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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, DECEMBER, 1852.

No. 9.

Havoc !

" Cry Havoc ! and let slip the dogs of war !"—SHAKESPEARE.

Does war make havoc of men? What then shall be said of RUM! We have read of battles and sieges, of wide spread conflagrations, and awful shipwrecks;—we have heard of plagues and fevers, of famines and of earthquakes, and our sympathies have been awakened. We have kindled into indignation at the atrocious ambition which sacrifices legions of men in the pursuit of its unhallowed aims; and before the angels of destruction, commissioned by the authority which feeble man may not dare to impugn, we have bowed in silent and sorrowful submission; but none of these causes have ever so affected us, as the steady and systematic decimation of our race, by the time hallowed and law sanctioned traffic in Alcoholic Liquors.

The sudden destruction of hundreds or thousands of men, by other causes, creates a national shudder; people stand aghast terror stricken, and if the waste of life may be charged home upon somebody, then woe to the

culprits for the concentrated execrations of millions will scathe him, or them, with the hot breath of a vengeance, more fearful than legal retribution. But mark this ridiculously impulsive inconsistency! People must not be blown up or sunk in racing Steamboats, to be sure not; people must not be crushed to death upon Railroads, through the bungling of Agents, no indeed; nor will they be guiltless whose wretched shell houses tumble about their occupants, burying them in the ruins, no, no! Yet these things only happen once in a while; thousands of Steamboats accomplish their trips without collision, explosion, or other disaster; the Rail Cars snort along with few accidents; and, most houses keep their foundations, why then this expenditure of fury? Why? Why, to be sure, because human life is the most precious jewel in God's universe! Very well, then it follows that any action which results in the waste of human life is the most flagitiously wicked that can

be committed. Now, how does it come to pass that with all this zeal for the conservation of human life, large numbers of men who "can render a reason" will look upon the trade in rum and its adjuncts, with as lack-a-daisical indifference as if the annual holocaust of victims to mammon were just so many swine or pestiferous vermin? How can they? The problem is of difficult solution.

We have often been impressed with the conviction, that an unslumbering Providence so orders matters as to make the agents of evil to others to execute upon themselves a fearful retribution. God cannot, it is true, be the author of sin, but he may abandon men to the very temptations they place before their fellows. Who will gainsay the justice of this principle? If a man dig a pit for others, who will lament him if he should himself fall into it?

Now, we come to the HAVOC; and without circumlocution we are bold to affirm, that of all classes of men none other furnishes so many victims to drunkenness as the dealers in Alcohol. Of all the arguments against rum-selling, this is the most cogent and irresistible. Reader, look round among the tavern-keepers you have known, and without controversy you will reach the conviction, that of all the trades, professions, and pursuits, none is so hazardous, none so destructive of life, as this. *To sell rum, is to book an early place in the hearse, if not in hell!*

Some twenty-three years ago we became acquainted with a family, all the elder members of which were remarkable for their extraordinary size and vigor. It might have been predicated of them, that with reasonable attention to health they would all attain a patriarchal age. All lived to have families of their own; and

the two generations, with the members annexed by marriage, made up a very large circle indeed. The elder brother, whom we shall call A., emigrated to this country about the year 1810, and sometime after began business as a grocer. One by one his brothers and sisters followed, and all of them adopted the line of business in which A. had already made a good deal of money. It was indeed with his help that they established themselves. We have then in this family—all of whom were professedly religious people—a fair opportunity of learning the influence of the liquor traffic upon the dealers themselves. Please remember that these people were remarkable, 1st, in a very unusual degree, for extreme physical strength; and, 2nd, for an open profession of religion.

The family consisted of ten brothers and sisters, whom we shall designate by the first ten letters of the alphabet.

Well, A. married three times; his first wife died of a cancer, and left two daughters; the two girls married, one of them a cousin, the other a stranger; the two young couples began the grog business, and in a few years the wives died of drunkenness; the two widowers married again, and in a few years more one of the husbands and one of the wives fell victims to the trade; the remaining husband became bankrupt, and seven or eight years ago, when we last saw him, he was a loafer; the widow of the other continued her husband's business, became a drunkard, and the concern went to the dogs. Put down six drunkards and four deaths.

The second wife of A., a highly educated woman, took to drink early and died, leaving two infant girls; both married young men brought up to the liquor business, and they too were soon noted as hard drinkers;

the husband of the youngest died in two years, a drunkard; she married again, and her second husband died in two years more, a drunkard; she is married to the third husband, although she is not over thirty years of age; her elder sister is separated from her husband, who was in the habit of ill-using her very much. Put down three drunkards and two deaths.

The third wife of A. was a very frail woman. She died when about 40 years old, and left three children—one boy infirm. Her eldest son married early, and went into the old business; his wife, a fine stout rosy girl, was recently buried, having destroyed herself by liquor. His sister married a young man brought up with her father; she is now separated from her husband, whose business has gone to wreck, and both are drunkards, she being something else in addition. Put down three drunkards and one death.

A. himself, the founder of the business, preserved his character as a religious man, gave up selling rum from a conviction of the evils it wrought, and at a full age died in peace, but not till he had seen the property he had amassed frittered away, and several of his children killed or ruined by Alcohol.

2. B. came to this country a widower with 4 children, 2 boys, and 2 girls. He died of hard drinking, after having carried on the rum business some few years. Both his sons engaged in the same trade, and became drunkards. One was drowned, the other married a cousin, who also became a drunkard, and something else, and where they now are, whether dead or living, deponent knoweth not.

3. C. had three sons and one daughter, he died early, and of drunkenness. One of the sons and the daughter

married, and went into *the business*; the son became a drunkard, failed, and died; the daughter's husband died of *delirium tremens*, and his widow married again, but gave up rum selling. The other two boys became loafers. Put down five drunkards and two deaths.

4. D. died early a drunkard; he left two sons and two daughters. One married a cousin, commenced *the business*, failed, and both he and his wife became drunkards; the other frittered away his property, became a drunkard, and was drowned; the two sisters married, the one a cousin, engaged in the ditto business, who became a drunkard and died early; she married again, and gave up rum selling; her sister married a rum seller, but he relinquished the trade, and so saved his life and hers. Put down four drunkards and two deaths.

5. E. same business, drunkard, failed, loafer, died. His wife also became a drunkard and died—both prematurely. They left two girls who went a bad gait. Two drunkards and two deaths.

6. F. same trade, same result. His wife ditto. Left two daughters, both married, one a rum seller, who failed, and she became a profligate; the other married and went away West. Put down three drunkards and two deaths.

7. G. same course and consequences. Forget about his wife. Left one son and two daughters. The son became a drunkard and bully; the girls married, the one a cousin already named, who became a drunkard, and failed; the other married a dry goods man, and did well.

8. H. came out a widow with one daughter; daughter married a Master Mechanic, and both are living and doing well; the mother resided with

a relative in the rum trade, became a drunkard and died prematurely.

9. J. was also a widow, with one son and one daughter, both of whom married cousins already referred to, and, both being in *the trade*, died drunkards. The mother a pious woman, and the eldest of the whole family died at a full age.

10. K. a good pious woman also a widow, had three sons, all went into the business, one married a cousin before referred to, who is still living, re-married, but now out of *the business*. The three brothers died drunkards, and all prematurely.

Now, we knew every person of whom we have spoken, and could, if necessary, affirm to the truth of what we have said under oath. Of this large family there are few survivors, and those among them who have preserved their respectability, have abandoned the rum business; the rest are either loafers, or worse. More than a score died prematurely, half that number failed, and as many more are now in vagabondage. About half a score are respectable members of society, but not one of them, to our knowledge, sells rum. We may add, that the second generation, if living, would now be in the very prime of life; while their parents (who died on an average about twenty years ago) would not, at this date, be very old people.

Such are the results of the traffic in Ardent Spirits. Now, in view of such facts, WHO WOULD NOT VOTE FOR THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW?

SMART BOY.—“If you don’t go to School, my son, who teaches you what is right or wrong?” “I don’t get teached, I finds it out.” “And, how do you find it out?” “By observing that right works for a shilling a day, while wrong lives on it.” Not much made by that witness.

Politeness.

Some people have a morbid fear of being thought impolite, and so they become quite learned in all the niceties of etiquette. The precise time to make or return calls—the mode of bowing—and the laws of recognition under all possible circumstances—the forms of introduction—and the use of gloves, &c. &c. &c. Now, we admit the propriety of conforming to the usages of society, (when they are not ridiculous,) and we admire the person who delivers himself with grace at all times; yet we hate mere form and pretence, and, to tell the truth, we much prefer the warm greeting of a generous heart, even though somewhat uncouth, to the frigid reception, although most strictly *comme il faut*, among the upper ten.

Kindness is the essence of politeness, its very life; without it, all is ceremony and grimace. True politeness overlooks defects, and so far from bridling up, if an unrefined person should be guilty of awkwardness, it seeks to cover the *gaucherie* by some little *finesse*.

George the Fourth, of great renown as a gentleman, was once at table where two country ladies committed the offence of pouring out their tea in their saucers. The illustrious George observed a titter among some *very young* people present, and, without having appeared to notice the cause, he quietly poured out his own tea into his saucer, an innocent *ruse* which had the effect of completely turning the scale.

We have purposely used a few French words, very much in vogue, and recommend our youthful readers to turn over their Dictionaries in order to ascertain their exact meaning.



Sir John Franklin.

Our young readers have no doubt heard a good deal of late about this gentleman, and some of them are probably aware of the cause of his being so frequently spoken about; others may not. Well, we presume that most of our subscribers have a Map of the World in their houses, or within their reach. By reference to it they will see that, entering Davis' Straits, and progressing westward, the lines showing the coast break off abruptly, leaving a large patch as yet unmarked. This region is comparatively unknown. The season of open water is here so short, and the climate so vigorously cold, that the attempts to obtain the geographical boundaries of

the land and the extent of sea, have advanced but slowly. It has, however, been believed, that a North-west passage to the Pacific Ocean exists, and that it is open sometime during the short summer. To ascertain the existence of this passage, various expeditions have been fitted out by Great Britain, and put under the command of experienced navigators. The last attempt to decide the question, and to survey the coast in the Northern seas, was undertaken by Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. The protracted absence of the expedition, and the loss of all traces of its more recent progress, have given rise to very grave fears respecting its safety.

Hope, which is very long in dying, has suggested a thousand arguments in favor of the safety of the voyager, but its consolations are becoming less satisfactory. Several attempts have in turn been made to discover Sir John and his brave companions; and within a few weeks a last, and we may perhaps add, a "forlorn hope," has departed upon this errand. Many ardent wishes for its success have been wafted after them; to which, we are sure, all our readers will add their own.

A Trade.

A tall, raw-looking down-east chap, whose unusually great prolongation of leg seemed to indicate a rising genius, took lodging in one of the crack hotels at Boston for a day or two; and from the somewhat primitive simplicity of his toggery, attracted the attention of the exquisites and loungers. Our Goliath was, however, perfectly independent of all criticism; and feeling conscious, no doubt, of his ability "to come up to the office and settle," made himself quite at home.

Goliath had a watch which he seemed very desirous of timing correctly, and for that purpose compared it with the bar clock somewhat frequently. One of the loungers observing this, winked to his friends, who expected a good jest.

"Well, Mister," said he, addressing Goliath, "got a new watch, eh? Will you swap?"

"Guess I'm allers ready for a trade. What sort of ticker is yourn?"

"O, I shan't tell you, nor will I examine your own; but I'll give you mine, and five dollars to boot."

"Wall, hand out the rag."

The money was paid, and Goliath delivered his watch, holding out his hand for the other.

"O, but I have no watch; did'nt say I had."

Here a guffaw from the loungers greeted our friend. When the mirth had subsided, the possessor of the watch began to examine his prize, but could not find the trick of opening it. He then held it to his ear, but it was silent.

"Does it go?" addressing Goliath in a somewhat chastened tone.

"Not as I know on," said long legs.

"Does it open?"

"Yes, I calculate you'll find some great snuff in it!"

Here the laugh turned against the purchaser, and Goliath walked off, saying quietly, "Guess I sold my Britannia purty well."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the article was a Britannia metal snuff-box, in the form of a watch.

A credulous clown went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with symptoms of great consternation, that he had seen a ghost. "Where did you see it?" "Why," said Diggory, "as I war going, an' please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall I sees the ghost." "In what shape did it appear?" "For all the world like a great ass." "Go home and hold your tongue," replied the clergyman, "you are a timid creature, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

Dr. Pretty appears to have found a very simple means of arresting hiccup. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferable that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

Diary of the Rev. Solomon Spittle.

(Continued.)

Wednesday, Jan. 3.—Rose with an unaccountable feeling of diminished self-respect. Wind, probably, on my stomach. Almost regretted that I ever signed the pledge of abstinence from distilled spirits. Smoked one of Lundy's, and felt greatly relieved. I cannot think Sproule is right, though I have more dyspepsia, than I used to have, and feel twitchy, and nervous, and apprehensive of undefinable evil. I wonder if it is not hypochondriasis. My wife told me, at breakfast, that Mrs. Mackintosh was dying, and asked if I had been to see her. Very unpleasant for a minister of the gospel to be obliged, before his wife and daughters, to explain such a matter, and state the truth, that a dying parishioner cannot bear the smell of her spiritual guide, and is obliged to send for a clergyman from a neighboring town. My wife and daughters were much grieved, because they feared it would be talked about in the parish.

Twist brought me the note this morning; and, as I feared, it contained nothing but my text, signed with my name; 2 Corinthians, vi. 5. He said it had perplexed him very much. I explained as well as I could, and told him to be careful how he sent me any more such pigtail. I told him it had well nigh destroyed a member of my family. I did not tell him the particulars.

Last month, Mrs. Jones, a member of my church, sent out six hundred invitations for a party. I was thunder-struck; so were my wife and all the serious people of the parish. It grieved my soul,—so worldly, so inconsistent and sinful, in a professor, who had solemnly renounced the

world, the flesh, and the devil! I resolved to do my duty. I conferred with the most devout and engaged members of my flock, and found but one opinion among those who were not invited. They all rejoiced in being thus exempted, as it were, from the very suspicion of such sinfulness. Captain Lundy, who has very just views of such things, urged me, by all means, to rebuke such unchristian conduct. So I am resolved, that such wicked practices shall not grow up in my parish, through any negligence of mine.

Afternoon.—Well; I have called on Mrs. Jones, and done my duty. I talked for an hour, most faithfully. The thing which disturbed me most was her perfect silence. Not one word did she utter. When I stopped, she ordered cake and wine; attended me to the parlor door, and bade me good morning. Not very encouraging; my wife agreed with me, that the behaviour of Mrs. Jones was inexplicable.

In the afternoon, Dr. Sproule dropped in, to look at little Solomon; and, while he was with us, a note was brought me from Mr. Jones, the husband of the lady, on whom I had called in the morning. I opened it with a little anxiety. A very polite billet, very courteously worded, thanking me, in the most cordial terms, for my visit; expressing the deepest regret that he was from home when I called; hoping I would repeat my visit, as often as I found it agreeable; assuring me, that he always listened to the discourses of such a faithful preacher and consistent exemplar, with admiration; and closing with a wish, that I would take an early occasion to preach from a text, which he should delight to have explained and illustrated, by such a profound scholar and self-denying Christian.

The text referred to, he said, was in Job, ch. xli. ver. 20.

"Thanks to him who giveth the increase," I exclaimed, "my morning has not been spent in vain." In the pride of my heart, I rose, rather exultingly, and handed the note to my wife, who read it with evident satisfaction, and passed it to my daughters, who seemed equally delighted. "My husband," said my wife, addressing the doctor, "has been, this morning, to remonstrate with Mrs. Jones, who is a professor, you know, upon the great rout she had, last month, and they have taken it, in a Christian, and proper manner." "Yes," said I, rubbing my hands with pleasure, "they will never again bring censure upon the church by such sinful exhibitions; the Joneses will have no more such unseemly gatherings. I have put a stop to that." "The Joneses have no more parties!" cried the doctor, with a laugh; "why, their cards are out, this moment, for a monstrous ball!" "Impossible!" cried I. "It is just as certain," said the doctor, "as that manna is not tobacco." "Well," I replied, "their cards may be out, but the ball will surely be given up;—please, sir, to read the note from Mr. Jones." The doctor wiped his spectacles, and read the note three times, with a provokingly insidious smile upon his features, which increased with every perusal; and, returning it to me, requested Bertha, my eldest daughter, to hand him the Bible. "What is the text that Mr. Jones is so anxious to hear you preach upon?" said he. "Job, ch. xli. ver. 20," I replied. "Well; here it is," said he; "Job, ch. xli. ver. 20—*Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething-pot or caldron.*" My wife and daughters hung their heads, and the doctor, scarcely able to suppress his laughter,

beckoned me into the study, and then told me that there was not a man in the parish, who animadverted upon my use of tobacco, so constantly and so very contemptuously as Mr. Jones. The doctor urged me to give it up, for the sake of my health, the comfort of my family, my own respectability, my professional character and usefulness. I promised him to think of it. It is a very bewitching habit, I am sure! Locked the door after the doctor; had prayers; lighted one of Lundy's, and labored for an hour upon a sermon; vexed and agitated by so many mortifications, brought little to pass; threw by the sermon; burnt my mouth badly with the fiery end of my cigar, by mistake; went to bed.

Thursday, Jan. 4.—Bad headache, and some hiccough. Smoked a cigar, and felt better, but fidgety. The milkman says, that Mrs. Mackintosh is dead. In doubt what steps I ought to take, about the funeral. She was a singular lady—had no near relations—considerable property. Often told me she should remember me in her will. Squire Goggle told me he had the will, but could divulge nothing of its contents before her decease. He felt authorized, however, to inform me, that the old lady would be found as good as her word. I felt very grateful; for my salary was a small one. Took my wife's advice, and went to the mansion-house, and offered my services. The old housekeeper told me I had better call on Lawyer Goggle. Went to his office, and learned that the old lady had said no minister who used tobacco should make the prayer at her funeral; and that she had directed him to request Mr. Smith to officiate, and to pay him two hundred dollars for his services. When I returned, I found a kind note from Brother Smith, expres-

sing his feelings very properly; and I wrote him a suitable reply. Here was new cause for mortification. My wife thought the smallest sum left me in the will must be equal to the sum bestowed on Brother Smith for a few prayers. I confess I shall be grievously disappointed if it is not a much larger sum. My relation to this funeral is an awkward one. My parishioners will think strange of it, I know. I shall attend with my family, of course; respect for the memory of a parishioner, and gratitude for a benefactress, require thus much at our hands.

Trouble with my sexton. Spade has always been a surly fellow; but I have ever supposed him tolerably honest. His father and grandfather were sextons. Rather a whimsical fellow, Spade; he fell from a hearse when quite a boy, and broke his left leg, which, having been unskilfully set, became much shorter than the right. He always said that he knew it was a providence. He was bent upon the sea, but this accident kept him in the profession of his father and grandfather. He has often been heard to say, that it was a great help to him, in digging a grave, in which operation one foot is necessarily kept much lower than the other. I have heard that he and Brother Lunt's sexton, Peter Loomis, who is a very able-bodied man, when old Goody Twattle died, dug her grave for a wager. They agreed that she should be buried in the grave which should be the last completed, and Spade actually dug and squared his, and filled it up again, and put back the sward, before Loomis had finished his. He is, now and then, very communicative, but fancies he can write better than he can talk. Some time ago, I was rambling near the grave-yard, while he was digging a grave; and,

not recollecting that we had lost one of our number, I walked in, and inquired who was to be buried. He replied, that it was not intended for any one in particular, but that he had a little leisure, just then, and thought he might as well employ it. I asked him if it was not wider than common graves. He said it was, and added, "I'm a reckonin' old Caul, the butcher, has killed his last critter: he's had three doctors, and I guess he won't stand it again 'em all."

I turned the subject to the character of his business, and the feelings it produced. I have often thought the mysteries of the charnel-house would be curious, and not uninteresting, if faithfully developed. Spade shook his head, and became very solemn; and looking around, as though he was fearful of being overheard, said there were mysteries in every craft, he supposed. I asked him if it had not struck him as foolish extravagance, that silver plates and other articles of value should be buried with the dead, when copper or pewter plates would answer quite as well, and the value of the silver might be given to the poor. He paused for a moment, and answered gruffly, that he did n't think any such thing; and, gathering up his tools, left the grave unfinished, and went away. I was very much surprised at his behaviour, and could not account for it; though it was well known he was an odd fellow. Three days after, he sent me, by his son, a letter of such an extraordinary character, that, lest I should lose the original, I will now transcribe it in my diary, word for word.

"FOR REV. SOL. SPITTLE: THESE.

"REV. SIR,—I never meddled with your business, nor pryed into your concerns, nor ax'ed how many texts there was that would fit one earmon. What you meant about silver plates is best known to yourself. If

copper or pewter should be prostituted for silver, saxtons would be scarce. Them things is parkysitts, and always was. When the coffins is all bruk up and rotten, we gathers up the bones decent, and puts 'em in a hole, and we never puts the silver plates with the bones; for sometimes three or four coffins, in an old yard, gets knocked all together, and nobody knows which is which. Experienced saxtons is petiklar. 'T would be jest like telling a lie to put the plates with the wrong bones. Well, who's a golin' to harry up the emotions of the bereaved, arter their friends is all gone, and nothin' left—no nothin' to speak on—by carrying the old silver plates to 'em, when the prescription is clean gone, may be. I've heerd' father say that grandfather told him never to be guilty of such unfeelin' conduct, and he said solemnly that he never was. Sometimes folks is buried with goold rings. Them's parkysitts. We always gets em, for it's no use to leave 'em in the arth arter everything's gone to rack; and, as I said afore, none but a ginivine herberian would ravage the sentiments of the heirs, and throw some on 'em, like enough, into convulsions, by such painful memorandums. Then there's folks dies, with goold chains and lockets, and bracelets, and keepsakes, and sich like, and begs they may never be taken off. Them's parkysitts, too, and all sich kind o' fancy articles. We get 'em all in the corse o' natur. Some saxtons is all for tombs. I'm agin 'em—so was father and grandfather. The temptation is e'named too much for ail but saxtons that has been brought up regular and scrupulous. I never could see into the sense of putting on so much fine riggl' on to a poor dead body. Them worms don't mind satin nor lace, and they rather poke among so'thing they can understand, than all the goold rings in creation. Well, it's a snare for a young, inexperienced saxton. Sartain, it's wrong to put loose coin in a poor body's way, jest to see how it 'll work. So it aint right to put goold rings, and silver plate, and fine caps, and scarfs, and sich like, in a poor saxton's way. No saxton as is honorable will ever make or meddle till a crush, that is, till thngs is rack, and none as is honorable will do anything to bring on a rack, out o' the corse o' nature'. Jim Mattocks was blamed by the hull on us for his conduct. He knew that old Captain Guzzler, was berrid with three goold rings and his gooldheaded cane, by his petiklar request; and, not many years arter, when the old lady died—she was the biggest woman in the country—he clapped her right on the top of the captain, and there was a rack, right off. It was

ondecent, and we told him so. Some o' the family, when another was berrid in that tomb, had a curiosity to look at the old captain's remanants, and they was clean gone. Mattocks was tipsy when he was first ax'd about it, and said the old gentleman was a great walker, and, as he took his cane with him, like as not he had walked off. But when the captain's son heered on it, he went to Mattocks, and threatened to make a menotomy of him on the spot. Mattocks swore 't was a rack, in corse o' nature, and that the bones was put in a pit under the tomb. No doubt he took the rings and the goold-headed cane; but he never would own it. If Mattocks had been patient for a year or two more, the rack would have come in corse o' natur, and then them things would been parkysitts; but every saxton as valleyd character, blamed his conduct.

"There's other things as is unpleasant about tombs. They changes owners, and the new comers don't want the old bones there no longer. Sometimes the town claims 'em, not the bones, but the tombs. The name 's gone out, may be; so the town advertises for the owners to come forard. They 've all gone off, may be; so the town seizes the tombs. Jest so, since I can remember, five tombs was seized in Witchville, and all the ashes was shovelled out in broad day.

"That aint the worst on it. It's a sight harder for doctor's folks to dig arter a body, several hours, not knowin' but what the next o' kin's takin' aim behind some grave-stone, than to slip into a tomb, with the key, that sich a fellow as Mattocks would have let 'em had for half a dollar, and jest bag their bird, and slip off quietly, while Mattocks kept watch. I heerd father say that there was, in his day, an old maid, a Miss Lumpus, who had the most remarkable long chin that ever was seen; and a tongue longer than that; and she made bad work with it, and used to wag it right and left, again all her neighbors. Everybody was afeered on her. She had a mortal hatred to Dr. Pennyroyal, because he spoke about her havin' a scroffy. She used to say all manner o' things agin him. He got rized at last, and vowed if she died in his time he'd have her menotomy. Well, she did; but whether the doctor kept his word or not, nobody could tell. Sartain it was, about a fortnight arter she was berrid, there was hung up in the doctor's room a bran new menotomy, with the longest and peekest chin that ever was seen. Father said he and another saxton got the key, and went into the Lumpus tomb, from curiosity. There was the coffin, all

correct; and father said the tory was all nonsense, and was a coming out; but t'other sarton oncrewed the lid, and father and he both looked in, and Miss Lumpus was n't there, no how.

"If you meant to refer to me when you ax'd about the silver plates, I can only say, we always takes 'em, as parkysitts; but I never touched any o' them things till there was a crush, in the corso o' nature, and a reglar rack.

"Yours to sarve,
"ELKANAH SPADE."

Such was this extraordinary letter. Spade had of late been rather insolent in his behaviour, and free in his remarks. Several benevolent young ladies of my parish had associated, for the purpose of presenting me a testimonial of their respect, on New Year's Day. They had taken the trouble to organize; and had even appointed a president, vice-president, and secretary. I acquired this information from my daughter Bertha, to whom it was communicated by Miss Tibbits, who heard it in confidence from Miss Merrigoold, the secretary. They had five meetings, at which no speaker was allowed more than fifteen minutes. There was considerable diversity of opinion as to the article to be selected. A pair of handsome black smallclothes was suggested; which, I cannot deny, would have been very acceptable. This was rejected, because, as Miss Mooney, who teaches metaphysics in the young ladies' academy, observed, a necessary, intrinsic quality, in every memorial, is permanency; the mind peremptorily demands the presence of that specific quality; and breeches will wear out. Miss Sparkle, the daughter of my friend the jeweller, proposed a diamond pin, which would last for ever. This was almost unanimously rejected, as uncanonical and improper; whereupon, as I heard with the deepest regret, Miss Sparkle left the meeting in tears. Miss Picket re-

marked that she had often thought our sitting-room needed a mirror. Upon this, Miss Mizzle, Miss Frizzle, and Miss Twizzle, rose at the same instant, to address the chair. The president decided that Miss Twizzle had the floor. Miss Mizzle appealed from the decision. The ayes and noes were called for, and the decision of the president confirmed. Miss Twizzle then addressed the meeting, in a most impressive and eloquent speech, against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and was particularly severe upon the flesh and the devil. She was in the midst of a beautiful apostrophe to Cato, who framed sumptuary laws, when the president's fan went down upon the table, intimating that the fifteen minutes had expired. It was moved and seconded, that the time be extended two minutes. Upon this, a debate ensued, which occupied more than half an hour; but the motion prevailed, and Miss Twizzle proceeded. Miss Merrigoold told Bertha she never heard anything so truly eloquent. Miss Twizzle remarked, "The holy volume is the only suitable mirror for the man of God!" and, after a scorching anathema against looking-glasses of all sorts and sizes, she indignantly exclaimed, What if he beholdeth his natural face in a glass!—"He goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." This introduction of the text was most singularly happy.

Things seemed to be at a stand, when it was announced, that Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle were below, as a committee from the Female Auxiliary Society, who were in session at the same time, and for the same object, at Cooley's Corner. It was voted, unanimously, that Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle be intro-

duced, and invited to take seats in the assembly. They were accordingly introduced. Miss Spooney was conducted to her seat by Miss Twizzle, and Miss Toodle to hers by Miss Picket.

Miss Spooney, on behalf of the Female Auxiliary Society, announced that three elegant Indian spittoons had been recently imported by Captain Lundy, which could be purchased at a very reasonable rate; that it had occurred to the Female Auxiliary, that one of these spittoons for the parlor of the rector, one for the study, and one for the pulpit, might be deemed an appropriate and useful memorial. The suggestion was applauded by the whole body. A motion was made, that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to make the purchase. An amendment was offered, by Miss Mooney, that the committee consist of three, that being the precise number of the spittoons. The amendment was accepted by the mover. The vote was then taken on the main question, and it passed unanimously. A vote of thanks was passed to the Female Auxiliary, for the very commendable zeal and promptitude which they had manifested upon this interesting occasion. A vote of thanks was passed to Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle, for the prompt and efficient manner in which they had conveyed the information from Cooley's Corner. A motion was made that the thanks of the assembly be presented to Captain Lundy, for importing the spittoons; but this motion, after a long discussion, was negatived. Miss Spooney, Miss Toodle, and Miss Picket, were appointed by the chair to make the purchase. Miss Twizzle was also appointed by the chair to make an address, to be delivered on the presentation of the spittoons; and the

meeting was adjourned to the same place, at nine o'clock on New Year's morning.

Everything went on very pleasantly, until just before New Year. The spittoons were purchased; the address was prepared; when, in the most sudden and unaccountable manner, the whole thing was given up. Captain Lundy, upon the request of the young ladies, took back the spittoons, and there was an end of it. Delicacy prevented Captain Lundy from saying anything to me upon the subject. Once or twice he dropped hints that my sexton, Spade, was rather a meddling, impertinent fellow; and, at last, through Bertha, I ascertained that Spade was at the bottom of it all. I could not imagine in what manner he had brought about such a result. His motives I could not comprehend.

This afternoon, ascertained that Spade had talked with several persons in the parish, before New Year, disrespectfully of me; and that, almost immediately after, the parents of several of the young ladies had positively forbidden their daughters to have anything to do with the spittoons. Felt very indignant. Sat up late, conversing with my wife about Spade's impertinence. She was very sad. I told her Spade should leave the parish, or I would. She conjured me not to be rash. Smoked three of Lundy's, and resolved to settle matters with Spade in the morning. Retired, much excited; awakened my wife, and talked about Spade and the spittoons till after midnight.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

“Upon your oath, sir,” said a lawyer fiercely, “will you swear that this is not your own hand writing?” “I will,” said the witness coolly, “for I can't write.”



“And lo! the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

“When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”—
MATTHEW xi. 9, 10.

The Human Body and the Hour of Day.

Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on a table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and fore finger, and allow the shilling to hang in the centre of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibration will increase until the shilling strikes the edge of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half-past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum, and return to the centre. If you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated, but not until a

sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise, the vibrating motion would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.—*Maine Farmer.*

At the Middlesex (England) sessions, a pickpocket on hearing that he was sentenced to ten years transportation, seized an ink-stand, throwing it with great force at the judge, making a hole in the wall. The learned judge calmly took another ink-stand, and altered it to fifteen years.

Lawyers are like scissors; they never cut each other, but what comes between them.

What a Boy can do.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, a little fellow fell in with an old salt, who was shivering with three sheets in the wind.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the tar; and the little chap hauled up alongside. "Where may be the Seaman's Mansion?"

The lad proffered to show him; and they held along together; the sailor steering very widely; sometimes hard up as though he had struck a heavy sea, and then yawing off to the right or left, as the case might be.

"I am not exactly water-logged," said he, "but have took too much of a deck load on, and my top-hammer is rather heavy for my ballast, eh! A little too much of the critter aboard—hic! you understand. Shun the rum, the blue ruin, my little man, as you'd avoid Timbertoes. Shiver my topsail! but it has been the ruin of me. Here I have got a wife and two little ones—one a youngster about the same age as yourself—in Boston, and some property beside; but the Devil has placed a barrier between us, in the shape of a can of grog. Shun the critter, my lad, as you'd shun a pestilence."

The lad promised to bear in mind his advice; and then asked why he did not sign the Temperance pledge.

"And where may that Temperance pledge be found?" inquired he.

His young comrade informed him that there was to be a Temperance meeting at the Exchange that evening, and offered to go with him if he would sign the pledge.

"I'll go; come in here my little one (by this time they have arrived opposite the Seaman's Mansion), and take supper with me. As soon as we

have got ballast in, we'll haul up for this said Temperance meeting. Stave in my bulwarks if we won't."

The little fellow stuck to him, and as soon as supper was over, went to the Temperance meeting, where the old salt signed the pledge. As he did so, he remarked, that whenever he was tempted to drink, he would think of that little boy's care for his welfare. We doubt not that the warm-hearted old tar will keep the pledge so long as his "timbers hold together." The next day he went away to sea; not forgetting to call upon his juvenile friend before his departure. And he assured him that he would seek his wife and family on his return. So much for the influence of a child.—*Portland Bulletin.*

A Preacher Surprised.

Last Sabbath there occurred rather a curious scene in the parish church of Campsie. A reverend gentleman proceeded to the pulpit to officiate for the Rev. Thomas Monro, the minister of the parish. Mr. _____ had gone through the usual routine of singing, praying, &c., and had given out the text, and was commencing his discourse, when a woman got up, and at the top of her voice exclaimed, "Gae hame wi' you sir, an' learn your lesson (a slight pause); gae hame, I say, an' learn your sermon afore you come here. We're nae accustomed wi' a mon readin' a sermon to us—we can read ane at hame oursel. Gae hame (louder than before, accompanied with a stamp of her foot)—gae hame an' learn your lesson like a skuleboy—gae hame sir." She went on in this strain for some time, and it is said Mr. _____ looked unutterable things.—*Dumfries Herald.*

Jack Marlingspike.

A blunt-spoken nautical wag, (perhaps naughty would be the better word,) who rejoices in the characteristic *nom de plume* of JACK MARLINGSPIKE, spins us out a long yarn, in the course of which he rates us soundly for our inattention to the Daughters of Temperance, and other such craft.

Well, perhaps we have been somewhat remiss; however, as we don't sail a pleasure boat, we may be excused for not calling round and taking the girls aboard. The blessed creatures are possibly not very often in circumstances to need our special services; and if they will take our advice, not one of them will hereafter go out upon the voyage of life with any chap who swaggers away in disregard of the pledge, or who already swipes and swigs. No, girls; give them a wide berth, and plenty of sea room, or keep them in quarantine until they come with a "clean bill;" but let there be no billing before!

The *Life Boat* will readily take freight from the Daughters, if they will send the right kind; and we hope their friend Jack Marlingspike will use his palaver to induce them to address us an occasional Bill of Lading.

Notwithstanding the sauciness of Jack, we would have put in his yarn if it had not been so long; but we did not know how to reduce it. Try it again, lad, and belay the slack at the proper place,—we shall then find room for it.

"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "we can't be wed without it."

From a correspondent of the *Portland Watchman*:—"The Rev. J. C. Lovejoy has taken the stump against the (Liquor) Law, and report says he receives the handsome sum of \$30 a lecture,—*thirty pieces of Silver!* Pretty good pay; whether he will make the same use of the money that his distinguished prototype did, remains to be seen."

[Capital, hit him again. We very much fear that his thirty pieces would go a short way towards buying a field large enough to bury the victims of the trade he defends. It is to be hoped, however, that he will limit his discipleship to receiving the money, for the hanging part of the business is behind the times.]—COXSAIN.

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.—An old toper, in the last stages of dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing could save him but being tapped. His little son objected to this proposition, by saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't let him, for you know there was never anything *tapped* in this house that lasted more than a week."

Man.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

Was man for nobler realms born
Than those o'er which he now doth tread?
Or shall he fairer scenes adorn
Than those which are around him spread?

Shall fields of a more golden hue,
Or mountains tipp'd with brighter green,
Break on the distant future's view,
Or from the grove's black brink be seen?

Shall clearer streams, or cooler springs,
Flow through Eternity's fair fields?
Or have they birds with brighter wings,
Whose silvery voice more sweetly peals?

Yes! Hope declares a nobler scene
Shall burst on man's astonished eye;
That fields more rich and mountains green,
His earth-bound soul shall yet descry!

While Reason lights Truth's flowing torch,
Emitting rays that pierce the gloom,
Which hovers o'er the Future's porch,
Beclouded by Doubt's dresded doom!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Enigmas.

(For the Life Boat.)

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 25, 20, 13, 11, 20, 23, is the most populous city in Europe.

My 24, 12, 7, is one of the elements.

My 24, 4, 10, 22, 12, 1, 3, is one of the quarters of the world.

My 11, 7, 6, 8, 9, is what the ladies love.

My 1, 18, 15, 4, 21, 25, 3, 7, 10, 6, is the highest mountain in the world.

My 11, 3, 4, 24, 8, 1, 21, 9, is a city of Turkey in Asia.

My 4, 21, 8, 12, 1, is what Cadets take delight in.

My 16, 10, 9, 18, 11, is a city in Persia.

My 1, 3, 23, 11, 24, 18, 24, 7, is a city in Afghanistan.

My 1, 24, 9, 18, 4, 6, 16, 10, is a city in Hindoostan.

My whole is a popular periodical issued in Scotland.

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, November, 1852.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 15, 9, 1, is the name of a metal.

My 13, 9, 6, 9, 8, is a female name.

My 8, 15, 7, 11, 9, is the name of a volcano.

My 16, 9, 11, 17, 13, is the name of a country west of England.

My 12, 9, 13, 19, is one of the cardinal points.

My 13, 2, 4, is another name for a drunkard.

My 3, 6, 2, 16, is the name of a bird.

My 14, 15, 16, 13, is the name of a people.

My 8, 5, 18, is not cold.

My 10, 9, 4, is the name of an animal.

My whole is the name of an eminent Temperance Lecturer.

J. G.

Barnston, E.T., November, 1852.

Solution of the Problem in the November number of the *Life Boat* :—

By one cock the Reservoir can be filled in 44 minutes. It is obvious, therefore, that 1-44th part of it may be filled in one minute by that cock, independent of its assistant, by which 1-60th part of it can be filled in one minute; but the discharging cock, working against these two, can empty 1-30th part of it in one minute. It therefore remains to find how much the two cocks will gain on

the one in a minute, which is seen by the following analogy :—

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} 1 & 1 & 13 & 13 & 1 & 6 \\ 44 + 60 = 330 & \text{then} & 330 + 30 = 990 \end{array}$$

the part of the Reservoir that may be filled in one minute, all three running, then—

the
6 min. whole. 990 min.
As 990 : 1 :: 1 : 6 = 165 which is equal to 2 hours 45 minutes, the time it would be filling.

ROBERT REILLY.

Bytown, Nov. 10, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the answer to the first Enigma. Solutions :—Toronto, Georgia, Asia, Horse, Winter, Tiger; and the whole, George Washington.

T. D. REED.

Montreal, Nov. 8, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the answer to the Enigma in the last number of the *Life Boat* :—

Charles Dickens. Solutions :—Sick, Erie, Air, Ass, Dick, Hare, Time, Lark.

EBENEZER M. RICE.

Montreal, Nov. 8, 1852.

"Alliquis," with digest of the proceedings of the Grand Section, came to hand too late, or we would gladly have given it insertion. The following gentlemen have been elected officers for the ensuing year :—

G.W.P., Dr. Van Norman, Wellington Square; G.W.A., Bro. Stone, Oshawa; G.T., Bro. Taylor, Pelham; A.G.S., Bro. Foss, Oshawa; G.G., Bro. T. Mason, Toronto; G.W., Bro. E. Wisman, Toronto.

We beg to acknowledge the promptitude of many of our subscribers in remitting us the price of the *Life Boat* for the year, and we trust that those who have not as yet done so, will soon follow so good an example.

Several of our Agents have not responded to our question relative to the proposed increase in the size of the *Life Boat*. Please send us a reply soon, as our arrangements will depend upon your reports.

O. D. Wetmore's list of 43 subscribers at St. John, N.B., with the money enclosed, has been received, and is thankfully acknowledged.

"Touch not the Wine Cup when it is red," a tale, by a subscriber in New Brunswick, is under consideration.