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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, MARCH, 1853.

No. 12.

## Waxing Friends.

In our last number the first article had a heading similar to the above, and was then stated that it had been our intention to illustrate our meaning by a fact. We proceed to give it.

In the early days of the Total Abstinence movement, one of its best friends waited upon a gentleman of distinction, well known for his Christian character, and solicited his personal adhesion. This he declined, but gave £10, and expressed a warm wish for the success of the principle. This gentleman was a judge of the Supreme Court. The temperance man then called upon a young minister of great talent and promise, but he declined, alleging that he was sometimes invited to the tables of the great,—naming the judge among others,—and he thought that his admission of the principle would be prejudicial to his usefulness. The next day he called upon a young lawyer of remarkable ability, but he offered an excuse just similar to that of the clergyman, only that he contended it would damage him in the opinion of the public, and endanger

his practice. They both, however, allowed, and indeed recognized the soundness of the principle. Had the judge consented, these two gentlemen would have followed his example. The lawyer worked his way up, married into a distinguished family, had two beautiful children, drank wine freely, became cruel to his wife, neglectful of his business, lost his practice, broke up his home; the lady returned to her friends, he became a regular loafer, and for many years was a disgrace to the profession, to his family, and to himself. He was then induced to join the Sons of Temperance, again became respectable, got a lucrative appointment, re-established his home, regained the affections of his wife's family, who again entrusted him with her happiness and that of his children. He did well for a time, then began again to drink, and in a few months got back to the street, broke his wife's heart, abridged her days, and is now a public pest. O, judge! if you had embraced the saving truths of our noble cause, this had not been. The young minister

retained his character and position, being a practical, though not pledged, tee-totaler. The judge's money did some good, no doubt; but his example was the occasion of infinite mischief.

### The Dutchman's Story.

"I've heer'd mine oold fader zay dat it vas thought dere vasn't an honest mon in hish day, in all Holland, vat trinkt coold vater. Vansittart, de great burgomaster, clapt apout a dozen in irons vat he found trinking coold vater, togedder; bekase he knowel dey vas a plotting mischief agin de States General. My fader zay de council of de Lutheran chuch in Leydeur, vere he vas porn, hauled dere oold minishter, Van Oort, over de coals for giving a beggar coold vater mitout any prandy, bekase, de council zay, he vas not given to hospitality. Oold Van Krutzen, de sexton of our chuch, used to hire me, ven I vas leetil poy, to help him schour de communion plate, and he always give me a trink of de wine vat vas left. Dat vas de vay I begins. Poor Van Krutzen, he got to be a trunkard. Von toctor zay he must leave off prandy. So he try dat vay. After a leetil vile he thought he vas a dying; so he send for his oold toctor, and he zay, de toder toctor vas a pig quack, and told de patient to trink prandy agin. Van Krutzen lookt up and shmile, and az de toctor how much he should take dat day. 'Von ounce,' zay de toctor. So, ven he vas gone, Van Krutzen zay to his son, 'Herman, get de measure pook, my poy, and read how much make von ounce.' So Herman gets de pook, and read, 'sixteen drams makes von ounce.' 'Dat ish de toctor for me,' cried Van Krutzen, as he rubbed his

hands; 'I never took so many drams pefore in von day.'

"Ven I vas going my firsh voyage, as capin-poy, my fader put me in de shtage to go to de seaport apout foorty mile. De shtage vas upset; von man preak his head, anoder his leg, and De Groot, de triver, vas kilt upon de shpot. De Groot vas trunk;—dat vas prandy. Ven I got to de seaport, I shtroll apout de town half de night, get into pad company, lose de leetil monish vat my oold moder give me, and vas lock up in de vatch'ouse;—dat vas prandy. De ship vas vaiting for fair vind eight day. At lasht he come, vest-nord-vest. Den de captain vas not to pe found till de next day. Ven dey find him, he vas so full of de shtuff he couldn't navigate de ship;—dat vas prandy. De vary firsh night after ve gets to zea, ve runs down a leetil shcooner; shtruck her jest apout midships. After she fell off, she took a lee lurch to port, and vent down head foremost. Ven I hear de shock, I runs upon de deck, and jest zee her go. De crew cry for us to shtop. Ve hove de topsails apack, and gets o it de poat, but ve vas running eight knot; and, afore de poat could pull pack to de place vere she vent down, dev vas all drown but von, who held on to a shpar; ve save him. Tirteen lives vas lost, he zay. It vas pright moonlight night, but our vatch vas trunk;—dat, you zee, vas prandy. De captain vas trunk all de time; so he don know vat he zay. He cursh and shwear ten knot an hour. He shream to von man to pull de fore-top powline, ven he mean, like enough, de main-sheet. So de poor fellow he pull de fore-top powline, jest vat de captain zay. Den de captain he tie him up to de rigging, and give him two dozen mit de oold cat, bekase he don pull de fore-sheet;—dat vas

prandy. Von dark night, ven ve had a lee shore, de man at de helm.—he vas a very goot zeaman,—he zay, ‘Captain Van Brandt, don you tink ve had petter keep her a leetle nearer de vind, and hold off de iand till de day preak?’ Den Van Brandt he cursh and shwear;—for he vas pretty trunk dat night. ‘Vat, in de name of Tutch tonder, he zay, as he shove de man from de helm, ‘vat! you tell me how de oold ship shall pe shteer! You’re a lant-lupper,’ he zay; de cook can shteer more petter dan sich a green-horn as you.’ So he called up de nigger cook, and tell him how to shteer; and, to show de oder man vat a fool he vas, he sail de ship a point vreed on de vind. Cato vas vary proud to shteer de ship; and ven de captain turn in, he tink he shteer petter, if de compass would not shake apout mit de roll of de ship; so he open de pinnaeie, and put a cliip under de compass to keep him shteady, jest as he do mit his shpieler in de cabouse. Apout an hour after Captain Van Brandt turn in, de cook shteer de ship right on de preakers. I vas knock out of my berth. De zea made a clean breach fore and aft. It vas de young flood; dat vas goot luck. Ven de day come, ve lighten de ship, and get out an anchor ashtern, and, mit de full zea, ve get de oold hulk afloat. I’e vater-casks vas stave, and Cato vas gone. He zay he know Captain Van Brandt would kill him; so, ven de ship shtruck, he jump overpoard;—all dish vas prandy. Dish vas de lasht trip dat ever Van Brandt vent to zea. He die apout two mons after he get ashore of de liver complaint. De toctor zay dat it vas prandy. He vas puried de same day mit de burgomaster’s lady, vat die of de same dishtemper.

“I have seen great deal of trouble in dish voorld, and prandy vas at de pottom. De lasht voyage I go to zea, I vas de shkipper myself. I rrinkt prandy den like oder volks. De mate, Jahn Grontergotzler, did jest so. After a shquall or shpell of rough wedder, ven all de trouble and danger vas over, ve used to take de shnaps of prandy pretty freely. Von or de toder, nie or Jahn Grontergotzler, vas commonly a leetil trunk in pleasant wedder. But ve took turns, so dat von should pe sober to take care of de prig. Von time ve had a terrible shtorm, in de Pay of Piscay it vas. It hold on four days; den dere come clear wedder. Ve thought it vas all over, and, vile de men vas repairing de damage vat de shtorm did, Grontergotzler and me took more prandy dan vas goot for us. Den it began to b’ow agin, and de shtorm came baek ten time vorse dan pefore. Grontergotzler vas an oold mau. Ven he vas sober, dere vas no petter to hand, reef, or shteer, dan oold Jahn; but ven he vas trunk, he vas goot for notting. De crew vas all young men; some of dem vas only boys, and dey had all been trinking a leetil. I shtaggered up to de helm, ven I saw de shquall coming, to help de man dere to get de prig pefore de vind; but I vas too late. De shquall took her on de proadside, and trow her on her peam-ends, jest as a shstrong man would trow a leetil poy. Five men vat vas aloft, mending de sails and rigging, vas thrown into de zea, and not von got pack to de prig. Den came anoder zea, and trow her more over dan pefore. Ven I could zee, I look round for de living. Trunk as he vas, Jahn Grontergotzler—he vas vary shstrong man—vas holding on to de main chains; and close to Jahn vas Peder Oortzen, de capin-poy.

De shtorm now seem to pe content mit de mischief he had done, and dere vas no more shqualls. Every great wave passed over us. I vas in de fore-chains, and had lasht myself mit a rope; but de prandy made me shtupid, and I made up my mind dat I musht go. I saw dat oold Jahn must go firsh, for he vas so trunk, dat he sometimes held by von hand. I vas not so trunk myself, as not to feel for poor Oortzen, de capin-poy; I promised his moder to take care of him. I called to him, and told him to keep out of de oold mate's reach, for he would go down soon, and if he got him in his grip, dere would pe no chance for him. 'O, Captain Plom-baak,' cried de leetil poy, 'I can't hold much longer.' Jest den, Gron-tergotzler let go, and, in his shtrug-gle, clutched Peder's right leg mit his band. I cried to de poor lad to shake de oold man off; but he could not get rid of Jahn's death-grapple; no more could he support de weight of de oold man, and his own peside; so he soon let go von hand, and den de toder, and, giving a shriek, he sunk mit oold Grontergotzler to de pottom. I vas den all alone, and I vas glad I vas not too trunk to pray; for my moder larn me to pray, ven I vas no more tall dan dish,"—measuring half the length of his hickory stick. "I pray to mine Got to shpare me, and I vow to trink no more prandy, and to try to pe a goot man. Jest as de day vas done, I vas taken vrom de wreck by an English man-of-war. I have kept my vow; I have trinkt no more prandy, nor any oder shtrong trink, for tirty-foor year, and I have tried to pe a goot man so far as I know how; but de merciful Got who has shpared me, must pe de judge of dat." As he uttered these last words, the tears streamed down the furrows of

the old Dutchman's face, and we were all deeply affected by his simple narrative.

### Value of a Minute.

A minute, my friend, is something. A minute! How many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white nightcap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of St. Sepulchre's Church pointing to one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep sea of eternity? A minute! Will not the thousandth part thereof, consumed in a nimble spring to the right or the wrong side, decide the odds between your being landed safely on a well-swept platform heaped with Christmas hampers, and hung round with jovial banners, or placards respecting Christmas excursion-trains, and your being crushed to death beneath the remorseless wheels of that same excursion-train as it glides heavily along the treacherous rails into the station? A minute! In that subdivision of the day, how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting, will throb through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over marsh, and meadow, and lea—through hills and tunnels—across valleys and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steamship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather beaten mariners, and restive chargers, down to the coral reef and the pearls that lie in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! All these lie within the compass of a minute—of less than an infinitesimal particle of a minute!—*Dickens' Household Words.*



Audubon.

Did you ever hear of this person before? Perhaps some of you have not, so I shall give you a short sketch of him. Though an American by birth, he is of French extraction, as his name imports. He was born in Louisiana, in the year 1782, and at a suitable age was sent to Paris to pursue his education. He soon manifested a genius for drawing, and studied under the celebrated David.

Upon his return he began farming, but his love of nature in her unbroken solitudes, and his especial delight in studying the habits of birds, led him to relinquish his farm, and to devote himself altogether to ornithology. This word, as some of you know, means the science of birds, or that part of natural science which treats of birds—their size, their internal mechanism, their shape, their color, their

food, their habits, their nests, their songs, &c. &c. He became a perfect enthusiast in this branch of natural history, and spent the greater part of his life in seeking out and portraying the feathered tribe from Florida to Newfoundland, and from the Atlantic coasts to the farthest range of the occupied parts—and even beyond them—of North America. His skill as a limner and colorist, together with his enthusiasm in this pursuit, resulted in the production of four immensely large volumes of plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, the size and color of life. These works were accompanied with five volumes of descriptive matter, written in a style remarkable for chasteness, grace, and elegance. These works have established his character as the most celebrated Ornithologist the world ever produced. Kings and nobles vied in doing him honor, and literary institutions awarded him the most unqualified praises and distinctions. He now rests from his labors. He died a few years ago, a man universally admired, respected, and beloved. His country may well be proud of him.

### LOVE.

Mr. Sigsbee, you said the defendant was in love—how do you know that?

“He reads a novel upside down, and writes poetry in his day book when it should be cheese.”

“Any other reason?”

“Yes sir, he shaves without lather, and very frequently mistakes the sleeves of his coat for the legs of his pantaloons, an error that he don't discover till he tries to fasten the tails to his suspenders.”

“A clear case, call the next witness.”

### Canine Intelligence.

Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and apple-chamber, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my step-mother. In this, a favorite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog; and finding dust again thrown on her milk-pans, she exclaimed, “I wish that cock were dead.” Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my step-mother's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, and, snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the luckless dog a beating. The dog, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he expected marks of approbation, left the bird, and ran off; she brandishing her stick, and saying, in a loud, angry tone, “I'll pay thee for this by-and-by.” In the evening, she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. Endeavoring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would be not a little perilous. The result was, that she was obliged to abandon her design. In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog under-

stood the precise import of my step-mother's wish, as his immediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favorite, and had received some attentions which had previously been bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird, which he did not presume to indulge, until my mother's tone and manner indicated that the cock was no longer under her protection. In the power of communicating with each other, which these dogs evidently possessed, and which, in some instances, has been displayed by other species of animals, a faculty seems to be developed, of which we know very little. On the whole, I never remember to have met with a case in which, to human appearance, there was a nearer approach to moral perception than in that of my father's two dogs.

### Comrades, Fill no Glass for Me.

Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me,  
To drown my soul in liquid flame,  
For if I drink, the toast shall be—  
To blighted fortune, health, and fame:  
Yet though I long to quell the strife  
That passion holds against my life,  
Still boon companions though you be,  
But, comrades, fill no glass for me.

I know a breast that once was light,  
Whose patient sufferings need my care;  
I know a heart that once was bright,  
But drooping hopes have nestled there:  
Then while the tear-drops nightly steal,  
From wounded hearts that I should heal,  
Though boon companions you may be,  
Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me.

When I was young, I felt the tide  
Of aspirations undefiled,  
But manhood's years have wronged the pride  
My parents centred in their child:  
Then by a mother's sacred tear,  
By all that memory should revere,  
Though boon companions you may be  
Ah! comrades, fill no glass for me!

### Indian Deed to William Penn.

The following is stated to be a copy of the Deed which William Penn received from the Indians, by which he became possessed of Pennsylvania:—

*This Indenture witnesseth, that:—*

We, Tackennh, Jarekuan Sikins, Pattquesott, Jervis Essepuank, Feilk-troy, Hekellappan Eeonus, Machloha Metthcongga, Wissa Powey, Indian Kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all Lands from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the West side of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backwards, as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid, and secured to be paid by William Penn, Proprietary and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and Territories thereof, viz., 20 guns, 20 fathom matchcoat, 20 fathom stroud water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 lbs of powder, 100 bars of lead, 49 tom-mahawks, 100 knives, 40 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 lbs of red lead, 100 fathom of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 bands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 lbs of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 Jews' harps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden-screw boxes, 100 strings of beads, do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c., at New Castle, second day of the eighth month, 1685.

In Pekin, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago.



## Extraordinary Performance of Divine Worship.

On Sunday morning divine service was performed at the Institution of the Refuge for the Adult Destitute Deaf and Dumb, in Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn. The congregation was composed chiefly of deaf and dumb persons, and this is the first attempt at instructing in Scriptural doctrines, by public worship, that class of the suffering community laboring under the deprivation of the senses of hearing and speaking, ever made. The service was conducted in the following manner, and presented a most interesting scene:—

Mr. Rosser, a deaf and dumb gentleman, performed, if it may be so termed, selections from the morning service, which was done by making signs with his fingers, and the rapidity with which he did it was wonderful. The Lord's prayer was delivered entirely by pantomimical gestures, and was a beautiful specimen of expressive silence. After the morning service Mr. J. G. Simpson delivered a short but eloquent discourse from Isaiah xxxv, and it was conveyed to his audience through the medium of signs, as he slowly proceeded, by Miss Janet Crouch, a remarkably intelligent little girl, only eight years of age, who, although neither deaf nor dumb, is as conversant with the signs as the oldest of the deaf and dumb members of the institution. The rapidity of the child's motions, by which she conveyed the discourse delivered by Mr. Simpson, was astonishing. At the conclusion of the discourse the deaf and dumb were asked, by the same medium of signs, whether they perfectly understood what had been delivered, to which they assented. The singular

spectacle of the holy Scriptures being expounded by signs, was altogether of a most impressive nature. The service will be continued, for the present, at the Institution, in Bartlett's Buildings, every Sunday morning. It is in contemplation to have a regular place of worship in connection with this society for the deaf and dumb portion of the community, of whom it is estimated that there are in London alone several thousands, who will thus be enabled to participate in the benefits of the publishing of the Gospel, from which they have, up to this time, been debarred.—*London Times.*

## Books in the Middle Ages.

A Countess of Anjou, in the middle ages, (fifteenth century,) paid for one book two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet; and in earlier times the loan of a book was considered to be an affair of such importance, that (in 1299) the Bishop of Winchester, on borrowing a Bible from a convent in that city, was obliged to give a bond for its restoration, drawn up in the most solemn manner; and Louis XI. (1471) was compelled to deposit a large quantity of plate, and to get some of his nobles to join with him in a bond, before he could procure the loan of one.

Young ladies, beware! Does your beau-gallant drink a little? Does he smoke and chew a little? Does he spend his evenings with a set of jovial companions, and away from his mother and sisters at home? If so, beware! cast not your lot with him, the commencement of whose career is so unpromising.—*Garland.*



## Boys at Play.

We love to see boys enjoying themselves at play. We have a sort of recollection of having been a boy ourselves at one time; and although we have now advanced to the dignity of Coxswain to the *Life Boat*,—an honor of which we are duly sensible,—we yet recollect the pleasure with which we used to sail the boats we had cut out and shaped with our jack-knife. Well do we remember the marble time and the top time,—the kite time and the ball time,—the races and leap-frogs,—the snow-balling, wrestling, and the score of other games in which we found so much delight. Boys should play; and when they are lawfully at it,—for there is a playing time, and a praying time, and a learning time,—they should do it heartily.

We don't like moping boys,—we don't like sulky boys, or even very timid boys; but, at same time, we greatly disapprove of violent and reckless boys. No gambling, no fighting,—and as to swearing, it should exclude the culprit from the circle, unless he repents and reforms,—but zealous, active play. This will exercise the limbs and promote the enlargement of the muscles, improve the temper and the appetite, and it will accustom the system to action. Action or work will be your lot when you pass from boyhood to man's estate; and if you have learned to love it in youth, it will not be a hardship when its object is no longer amusement, but progress. Play away, boys, and be kind to each other.

## The Prompt Girl.

[From a "Gift for my Daughter."]'

The prompt girl rises with the lark in the morning. When the gray dawn steals in at her window, she springs from her bed, and in a very few minutes she is dressed, and prepared to make her appearance in the

family, to assist her mother, if necessary; or, if not needed there, to go to her devotions and her study. She has done, perhaps, in fifteen or twenty minutes, what the dilatory girl would be an hour and a half doing, and done it equally well. She is *always in time*. Her promptness enables her to be punctual. She never keeps the

table waiting for her, and never comes after the blessing. She is never late at prayers; never late at school; and never late at church. And yet she is never in a hurry. She redeems so much time by her promptness, that she has as much as she needs, to do every thing well and in time. She saves all the time that the dilatory girl spends in sauntering, in considering what to do next, in reading frivolous matters out of the proper time for reading, and in gazing idly at vacancy.

This good habit, our readers will perceive, must be of great advantage to the one who possesses it, as long as she lives. It is, however, within the reach of all. Only carry out the idea we have given of promptness *one day*, and then repeat it *every day*, and, in a little time, the habit is established.

### The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:—

"It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a learing race of scamps, bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the

crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scale and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches."

## David Swan—A Fantasy.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the sacred history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maple, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how

soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand still, nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind."

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glistened down his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks

I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep."

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing any thing so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But, there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened

breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allowing him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only could he love with perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again, had good fortune—the best of fortune—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down askant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocketbook, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's us take a drink, and be off," said the other.

The man, with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a black-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and

there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Hallo, driver!—Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowed away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly through their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

(For the Life Boat.)

[Translated from the *Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence.*]

## Whose Child is she?

During the month of August, 1839, Anne, infant daughter of John and Bridget Kingsman, disappeared from the residence of her parents in Champlain Street, Quebec. She was then about two years and nine months old, and it was supposed at the time that she had fallen from a wharf, and was drowned. Notwithstanding the most careful search, no trace of the body could ever be discovered. It was rumored, however, that about the time of the child's disappearance, some Indian women had been seen in the neighborhood, but few, if any, seriously thought that she had been kidnapped by them.

In the course of the month of July, 1846, a female friend of the Kingsman's—one Anne Foster, who had known their lost child—met two squaws, of the tribe of the Abenakis, in a grocery store, accompanied by a young girl, whose complexion, beautifully fair, indicated her European origin. She (Anne Foster) spoke a few words to one of the women, at the same time fixing her eyes intently upon the girl; whereupon, the woman inquired if she recognized the child. She answered in the affirmative, stating that she knew her to be the daughter of Kingsman, who had been carried away from a wharf near Champlain Street. Hearing this,

the girl attempted to escape, while the squaw on her part affirmed that the child had been given to her at Point Levy when only three months old by its mother, as she was about to drown it. She afterwards varied this account, and declared that she was the natural child of John M'Cay, of Broughton, and one Elizabeth Gray, now residing in the State of New York, and that she had been committed to her care by the father, at Broughton, in the year 1833, when only three months old, and that she had brought her up since then. Anne Foster immediately acquainted the police, and afterwards the Kingsmans, with her suspicions; and the squaw (Louise Kelly) was apprehended and imprisoned, charged with having kidnapped the girl, Anne Kingsman. At the suit of Kingsman, the father, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, enjoining Louise Kelly to produce in Court the person of Anne Kingsman, and to assign reasons for her detention. To the writ, she makes return that she has not the person of Anne Kingsman, but that of Isabel M'Cay, natural daughter of John M'Cay, of Broughton, and of Elizabeth Gray, born on the 12th of January, 1833, and now aged 13 years; that the child was given to her by its father when it was only three months old, and that she had since then brought her up as her adopted daughter.

The claims of Kingsman were based upon the resemblance of the girl to his other children, and the existence of a mark between the shoulders, which his lost child also had.

The great strife was between the woman claiming to be the real parent of the girl, and the woman representing herself as the adopting mother. Both parties seemed to allege titles of equal validity. It was therefore necessary to test the verity of the supposed facts, in order to avoid a very serious error. It would have been hard not to restore to the Kingsman family a child so long lost, and now found. It would have been still more cruel to tear from this Indian mother—so loving and devoted—the legitimate object of so much care and ardent affection. It would have been a crime to snatch this young girl unlawfully from the free habitudes of a savage life,—from her associations, her language, and her woods,—to throw her at the age of thirteen years in society which she did not understand, and which only inspired her with feelings of horror. Notwithstanding the respect which was felt for the emotions of the Kingsman family, the squaw's claims had enlisted a general sympathy, and all present seemed to

wish that she should succeed in establishing the truth of her statements—the which she did in the most satisfactory manner. The testimonies of John M'Cay and of several members of his family,—of Mr. Nall, Justice of the Peace,—and of many highly respectable inhabitants of Broughton, as well as those of several Indians of the Abenakis tribe, established beyond a doubt the birth of a natural child of John M'Cay and Elizabeth Gray,—the delivery of the child to the woman Kelly,—and the identity of said child down to the day of trial.

Two unequivocal facts stamped the claims of Kingsman with the appearance of improbability somewhat affecting. His daughter would have been between nine and ten years old; the Indian woman's adopted child is thirteen—a fact which is sworn to by eminent physicians. Kingsman's child was vaccinated when an infant in the cradle; the squaw's has no scar of vaccination in infancy; on the contrary, she had been but recently vaccinated, as the wound evidently shows, and as the doctor who inoculated her, testifies.

Upon this proof, the child is surrendered to the adopting mother, and the Court endeavors to convince the Kingsman parents of the error of their claims, which, nevertheless, are highly honorable to their feelings, but which they are requested at once to relinquish.

This short judicial drama was fraught with great interest, and abounded in circumstances and coincidences which produced considerable sensation in the public mind. The first appearance in Court was productive, as may be imagined, of intense excitement, and of the most agonizing emotions, to the contending parties. The young girl clung to the squaw as a cub to the lioness; and the parental love of the Kingsmans exhibited itself with all the petulant heat and vehemence characteristic of the Irish blood. During the trial, an attempt on the part of the Kingsmans, when the several parties were leaving the Court-house, to seize and carry away the girl, was not calculated to allay the excitement. The Indian, Louise Kelly, alone preserved her composure during the pendency of the case. Without anxiety or fear as to the result, she was well assured of the rectitude and holiness of her claim to her adopted child.

On the day that judgment was to be rendered, the Court-house was crowded to excess. The Indian woman sat in the benches usually occupied by the juries, being thus elevated above the audience; her adopted daughter was at her side, a beautiful and

interesting girl, simply yet elegantly habited in the European costume. The squaw preserved a demeanor so perfectly calm, as to betray neither look nor emotion suggestive of fear as to the result; with head erect and proud, she seemed to believe it impossible that her rights should fail of being vindicated: at her side, the girl, with a look of melancholy resignation, was equally immoveable. At the extreme end of the hall, the parents, Kingsmans, with troubled countenances and heaving breasts, regarded the child whom they had believed to be their offspring, and under their defeated hopes, they appeared to feel the disappointment most poignantly. The wife, at the moment that the squaw and the young girl were retiring, appeared unable to resist the strong impulses of her maternal love, phrenziedly rushed towards one whom she had evidently taken for her child, but who was now passing from her for ever—an emotion founded, it is true, in error, but not the less worthy of our respect and compassion.

### Problems.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

In a town containing 14,520 inhabitants, 1 out of 33 dies annually, and there are 5 births for 4 burials, and 12 girls are born for 13 boys. How many boys and girls are born there annually?

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, February, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the following Problem for insertion in the *Life Boat* :—

The population of a certain village is such, that when a  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{2}{3}$ , and  $\frac{3}{4}$  are multiplied together, the product is 55,566. I requires the number of the population.

JAMES EGLESON.

Bytown, Jan. 23, 1853.

### Enigma.

(For the *Life Boat*.)

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 7, 10, 17, 10, 19, 7, 10, is a city in Upper Canada.

My 19, 8, 5, 9, 10, is a river in South America.

My 20, 1, 19, 7, 10, 19, is a town in China.

My 14, 10, 10, 19, is a mountain in Africa.

My 10, 19, 8, 5, 1, is a lake in Russia.

My 20, 10, 17, 11, 4, is an island in the Adriatic Sen.

My whole is what every young lady ought to be.

T—s G—N.

Toronto, February, 1853.

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

The whole Alexander the Great. Solutions.—Axe, Lead, Tea, The, Garden.

Yours truly,

JAMES EGLESON.

Bytown, 4th Feb, 1853.

### Conundrum.

SIR,—I beg leave to hand you the following Conundrum for the *Life Boat* :—

What is that instrument with which every tooth in your head may be drawn, not only without pain, but without perception of the operation, provided you open your mouth and keep your eyes shut?

I am, &c.,

TYPHO.

Montreal, Feb. 20, 1853.

We observe in the *Son of Temperance* a letter intended to prejudice the *Life Boat*. We need only say that the public were made perfectly acquainted with the circumstances under which our little Magazine was to be issued; that it would be printed at the *Pilot* Office, and would be owned by a *Cadet*, a son of the proprietor of the *Pilot*. No deception has, therefore, been practiced by its managers. The *Life Boat* is edited by a Temperance man of fifteen years standing, and all the affairs of the little concern are entirely separate from those of the *Pilot*; just as much so as those of the *Baptist Register*, formerly published at the same Office. The youth of the proprietor made it necessary that his father should in the beginning give him some little counsel; and we believe the letter written by him to the correspondent of the *Son*, is the only one he ever did write in connexion with the *Life Boat*. Since then, its correspondence and accounts have been altogether in the hands of Francis W. Campbell and the Coxswain.



So far, therefore, from its being a speculation of the proprietor of the *Pilot*, he has all the inconveniences attending the publication, without remuneration, or hope of it; and if the truth must be told, no profit is looked for, for years to come. If the publication nets anything, the excess will be expended in making it just so much more valuable to the subscribers.

**TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARIES IN MONTREAL.**—The annual gathering to celebrate the 17th birth-day of the Old Montreal Temperance Society, was held in the Wesleyan Church, on Monday evening, Jan. 31, and was attended by nearly three thousand persons. The evident favor with which the statements relative to the progress of public opinion in favor of the Maine Law were received, convinces us that the country is fast becoming ripe for decided action upon the question.

The Anniversary of the Young Men's Society was respectably attended, and the same indications of feeling were perfectly evident. A little perseverance will, we have no doubt, be rewarded with triumphant success.

**OUR SECOND VOLUME.**—Much as we are gratified with the unqualified approbation so generally accorded to our little Boat, we yet think that it may be improved, and accordingly we venture to promise that the second volume will be better freighted than the first. We shall commence a very thrilling story in our next, and another of a very humorous character; both, however, of high moral tone. We purpose also to furnish better pictorial illustrations—if possible.

We beg to thank our subscribers for their patronage, and our Agents for their zeal; and hope to retain the one, and to merit an increase of the other.

We have been politely presented by the publishers of the "*Soirée Companion*" with a copy of the work, and, although we have not had time to digest all its contents, we have read enough to satisfy us that it is what

it professes to be—an auxiliary in the great cause of Temperance. The book is exceedingly well got up, and, moreover, is cheap—cheap, almost too cheap. Boys! Temperance boys, you are bound in honor to sustain this book, and we, therefore, advise every one of you to do the proper thing by expending your first quarter in buying a copy.

**UTICA TESTOTALLER.**—We are not aware of the existence in Montreal of a copy of "*Rev. Solomon Spittle's Diary*," save the one from which we have re-printed, and that was kindly furnished by a friend. If we can find one, it shall be sent.

I now would say, that all the subscribers to the *Life Boat* here would like to have you change it from a half to a dollar magazine.

Please accept my best wishes for your success, and I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN R. WHITE.

Williamsburg, Jan. 10, 1853.

Our subscribers in the towns would generally favor the change, but the desire is not quite so uniform as to warrant it yet. Without abandoning the idea, we shall defer it for some time.

**LETTERS RECEIVED.**—T. G. M., Toronto. W. H. F., Kemptville. 2. C. B. T., Lindsay. W. T., Temperanceville. J. D., Yarmouth. J. C., Winchester. H. P., Bytown.

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