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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1855.

No. 12.

THE LOST BOY.



THE editor of the Sandusky Mirror was formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary. He gives the following as one of the incidents that occurred while he had the control of that Institution:—

I had been a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention was attracted to, and a deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein and permitted to work in the shops with old and hardened convicts. This interest was increased on every evening as I saw them congregate in gangs marching to their silent meals, and thence to the gloomy bedrooms, which are more like living sepulchres with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies as they marched to the terrible "lock step," and consequently, most easily attracted attention. To see

many youthful forms and bright countenances mingled with the old and hardened scoundrels whose visages betokened vice, malice, crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was among the boys a lad of about seventeen years of age who attracted my attention; not from any thing superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow and the silent uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of by both officers and men, and, I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rule of propriety, yet he seldom had any excuse or apology, and never denying a charge, or he took the reprimand and once the punishment, without a tear or murmur, almost as a matter of course, seeming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out—his health was poor—his face pale—his frame fragile, and no light beamed in his dark grey eye. I thought every night as I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I

would go to him and learn his history—but there were so many duties to perform, so much to learn, and do, that day after day passed, and I would neglect him,—having learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young. He had two years more to serve. He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated he felt it. He worked at stone cutting on the State House—hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he worked in the prison yard—still his face haunted me day and night—and I resolved on the next Sabbath as he came from the Sabbath school, I would send for him and learn his history. It happened, however, I was one day in a store waiting the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old newspaper, I had read and re-read while delayed, until at last my eyes fell upon an advertisement of a “Lost Boy!” Information wanted of a boy named Arthur —, (I will not give his real name, for perhaps he is still living,) and then followed a description of the boy—exactly corresponding with that of the young convict—Arthur Lamb. Then there was somebody cared for the poor boy, if indeed it was him; perhaps a mother, his father, his brothers and sisters who were searching for him. The advertisement was more than a year old—yet I doubted not—and as the convicts were locked up, I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a matter of course, with the same pale uncomplaining face and hopeless gait; thinking no doubt that something had gone wrong and been laid to his charge.

I was examining the convict’s register, when I looked up there he stood—a perfect image of des-

pair! I asked his name. He replied, “Arthur.”—“Arthur what?” said I, sternly. “Arthur—Lamb!” said he, hesitatingly.

“Have you a father or mother living?”

His eyes brightened—his voice quivered, as he exclaimed,

“Oh have you heard from mother? Is she alive? Is she well?” and tears which I had never seen him shed before ran like great raindrops down his cheeks. As he grew calm from suspence, I told him that I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read. He took the advertisement which I had cut from the paper, and as he read it exclaimed,

“That is me! that is me!” And again sobs and tears choked his utterance.

I assured him the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents—and that it requested information to be sent to the Christian Chronicle, New York.

I told him I must write—and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother’s feelings to know where he was, than the terrible uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night. So he consented—and taking him to my room, I drew from him in substance the following story.

His father was a respectable and wealthy mechanic in an interior town in the State of New York. That at the holding of the State Agricultural Fair, in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home and go to the West. He foolishly consented with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune. They came as far as Cleveland, where he remained several days. One morning the other boys came to his

room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelery, &c., which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it they were all three arrested for burglary, and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed was found in his possession, he too, was tried, convicted and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dared not write home—so hope sank within him—he resigned himself to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison, or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of two young convicts who came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history as I obtained it from him; painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed there—even if guilty—and the probability of his never living out his sentence; and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the directions in the advertisement. But week after week passed and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother, until at last hope long deferred seemed to make his heart sick, and again he drooped and pined. At length a letter came, such a letter! He had been absent to a distant city,

but the moment he read the letter the good man responded. The father of the boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long and mysterious absence; he had left his former place of residence—had moved from city to city—from town to town,—and travelled up and down the country seeking the loved and lost. He had spent most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, pining for her first born, and would not be comforted. They lived in a western city, whether they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy, or that a change of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to secure the convict's pardon. This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased; hope and fear, joy and grief, filled his heart alternately; but from thence his eyes beamed brighter, his step was lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed, and at last a man came to the prison, and rushing frantically into the office, demanded to see his boy. "My boy! my boy! Oh, let me see him!" The clerk, who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son. "Arthur ——" "No such name on our books—your son cannot be here." "He is here: show him to me! Here is your own letter! Why do you mock me?" The clerk looked over the letter—saw that Arthur Lamb was the boy wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger. "There is the Warden, sir, it was his letter that you showed me." The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife heaped blessings

upon my head. But the rattling of the iron door, and the grating sound of its hinges indicated the approach of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent into a parlor. I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave when he beheld the altered countenance of his boy, as he stood clad in degrading stripes, and holding a convict's cap in his hand, I never heard before. I have seen many similar scenes since, and became inured to them, but this seemed as if it would burst my brain.

I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict—and such a deep and favourable impression did the letter I wrote in answer have upon the directors that they readily joined the petition. Gov. Wood was easily prevailed upon in such a case—and the pardon was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy. How he laughed and wept! walked and ran—all impatient to see his son set free. When the lad came out in citizen's dress, the aged parent was too full for utterance. He hugged the released convict to his bosom and kissed him—wept and prayed! Grasping my hand he tendered me his farm, his gold watch, anything I would take.

Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine, and the boy by the hand and escorted them to the gate, literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more! But the young man is doing well, and long may he live to reward the filial affection of his parents.

This case may be one out of hundreds where the innocence of the convict is clear, but even where the guilt is clear, there should be pity for youth, and some

proper means taken to restore them to the paths of rectitude and honor.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE PORTION.

JOHAN HULL, who was one of the first founders of the old South Church, of the ancient and honorable artillery, a representative of the town, and in 1680 an assistant, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Major Samuel Sewall. As usual in those days the father was expected to give the daughter a marriage portion. "So Father Hull, after his daughter was completely, and richly, too, dressed and prepared for the ceremony, caused her to be put into one side of a pair of large scales, in the presence of her friends, and then piled on dollars and crowns, (silver money,) until they weighed her down." Report says she was a plump, hearty girl. This must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.—*Boston News Letters.*

THE THREE SONS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOULTRIE.

HAVE a son, a little son—a boy just five years old—
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind—
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works,
and aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes
perplexed

With thoughts about this world of ours,
and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she
teacheth him to pray ;

And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then,
are the words which he will say.

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to
manhood's years like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he
will be ;

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke
his thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel were I
to lose him now.

I have a son—a second son—a simple child
of three ;

I'll not declare how bright and fare his
little features be—

How silver-sweet those tones of his, when
he prattles on my knee.

I do not think his bright blue eye is, like
his brother's keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as
his hath ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind
and tender feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich
depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country-folk
who pass us in the street

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he
looks so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheer-
ful tone

Will sing his little songs of love, when left
to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden
home and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten
all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years; God
grant his heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now
for early love.

And if beside his grave the tears our aching
eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we
shall lose in him.

I have a son—a third sweet son ; his age I
cannot tell ;

For they reckon not by months and years
where he is gone to dwell.

Tous for fourteen anxious months, his infant
smiles were given ;

And then he bid farewell to earth, and went
to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what look he
weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his
shining seraph brow ;

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the
bliss which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which
God will not reveal ;

But I know (for God hath told me this) that
he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants are, on their
Saviour's loving breast.

I know the angels fold him close beneath
their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes
of heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his
mother dear and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all
tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his
bliss can never cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but
his is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their
souls from bliss may sever ;

But if our own poor faith fail not, he must
be ours forever.


When we think of what our darling is, and
what we still must be ;

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss,
and this world's misery ;

When we groan beneath this load of sin,
and feel this grief and pain—

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than
have him here again.

SYDNEY SMITH ON WINE DRINKING.

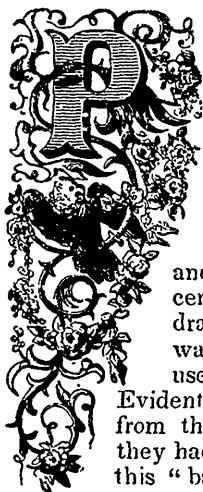
 MY DEAR LADY HOLLAND—

Many thanks for your kind anxiety respecting my health. I not only was never better, but never half so well ; indeed, I find I have been very ill all my life, without knowing it. Let me state some of the good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep ; having never known what sweet sleep was. I sleep like a baby or plow-boy. If I wake, no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and recollections of Holland House past and to come ! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks and make greater exertions without fatigue. My understanding is improved, and I can comprehend po-

litical economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood, or look out for some one who will bore and depress me. Pray leave off wine—the stomach quite at rest, no heart-burn, no pain, no distension.

Yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

THE LITTLE WAGON.



PASSING along one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city, a few days since, we observed a couple, in middle age, respectably clad, and altogether decent in appearance, drawing a little wagon, such as are used for children.

Evidently they were from the country; and they had just purchased this "bauble coach" for their child at home.

They were not ashamed to be seen taking it home themselves. Ashamed! not they. Not many of the rich merchants, who sweep by them, elated by some good bargain they have just made, feel as proud and happy as those parents in possession of that object upon which they look with so much complacency. It is doubtful which would be the happier, they or the child who is to ride in it. A wealthy citizen informed that his boy would like a wagon, despatches an order for one by Kitty, the nurse, or George, the butler. A superfluous five-dollar bill has made the purchase, and the whole transaction was forgotten as soon as it was done. Not so with our

worthy friends in humble mediocrity. They have been wishing for a long time to obtain what they knew would gratify their little child. They have talked together about it. They have feared that it was beyond their means. But they have denied themselves a little here and a little there, and at length they have accomplished the thing which they desired. A thousand fold more delight have they in their purchase, than a rich man ever knew in drawing a check to meet the wishes of a fastidious son. It was bought with the coinage of the heart, with the contrivances and sacrifices of love, and a thousand blessings are sure to go with it.

We observed that these parents were dressed in mourning. The craped hat and the black bonnet, told us that they had lost a relative—perhaps a child. Yes—so imagination would have it—they have just buried one out of the nursery group.—Like other parents similarly bereaved, they reproach themselves that they did no more for their child while it was yet with them. Perhaps it was a weakling. They wish now they had given it more of air; and tried other means and methods to give it strength. But it died. All they could give it was a grave. They mean to be more gentle, more careful, and more kind to the living. Blessings go with the little wagon.

We follow it to its destination. We catch the joy which it awakens in a whole household. We see the pillow nicely arranged, the gleesome baby snugly deposited, and the happy mother standing at the door and following the equipage on its first turn out. We are young again ourselves. Cowper's lines to his mother, about his own little coach, came back to us. We

see the green lanc, and smell the sweet clover, and hear the happy birds. The little wagon has carried our memory, imagination, and heart, away from noise and crowds, to moral tranquility and domestic love. Little did the honest pair imagine, as they were drawing along their new purchase, what an effect they were producing on the tried and jaded heart of one of the throng by whom they were jostled. Blessings be with them, and their nestling, for they have dropped a blessing on a stranger out of their little wagon.—*Evangelist.*

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee.
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

JOHN B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE
YOUNG IN ST. MARTIN'S HALL,
LONDON.



HIS meeting is called expressly for the purpose of interesting children in the subject of Temperance, and, if I am rightly informed, nearly all the children belong to the "Bands of Hope." But on looking round the room, I see not only children, but adults, and this makes it doubly difficult for me to speak effectively. I hardly, indeed, know how to order my address, unless I speak first to the children and then to the adults. I have been in the habit—and I speak now to the children—of speaking very frequently to young people in the United States, where we have large societies called "Cold Water Armies." In Boston, we have 9000 children who have signed the pledge, and who thus belong to the cold water army; and it is one of the most pleasant parts of my business to speak to them, on the occasion of their gatherings. It is encouraging to me to speak to children, because I believe that the boys and girls mostly enjoy and understand what is said. (Cheers.) A Temperance speaker once told me, that the greatest rebuke he ever received in his life, was once overhearing two boys discuss an address they had heard. "Well, Bill, how did you like it?" "Oh, not at all." "Why not?" "Why, because he talked so much baby talk." (Laughter.) Boys don't want "baby talk." I want the boys and girls to pay a little attention to me this evening. I rejoice to have the opportunity of speaking to them, for one reason in particular, and that is, because

children generally are conscientious, and this is one of the most pleasing features of childhood. Let me relate a story—and I shall deal chiefly this evening on stories.

“I’VE SUNG IT.”

A gentleman in the city of Boston who was in the habit of using wine, was asked by one of his promising boys if he might go to one of our meetings.—“Yes, my boy, you may go; but you must not sign the pledge.” Now, in our cold water army, we don’t allow the children to sign the pledge without the consent of their parents. Well, the boy came; and he was a noble fellow; full of fire, and life, and ingenuousness. We sang and sang, and the chorus was shouted by the children—

“Cheer up my lively lads,
In spite of rum and cider;

Cheer up my lively lads,
We’ve signed the pledge together.”

We sung it eight or ten times, and the little fellow I speak of sung it too. As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true—“We have signed the pledge together;” he had not signed the pledge. When he reached home, he sat down at the table; and on it was a jug of cider. “Jem,” said one of his brothers, “will you have some cider?” “No, thank you,” was the reply. “Why not—don’t you like it?” “Oh, I’m never going to drink any more cider—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!” “My boy,” said his father, “you have not disobeyed me?” “No father,” said he sobbing, “I have not signed the pledge, but I’ve sung it, and that’s enough for me.”—(Loud cheers from the children.) That father came up to the Temperance meeting, at which 3000 people were assembled, and told the story, and said, “I’ll not be outdone by my

boy: though I have not sung the pledge I will sign it.” He did so, and is at the present day one of the truest and noblest supporters of the cause. Now, I like to see conscientiousness, and children are conscientious before they become warped and stultified by contact with the world; and if we can bring them to the right point at starting, we may feel assured they will go on, by God’s grace, to a glorious consummation. Some persons say, “What is the use of letting a child six or seven years old sign the pledge? They don’t understand it.” Now children understand a great deal more than we give them credit for. They do understand what is meant by the pledge, and by temperance, and they understand also and often use the argument.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

A gentleman in Virginia had a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge; all in the family had done so, but the father thought him too young, and would not let him. At last, however, after much entreaty, permission was given.—Soon after, the father went on a journey. At one stopping place, away from the town, he called for some water. It did not come, so he called again; still he could not get it; but cider was brought, and being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink it. When he returned home, he related the circumstance. After he had finished, the little boy came up to his knee with his eyes full of tears and said, “Father, how far were you from James River, when you drank the cider?” “Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy.” “Well,” said the little fellow, sobbing, “I’d have walked there and back again rather than have broken my pledge.” (Cheers) Heaven bless the children. We

have thousands such as these ; children who understand the principle and keep to the practice. I sometimes wish the adults kept the pledge as well as the boys do. I said just now, that the children understand the arguments.

“ OH DEAR, WHAT A PITY ! ”

A barrel of liquor was once being carried up a street, when, by accident, it fell to the ground and the head was driven in. One of the spectators seeing the liquor was spilt, said, “ Oh dear ! what a pity ! ” “ Oh, no ! ” said a little boy, who was looking on—“ It is not a pity. The drink will do better on God’s earth than in God’s image.”—(Cheers.) He had heard this said at a Temperance meeting, and the apt manner in which he made use of it, showed that it was thoroughly understood—Children may be made the most glorious coadjutors in the ranks of temperance. The children in the United States have been engaged in exerting an influence outside of their armies ; they know well what is meant by sympathy and benevolence. We have taught them that a drunkard is a man. Although he is poor, and miserable, and debased, and although he sometimes frightens them, yet, that he is a man, and was once a boy as bright and pure as they ; and therefore we teach the children that they should have sympathy with a drunkard, who has a man’s heart and sensibility. I have gone to the most hardened wretches and have spoken to them in tones of kindness and sympathy ; and although the eye was bleared and bloodshot, yet I could see the crystal drops swelling up and falling down the bloated face. One man, I remember, lifted up his hands and said, “ I didn’t know I had a friend in the world.” No

power on earth is so debasing to a man as the power of drink, but we have taught the children to look upon the intemperate man as a human being.

WHAT THE GIRLS CAN DO.

We used in the United States, to furnish boys and girls with pledge books and with pencils, and thus equipped they would get numerous signatures. A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree. Some little girls, coming from school, saw him there, and at once said to each other,—“ What shall we do for him ? ” Presently one said, “ Oh, I’ll tell you—let’s sing him a temperance song,”—and so they did. They collected round him, and struck up—

“ Away, away the bowl,”

and so on in beautiful tune. The poor drunkard liked it, and so would you. “ Sing again, my little girls,” said he. “ We will,” said they, “ if you will sign the pedge.” “ No, no,” said he, “ we are not at a temperance meeting, besides you’ve no pledges with you.” “ Yes, we have, and pencils too,” and they held them up to him. “ No, no, I won’t sign now ; but do sing for me.” So they sung again—

“ The drink that’s in the drunkard’s bowl,
Is not the drink for me.”

“ Oh do sing again,” he said. But they were firm this time, and declared that they would go away if he wouldn’t sign. “ But,” said the poor fellow, striving to find an excuse, “ You’ve no table—how can I write without a table ? You must put the pledge somewhere.” At this, one quiet, modest, pretty little creature, came up timidly with one finger on her lips, and said, “ you can write upon your hat, while we hold it for you.” (Cheers.)—Well, the man signed,

and I heard him narrate these facts before 1500 children. He said, "Thank God for these children; they came to me as messengers of mercy." (Loud cheers.)

"SHE SENT ME A ROSE."—LINES
TO LIZZIE.

BY ISIDORE.

HE sent me a rose, a beautiful flower,
As fair, and as blooming as any that
grew,
'Twas plucked by her hand in some fairy
bower;
And her gentle touch gave it loveliness
new.

How perfect the tints, and how glowing
the hue
Of its soft velvet leaves of such delicate
shade:
And the rose bowed its head, and spark-
ling with dew,
And smiled as it felt the sweet grasp of
the maid.

Did it languish and pine at thus being torn
From where it had sprung into beauty and
grace?
To be sure it would miss the bright sun at
morn,
But then her kind glances would fill the
sun's places.

Now fancy portrays two sweet flowers to
me,
One lovely to gaze at,—a beauteous rose;
The other more fair, and more lovely to see,
To know her bright charms, and rare gifts
she'd disclose.

An affectionate niece, a true loving child;—
A soul sent from Heaven fond love to im-
part;—
No wonder affection on Lizzie has smiled
And that flowers of innocence dwell near
her heart.

The fairest of these now she sent me to
day,
And I gaze at its loveliness, too bright for
earth,
In spite of my care it will wither away,
And the zephyrs will bear it, to the place
of its birth.

But the flower will live, the gift I shall
prize,
Though faded and crushed by the cold
hand of death;
'Twill always be blooming, and bright to
my eyes;
For 'twill always be treasured in memory's
green wreath.

HARDY LEE AND TAUPSALE HALL.

MANY years ago, on a stormy
and inclement evening
"in the bleak December,"
old Miss Tarbox, accompanied by
her niece, Mary Ann Stackpole,
sailed from Holmes Hole to Cotuit,
in the topsail schooner Two Susans,
Captain Blackler. She soon experi-
enced a fearful storm, which
made her toss and pitch greatly,
while Captain Blackler, and his
hardy crew, kept her to it, and old
Miss Tarbox and niece rolled about
in their uncomfortable bunks, wish-
ing themselves back in Holmes
Hole, or in any other hole, on the
dry land. The shouts of Captain
Blackler as he trod the deck, con-
veying orders for "tacking ship,"
were distinctly audible to the af-
flicted females below; "Oh,"
groaned old Miss Tarbox, during a
tranquil interval of her internal
economy, as for the fifteenth time
the schooner "went in stays,"
"what a drefful time them pore
creeters of sailors is a having on't.
Just listen to Jim Blackler, Mary
Ann, and hear how he is ordering
about that pore fellow, *Hardy Lee*.
I've heered that creetur hollered
for twenty times this blessed night,
if I have onst." "Yes," replied
the wretched Mary Ann, as she
gave a fearful retch to starboard,
but he ain't no worse-off than poor
Taupsale Hall—he seems to ketch
it as bad as Hardy. "I wonder
who they be," mused old Miss
Tarbox, "I knowed a Mass Hall,
that lived at Seekonk Pint oncet—
mebbe it's her son." A tremen-
dous sea taking the "Two Susans"
on her quarter at this instant, put a
stop to the old lady's cogitations;
but they had an awful night of it,
and still above the roaring of the
wind, the whistling and clashing of
the shrouds, the dash of the sea, and
the tramp of the sailors, was heard
the voice of stout Captain Blackler,

as he shouted, "Stations! Hard a lee! Top'sle haul! Let go and haul"—and the "Two Susans" went about. And as old Miss Tarbox remarked years afterward, when she and Mary Ann had discovered their mistake, and laughed thereat, "Anybody that's never been to sea, won't see no Pint to this story."—*California Pioneer.*

For the Life Boat.

RANDOM THOUGHTS. — No. II.

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sung out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still mild music is abroad,
Pale, desert words! within your crowd,
And gathering winds, in horse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud."

—*Longfellow.*



DAY in the latter part of November, — cold, bleak and dreary, — autumn with its splendor and mellow richness is sadly hastening from us, and I bend my footsteps for a walk, wishing to take a last look at the melancholy scene around, to bid farewell to all that remains of summer—to the withered leaves, scattered by the sportive wind in every direction; to gigantic trees and little shrubs, that, shorn of their beauty, and bereft of their charms, stand bare and defenceless.

Many a careworn face I encounter—men, perhaps, oppressed by care, or enervated by laborious occupations at the desk; the dull monotonous routine of a business-life; and now the honest jovial

face of a laborer I see, who looks up from his work at me, and gives me the benefit of a good stare, as if to tell me I had no business to take a survey of *him*. I pause not, however, but contrast the appearance of the two men, laborer and man of commerce, clad, one with every show of comfort and taste, but marked about his face with lines of harassing care and thought; and the working man, with the jacket of homespun cloth, negligent in attire, careless as regards decorating his person, but with such a young, happy countenance. His bright eye beams with pleasure, and his lusty arm vigorously plies the hammer, and the flush of health is on his cheek. Each of these men have their business and station in life; but I doubt not if the former is not the happier and perhaps the better of the two.

Onward I hasten, and now an object crosses my path pitiable to view, and yet a human creature—a miserable, reeling, drunken wretch—a man who has lowered himself, and who is to be classed with the most abject beast of God's creation; and what is worse, he seems to know not how he sins—he is unconscious of his crime. I turn away, and yet pity him; for I think of the temptation that has lured him from the right path, from the path of rectitude and sobriety, and I curse the tempter that put the fatal poison cup to his lips. Oh! surely some kind friend will take him by the hand, and make him pledge that he will abandon the intoxicating cup. Surely some kind spirit will make him aware of his danger, will protect him from the fiend that has brought so much misery upon him.

I pass him bye, and proceed on my ramble. Nature wears no smiling aspect. The fields no

longer look green, and the little stubble that remains is almost colorless. The stately trees, so bare, hold their heads upward. How rugged are their branches, destitute of foliage—everywhere proofs of the decay of nature. The wind so keen, so icy, means and howls, as if howling in tones of anguish the disolation around. The poor leaves are whirled about in all directions by the blast. They cannot find a resting place. The cruel wind makes merry with their feebleness, and drives them about in clouds. How like our hopes, withered, and our desires, the sport of a remorseless fate. The mountain is clothed with a sable garment, and looks like a large, dark, grim giant, rising in the distance; and masses of mists gather around it. The shadows are gathering very fast, for the day wanes, and night is coming apace, "and all the air a solemn stillness holds," save the ruffling sound of a stream of water, the dashing and gurgling of which falls sweetly on my ear. This, heeding not the decay around, unmindful of the desolation everywhere, proceeds on its uninterrupted course, pleasing the ear with its soft music, and so it will continue to murmur till frost penetrates its limpid waters, and changes them to one mass of ice. Now I hear a cart rumbling along, slowly, very slowly—it proceeds. The horse, wearied and lazy, pushes forward at an inert sluggish pace, as if the heaviness and dreariness around influenced its motions. And now shadows deepen, and I must not soloquize any longer, but hasten homewards. Faintly the lights of the city gleam in the distance, and the pale glimmering is a relief to me. I once more mix with the throng, and hastily pace the well lighted streets.

I have taken a farewell look at

the country, for who knows but that snow may change its appearance when next I pay it a visit. How much has been said and written about autumn, so poetically and sweetly called the fall of the year. What food for reflection! What a theme for the gifted, the thoughtful and the observing mind. Associating the decay of nature to man's own crumbling and uncertain existence, the dying year cannot but make our hearts sad, but when we know that all will revive again, the heart is glad.

ISIDORE.

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HIS number completes our Fourth Volume. In the circle of the years our *Life Boat* has made another annual journey, and we are now making our arrangements for a new voyage—laying in a fresh cargo of pleasant

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