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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, NOVEMBER, 1852.

No. 8.

Dialogue.

DRUNKENNESS—THE MAINE LAW, &c.

(CONCLUDED.)

James.—Dear papa, I was very much interested,—and I hope instructed,—by your late remarks upon the evils of drunkenness. Your reasonings, and especially the illustration intended to show that the trade in liquors is the cause of drunkenness, appear to me so conclusive, that I am at a loss to imagine how they can be resisted.

Papa.—My boy, after you have lived a little longer in the world, you will find that truth is not always so successful as in your present simplicity you are ready to conclude. Self interest, or rather false conceptions of the nature of true self interest, more properly designated selfishness, together with a pusillanimous fear of ridicule, and other equally base and unworthy motives, operate to thwart and retard the progress of truth in relation to the subject before us; but of one thing we may be certain, that "truth is mighty, and shall prevail."

James.—I suppose that the people of Maine have got tired of coaxing the manufacturers of liquor to give up the business, and so have passed the famous law which puts it at last to a dead stop.

Papa.—You are right: the State of Maine, with most, if not all the other States, have for many long years employed what is called "moral suasion," that is, persuasion, to induce people to give up making, selling and drinking intoxicating liquors. Their success has been great; but they have learnt by experience, that there are men incapable of being moved by moral considerations, and therefore, with respect to them, they have given up the attempt; and finding themselves strong enough to use "legal suasion," or, in other words, the power of law, they have enacted the famous Maine Liquor Law, as you have very properly called it.

James.—But, father, will the law be as successful as its friends expect?

Papa.—My dear boy, the law has already had a fair experiment, and it is so well liked in Maine, that at the last election it was re-affirmed by a very large majority; and as to its success, it is far greater than even its most sanguine friends had ever expected.

James.—Yet, papa, are there not very strong objections to it? I think I have heard that it is opposed to constitutional right, by which I suppose is meant, that it is wrong in principle—wrong in itself.

Papa.—O, to be sure, the law is held to be wrong by some people, chiefly by the classes I have before alluded to, and I dare say there are some very honest people who think that it infringes man's natural liberty; but I think I can suggest a few considerations to your mind, which will remove all doubt as to the perfect rectitude of the principle of this famous statute.

James.—I will be much obliged to you, and I promise to give your reasons very serious attention.

Papa.—I suppose you have read the United States Declaration of Independence, and you will have observed that it sets out with the maxim, that all men being born equal, have a natural and indefeasible right to their individual liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness in the way they may deem best; providing, of course, that in the exercise of these rights they do not encroach upon the liberties or rights of others; a declaration which—*en passant*—is, unfortunately, in sad and awkward contrast with the institution of slavery still upheld by law in the Southern States; but that is not our business at present. Now, the opponents of the Maine Law assert that it infringes these natural

rights, and on their own grounds it is therefore only necessary to prove, that the practices which this law prohibits are subversive of the rights of the community generally, in order that its principle shall be sustained. To prove that the liquor traffic occasions drunkenness—that drunkenness occasions crime, indigence, pauperism, and all species of public immorality, is quite unnecessary—this has long been admitted;—to prove that the prevalence of all this vice and immorality weighs down the energies of the community, and entails heavy burdens upon the sober and industrious, need only be mentioned to secure assent; and thus by two steps we arrive at the incontrovertible conclusion, that the rum traffic is a gross violation of the rights of men, and the Maine Law stands vindicated. But one or two more remarks will not be amiss; and I wish you to bear in mind, that the principle of the Maine Law is nothing different from that of all other good laws. LAW is in its very nature a limitation to the intentions of unscrupulous men, who would pursue their ends regardless of the injury they might inflict upon individuals or society at large. So the laws which prohibit gambling, forgery, counterfeiting money, smuggling, theft, arson, &c., and those which restrain gross immorality of other kinds; so the laws which prevent the sale of unwholesome food; so those which restrain the establishment in cities of manufactories whence an effluvia detrimental to health might proceed; so the sanitary regulations which during the presence of an epidemic are enacted and rigidly enforced, suppressing the sale of some kinds of meats and vegetables which are supposed to contribute to the spread of the disease. From this enumeration you will perceive that even honest occupations are

made to bend to the necessities of the times, and that good and nutritious food is positively put under the ban when it is supposed to aid in increasing the virulence of a prevailing disease. Now we affirm that drunkenness is the most fatal disease which has ever invaded and decimated a suffering world; and as we find that the traffic in ardent spirits is the immediate and active cause of its extension, we heartily subscribe to the law which promises its abolition.

Another, and the last consideration I shall present you, is this—before the patriotic (?) opponents of *legal suasion* can with propriety complain of the law, it is imperative upon them to prove that *the common unrestricted use of alcoholic liquors is physically, socially, and morally right and proper*. This they cannot do, for all reliable physiologists agree that alcohol is a poison; and if this be true, it must be socially and morally wrong to use it, except under such limitations as the medical science alone is authorized to prescribe. Here we stand, AND OUR FOOTHOLD IS THE ROCK OF ETERNAL TRUTH!

Tom in a Grave.

Old Tom R. was a man of good feeling and no little wit, and yet a terrible drunkard. An awful spectacle he was when I last saw him; but I'll not think of that; let me rather relate an adventure that befel him.

"Pretty well over the bay," as usual, Tom was one Saturday night heading for home, when he took a lee lurch, and brought up in the graveyard. Now, it is not my opinion that Tom went there for the purpose of meditation, for he was not much given that way. In fact he always declared that the only part of him that ever reflected was his nose; and

it certainly was a great and shining light in its way. Tom found the land more billowy here than in the road, and instead of looking upon the last earthly tenements of the departed as incentives to serious thought, only found them stumbling-blocks in his way. Now, it happened that the sexton had that day dug a grave for old widow P., who was to be buried on the morrow. This he had left uncovered, not supposing that any one "would seek a lodging *there*." After tumbling about for some time, Tom found himself at the bottom of this grave, "struck all of a heap." "Down among the dead men," sure enough, said he, quoting a part of the chorus of an old song. After some ineffectual attempts to rise, "Well," he continued, "I suppose I shall rise when the rest do;" and, with this, he settled himself to rest in his narrow bed.

Now, it fell out that old Johnny Jones, who kept a bit of a shop on Fore street, was, about this time, wending his way to his fireside and his wife. Johnny had the reputation of being a very "snug man," and well knowing that time is money, he was in the habit of saving a minute or two by striking across the graveyard on his way home. On this occasion he had with him a new pair of boots, which he had been to the extravagance of procuring for the morrow's wear. On he went, over the graves, thinking only of his gains when he should have been considering his ways, till not suspecting any pit-falls, he pitched head foremost into the open grave, much to the discomfiture of our hero, who considered himself the lawful tenant, by right of prediscoversy. Raising himself, therefore, with an effort, he hiccoughed forth, with much drunken indignation—

"Snakes! (*hic*) can't you let the dead rest?"

If Johnny had been discomposed by his fall, he was horrified by this interrogation. Disturbing the dead was the last thing he desired to be guilty of. How he got out of the grave he never knew, nor how he got home; but when he recovered himself, he replied to his wife's interrogations by exclaiming—

"Captain B. came out of his grave as I passed by, and swore at me like a pirate!"

As for Tom, he awoke next morning a sober if not wiser man; and, finding a nice pair of boots at his feet, appropriated them, and went his way, well satisfied with his dealings with the dead.—*Portland Transcript.*

We commend the following Poem to our young friends, and advise them to commit it to memory. It is an excellent piece for recitation, and it puts the trade in alcohol upon its proper footing so forcibly, as to defy all the rum logic in the world.—COX-SWAIN.

The Two Incendiaries.

A fire alarm! The cry of "Fire!"
 Swells on the night air higher, higher!
 Touched by the lightning, every bell
 Swings in its tower, the tale to tell.
 Forth rush the firemen, one and all,
 At duty's or at danger's call,
 The peril and the praise to share—
 Their engines play,—their torches flare;—
 The light of the devouring fire,
 Reflected from the church's spire,
 Piercing the cloud with ruddy glow,
 Tells of the ruin wrought below.
 Why sounds that midnight tocsin dread?
 Who towers that column, black and red,
 That, leaning to the leeward, shows
 The way that the destroyer goes?
 Let your imagination stretch,
 And you shall see a dastard wretch,
 Skulking away from human sight,
 And, wrapped up in the cloak of night,
 Putting a *loco foco* match,
 Where he is sure the blaze will catch,
 That, when the crowd is thither drawn,
 He may, before the peep of dawn,
 With his light fingers, force a loan
 From others' pockets to his own.
 What are, to him, the larum bell—
 The fire-wrapped roof—the dreadful yell
 Of horses roaring in their stalls—
 Of firemen crushed by tumbling walls?
 What are, to him, the crash and din
 Of slates and rafters falling in—

The shrieks of houseless females flying—
 The feeble wisp of children dying—
 And the loud wailings of despair,
 That load the suffocating air?
 What are all these to him?—his turn
 By them is served, so—"Let 'em burn!"
 What is all this to him?—why, sir,
 He wakes up people, and they stir;
 And, if they catch the villain, he
 Is tried, and hanged;—or used to be.
 Laws may—but justice does not—alter;
 He 'scapes, though he deserves the halter;
 And were he doomed to it again,
 The people would all say—"Amen!"

And yet—how coolly let 's inquire—
 What does this villain set on fire?
 Boards, shingles, timber, "wood, hay, stubble,"
 The body's life—an empty bubble—
 "A vapor that appears" a day,
 Or hour, "then vanisheth away;"—
 That's all 'th' incendiary felon
 Does nothing more we need to dwell on.

But he that fills his neighbor's cup
 With liquid fire, is burning up,
 Not edifices framed of wood,
 Not princely mansions, fair and good,
 But that for which such mansions rise—
 The heir apparent of the skies—
 Man, who from heaven derives his birth,—
 Man, God's vicegerent here on earth,—
 A house that only God can build—
 A temple with his spirit filled—
 A tenement indeed of clay,
 That holds its dweller for his day,
 A house that falls in time to dust,
 As other earthly dwellings must;—
 But one that holds, if not burnt down,
 The heir of an immortal crown.
 But let the fire that fills the cup,
 Be in that house, well kindled up,
 And strength, and peace, and pure desire,
 And manly purpose feel the fire;
 And Reason stumbles on and gropes
 Darkling 'mid smouldering joys and hopes;
 And Faith, and every upward aim,
 And heavenward impulse, feed the flame;
 And Childhood roams in tatter'd rags,
 And Virtue falls, and Courage flags;
 And haggard Want makes Earth his bed,
 And homeless Hunger begs his bread;
 And eotish Dulness mopes along,
 And maniac Mirth bawls out his song;
 And Frenzy stands, with ghastly stare,
 And Madness rends his matted hair;
 And Murder stabs his weeping bride,
 Then dies himself, a suicide!

And yet, what is all this to him,
 Who fills up to its sparkling brim,
 The glass that glows with liquid fire,
 Drowned in whose poisonous depths expire
 Wit, Wisdom, common Manhood even,
 All earthly joy, all hope of Heaven?
 Ay, to his inmost self, says he,
 "Well, what of that?—what's that to me?"
 "What is to me the depth of woe,
 "That follows where my liquors flow?
 "So long as I the match can get;
 "So long as I the fire may set;
 "So long as I can have my way;
 "So long as those who drink will pay;
 "So long as they will serve my turn—
 "What is to me how much they burn?
 "So long as they with bank-notes cram
 "My pockets, I don't care a damn;—
 "So long as they my coffers swell,
 "Let the poor devils go to hell!"

These two Incendiaries stand
 Before you, neighbors torch in hand;
 Each plies his trade, each fills his purse;—
 Tell me—Which of them is the worse?

J. PIERPONT.



The Duke.

It is not necessary to say what Duke; every boy who can spell a word of three syllables, and many who cannot, know something of him. WATERLOO and WELLINGTON are two names destined to defy the ravages of time. Oblivion cannot swallow them up, and it is very questionable whether the alphabet will ever form two other words of greater interest to the British Empire, or even to the world. Providence seems to raise men, and to shape agencies adapted to the necessities of the times; and much as we deprecate the whole busi-

ness of war, or take sides with those who assert the sufficiency of moral force instead of what is loftily called the "arbitrament of the sword," or more familiarly the settlement of national misunderstandings by war, yet we are not prepared to say that peaceable negotiation could then have accomplished for the world, what Wellington was enabled to do with the military power of Britain.

Since the battle of Waterloo, if we except some intestine troubles, there has been no war in Europe. To Wellington, as an instrument, we are

indebted for that great and decisive victory which has established a profound peace of thirty-five years. And it must have been a delightful consideration to the old soldier, when verging towards his own surrender to the invincible conqueror—death, that Waterloo, with its dreadful carnage, had yet borne the blessed fruit of a quietude and security, which has done more for the moral and material improvement of the world, than any similar extent of time in any period of history ten times told!

Well, *the Duke* is now gone! He has laid aside his armor, given up his watch, and we trust he is entered into rest! Let us hope that henceforth Britain will never need from any of her sons the kind of service which the illustrious dead—whom she now mourns—so successfully rendered; but that her future victories will be those of truth and virtue over error, ignorance and vice.

“The fruit of righteousness will be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.”

Frederick the Great.

After Frederick's accession to the throne, he paid very little attention either to the adorning of his own person, or to that of the individuals honored with his conversation. As to himself, he had only one pair of silk stockings, which he wore once a year, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, when an entertainment was given at her palace. M. Thiebault, one of the Professors of the Royal Academy, who has left behind him several interesting accounts of his conversations with the King, relates, that having once waited on Frederick, when summoned in a hurry, in his travelling-dress, he offered a humble

apology for the negligence of his attire. “On hearing my excuses,” says Thiebault, “he turned his eyes towards me with a look of disdain, and said, ‘You know well enough I never attend to such miserable considerations as these. Observe me: when I send for you, you may be as neglectful as you please about your dress, and I shall give myself little concern; but do not forget to bring your head, and I shall be satisfied; I want only your head.’”

BE CONSISTENT.—We observed a teetotaller the other day walking up to the bar of the hotel at Rouse's Point, and purchasing three segars. A lad in attendance was amusing himself burning the strips of paper provided for the purpose of lighting the weeds. The smoker noticed the boy, and *reproved him for the waste*, alleging that the habit of wasting would grow unless he checked it. Now we ask who was the greatest waster, the boy or the man?

CHOICE SENTENCES.—Incorrect knowledge, like counterfeit money, is worth nothing.

To offend rather than compromise the truth, is far better than to compromise the truth rather than offend: to be driven to the first alternative is a misfortune simply; but to choose the last is a crime.

“ELOPED.—Mrs. Boots has forsaken her husband and family, and gone with a dashing gent to parts unknown.”

Upon the above announcement, a western editor observes:—“We do not know whether this pair were rights and lefts. It would be somewhat bold to affirm that Mrs. Boots was right, but there can be no doubt that Boots himself is left.”

Diary of the Rev. Solomon Spittle.

A. D. 184—. *Monday, Jan. 1.*
 My parishioners, Shrimp and Gruel, called on me this morning, as a committee of the Abolitionists, and asked me if I was willing to give up brown sugar, as it was the product of slave labor. I told them I was, and that I was willing to eat no more meat, if it offended my brother. "Then," said they, "you will give up tobacco?" I told them I did not think of that when I spoke, and that I could not give up tobacco. I believed it was a necessary of life, in my case. Shrimp and Gruel took their hats and went out, with an expression of contempt,—a couple of straight-laced, disagreeable fellows! Smoked two of Capt. Lundy's cigars. He sent me a couple of boxes on his return from Cuba,—a grateful, whole-hearted man! He was once in great trouble of mind; told me he had been a great sinner, and, with tears in his eyes, narrated a long list of crimes he had committed. I told him he must confide in God's mercy, and got him, at last, into such a comfortable state, that he sat with me for two or three hours, smoking and talking of salvation, as pleasantly as possible. Capt. Lundy told me, next day, that he had been thinking I might do a great amount of good, if I would write a book called "Heaven made easy." I related this to brother Lunt, who said he thought Captain Lundy was making fun of me. Some people are very suspicious. Took a glass of sherry, and commenced my sermon, on the necessities and distresses of the apostles (2 Corinthians, vi. 5.) Hard trials they must have had, those poor disciples, suffering all sorts of persecution, and deprived of the comforts of life, especially tobacco! I have often wondered how Paul got along

without it. He must have chewed something, though I cannot imagine what, unless it was the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Mem.—Send and tell Twist, the tobacconist, that the article he sends me is not the orthodox thing, by any means. My last pigtail was full of grit; and, upon inquiring of brother Lunt and both my deacons, I find they have been served in the same way. Twist must be reformed.



Violent headache after dinner;—too long in my study, no doubt—reflecting too intently upon the distresses of the apostles. Oysters do not seem to me half so good as formerly. Smoked two of Capt. Lundy's cigars, and wrote two pages of my sermon. Interrupted by old Madam Noddle and her daughter Pamela;—they came as president and secretary of the Female Auxiliary Rechabite Society, to ask my influence and an address; but they were only able to stay a moment, on account of the smoke. The old lady has the asthma. Mem.—To tell brother Lunt of this; and he'll agree with me, it's a capital way of smoking 'em out. Unluckily, however, all disagreeable visitors have not the asthma. I must here record the fact, that, of all my parishioners, Dr. Ziba Sproule is my greatest tormentor. When I first settled here, I was told a sermon on temperance would be expected from me. I preached one about four months after

my ordination. I felt a little nervous about it, for fear brother Lunt and a few others would think I was getting rather fanatical. None of the temperance folks said a word to me about it. I was very much astonished. On the Thursday following, I got a note from three retailers and a distiller, requesting a copy for the press. When I met Dr. Sproule, I expressed a hope that my discourse gave satisfaction. "No doubt it did," said he, "to all moderate drinkers." He told me I was wholly behind the time; and this was all I got for my sermon. He never suffers any occasion to pass unimproved, without some fling about tobacco. Every Monday morning, for six weeks, he has sent me half a dozen copies of "Muzzy on Tobacco," requesting me to distribute them in the parish. Three weeks ago, I thought I would make amends for my first temperance discourse, and I preached upon the awful certainty that drunkards could not enter the kingdom of heaven. On the evening of that day, he sent me over "Mack-nish upon drunkenness," with the leaf turned down at the sixtieth page, where the writer asserts that habitual tobacco-smokers are drunkards. This was downright insolence.

Read over my sermon as far as I had written. I fear my memory is failing: instead of the text from 2 Corinthians vi. 5, found I had written, at the head of my discourse, the words of the note to Twist about the pigtail. I am confident I wrote the text somewhere—doubtless in the note. Twist must think me crazy.

After tea, walked over to neighbor Gookin's—nobody at home but the nurse and the two little girls. I took them up—they are little beauties—and kissed them. They both ran to the nurse, and began to cry, and make

mouths, and whisper. Asked nurse what they said; she was loath to tell, but I insisted. One said I didn't smell good; and the other, that I had a great black, nasty thing in my mouth. What a story Sproule would make out of this, if he knew it!

Went home, and found Captain Lundy. Lighted our cigars, and sat down for a little chat—very refreshing after protracted theological labors. Wife sent to request the study windows might be opened, to let the smoke out, as there was company in the parlor, who were made sick by the smell. At half-past nine, company went; wife and girls wished to retire; had prayers, Captain Lundy present. My wife once told me I prayed much better in the presence of a visitor, than when we were alone with the Almighty. I felt humbled, for I feared it was true. Returned to our cigars. Lundy is a pleasant man, and has seen much of the world; recounted many anecdotes of an interesting character. Complimented me on my prayer gifts in a manner almost too flattering. I trust I may not be puffed up with the vanities of this vain world. Captain Lundy took leave, and I retired about eleven. Disturbed Mrs. Spittle, who awoke in an unpleasant humor; said she was smoked to death. To restore her good humor, repeated some of Lundy's anecdotes. Told her the New Zealanders went naked. She replied, rather crustily, that she feared our girls would have to go so before long. I told her I did not know they were in want of clothes. She said they had no gowns fit to go to meeting in; and as fig-leaves were not easily to be had, she knew not what to do, unless we put on tobacco-leaves. I was very much astonished—never heard anything like this from Mrs. Spittle before. Accounted for it, by

her being suddenly disturbed, and only partially awake. I restrained myself, and made no reply.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—Awakened very early by a petulant exclamation from my wife, who, most unfortunately, had found my cud in her night-cap. How it got there is more than I can comprehend. I expressed my sorrow, but her continued displeasure was manifested through the morning. I assumed an unusual air of solemnity when the family assembled. The chapter, which came in course, was very apposite; and when I read the passage, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," I intended, I confess, by a short pause and a particular look, to administer a severe rebuke to Mrs. Spittle; but her eyes were fixed upon the floor, with an expression of settled discontent. I looked for comfort into the countenances of our daughters, but in vain. Their expression was respectful and becoming; but I clearly saw that they were of one mind with their mother. Indeed, my daughter Bertha said the other day, in not a very playful manner, that she requested the Misses Peases to smell her roses, and, after a good deal of snuffing, they both declared that they could smell nothing but tobacco. Well, the trials of a godly man are great indeed! Must I resign this innocent pleasure? What harm can there be in rolling this—to me—sweet morsel under my tongue, or in sucking in and puffing out the fumes of this captivating weed? Dr. Sproule says it is a violation of the golden rule; and that Dr. Johnson stated the case fairly, when he said, "To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes and noses." Squire Goggle, who was present, said he agreed with Dr. Sproule, and that

the maxim of the law was based upon the golden rule, "*Sic utere tuo, ut non alienum lædas*"—so use your own that you do not injure or offend your neighbor. I asked him why laws had not been made against the use of it. He answered, that my question was founded in error; that popes had excommunicated those who used it; Amurath punished its use with death; that there were cities,—Boston, for example,—where smoking in the streets and passages was punishable by a fine; and that an old colony law of Massachusetts required, under a penalty, every person to forbear smoking in a public house, if disagreeable to any one or more of the travellers or inmates therein. Squire Goggle grew quite warm about it. He said the Legislature did not deem it expedient, by legal enactments, to enter private dwellings; they doubtless supposed that the law of love and common decency would prove sufficient there. He asked me if I believed the practice of chewing, and snuffing, and smoking, and hawking, and spitting, added very considerably to domestic comfort; and if my own wife and daughters would be made less comfortable, if these practices were abandoned? I told him I must own it was not agreeable to my family. He began then to talk, rather freely, about selfish pleasures, domestic nuisances, &c.; and I suppose I manifested my displeasure, for he took his hat, and, as he bid me good morning, said he should like to add, after the marriage covenant, to honor and obey, on the part of the woman, the words, "unless he uses tobacco in any form, or drinks any alcoholic liquor as a beverage." While Squire Goggle was going on in this manner, Dr. Sproule expressed his high satisfaction, by a smile of malicious pleasure.

Melancholy breakfast; wife very much dissatisfied. Resolved to take a long, lonely walk. Lighted one of Lundy's, and, with two or three spare ones in my pocket, proceeded out of the back door, across the lot, to the Maggletown road. Walked on with a slow pace and low spirits, meditating upon my sermon, upon the distresses of the apostles. Resolved that my next discourse, after the one now in hand, should be against balls, and theatres, and fashionable parties. Isaiah lxviii. 16, furnishes a suitable text, in the first four words, "Why hop ye so?" This will contrast well with my discourse on the distresses of the apostles. Stopped to light another of Lundy's. Just lighted it, when I heard the trot of a horse coming round the corner—Dr. Sproule!—threw down the old end, and trod on it, and held the other in my right hand, behind my back, extending my left to shake hands with the doctor, as he drew up. "Your right hand, if you please, reverend sir," said Dr. Sproule. So I was obliged to expose what the doctor suspected I was trying to conceal. "Ah," said he, with a shake of the head, "still burning incense—still sacrificing to your idol, eh?" "Dr. Sproule," said I, with a little unusual precision and dignity of manner, "I am not very well, and have thought I would take a long walk, and meditate upon my sermon." "What is it about?" said he. I informed him. "A glorious subject!" said he; "I have that admirable chapter by heart. The distresses and necessities of the apostles! What a theme!" He paused, and I felt sure he would not let me go without a cut of some sort. "Full of fine texts, that chapter!" said he; "'giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed,'—a fine text, that; and there is another, I think, in that

chapter—'wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.'" I asked him what he supposed the unclean thing meant. He said he did not positively know—the learned were divided—but, if there was such a thing as tobacco in those days, it must be that. He left me, saying he was going to see old Mrs. Mackintosh, who was very sick. Mem.—To go and see the old lady myself.

So disturbed by Dr. Sproule's rudeness, or, as he, I suppose, would call it, plain dealing, that I made slow progress with my sermon. Got home, in very ill-humor with myself and everybody else, which was soon forgotten in the distress of my family. Found my youngest child, little Solomon, in convulsions, and my wife and daughters in the greatest agony. Ran myself for Dr. Sproule; fortunately, found him just quitting Mrs. Mackintosh: he examined the child, and, after all proper inquiries, rode home, and soon returned, full speed, with his stomach-pump. He succeeded in removing the contents of the stomach; and, after turning them over for a few moments, he seized a black substance with his thumb and finger, and rudely running it almost into my nose, exclaimed, with a most revengeful expression of face, "Accursed tobacco!" I was quite hurt by his behaviour, but found no sympathy in the looks of my wife and daughters. How it got into little Solomon's stomach was, for some time, a perfect mystery. I had left him in the morning, seated in my study, getting his task. Not long after I had gone out, old Madam Gooch brought him some bloom raisins, and, going into my study, had poured them out of the paper, on the study table. I recollected, just as I

was going out, and had lighted my cigar, to have taken out my cud, and laid it on the table. Poor, dear little fellow! no doubt he swallowed it with his plums. I explained this as calmly and clearly as possible, to my wife, who was more outrageous than Rachel; for she would not be comforted, though her child was in a fair way to recover. She seemed to look upon me as a murderer; and seemed to cling more closely to the idea, that I came within an inch of killing Solomon, than to the delightful conviction that he was spared to his half-distracted parents. At last, we both lost our temper. I told her that she might as justifiably impute the accident to Mrs. Gooch, who brought the raisins to little Solomon, as to me. She was very angry because I called such an awful thing an accident, and said there was no use in putting it off on Mrs. Gooch, who was as innocent as a child unborn, and that Dr. Sproule said I was the cause of it all. Felt wretchedly; retired into my study; forgot the distresses of the apostles in my own. Sick at heart; could not smoke.

Knew no way better to express my feelings, and a deep sense of the injustice done me, than by refusing meat. Accordingly, when I heard the foot-step of the servant coming to inform me that dinner was on table, rested my head upon my hand, and told her to ask her mistress to excuse me. I know not exactly why it is, but an object of anger ceases to be so, in the family relation I mean, as soon as he foregoes his victuals. Abstinence seems to be received by the offending party, in the light of an atonement. My daughters soon came in, first one and then another, to ask me if I would not have something cut off. I told them, in a low, dispirited tone, that I had as lief be cut off myself, as en-

dure, a long while, all I had suffered that morning. My wife soon brought in some pudding, but I resolutely refused it. At the tea-table I reappeared, but with great solemnity. Little Solomon still improving,—mingled with our evening devotions a fervent thanksgiving for his preservation. Dr. Sproule called in the evening; desired to see me in private; told me my child was saved by a miracle; conjured me to believe I was injuring myself by the habit; that I looked worse and worse, from month to month; that my face, which is rather broad, presented a surface resembling the pale and partially tawny appearance of a hog recently scalded; that my eyes had lost a great deal of their lustre, and had much the glary appearance of the eyes of a fish that had been dead a week; that my walk was getting infirm, and my knees bent under me; that my breath was intolerable. He asked me if I intended to visit Mrs. Mackintosh, who was very low. I told him I did. "Well," said he, "you may as well not go. You know how sick she is made by the smell of tobacco. She said to me, that she was so hard of hearing, and you were compelled to come so close, that, without hurting your feelings, she wished you to know the truth. She has sent for Mr. Smith, of Muggletown, to pray with and visit her occasionally." This mortified me very much; I will not deny it. "There," continued Dr. Sproule, "you see how, by your habit, you have made yourself useless to one of your worthiest parishioners in a dying hour." I told the doctor I thought he was hard upon me; that many clergymen smoked and chewed; that Bishop Beastly smoked; and said, when spoken to about it, that "every gentleman smoked." "I am not hard upon you," said the doctor;

"I believe it to be my duty to tell you the truth. Your dyspepsia is owing wholly to your use of tobacco. If Bishop Beastly says that every gentleman uses tobacco, in some form or other, he utters an absolute, palpable, and impudent falsehood. It would be much nearer the truth to say, that every blackguard does; though I admit there are some, even of that class, who are free from this accomplishment. A clergyman must not infer that he has the respect of every man, woman, and child in the parish, who does not laugh in his face, or lament his follies and bad habits in his presence. Your habit is nasty, selfish, sensual, offensive to those around you, and injurious to yourself. I am your physician, and must be honest." Thanked the doctor, rather drily, for his counsel; bade him good night; found little Solomon was much better; smoked a couple of Lundy's, and went to bed, remembering the accident of the preceding night, and throwing my cud into the stove.

(To be Continued.)

Family Pride.

We (Jack Aimwell) recollect an anecdote related by an old Newfoundlander, who had gone with a cargo of codfish to Oporto. While in an hotel, he was taken aside by an old Don, enveloped in the ample folds of the national cloak, and who wore on his head a beautiful velvet cap, the plume of which was fastened by an aigrette, containing a jewel of great value. Inquiring the object of his visitor, the old noble told him he was reduced to the extreme of poverty, and that he depended for his subsistence upon the benevolence of gentlemen who pitied

his fallen fortunes, and by their gifts enabled him to eke out the remainder of life without disgrace. He then stated he belonged to a noble and once powerful and wealthy family, of whom he was the last survivor; and in proof of his veracity, exhibited a jewelled stiletto or poniard, his splendid velvet lined cloak, and the cap with its precious stone—these being, as he said, the entire wreck of his once splendid fortune. Presuming he had awakened the philanthropy of the old weather-beaten fisherman, he proceeded to ask the present of one dollar. The coin was given, but the provident donor ventured to remark, that if the poniard, cap and cloak were sold, and the proceeds invested in trade, the owner would not be reduced to the humiliation of depending on alms. At the bare mention of trade, the Don kindled into a grand indignation, and assuming the sublime attitude of his order, he said, "Our family were never degraded so low as to number a trader among their sons; and the last of the race will rather die of starvation than bring that stain upon their escutcheon." The man of fish shrugged his shoulders, and murmured, that in his view of the case, begging was infinitely more disgraceful than trading. What do you say about it, my lads?

A Disappointment.

A very seedy gentleman once borrowed a sovereign from a friend, who in loaning it felt confident it never would be repaid; but, at the appointed time, the cash was punctually returned. Sometime afterwards the seedy gentleman applied for *two* sovereigns: no, said his friend, you disappointed me once, and I cannot trust you again.



Effects of Drunkenness.

Our artist has told the simple tale. Look at this little print. That man appears just as we then saw him! His poor wife afterwards died of misery; when he came home one inclement night, he found her dead. In the morning he went to the rector, and the good man procured him an order for a coffin, and a few dollars to aid him in earthing up the mother of his children; but forgetting all natural emotions, in a burning and unquenchable thirst, he stepped into a groggery, and there remained for two or three days. The neighbors

being offended at the effluvia proceeding from the dead body, took the matter in hand, and so the poor woman was carried to the grave, while her husband—a first-rate mechanic, and at one time doing a large business in Quebec—was at the tavern embruting himself with the drunkard's drink; yet, when sober, this man was kind, affectionate, gentle, and patient; and in his better days, he was the very soul of honor and conscientiousness! What wailing can be tender and sorrowful enough for so much human ruin!

SPICY.—“Who gave you that coat?” said a young sprig of a parson to a shepherd, who, habited in a nice warm frieze garment, was reclining on a bank by the road side, reading. “The same that gave you yours, parson.” “And who was that, pray?” “The parish.” “Go,” said the parson to his servitor, who followed behind, “and ask that fellow if he would hire as a fool.” “Why,” said the shepherd, when the message was delivered, “are you going to leave your master?”

“No.” “Then, tell him his living cannot maintain three of us.”

MELANCHOLY.—The head of a hog-head of brandy was accidentally stove in a few days ago, somewhere about St. Paul Street; and to witness the anxiety manifested by the spectators, lest the stinking stuff should be lost, one would almost have believed that the *salvation* of some human being was at stake, instead of that of (as is universally admitted) the most powerful agent in the *damnation* of mankind.

Kingston Maine Law Meeting.

At the public meeting convened by the friends of the *Maine Law* in Kingston sometime ago, the rowdies of that place managed to use the only *legitimate* arguments they have in opposition to the law, so effectually, as to defeat to some extent the object of the assembly;—and what were the arguments? Why, the mob logic heard at riotous election gatherings, the ratiocination of the cock-pit and the prize-ring, the eloquence of the fish ladies of Billingsgate, the oratory of the old canallers, the rhetoric of savages, the yelling, whooping, and other such frantic *à fortiori* reasonings as always carry conviction to doubting minds! No wonder that the press of Kingston professes shame and humiliation. But what think you? why, the *Montreal Herald*, (a great leading paper,) when noticing this disgraceful outrage, had the “steadiness of face” vulgarly, the indecency and insolence to charge the fault upon the friends of the Maine Law. O, thou false *Herald*, did the friends of the Maine Law in Montreal kick up an infernal row like this when they held their great meeting a few weeks ago? Verily, no; then, thou art a false witness; but if thy friends had been there, no doubt we should have had a second edition of the Kingston disgrace. But what can you expect from a ——— but a ———. *Verbum sat.*

The Maine Law.

The rum interest is waking up in Western Canada, and from specimens we have seen, these gentry regard all restraint upon man's natural will as unlawful! Apply this principle to fifty other pursuits which might be named in five minutes, and the willingness of men of that kidney to

do what will sap the foundations of all morality, will soon be apparent. Why, ye patriots of the first water, be pleased to inform us, why should the *will* of the majority to decline paying and suffering for your benefit, not be entitled to the respect which you claim for your *will*? Do away with our causes of complaint, viz. :—

1. Prevent men who drink your distilled ruin, from becoming drunkards.
2. Obviate the effects to the families of those who do drink your stuff.
3. Shoulder the public burdens by yourselves.
4. Neutralize the demoralizing effects of the drunken orgies; and finally,
5. Take the responsibility (oh, that you must take!) of the business in the next world; and you may talk, when thus placed upon a par with the friends of order, of your natural rights, and of the unlawfulness of curbing men's will!!!

Do all these things, O Men of Rum, and we promise you to cease agitation; but until you give us this equal justice, don't deafen us with your senseless cries about fanaticism, natural rights, and all the rest of your bombast!

Huzza for Blue Nose.

The Liquor Law passed by the Province of New Brunswick, so far from having been disallowed by the Queen, has been pronounced perfectly constitutional by the highest legal authorities in Great Britain, and will therefore take effect at the proper time. Now, here's three cheers for Blue Nose—Huzza! huzza!! huzza!!!

Brother BLUE, hold you on like grim death. Let your motto be the old negro's definition of faith:—“Take hold; keep hold; and no let go.”

Instinct.

Many birds, especially those whose young ones run as soon as hatched, and, being thus dispersed, more likely to be stumbled on, have various arts to arrest the attention of the chance wanderer, and decoy him from the brood. The lapwing is always most clamorous when you are furthest from the objects of her solicitude. So is the curlew; but should you approach them, the mother appears quite careless and unconcerned. Grouse and partridges flutter along the ground as if wounded and unable to fly, the latter uttering a most discordant scream. I have always thought these birds overdo their part, and that the lapwing is far superior to them in the art of misleading. The manoeuvres of wild ducks are similar to those of grouse, and they give notice to the ducklings when they are to dive by a loud quack, which is instantly obeyed. But the most finished actress I have seen was a mire-snipe, which fluttered up exactly as if the tip of its wing was broken. It flew in this disabled manner for about ten yards, when it fell as if exhausted, and lay struggling on its side. I walked forward to seize it, muttering, "Well, if they hav'n't been poaching, even now!" Up it rose again, apparently with the greatest difficulty. But this time it was longer in doing the tumble-down part. Suspecting the trick, I followed to see how it would end. After enticing me some distance, it sprang up with its easy, natural motion, and triumphantly twisted out of sight.

I once witnessed a touching instance of the attachment of an eagle to her young, which, like the child of some blood-thirsty chief, alone had the power to touch the single chord of tenderness and love in the heart of its cruel parent. I had wounded her

mortally as she flew from her eyry, quite unconscious of her having hatched an eaglet. Next day she returned to the foot of the rock, although not able to reach her nest, the feelings of a mother being stronger in her savage breast than either the sense of present pain, or dread of further danger.—*Colquhoun.*

 Dialogue between Brandy and the Cholera.

BRANDY.

Tell me, dread plague, why goest thou forth,
Spreading dismay and death
From east to west, from south to north,
With pestilential breath?

CHOLERA.

Foul poisonous drug, charge me no more
With crimes of such excess;
My victims number many a score,
But thine are numberless.

BRANDY.

That is not true, for I have sure
Been often instrumentive,
With pepper, to effect a cure;
I also am preventative.

CHOLERA.

Ah, brandy, thy untimely birth
Has caused perpetual tears,
While I have coursed around the earth
But twice in sixteen years.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
Are crush'd by thee each day,
While death and evil manifold
Are strew'd in thy pathway.

Ah! many a widow thou hast made,
And many an orphan pair—
On many a home hast cast a shade
Of darkness and despair.

So, brandy, say no more to me
Of pestilential breath;
Awhile and I will leave to thee
To do the work of death.

Enigmas.

(For the Life Boat.)

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 14, 3, 4, 15, 16, 14, 3, is a city in Upper Canada.

My 5, 6, 3, 4, 1, 11, 8, is one of the States.

My 8, 9, 11, 8, is one of the divisions of the globe.

My 10, 15, 4, 9, 2, is a useful animal.

My 7, 1, 12, 14, 6, 4, is one of the seasons.

My 14, 11, 13, 2, 4, is a beast of prey.

My whole is a celebrated General.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 9, 10, 11, is what we would not like to be.

My 12, 4, 9, 6, is a lake.

My 3, 9, 4, is one of the elements.

My 3, 7, 14, is a beast of burden.

My 8, 9, 1, 11, is a rich name.

My 2, 3, 4, 12, is a wild beast.

My 13, 9, 13, 12, is a number.

My 5, 3, 4, 11, is a bird.

My whole is a distinguished writer.

JOHN BENNETT.

Roxborough, Oct 9, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the answer to the Enigma in the last number of the *Life Boat*.—Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary. Solutions.—Kingston, Rhine, A Kansas, Exile, Ohio, Trenton, Italy, Earring, Austria, Vienna, Eight.

THOMAS D. REED.

Montreal, Oct. 12, 1852.

Problem.

A Reservoir of water has two cocks to supply it. by the first it can be filled in forty-four minutes, by the second in just one hour; and it has a discharging cock, by which it may, when full, be emptied in half an hour. Now, suppose these three cocks, by accident, should all of them be left open, and the water should chance to come in, what time would this cistern be in filling?

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, Sept. 16, 1852.

Solution to Problem in the October number of the *Life Boat*:—

By a careful examination of the conditions given, I find the coachmen are to the horse-

men as 5 to 9; also, the horsemen to the footmen as 9 to 15; as also, there are 22,750 pence in £94 15s. 10d. Therefore, I proceed thus:—

$$5 \times 4 = 20$$

$$9 \times 2 = 18$$

$$15 \times \frac{1}{2} = 7$$

$$45\frac{1}{2} : 22,750 \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 5-2500 \\ 9-4500 \\ 15-7500 \end{array} \right.$$

So I find that during the year 2500 coachmen, 4500 horsemen, and 7500 footmen, crossed the toll-gate.

J. HUNT.

Montreal, Oct. 15, 1852.

The *Cadet* of last month, in allusion to our previously expressed intention of increasing the size of the *Life Boat*, &c., if the idea should be favorably entertained by its patrons, maliciously insinuates that we are attempting to deceive the public, by "holding out false lights," &c. Now, we have hitherto purposely refrained saying anything which could be held as in the slightest degree offensive to our contemporary; and notwithstanding this gratuitous insult, we mean to pursue the same course still.

Of the *Cadet* we have spoken honorably; and we have no hesitation in now saying, that it is a cheap and interesting little magazine, well deserving the support of the young teetotalers of Canada; but if we were inclined to deal harshly with Mr. Becket, its publisher, we have reasons to justify the most unqualified censure. We have, however, chosen to let him alone, believing that our object—the promotion of the temperance cause—would not be attained by the insertion of such matter. We pray, then, Mr. Becket to allow us to keep on our way unmolested, and we on our part promise him a generous forbearance.

Of the *Life Boat* we are proud, as we have reason to be; its praises are heard through the length and breadth of the land; and it is freely admitted to be the best work of its kind. Its success has more than repaid the little exertion made in its behalf—Mr. Becket's good wishes to the contrary notwithstanding.