?"

How beautiful was Celia at this moment; her cheeks glowed, her fine eyes were lit up with enthusiasm, and her voice had grown stronger and stronger, till its silvery notes rung like harp tones through the apartment: she paused, sighed deeply, and resumed.

"Ten years ago to-night—six months after he had attained his majority, and about as long after he had graduated with the highest honors of Yale, Charles was brought home intoxicated—perfectly helpless. Oh! the horrors of that night! I thought my brother was dead, and was almost frantic with grief. My mother, fearing fatal consequences from my excessive anguish, drew me to her bosom, and folding her arms around me, whispered, 'Celia, Charles is not dead, he will revive by-and-by; he is—oh! can it be!—he is drunk, dead drunk!'

"Never can I forget the wail of agony with which the last words were spoken. My poor heart-stricken mother fell back in a swoon, and all night long fainting fits followed in quick succession.

"I was fully roused. How great the change wrought in a few brief hours!—from a thoughtless, happy child, I became old in mental suffering—strong to endure for those I loved.

"Poor Charles, it was very hard for me to nerve myself to meet him the next morning. With a palpitating heart I entered the breakfast room. To my joy no one was there but my father—mother was unable to rise. My older sisters were spending holiday week in a neighboring city; and Charles—in answer to the servant sent to enquire for him—said he was ill, and wished to be excused. A sad and lonely meal was that. My father scarcely looked up, and ate but little—while now and then a sigh, as from the very depths of his soul, would bring tears to my eyes.

"'Poor boy,' he murmured, as he rose from the table; 'poor boy!—but, thank Heaven, I never tempted him.' Then, turning to me, he said, 'you will go and see Charles, won't you dear? but don't reproach him, by look or tone.'

"Reproach my dear brother! He little knew the fountain of tenderness that was filling my heart almost to bursting.

"An hour after, I knocked at the door of my brother's room, and a low quivering voice bade me enter.

"I opened the door gently—there sat Charles in dressing gown and slippers, his pale face resting on his hand, the very picture of mute despair. Springing forward, I threw my arms around his neck, and wept upon his shoulder.

"'Darling baby sister,' said he, clasping me in his arms, and kissing the tears from my cheek, 'how much grief I have caused you, and, oh! how deeply I have disgraced you!'

"Don't think of the past, my dear Charles, don't we all love you better than ever. O, don't look so sad, dear, dear brother, and I sobbed aloud. Charles sat motionless till my emotion subsided, then pushing me from him, and holding me at arm's length, he sat looking at me a long time, with a cold, stony gaze, that almost terrified me. At length he drew me to his bosom, and murmured tenderly—'poor baby sister!' His breast heaved convulsively, and the hot tears rained in torrents on my head. O, how I blessed those tears—a long, long time he wept thus. When he became more calm, he drew a chair close to his, and seated me, still holding one hand in his, while his other arm was thrown around my waist.

"'Now, dear Celia,' said he, 'I will tell you all. You know our parents, though not what are called teetotalers, have never kept wine on the side-board—never offered it to their guests—and you and I have scarcely ever tasted the beverage at home. I have now and then taken a glass with my college friends, but had no fondness for it; and yesterday, when I left home, I never thought what course I should pursue if offered wine. It never occurred to me that I would be tempted and overcome. My calls were made in company with four or five other young men, and it was not till a little past noon that we reached the residence of Gen. Williams—you know how amiable Clara Williams is, but you cannot know how fascinating she is to me, and many other young men. Everything was in superb style, the refreshment table was loaded with every possible luxury, and the rarest and most costly wines sparkled on the side-board. Clara and her two younger sisters were the only ladies present. Of course, Clara was the presiding genius. Again and again had the guests pledged her and her fair sisters in the rosy wine, while I stood aloof. At length she offered me a glass, and begged I would not reject the offered libation from any *superstitious predilections*.

"'How those words from the lips of her, whose approbation of all others I most desired, stung my proud, sensitive spirit! Did she think me a superstitious teetotaler? I would convince her of her mistake, and seizing the cup I drained it to her health and future happiness. Unaccustomed to the use of wine, I soon began to experience its effects, my nerves seemed unsteady, and my brain on fire; and, under the impression that a glass or two more would somehow restore the equilibrium, I drank whenever wine was offered, till, just as the lamps were lighted,

I recollect falling full length on the pavement in front of the residence of one of my most fashionable friends. I remember nothing more till I found myself at home in my room.

"He paused; for a few minutes both were silent, then laying his hand tenderly on my head, he said, 'Celia, you will soon be a young lady; promise me solemnly that you will never offer wine to a young gentleman, never pledge any in the treacherous wine cup; will you promise?'"

"Yes, dear brother, I do promise; but don't talk about this any more; forget it all and let us be happy again," I replied.

"A sad, mournful look was his only answer. He walked to the window to give me time to compose myself, for my heart seemed bursting with its pent up emotions. After a time he resumed his seat, saying, 'Now, sister, tell me who brought me home, and all about our poor mother—tell me all—everything,' he added, almost sternly, seeing me hesitate, and 'then we will dismiss the subject for ever'."

"I did tell him, mildly as a child could, but I told him all—my mother's agony—my father's exclamation at the breakfast table. I dared keep nothing back. He listened calmly, but when the recital was finished, a storm of grief swept over his soul that it was agony to witness. I dared not leave him, and I scarcely dared to remain. When he again became calm, he asked to see my mother.

"I carried his request to her, and it was readily granted; but I cannot describe the scene that followed; I wish I could forget it."

Tears choked Celia's utterance, and her sympathising auditors regretted that they had unwittingly probed so deep a wound.

"During that whole year, my brother never tasted wine," she resumed, "but he contracted the habit of cigar smoking, and so inveterate did the habit become, that he was listless and dispirited without frequent recurrence to his cigar. Mother expostulated with him sometimes, but his reply was, 'I know it is a bad habit, but smoking never hurts any one.'"

"Another New Year came, and, despite of the assurances given by a whole year of abstinence, a shadow rested on dear mother's face, as she saw Charles depart to make calls. She knew he had not been tempted during the past year as he would be tempted now.

"Bravely Charles withstood the temptations so bewitchingly offered; yet, as he afterwards said, a regalia was puffed at every

square. About two o'clock his cigar case became empty. Too far from home to return, and ashamed to supply himself from the cases of his more moderate companions, or even to acknowledge the power of habit by purchasing, he resolved to abstain from smoking, as well as wine-drinking, the remainder of the day. Another busy hour passed, but poor Charles felt more and more the want of the tobacco stimulus. Having become separated from his companions of the morning, he fell in with a former classmate, who, having recently returned from Europe, knew nothing of Charles' fall.

"Come, let us go in here and get a cigar," said this friend, as they came opposite a fashionable saloon.

"Charles willingly acquiesced. The cigars were purchased, but 'smoking was dry work alone,' young Merrill said, and calling for a bottle of champagne, he composedly seated himself, and began to puff away.

"Charles was in a dilemma; he must smoke, and if he refused to drink, what would his friend think of him? Would not that former, ever present fall be suspected, and his self-control doubted?"

"He had not decided what to do, when the champagne was brought, and Merrill, pouring it out, pushed a glass across the table, saying, 'come Charlie, try a glass.'"

"No, thank you, the cigar is enough for me," replied Charles.

"A teetotaler, eh! or got a brick in your hat, so afraid to trust yourself again, which is it?"

"Neither, Sir!" exclaimed Charles, angrily, "and, to convince you, I will drink as much champagne as you please; hand it along."

"Excuse me, I did not mean to offend you," said Merrill, evidently surprised at the effect he had produced, "but we will drink one glass to our future good fellowship."

"Ashamed at having betrayed his weakness by getting angry, Charles accepted and drank the champagne without hesitation.

"For an hour they sat smoking and drinking, till Merrill started up, exclaiming, 'A dozen calls to make yet, Charlie!'"

"The dozen calls were among Charlie's wine-drinking friends, and again my brother was brought home intoxicated.

"From that time his downward course was rapid; he felt himself irretrievably disgraced; and had no courage to make an attempt to reform.

"Two years after my brother died—died of consumption brought on by his intemperate habits; but he lived to witness the death of both our parents, and to endure the

anguish of the thought, that his conduct had brought them down with sorrow to the grave.

"For two or three months previous to his death, not a drop of alcohol, in any form, had passed his lips—he appeared penitent. When the news of death were on his brow, he begged me to renew my promises never to drink or encourage the use of wine—and 'dear Celia,' said he, 'you will also promise never to tolerate the use of tobacco in any form. Oh! had I not acquired the habit of smoking, I should not have been tempted—should not have destroyed myself; I should not have sent my parents sorrowing to the tomb, and thrown a withering blight over your young life, my sister.'

"From my inmost soul I made the required promise; and, breathing words of tenderness and blessing, my brother's spirit passed away from earth."

A deep sigh from the back parlor broke the death-like stillness that prevailed for some minutes after Celia had finished her recital, and then were the company first aware of the presence of Mr. Mitford, who had entered sometime before.

"My dear girl," exclaimed he, advancing and taking Celia's hand between his own, why did you never tell me this? "Young gentlemen," said he, turning to the guests, "bear me witness that no one will ever again be tempted in my house."

"Forgive us for causing you so much pain, Miss Beverly," said Frank Somers, as he bade her good night. "I hope the lesson will not be altogether lost."

CHAPTER III.

"Still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back
Worn and bewildered, wondering how it is."

The weeks passed by—the orphan Celia mingled with the Mitfords in scenes of gaiety, but never for a moment did she swerve from the vow she had made, though a deep shade of sadness would often rest on her beautiful face, as she saw many a one induced to quaff the poison cup, unable to resist the witchery of the fair tempter's smile.

February came, and St. Valentine's day, and again Ella thought the door bell must be tired, and was quite sure the servants were. The usual quantity of sickly sentimentalism was received by each of the young ladies, relieved now and then by a noble expression of true esteem, and the Yankee faculty of "guessing" was duly exercised concerning

the writers; but there was one valentine, received by Celia, so unequivocal, that it did not admit of conjecture—it was as follows:—

"Will Miss Beverly please accept the enclosed as the result of her sad recital on New Year's evening, and the solemn purpose of one who would be proud to believe himself her
VALENTINE."

"I hereby solemnly promise, on my honor, that I will not buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, any spirituous liquors, beer, wine or cider. I also promise to abstain, now and for ever, from the use of tobacco in all its forms, and that I will use whatever influence I possess in putting away these two vices from the community.

FRANK SOMERS."

This was beautifully written in the smallest possible compass, and encased in a plain gold setting.

Tears sprung to Celia's eyes as she read, a moment she pressed the pledge to her lips—then, as if ashamed of her own emotion, she hurriedly unlocked a little casket, thrust the whole valentine to the bottom, and securely locking the casket, hid the key in a secret drawer of her work-box.

That valentine did not find a place on the parlor table in the evening, when the young ladies brought their stores to examine, criticize, and conjecture the authorship.

* * * * *

Month after month rolled away—spring, summer and autumn passed—the winter has come, and soon the New Year dawned.

One year has wrought some changes in our circle of young friends. George Saverne and Julia Mitford have been some months married—they live fashionably—and to-day, the wine sparkles on their side-board.

Mary Mitford and cousin Ella are alone to-day; and, true to his promise, and much to their gratification, Mr. Mitford has furnished no wine.

Celia Beverly, now Mrs. Frank Somers, does the honor of her own elegant mansion, on this, her first reception day.

The most perfect taste is displayed in the selection and arrangement of her furniture. Her refreshment table is very attractive in its simple elegance; most conspicuous among its delicacies is the snowy "Bride's Loaf";—there is no one wine cup there,

—"Though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depths beneath
Whose lore is wo, whose sting is death!"

but above the mantelpiece is a richly-framed, elegantly-engraved Family Temperance Pledge; on which are the bold, manly,

chirography of Frank Somers, and the delicate tracery of his gentle wife—the first document she signed after her marriage.

There is another single article of furniture in that new home. Near the stove in their well-lighted hall, is a stand covered with cards, on each of which is a neat little temperance and anti-tobacco pledge. There is a card-basket in which are two of these cards signed by Frank and Celia Somers. Many are the remarks called forth by this new "hall ornament," as Charles Lucerne named it, and often is the sad history of Charles Beverly whispered as the young men linger around the stove before entering the parlor. Charles Lucerne's name is placed on the card, and added to the number in the basket—another is signed and transferred to his pocket. During the day another and another card is added; and, when night came, the originators of the novel plan were delighted to find the signatures of many for whom they had feared.

"Will they all keep this pledge," said Celia, with a sigh.

"If but one of all these keep his pledge," replied Frank, gazing fond into his wife's eye—"if but one keep his pledge," he repeated, "it will be another glorious trophy of the POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE."

Faugh a Ballagh.

BY THE COXSVAIN.

Get out o' the way!

All ye *that fear* to join our side;
We want no timid, coward folk,
But men in whom we may confide—
Out o' the way!

Get out o' the way!

All ye that *shake your heads* in doubt;
We want no dubious, halting heads,
But heads that know what they're about—
Out o' the way!

Get out o' the way!

All ye whose zeal is of the tongue;
We want no merely wordy men,
But men whose *work* and words are strong—
Out o' the way!

Get out o' the way!

Ye trembling, doubting, noisy crew;
We have the RECRUITS, CADETS, SONS,
And we can well dispense with you—
Out o' the way!

William Wirt.

The following in regard to the early history of William Wirt, is interesting; but whether it is reliable, we are unable to say. It is from the New York *Picayune* :—

"In the early career of Mr. Wirt he was addicted to intemperate habits, and was, as every friend supposed, a very hopeless, irreclaimable man. He was abandoned by almost every friend, and was so reduced, that his presence was objectionable in the meanest establishments where rum was sold. On a certain occasion he had become so grossly intoxicated, that he fell upon the floor of a rum hole insensible. The proprietor very coolly dragged him out of the place, and laid him at full length on the edge of the side-walk. It was in the city of Richmond, Va. The day was excessively warm, and the rays of the sun fell exactly upon the inebriate, who was totally unconscious of his situation. A young lady was passing the spot, and on noticing the exposed situation of Mr. Wirt, stopped, spread her handkerchief over his face, and passed on. When Mr. Wirt became partially sensible of his situation, a few hours afterwards, he discovered the handkerchief, and the initials upon it made him aware to whom it belonged. That kind act made him a reformed man, for he found that there was one living being that was interested in his fate. In after years, when Mr. Wirt had risen to an eminent position, and was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, we met him and his gifted lady—the identical young woman who managed the handkerchief business when Mr. Wirt was in the "grog" trade)—and she never regretted her choice, and Mr. Wirt never drank more.

Zechariah Hodgson and his Wife.

Zechariah Hodgson was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked; and whatever the poor woman did to please him, was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humour in silence for a long time; but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

One day, as Zechariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook at the back of the house, and put it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought

so. Why in the world did you fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you; but I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only now added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of woman-kind, you would have made it into a stew."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent stew.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband; "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm, and there was a bull-frog of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zechariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zechariah could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome, and he

burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged his wife was right, declared she should not again have reason to complain of him, and kept to his word.—*Family Circle.*

Sponging.

Meanness assumes many forms. Under any form, meanness is, if possible, more damaging than positive crime. Some persons are too mean to be thieves, and some are too mean to be open enemies; but the first take advantage of their neighbor by dark, paltry circumventing ways, and the other will go sneakingly to work by insinuation, to blacken the character of their friends!

But our object is to indicate a kind of meanness, the immediate result of Rum; and we want you, O ye bright-faced, cold water lads, to ponder well what we say, and then to ask yourselves the question, "Could I do the like?" One fact is worth a thousand theories or homilies. Well, here is one in point. We know a person who was once the chief, and, we may say, the confidential clerk of one of the most extensive commercial houses in this country; he earled some £400 a year, and was in all respects, save a most exalted self-sufficiency, a first-rate fellow. Well, this gent is now a SPONGE. First: He will *drink* like a sponge, and it is scarcely any matter what the drink is, providing the *drunk* is in it. Secondly: He sponges upon his friends until they are almost ready to kick him out. For some years he was on a visit to a bachelor friend who kept house, and the way in which he jollified at his expense, was a caution to the bachelor. To get rid of his guest, he changed residence, and took a smaller place, where there was no accommodation for the SPONGE.

SPONGEY then bestowed himself upon another bachelor friend, and he too had to break up his household to dislodge him. The SPONGE then went to a boarding-house, whence, after a few months, he was expelled. While there, he ran up bills for the other boarders, in whose names he ordered sundry barrels of ale, &c. SPONGEY is, as you may suppose, in debt to all whomsoever have been verdant enough to trust him. Like a sponge, however, that has seen good service, he is becoming somewhat ragged; and what is to become of him when the external man is too seedy to allow the well dressed gents to know him, we cannot of course pretend to foretel. We see SPONGE every other day looking rather disconsolate, and we cannot help pitying his hapless condition. Poor fellow!

[For the Life Boat.]

Water.

Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chas'd by Druid's hands of old,
Fill'd from yonder fountain's breast,
Where the waters are at rest.
This for me—in joyous hour,
This for me—in beauty's bower,
This for me—in manhood's prime,
This for me—in life's decline.

Bring me forth the humbler horn,
Fill'd by hunter's hand at morn,
From the crystal spring that flows
Underneath the blooming rose—
Where the violet loves to sip,
Where the lily loves to dip—
Bring me this, and I will say,
"Take the ruby wine away!"

Take away the damning draught,
By the Bacchanalian quaff'd;
Take away the liquid death,
Serpents nestle in its breath;
Terror rides upon its flood,
Vice surrounds its brim of blood,
Sorrow in its bosom springs,
Sorrow buoyed on pleasure's wings.

Dip the bucket in the well,
Where the trout delights to dwell,
Where the sparkling waters sing
As they bubble from the spring;
Where the breeze whisper sweet,
Where the happy children meet;
Draw, and let the draught be mine;
Take away the tempting wine!

A FRIEND.

Drunken John.

Henry, the late Earl of Pembroke, had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His lordship thought of an ingenious expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him; and this was to feign himself deaf: and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answers, not by what was said to him, but by what he desired to have said.

Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity in several capacities, till at length he became coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire he may be turned off." "Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-park: though not much hurt, yet, when she came home, she began to teaze the earl. "Here," said she, "is that beast John so drunk, that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, he will one day break our necks." "Ay," said my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," said my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went

away in a passion; and the earl having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you; and, as long as you behave well, you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me that you are taken ill; and indeed I see that you can hardly stand: go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John being thus dismissed, was carried to bed; where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His lordship sent very formally, twice a day, to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman, who acted as his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his lordship thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," said his lordship, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my lord," said John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," replied my lord, "you say right; nobody can prevent sickness; and if you should be ill again, John, I shall see to it, though perhaps you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall have always the same advice and attendance that you have had

now." "God bless your lordship," said John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," said the earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear." John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

Men of Genius.

FROM HYPERION.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose, that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And oh! how majestically they walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those, who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; tolling much, enduring much, fulfilling much;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them while they sleep.

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them

with the hem of his garment, and make them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls. And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and for ever!

John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd money in my pockets, John,
Which now I know there ain't:
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark me how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
We've been too long together,
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other:
For we must tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go;
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my joe.

Illustration of Humbug.

We take the following delectable piece of philosophical logic from "Wild Sports of the West," a book claiming to possess some merit. When we find such sentiments reprinted in 1850 by Bentley, we may cease to wonder at the amazing ignorance which yet prevails among the "higher classes," so called, upon the subject of Temperance.

TEMPERANCE a bubble! a silly bubble!! Yes, verily friend, thou art an Ass.

"Next to modern fanaticism, nothing stirs my choler more than that silly bubble, the *Temperance Society*. To prevent men from occasionally indulging, no matter what their grade in life may be, is perfectly Utopian. The more you in-

hibit what the world calls pleasure, the more you urge mankind to the pursuit. Hence, in water-drinking, as in religion, there is the grossest hypocrisy practised; and I would as soon trust a denouncer of wine with the key of my cellar, as allow my cat to have the *entrée* of the dairy. Then, upon the score that health and longevity are interrupted by even a moderate attachment to the bottle, I deny the position altogether; and for my proof I would point out the group within," &c. &c.

Some inaccuracies having been discovered in our selected article respecting the Origin, &c., of the Order of Cadets in a previous number, we readily insert the following communication as a corrective:—

(For the *Life Boat*.)

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

MR. EDITOR,—The Order of Cadets of Temperance had its origin in the city of New York, and was started by Daniel Cady, Esq., under the auspices of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of New York State, in the year 1846. Daniel Cady was the author of the first Constitution; also, the first and all subsequent editions of the "Red Book" (containing the private ceremonies of the Order); and he was for five years the Grand Worthy Patron of the Grand Section of New York, and is now the C. M. W. G. C. of the Grand Council of Cadets of Temperance of North America. There are, at the least calculation, 1000 Sections of Cadets in the Union, and at the lowest estimate 10,000 Cadets. The States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and, I think, Illinois, have each a Grand Section. The State of New York has three Grand Sections, viz., Western, Central and Southern New York; this is for the purpose of having more equal representation. These Grand Sections are composed of the W. P.'s, A. P.'s, Chaplains, P. W. A.'s and W. A.'s, of subordinate Sections, who are elected annually. I would here state that the Grand Section of Pennsylvania allows the Cadets under its jurisdiction to use that filthyest of all things—tobacco. The author of the article referred to must have been ignorant, or very much misinformed, in regard to the Order in the United States, or he would not have sent such an article over the country.

This article was not written to underrate Mr. Foust, or to cast an imputation on his name; but as justly due to Cadets of the United States, and also to Mr. Cady—a man who has expended a fortune in endeavoring to extend and advance the progress of this juvenile branch of the Temperance army. He has travelled over almost every State of this Union, devoting his whole time, sacrificing his health, material aid and comfort, in so doing. But I must bring this to a close, as I have already written much more than I intended to have done. I would say, that having been connected with the Order for more than four years, and having held stations in the Order, which necessarily has placed much information concerning the Order in my possession, I can vouch and bring proof of my assertions.

Yours in V. L. and T.,

A NEW YORK CADET.

HARD LANGUAGE.—Dr. Johnson drove a Billingsgate fish-woman to the verge of madness by telling her she was an "individual." Here's a similar instance of misapprehension.

"Your remarks are crude, sir, very crude!" cried a man to one who styled him a scoundrel. "You have not time to weigh your words, or you would never have thought to express yourself in that manner."

"Well, sir, I've got proof," was the reply, "I've got proof of what you say. Mr. Brown you will take notice that this man said I was crude, and I'll have satisfaction for it, if there is any law in the country."

IS YOUR PROPERTY MORTGAGED?—Mr. Delavan met a friend in Albany one day, and asked him, "Mr. C., do you know there is a mortgage upon your property?" "Why, no, sir," said Mr. C., "my property is free and unincumbered." "But there is a mortgage upon it," said Mr. Delavan. "I have examined the records, and I find that you pay one thousand dollars taxes, and over six hundred dollars of that goes to pay for intemperance. Your property is mortgaged to the rum-sellers of Albany for ten thousand dollars, and you have to pay the interest every year; and if you were to die tomorrow, it would go to your heirs with that incumbrance, and they would have to pay up the interest regularly, or it would be sold by the sheriff."—*Amer. Temp. Jour.*

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*Lafontaine.*



Our Plate---the Life Boat.

Being desirous of preserving this interesting picture within the leaves of our little book, we have shorn it of the border, &c., and now present it to our young patrons.

Governing by "Moral Suasion."

My friend called to the offender. "Charley, dear," said he, in the blindest tones imaginable, "don't you remember father told you yesterday, you musn't play in that field any more till it is mowed?"

The boy seemed to have no such recollection; but whether he had or not, he went on with his play.

"Charley," said his father again, "will you please to stop rolling your hoop, and come away from the mowing lot?"

No answer.

"Come, my son, won't you please to do as father tells you?"

Still no effect was visible, unless perhaps the velocity of the hoop was accelerated a little.

"Charles, will you stop trampling down the grass, to oblige me? I am afraid your little calf won't have any hay to eat, if you tread down the grass so."

"Dickey don't eat grass," said the little hero; and he went on chasing his hoop.

"But may be he would like some next winter, Charley. I am sorry you do not mind your father. Are you not going to be a good boy, now, and do as I tell you?"

Still the system did not operate well. The machinery seemed to be rusty.

"Charley, my dear, do you remember the fifth commandment?"

I dare presume that all the children could have repeated the catechism from beginning to end; they were well instructed, for both parents were professedly pious; but master Charles was far too much engaged at the time to be catechised. He was doing a great work, so that he could not come down to the New England

Primer. He was training up his father in the way he should go.

The mother then appeared at the door. "Come, Charley, dear," said she, "come here, and see what mother has got for you. I wouldn't play there any more. Come and play in the house with sister. That's a good boy. So saying, she retreated, leaving the reins of *government* entirely in the hands of my friend, the *paterfamilias*, who then said, in a tone of voice a little more nearly approaching the point of sternness, but not quite reaching it,

"Charles, I am astonished. Do you mean to obey your father, or not?"

"I'll come in a minute."

"That's right, my son. I thought you would mind me, because you know it is naughty to trample down the grass, when your father asks you not to do it."

Master Charles did not happen to have any watch with him, so that his minute proved to be a very long one, which circumstance his father ventured, though with great difficulty and self-distrust, to hint to him.

Our promising young *master*, having somewhat laconically dissented from the opinion aforesaid, and doubtless wishing to give a *running* commentary on the theory of government by moral suasion, then went off in a tangent line, chasing his hoop at full speed quite across the field.

"Now," said my friend, turning to me, "I suppose your advice would be to punish that child severely; but I shall succeed without assault and battery—you may be sure of that."

I told him I was no friend of undue severity in parental government; that I hardly knew precisely how I should act in similar circumstances; but that I thought there was some excellent instruction conveyed in one

of the fables I used to read at school in Noah Webster's spelling-book, about "an old man who found a rude boy upon one of his apple-trees, stealing apples." I said that the old gentleman's course always seemed to me to be philosophical, and that, at any rate, it was eminently successful.

After a few moments' reflection, the father seized his hat, and went out in pursuit of the young gentleman, who exhibited a very respectable acquaintance with some of the principles of trigonometry, by describing rapidly sundry arcs, triangles and rhomboids, though it cannot be denied that the prosecution of this useful science, just at that period, somewhat retarded the operation, for the time being, of my friend's system of government. But the father soon showed that he understood Euclid too—he was a surveyor, by the way—and overtook the young master. Then he took him affectionately by the hand, and brought him screaming and struggling, to the house. The triumph, however, was not regarded as quite complete. He seated the promising youth in the piazza, after having given his hoop to another child to put away, and addressed the sufferer in a strain consisting of about equal parts of reproof and consolation:

"Charley, my dear, don't you know it is very naughty not to mind father? You will never do so again, will you? There, don't cry any more; will Charley be a good boy now? Kiss me, my child, and always do as father tells you. Will Charley be good?"

Charley of course had not the least objection in the world to being good, if he could have his own way about it; and after the kissing (which, I could not help noticing, was a sort of vicarious kissing, all on the side of

the father) *master* Charles was allowed to go about his business, while the father took occasion, for my special benefit, and in view of the interesting scene which had just passed under my notice, to deliver a homily on the omnipotence of moral suasion, and the evils of corporal punishment in parental discipline!—*Mother's Magazine.*

—♦—

"I Want to be an Angel."

A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars stood in the sky and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted, and his eyes wandered all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above. They looked just like "holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through," but he knew better. Yet he loved to look up there, and was so absorbed, that his mother called to him and said:

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

He started, as if suddenly roused from sleep, and answered:

"I was thinking ——"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "*I want to be an angel.*"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live and love God, and are happy: I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on him for ever."

The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept. She wept, too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him if he would give his heart to God now while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins and take him up to heaven when he died, and he would then be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side and said :

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in thy precious blood ;
I thy little lamb would be,
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

The mother took the child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven. A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and, as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear :

"I am going to be an angel."

That is a very simple story, and it is just the way I have felt a thousand times. I have looked at the heavens, and giving up to the child's thought that *there* are the blest, I have wished that I might be one of their com-

pany; done with sin; and a bright career of holiness and glory begun, to be ended never.

And it looks so lovely there, where God is, and the sunshine of his smile beams with matchless radiance on every heart, and love reigns through the realms of glory, and each strives with each to see which shall do the most for each other's bliss, that my heart goes up there as to a resting-place, where sorrow cannot enter, and joy flows perennially from every soul.

I feel at such times just like the child in the cottage door; just like the man of old, who sighed for the wings of a dove that he might fly away.

Yet, were it not for sin, this would be as bright and fair a world as that. God would be here, as when in the morning of its being, He walked in the garden with his friend, and smiled on him with parental love. The angels would be here, our companions and guides. Earth would be heaven—paradise, as it was when sin was not.

Then, to be happy here, we must be holy: and, the holier we are, the happier. And, when we are released from sin, and by the merits and mercy of the Saviour are introduced to the courts above, we shall be as the angels, holy, happy, rejoicing always with God!—*Mother's Magazine.*

Life Boat Extra.

The Proprietor of the *Life Boat* having purposed making the present number especially valuable, a Map of Montreal, of the size of one of our pages, intended to show the extent of the recent awful conflagration, had been prepared by the Coxswain. The idea was received with so much favor by the publisher of the *Pilot*, that he offered to have it increased in size to be published in his paper, with the understanding that in its enlarged and improved state it should be presented to the Subscribers of the *Life Boat*. The *Extra* is therefore a *Life Boat Extra*, inasmuch as the Map and the reading matter accompanying it are from our own hands. We trust that the additional sheet will be deemed a handsome equivalent for the want of an original engraving.

"Henry Kemptville" in our next.