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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, OCTOBER, 1852.

No. 7.

Dialogue.

DRUNKENNESS—THE MAINE LAW, &c.

James.—Papa, is not drunkenness a great sin ?

Papa.—Yes, my son, it is great indeed ; for it robs man of those high attributes of his nature, which constitute the "likeness of God." A man so marred and disfigured, has fallen below the very swine, whose instinct is to wallow in the mire.

James.—Are there other peculiarities of an aggravating character in the sin of intemperance ?

Papa.—Yes, my boy ; man, robbed of the safeguards of reason and conscience, as he usually is by this vice, becomes cruel to his family and to himself. He very frequently commits acts of the most atrocious inhumanity upon the persons of his nearest and most endeared relatives, such as his wife and children ; and it not unfrequently happens, that the victims he sends into eternity, only precede him a few weeks, for the hangman's office, if not performed by that functionary upon the guilty drunkard, is often executed by the wretch him-

self. By far the largest number of drunkards die prematurely and violently.

James.—What other evils attend this very common sin ?

Papa.—They are too numerous to be stated in detail at present, but I may mention some of them :—

1. The effects upon the victim. Such as loss of health ; loss of public confidence, entailing loss of business, and of course loss of property ; loss of character for veracity, honesty, decency, and, as a consequence, the loss of all respect from others, and even from self ; the loss of all energy and ability to recover from the infatuation ; and hence, the utter abandonment of all the soul's high and ambitious aspirings, and the humbling acquiescence to the companionship of all that is low, gross, filthy and sordid among men.

2. The loss to the family of the strong mind, strong affections, and strong arms of the husband and father, (O, who will supply this loss ?) and

the loss of his earnings and his providence? O ye stricken ones, prepare for the chills of adversity; for he who labored once *for* you, will now labor *against* you! Alas for the tender mother and her little ones!

3. The loss to the church and to the world. Every such loss enfeebles both the church and the state. Every such loss impairs the tone of public morality, and throws society back one step towards a worse than barbarous condition. All the gains of all the rum consumed in one year, would not pay the loss the community suffers when one respectable man becomes degraded by drunkenness.

James.—But, papa, is not the trade in ardent spirits, wines, &c., greatly promoted by their free use, and does it not follow that other departments of labor and commerce increase with it; thereby improving the general condition of society so much as to more than balance the evils which attend upon individual extravagance and abuse? Only a few evenings ago I heard a lady, who professes to be guided by religious principles, offering this explanation; and it seemed to me to have some weight—what say you, papa?

Papa.—My son, this reasoning is altogether fallacious. Let me fix your mind upon an illustration which, by its simplicity, will, I trust, place the philosophy of the whole case so clearly before you, as to prevent your convictions from being hereafter unsettled.

Man's duty in this world is, to work.

ALL MEN SHOULD WORK. Well, here is a community of twelve adult persons; they are all able to work, and *there is work for them all.* They all do work, and of course they do much more than is requisite for the supply of their own wants; so they have a good deal of stuff to spare, which

they may sell. Thus it is that families get rich. If all the people in a town, or in a nation, were to do this, there would be no poverty, or so little of it,—for it could only be brought about by sickness, which is not very common in sober communities,—that it would scarcely be felt, scarcely known, before relief was provided. But to return to our group of twelve persons. We will suppose, then, one of them gives up farming, and begins distilling from the grain which some of the others produce. In this labor of distilling, he spends *his* time: *observe, there is the deduction of one worker* from the producers; and what does he make? Why, he makes whiskey. Very well. What does he make it with? Why, with wheat, or other grain. So, to make this whiskey, he uses the product of—we will say—one man's labor; that makes two whose labor is lost. Now, when the whiskey is made, what do they do with it? Why, the people begin to drink it. Very good. The labor of two persons is lost, but the family have a new article of consumption. Let us now see if they are any the better for this new gratification. Some of them think so; and they are so decided in their opinions, that the whiskey-maker becomes one of the busiest of the family. In the course of a short time, another of the twelve becomes so fond of whiskey, that he neglects his work, at first by occasional absences, then altogether; and he manages to consume more whiskey than any one of the others. By and bye, all his former savings have passed out of his hands into those of the whiskey-maker; and he has become a pauper, a lazy, drunken, dirty, diseased, foul-mouthed, blasphemous wretch; and even the whiskey-maker heartily wishes he would take himself off, or that grim death would

level him with the mown grass. Well, after having been a burden upon the remaining ten workers,—after having worried and vexed them, he breaks his neck, or drowns himself, and they have to bury him at their own cost. Before his death, however, a little ragged family has begun to cluster about his table, and his worn and sickly wife is thrown with her helpless children upon the benevolence of the remaining nine workers, she herself, one of the ten, having become a broken-spirited and shattered invalid. So nine producers continue to work; but they all get the habit of drinking whiskey, more or less, and, perhaps, one or two more go the way of the first victim, and another family of paupers is thrown upon the small community. Now, it is a well known fact, that in exact proportion to the amount of whiskey used in a family, there is a decrease of work; so the remaining workers do much less than they would have done, had they all continued ignorant of the sensual gratification of whiskey-drinking. The lesson I wish to impress upon your mind, is, that while there is a diminution of work done, there is an addition to the burdens. The troubles increase, and a meeting is called; the elder brother, or some other person, takes the chair, and, after due consideration of all the circumstances of the case, it is resolved, that a house be erected for an asylum, where the neglected and fatherless children, with the broken-hearted mothers, may hide their disgrace; that the remaining workers will each pay so much per week for their support; that the whiskey-maker will, in consideration of his large gains, contribute an extra sum; and finally, that *one of the workers will give up his legitimate employment to attend upon the helpless and ailing paupers.* So another worker is de-

ducted, and eight only are left. Observe, again, there is only *one dead*; but another is making rum or whiskey, and selling it; another—a wife—is an invalid; and the fourth is set apart to look after the family of the dead man, &c. Eight workers must now provide for the wants of the whole community; for the whiskey-maker does not produce—*he destroys the products of the others.* These eight workers, however, accomplish less than before; several of them often get drunk; they quarrel and fight; so the amount of work actually performed is greatly decreased, and the surplus produced is barely sufficient to feed the distillery. All this time a kind of infatuation has seized the workers; and, although there may be scarcely corn enough to make bread, they are careful that the still shall be supplied, and the whiskey-maker rewarded for his trouble. This being the case, it comes to pass that every thing of any value formerly found in the houses of some of the workers, passes into the hands of the whiskey-maker, who is the only thriving man in the community. But the evident deterioration of the family character and property, becomes a matter of serious thought to one of the heads; and after duly considering it, thinking hard, long and patiently, praying and mourning about it, he comes to the conclusion, that the manufacture of whiskey is the cause, and that it should be given up; so he goes to brother Jeremiah, and discourses to him in this wise:—“Brother Jerry, we were a healthy, religious, and prosperous family once; now we are sadly changed for the worse; brother Reuben is dead, and his wife is dying; his children are a burden upon us all, and the sad example of their father has prepared them for all kinds of wickedness. Now, I fear others of

the family are going the same road ; and, to tell you the truth, Jeremiah, my brother, I am convinced that your business of making whiskey has brought about this wretched state of things. Now, Jeremiah, I want you to look at the matter fairly, and I cannot but think you will soon see the propriety of giving up this employment." Whereupon, Jeremiah bristles up, and, with a look of injured innocence, delivers himself of the following oration :—"Look you here, Bartholomew, I have always noted you for a busy, meddling body. Not content with straightening up your own family, you have always had a word of reproof for your neighbors. Now, I opionate that, notwithstanding all your fuss and starch, if you are careful to enquire at home, and more especially from yourself, you will find a good deal to mend ; and if you set about it, you will be kept so well employed, as to have little time left for bestowing unwelcome and impertinent remarks upon me or my business. I don't interfere with you. It is little grist *you* bring to my mill ; and therefore, I advise you to attend to your own concerns, and to leave me to do the same by mine."

"But, brother Jerry, don't you see that I am very severely taxed for the support of Reuben's children ? Day after day I am called upon to do something for them. I lose my time ; I give of my substance ; and, after all, I have the distress of knowing that I cannot meet the case. Thomas is so far gone himself in vice, as to be able to do little. George is almost always idle, and his wife is nearly as great a drunkard as himself ; so between Robert and I, we have too great a burden to carry."

"Look here, Bart, you have always been a croaker, and I suppose you

intend to continue one. I pay a tax to government for the privilege of making and selling whiskey, and I pay my portion of the cost of supporting Reuben's wife and children. I did not force Reuben to drink ; Tom is quite able to judge for himself, and so is George ; and if they choose to sell me their corn, or to exchange it for whiskey, I'll never do them the incivility of refusing their custom. And now, let me caution you not to come and worry me again, or I shall exercise less patience."

Bartholomew retires ; Jeremiah continues his trade ; in a short time the lands of Thomas and George follow that of Reuben, and become Jerry's property, and new occupants take their places. Two vagabonds are added to the community, in the persons of Tom and George ; and a number of poor, ill-clad and ill-fed children are finally lodged with Reuben's wife and family in the poor-house. The government get \$50 a year for a license ; they pay \$200 a year for the support of the paupers, and \$200 more for the administration of justice ; the country loses the former surplus products of this family, and, consequently, exports so much less to foreign countries ; the education of the young is neglected ; the physical energies of the community are depressed ; public morality suffers a fearful eclipse ; religion weeps the apostacy of many once faithful souls ; and Mr. Jeremiah Love-pelf, rich, fat, and drunken, enters into Parliament, to make laws affecting morals and Madeira, Pale Ale, and Pale Ailing Women, and solemnly to record his vote against all fanatical attempts upon the liberty of the subject!!!

We shall pursue this train of thought in our next number.



The History of the Aspen Tree.

(*Populus tremula.*)

A BOTANIC LEGEND.

(From the German of C. Weisflog.)

Would you know why the Aspen trembles when in the sultry summer-time not a breath stirs, and the other trees of the wood with thick-leaved branches rest and spread cooling shades? Hear the story.

At that eventful moment when our dear Lord hung upon the cross, and the sun veiled himself in mourning, there shot a tremor through all living nature. Man, terrified and still, awaited with beating heart the issue of the unwonted, the unheard of hour. The beasts of the forest fled and hid themselves in their dens; no insect chirped, no bird twittered; all was dumb and mourning. Only the flowers and the trees murmured in their speech, and told, one to another, the

story of that sacred time. The tall cedars of Lebanon—*Pinus cedrus*—waved in ghostly chorus high in the air, and the forests were rapt in a green, deepening into night.

“Ah! now he is no more!” softly whispered the weeping willow of Babylon (*Salix Babylonica*), bowing her sorrowing branches down deep into the Euphrates. The vine-dresser went through his vineyard, and saw how the fruit wept. And when the fruit was ripe, and the new wine was pressed, they called it the tears of Christ (*Lacrimæ Christi*). But around Golgotha arose a sweet fragrance, sent by the night-violet (*Hesperis tristis*), to comfort the suffering Son of God; and the *Iris susiana* said to her sister Cypress, “In mourning will I array myself evermore.” “And I,” answered the Cypress, “will dwell among the graves in memorial of this hour.” Then there came a light wind through the stifling twilight.

It was Ashtaroth, the angel of Death, drawing nigh to the cross. And as that moan had ascended, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" every branch, every leaf, every flower trembled.

Only the Aspen—a proud, high, cold tree—stood unmoved on Golgotha.

"Why should we be disturbed," said she, "by thy sufferings! We are yet pure, we trees, flowers, and plants; we have never sinned!"

But Ashtaroth, the angel of Death, took the black cup with the Redeemer's blood, and poured it upon the roots of the proud Aspen. The unhappy tree was paralysed.

Its leaves fell. Never more came rest to its boughs; and when all is still, peaceful, and happy, it trembles, and is called the trembling poplar to this day.



The Prophets! Where are they?

(Concluded.)

"If that isn't bein perlite!" cried Farmer Bockum to his wife and daughters, as soon as they were out of the hearing of the major and his lady; "if that isn't bein perlite! that's bein brought up jinteel, I 'spose. What did I say, I wants to know, that was'nt as civil as need be? I offered to let him have a barrel 'o my cider brandy, and Squire Tarbell thought himself lucky enough to get no more than ten gallons on it; and he ups and tells me to my face that it's trumpery, and that he wouldn't swally a drap on't no more than he'd swally a cartouch-box; that's perlite, an't it?" "No, no, father, he didn't say anything about a cartouch-box," cried Dolly Bockum; "he said a four-pound shot." "I don't care the vally of a rasher o' bacon what he

said; it makes not a mite o' differ which 'twas he swally'd; he may swally 'em both, an he's a mind to, and be hang'd." "I reckon," said the farmer's wife, "they'd been a spatting on it." "I guess as though they'd been at it," said Miss Dolly; "he seemed proper disgruntled 'cause she twitted him about juleps and punch, and so he gin her a jab about cordials." "Well, no matter," said the farmer; "that's no reason why he should insult me right off as he did. Punch and juleps, to be sure! he's a punchin and julepin day and night; he a member of the temperance society! I've kept the run on him for a long spell, and if he don't get clean down to heel, and get to be a raal drunkard afore ten years is gone by, then I'm no prophet."

The worthy farmer, as he entered his cottage, appeared to be essentially relieved by the outpouring of this merciful prediction, mingled, as it probably was, and as such predictions too frequently are, with no very faint hope of their ultimate verification. "Well, Dolly," said he, as he squared himself before the fire, with his feet upon the tops of the andirons, and his hands upon his knees, "reach down that are decanter from the upper shelf, and gi' me a bicker, ducky; let's try a leetle o' that are trumpery—why, it's all gone! What's got it? Here, wife, what's come o' the cider brandy that was in this are decanter?" "What's come on't?" cried the wife; "why, man, you're losing your memory; don't you remember you drank it yourself?" The old farmer's memory was, indeed, somewhat impaired; and the present was not the only occasion upon which this faithful sharer of all his joys and sorrows had availed herself of the circumstance, to persuade him, that he himself had consumed the contents of his decanter,

which she had, in fact, poured into her own keg of metheglin, for the purpose of advancing it somewhat nearer to the standard of Mrs. Marquee's anisette. "Well, well, Dolly," said the old man, "run down, ducky, and fill it agin. I'd no idee 'twas all gone, what was in the decanter; I thought 'twas eenamost full." Dolly obeyed her father's commands; the replenished decanter was soon upon the table; and the old farmer, for the space of half an hour, sipped and sang the praises of his cider brandy. His cheerful partner sat by his side, solacing herself with a glass of her favorite metheglin, secretly enforced; anticipating the numerous advantages which their village would derive from the establishment of the temperance society; commenting upon the perilous effects of punch and juleps; and perfectly concurring in her husband's prophecy, that Major Marquee would die a drunkard.

Micajah Moody, the major's serving-man, had been once an orderly sergeant; and, on account of a remarkable combination of good qualities, he had been translated, rather than promoted, from the regiment to his present situation. He certainly furnished an additional illustration of that facetious saying, that nothing was ever benefited by translation but a bishop. Those restrictions were not to be found in the major's kitchen, which had retained Micajah within the bounds of decency while surrounded by his corps, who were entitled, of course, to the benefit of his good example. A very grievous amount of drunkenness, among the members of this particular class, is manifestly produced by the free indulgence of their masters; who, until their domestics become thoroughly confirmed and utterly unprofitable sots, cannot very gracefully improve,

in the persons of their inferiors, those habits of intemperance, to which they are conscious of being sufficiently addicted themselves. Those free livers, as they are sometimes called, cannot be supposed zealous to check the habit in their dependants and retainers, at the very commencement; in which very commencement, beyond all doubt, the danger lies, and when a few preventive suggestions would be likely to produce that happy result, which all subsequent exertions may never be able to accomplish.

Micajah had the highest reverence for Major Marquee. His devotion was entire and absolute. No rule of ethics was ever needed by this worthy servitor, whenever he could obtain, for his direction, the precept or example of his incomparable master. The exhibitions of his exalted respect were sometimes perfectly ridiculous, and rather embarrassing to the major himself. A party, chiefly military gentlemen, had been dining with the major, and were engaged in comparing the professional merits of Saxe, Turenne, Marlborough, Wellington, Bonaparte, and other great captains. The restlessness of Micajah was very visible in every look and action. At length, he could contain himself no longer; and, when one of the party had bestowed unqualified applause upon the French chieftain,—“O, gentlemen, cried this devoted follower, “I wish you'd a seen the major at Lundy's Lane.” “Leave the room,” cried his master. “Talk o' Bonapart,” muttered Micajah, moving towards the door. “Begone, sir,” cried the major, with evident embarrassment. The honest fellow left the room, shaking his head, and muttering to himself, “If they'd 'a been at Lundy's Lane!”

Micajah, one instant before he beheld the major enrolling his name

among the members of the temperance society, cared nothing for temperance; and, like a Swiss soldier in foreign service, would as cheerfully and zealously have followed his employer in opposition to the cause. But he no sooner gathered the impression that his redoubtable master was disposed to favor these measures, than, without any other reflection, he readily subscribed the pledge; and, as the major remarked in the conversation with his lady, was undoubtedly tipsy at the time. And yet here was no literal inconsistency; for Micajah's favorite beverage was porter or brown stout, he having become persuaded, some six or seven years before, when he lost an eye in a broil, while grievously drunk upon gin, that distilled spirit did not suit his peculiar constitution.

Micajah Moody fancied himself highly exalted by having his name so closely associated with his master's, and being actually a member of the same society. It was with an air of unusual importance, therefore, that he entered the major's kitchen, and took his position before the fire with folded arms, on the evening when he returned from the temperance lecture.

Major Marquee, probably in conformity with camp habits, entertained a preference for male domestics. His family, in this department, consisted, beside Micajah, of a strapping black *boy*, to use the southern appellation, though Lucifer, for such was his name, had weathered seventy winters, and was grayer than a badger. Lucifer, greatly to the annoyance of Mrs. Marquee, performed the office of chambermaid; and it was with no little difficulty that she had prevailed with the major to retain old Morcas Groonter, the cook, who had lived many years in the family. For an *omelet*, *soufflé*, and a *ragout*, Morcas was unrivalled; and this considera-

tion is supposed to have turned the balance in her favor. Lucifer was a runaway slave, with whose master the major had compounded. He was born in Congo, and might, in his prime, have been accounted the blackest, the woolliest, and the glossiest of his species. Morcas Groonter was a native of Amsterdam. Such was the major's establishment; and, when Micajah entered the kitchen, these worthies were seated on each side of the expansive hearth, waiting the return of the household. Micajah's air was so unusual, and the pomposity of his attitude so perfectly ridiculous, that, after turning the whites of his eyes towards him two or three times, Lucifer gave way to the impulse of his feelings, and sent forth that inimitable Guinea snicker, which has never yet been produced by the native inhabitants of three quarters of the globe. "What are you grinning for, like a Cheshire cat, hey, nigger?" cried Micajah in a passion. "Ho, Mass Cajy, don be mad now," replied the old negro; "I ony laugh cause you look so full o' yourself, dat all." "Look 'a here, you nigger," cried Micajah, stamping on the hearth, "no more of your imp'dence—keep your distance, sir. You'll please hereafter, when you speak to me, to call me Sergeant Moody—no more of your Mass Cajy, or I'll break your black chocolate-pot for you. Morcas," continued he, after a short pause, "I and the ma—major have joined the temperance society." Old Morcas stared in his face, and laugh'd outright, and Lucifer ran his fist into his mouth, lest he should furnish fresh occasion for enraging the sergeant, whose humor he well understood, and who was apt to be extremely savage, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor. "What do you laugh at, old woman?" cried Micajah. "Your

mistress has signed the pledge, and I guess you'll have to sign it yourself, or quit your quarters." "Mish Marquee sign de bledge! vat you mean?" said old Morcas, lifting up her hands in astonishment; "vat, vill she not trink no more of that shweet stuff vot she keep in te plue tronk, ey?" "Pshaw, you old outlandish fool you!" cried the sergeant; "the pledge has nothing to do with that, nor wine, nor beer; but rum, and gin, and brandy." "Morcas Groonter won't sign de bledge den," said the old woman; "Ise trink de Hollands ven I vas shmall as you knee; my mutter trinkt 'em; my vader trinkt 'em; Vandergrist, de minish-ter, he trinkt 'em. Ise heer'd him zay if dere vas no more Hollands, den dere vud pe no more purgomasters."

While Morcas was enforcing her opinion, Micajah had betaken himself to the dresser, and, having swallowed an additional potation of brown stout, he resumed his position before the fire. "Well," said he, "the major has signed the so—society, and if man, woman, or child dares to say agin it, I, I, I don't care who he is, you see if I don't. I'm for temperance; and I'll tell ye what, old woman, if you go on as you have for a—for a long spell a guzzling Gineva, you'll be a drunkard before you die, that—that are's what I prophesy." "I a tronkard avoor I tie!" exclaimed old Morcas, highly incensed at the suggestion. "I a tronkard avoor I tie! vy, Mike, you pe dronk dis plessit minnit your own sel. Vich make the piggest tronkard, a leetle oold Hollands or de prawn shtout, ey, I vonder! You pe foine hand to sign de bledge! haw, haw!" "Well, hold your clack—clack, mother Groont—Gronter, will ye? I'm for turning in." The sergeant rose and staggered toward the door on his way to his dormitory.

"I'll tell ye what, old wo—woman," said he, as he stood with his hand on the door-latch, his body swaying backward and forward while he spoke, "I'll tell ye what, Hollands will be the death of ye: hadn't ye better sign the so—society, old wo—woman, hey? what d'ye say to that?" "Ise vish de society wash ere to zee dare new memper—get along to ped, Mike, and shleep away de gallon of de prawn shtout vat you pe trink to-day."

It is pleasant, as Lucretius says, to get upon the very top of all philosophy, and look out upon the world, safe ourselves from its dangers and alarms. So thought Lucifer, who had sat in silence, grinning from ear to ear, and enjoying the strife in which he was not likely to be comprehended. There were few things in life which afforded higher satisfaction to this ancient African, than the quarrels of Morcas and Micajah. "Vell, Mishy Groonter," said he, as soon as the sergeant was out of hearing, "Mass Cajy pooty well up tree: He all for temperance, he, he, he! ony tink; and de major and ol lady, he, he! ony tink, Mishy Groonter!" "Lush," cried the old crone, unable to subdue her indignant feelings, "you hear vat he zay, I pe a tronkard avoor I tie. And he himsel de tronken velp vat he pe." "Yes, Mishy Groonter," replied Lucifer, "I hear 'em: vat you tink ob de ol lady for temperance, Mishy Groonter? ey, vat you tink? he, he, he! She git ober de bay some time. Two, tree, four time she send for de doctor here de las year, notten de matter under de hebben but de good stuff, Mishy Groonter. So ven ol doctor he come down, I ax vat de matter, and he say, O, notten, only leetle touch ob de pocalyptic fit—tink he call 'em so. An ven I zay, O how serry I be! and look de ol

doctor right in de eye, he put his finger long side his nose, and look so ridicolous, thought should die. De ol lady go de way ob de rest ob 'em, you see, Mishy Groonter; oly you reclec, some day or odder, what Lusher say." "Dat shweet stuff vat sne trink," replied Morcas, as she raked up the fire, preparatory to her departure for bed, "vould make me vary troonk avoor long. I pe sorry de goot old laddy pe get in de pad vay." So saying, and having prepared to depart, she unlocked a cupboard, sacred to her own particular use, and, taking therefrom a bottle of Geneva, she took her customary evening dram, leaving a few drops in the glass for Lucifer, which he swallowed with evident delight. Having made his arrangements for the morning, in doing which he had occupied some fifteen or twenty minutes after old Morcas retired, and cautiously reconnoitring to see if all was still, the faithful Lucifer drew a key from his own pocket, and, unlocking the sacred cupboard, helped himself to a full glass of Hollands, turning into the bottle an equal quantity of water in its stead; and, having wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, he sat ruminating over the smouldering embers, and agreeably to his long accustomed habit, talked to himself under the influence of his dram:—"Pooty fair dat, as massa say, ven he relish de julep; pooty fair dat, Mishy Groonter; he, he, he! Guess Mass Cajy 'bout right, Mishy Groonter die drunkard. Guess Mishy Groonter 'bout right too, Mass Cajy die same way. Don care if dey do. Den de ol major and de ol lady go off jest de same, likes not. Who care! Let 'em go. Dey don care for de ol nigger, and de ol nigger don care for dem. Vat old nigger made for? I don know. Ol nigger like once more to see his pickaninnies on de planta-

tion—dey big now, field hands, 'spose—den ol nigger like to die and go back to Congo, and swim in de ribber where de white thief stole de ol nigger ven he little pickaninny himself. Vell, Lusher, go to bed, and forget all 'bout it;" and having finished his soliloquy, he obeyed the commands which he thus laid upon himself.

It is about twelve years since the occurrences, which have been thus succinctly described, are supposed to have taken place. They came to our knowledge about four years ago, and were substantially related by a clergyman, who was a zealous supporter of the temperance cause. "How exceedingly inconsistent, how perfectly absurd," said he, "are the views of some persons upon this interesting subject! It is of little importance by what means drunkenness is produced. The divine command to abstain from drunkenness is equally violated by him who commits the offence, whether he employs one agent or another for the production of this disgusting result." He then proceeded to relate the preceding narrative, by way of illustration. "All these personages," continued he, "were either parishioners of mine, or within the sphere of my observation; and their predictions and prophecies, in regard to one another, were occasionally made in my hearing. Farmer Bockum was a veritable prophet. The major squandered his wife's property, became exceedingly intemperate, so much so, that his name was stricken off by the society within three months after he signed the pledge. He died of apoplexy. Lucifer was not the only one who presumed to foretel a similar fate in relation to his mistress. She is still living, decidedly intemperate, and supported by an old family connection. When their property was gone, she reconciled herself to the most

humble substitutes for noyau and anisette. The old lady's prediction was not less correct in regard to Micajah, than was his in relation to old Morcas Grooter. Both are in their graves, and both died drunkards. Poor Farmer Bockum is also dead, and he died in the most perfect fulfilment of the major's prophecy. The farmer's widow still lives, though in a very bad way. She is not commonly suspected of intemperance, since she ordinarily drinks nothing but metheglin, and her secret of *enforcing* it was one that she probably considered too important to be communicated. Old Lucifer also is no more. He died a sot; and I have frequently warned him of the consequences of his evil habit. You see, my dear sir," continued the Rev. Mr. —, "you see the verifications of all these prophecies. Well may we exclaim, *The prophets! where are they?*"

I was much amused and instructed by these remarks of my reverend friend; and, believing that they might be profitably moulded into the form of a temperance tale, I called on the narrator, about a month after the first recital, to ascertain if he had any objection. It was nearly four years ago. I found him just taking his seat at the dinner table, and, upon his pressing invitation, I took mine by his side. He agreed with me entirely, and gave his ready consent to the publication. I perceived a decanter of colored liquor upon the table, and supposing it to be currant water, or some simple beverage, I inquired with a smile, if it were some of Mrs. Bockum's metheglin. My friend replied, and, as I fancied at the moment, with a little formality, that it was not. Presently he poured out a glass for himself, and asked me if I would take a glass of wine. "Wine!" said I, with an involuntary expression of

surprise. "Yes," he replied; "this is some excellent sherry, sent me as a present by a parishioner of mine." "I was not aware," said I, "that you drank wine." "Yes, sir," said he, with increasing formality, "our Saviour drank wine, and his example may be followed, I suppose." The wife and children of the reverend gentleman were present, and I perceived that any attempt to argue upon this interesting matter, would have been ungraciously received. I therefore shortly after took my leave.

This good man is now gathered to his fathers. When the temperance society in his village, of which he had been president for several years, decided to adopt the comprehensive pledge, he resigned his office, and not only ceased to co-operate with his old friends, but became positively hostile to the progress of the temperance cause. I am told that his habit of drinking wine grew visibly stronger from month to month, and not only utterly annihilated his influence as a friend of temperance, but essentially diminished his usefulness as a minister of the gospel of Christ.

Verily, thought I, as I pondered these things,—*the prophets! where are they?*

PUN.—A young fellow who had with great difficulty saved enough to buy him a new coat, and whose prospects of providing another were very remote, was accosted by a friend with, "I say Joe, your new coat is too short." "O never mind, Bill, it will be long enough before I get another."

PUN.—What is the difference between Noah's Ark and a common wood boat?

The Ark was made of Gopher-wood, the other was made to go for wood.

Conscience Awake!

The silence of this sleepless night
Is fearful and profound,
Without a voice to tell its flight,
Or wake the stillness round;
Save when yon bell's funereal tone
Proclaims another hour is gone.

No moonbeams wand'ring o'er the sky,
These realms of clouds illume,
And but the cold pale stars on high
Are glimm'ring through the gloom;
Deep solitude reigns all abroad,
And none is present now but God!

With dark and heavy thoughts oppress,
Like phantoms of the dead,
The haunting horrors of unrest
Come trooping round my bed;
And to my wounded mind impart
The midnight madness of the heart.

They speak of better days misspent,
Health's premature decay,—
Of powers for nobler purpose lent,
Life's treasures cast away;
And show the fearful change between
The thing I am and might have been.

I might have passed my golden youth
In bliss, to guilt unknown,
Possessed of beauty and of truth,
Her heart was all my own;
To me, alas! how vainly given,
I spurned the sweetest gift of heaven.

And deep in the delirious bowl
I drown'd the sense of sin,
And with oblivion drugged my soul,
To hush the voice within;
Which wakes in solitude to scare
My ruined spirit with despair.

It calls upon me in the night,
In a wild and warning tone,
Till starting up in pale affright,
I waken all alone;
To prove the heart appalling power,
Of silence at the mystic hour.

I feel my low and lost estate,
But still am passion's slave,
And now repentance comes too late
To torture, not to save;
I loathe myself, but cannot free
My soul from sin's captivity.

And oft I would that I were dead,
But some embodied fear,
Still hovers o'er my dying bed,
And charms my spirit here;
For conscience hints beyond the tomb,
The horrors of a darkness tomb.

JAMES MALCOLMN.

A Beautiful Incident.

It is related that, during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a court-martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion. A soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death-warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, and looked up to the officer who had laid it before her, and said, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," said the officer. "Think again, my Lord," was her reply. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, (for it was none other than the Duke of Wellington,) "seeing Her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, he is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary." "O, thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful Queen; and hastily writing "Pardoned," in large letters, on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion!

QUICKER THAN THEY EXPECTED.—
The *Springfield (Ill.) Register* relates the following:—

"In March last three men in this city agreed to drink themselves to death. The first died in April, the second in May. The survivor, on the happening of the last event, showed signs of breaking the compact, and he kept sober two or three days afterwards; but *honor revived, and he died* in the month of June. This is literally true."



The Dandy at Home.

Now, ladies, just look at him in his sanctum! You would scarcely recognize your old acquaintance, the exquisite of —, but we assure you it is the same animal. He is just now engaged in the very unpoetical business of feeding; and, as you perceive, holds in his hand a great junk of bread, in the interior of which he keeps the butter—that saves the necessity of a plate. After this he will, no doubt, put on his shining boots, conceal his ragged shirt within his fine glossy coat, fasten on his moustaches and imperial, and with his tiny cane and other dandy furniture, sally out to attend the theatre or some other fashionable resort. How does the chap manage to exist? He has no known occupation, yet always sports a fair outside, and smokes at least one or two segars a night, and attends public places! He consorts, too, with Herbert Fitz-albata, the

hopeful heir of the wealthy Alderman, and other equally distinguished young bloods. The magnificent Mrs. Tomato also condescends to accept his gallantries in public, and it is said that he is in expectation of some government office, but meanwhile how does he exist? Well, *entre nous*, Messrs. Saxony, Doeskin & Tweed told me in confidence the other day, that he is their perambulating advertisement. They clothe him well—externally at least—and allow him a small weekly remuneration for exhibiting their skill as tailors, and commending them to the fashionable people among whom his impudence enables him to move. His real name, instead of being Everard Collingwood, is in fact Timothy Cronan, and his father is one of the grave-diggers of Ballinrobe. I have reason to know that he is but one of many of the most fashionable men about town, who are dressed and paid by the great tailors for similar purposes.

An Opportune Crow.

[We are no friends to war, and consequently feel more disposed to grieve over the relation of great engagements, than to exult in the victory which may have crowned the arms of our country; yet we cannot help giving this remarkable incident, as an instance of the power of resolution to vanquish apparently invincible foes. Our Temperance friends may learn a lesson from the fact, which will be useful to them in their great moral conflict with ALCOHOL.]

On the memorable 1st of June (Lord Howe's victory) Capt. Berkeley commanded the *Marlborough*, and broke through the French line between *L'Impetueux* and *Le Mucius*, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action the Captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the humble request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, which they (the crew) had fought several times, and always with success. Though the coop was thrown into the sea, the cock was allowed to range the deck at liberty. In the action the *Marlborough* was so severely handled by her opponents that half the crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At the very juncture when the *Marlborough* was on the point of striking, there chanced one of those awful lulls in the roar of the thundering cannon often experienced in general action: in that momentary silence, when the falling of a rope might be heard, the old game cock, who had escaped the human carnage, hopped up upon the shattered stump of a mainmast, and, with a loud and triumphant flapping of his wings, sent forth such a long and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the

disabled ship. No individual spoke in reply to the homely but touching alarm; one universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose; they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undis-mayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag their limbs to quarters remanned the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of their opponents to surrender. A silver medal was struck by order of Admiral Berkeley; it was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his downy days in honored safety.—*British Naval History.*

A Short Lecture to Young Men.

In *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* we find a great deal of practical good sense, but the following advice to young men, which we clip from its pages, is particularly excellent:—

“Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. *Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.* Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if

you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation—through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old."

Pity the Drunkard's Child.

(For the Life Boat.)

Fair Nature daily dock'd with smiles,
And bursting forth in beauty's bloom,
Betimes my breaking heart beguiles
From sorrow's sad and sombre gloom.
For when I view the leafy grove,
Or azure clouds, like mountains piled,
My heavy heart, entranced with love,
Forgets I am—the drunkard's child!

And when I hear the wild bird sing
His simple song of praise to Him,
Who gilt with gold his glittering wing,
My eye with tears of joy grows dim:
But when that eye roams o'er the spot
Where lambskins sport their antics wild,
My aching brow burns with the thought—
None loves to play with the drunkard's child!

But, ah! when nature's simple scenes
I leave, to seek the scenes where man—
His pride, his grandeur—all convenes
To prop himself in virtue's van:
My lonely heart grows sick with pain,
To see him view, as thing defiled,
Or something cumb'ring earth in vain—
The hapless drunkard's weary child!

All this is grief—but yet a woe,
Which writhes more wildly round my soul,
Is mine, and only mine, to know,
Or those made like me—by the bowl:
'Tis when I hear a father's prayer,
Poured forth in accents fond and mild,
On rosy boy with flaxen hair—
Ah, then it is the drunkard's child!

Drinks deepest of that bitter draught,
Corrupted law has for him brewed,
And which, alas! too oft is quaff'd
In sorrow, lonely and unviewed
By any, save that One, whose eye
Ne'er by appearance is beguil'd,
And who in pity doth descry—
The hapless drunkard's heart-broke child.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Juvenile Shopkeeper.

I went one day into a wax-candler's shop, on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us, at such an age, children are helpless, timid, childish, and child-like; in Russia, they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan (or loose robe) of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done, "Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please." He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness, which I could not but admire; knew, not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock, the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.; in a word, he had, in every respect, the demeanor of an experienced trader.—*Kohl's Russia.*

GRAND SECTION, CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—All letters relating to this body should be addressed to "Mr. Thomas Nixon, Grand Secretary C. of T., Newmarket, C. W." Parties wishing to communicate with the Grand Worthy Patron, can do so by directing their letters to "Mr. Robert Wilson, G. W. P., C. of T., London, C. W."

Answers to Enigmas in last number:—

Enigma composed of 22 letters.—1st, Fall; 2nd, Sand; 3rd, Pipe; 4th, Apple; 5th, Ease; 6th, Maine; 7th, Cap. My whole, Francis Wayland Campbell.

Enigma composed of 18 letters.—1st, Thames; 2nd, Rainbow; 3rd, Boston; 4th, Arab; 5th, Rome; 6th, Montreal; 7th, Ottawa; 8th, Toronto. My whole, William Smith O'Brien.

JOHN BENNETT.
Roxborough, September 10, 1852.

Enigma.

(For the Life Boat.)

My 6, 4, 19, 15, 5, 11, 2, 25, is a city in Upper Canada.

My 27, 12, 4, 25, 13, is a river in Germany.

My 27, 28, 6, 27, 25, 5, 8, is one of the United States.

My 13, 14, 4, 1, 13, is often done to people.

My 2, 12, 4, 7, is another of the United States.

My 11, 28, 13, 19, 11, 7, 24, is the place where a celebrated battle was fought between the British and Americans.

My 4, 11, 27, 1, 29, is a country in Europe.

My 13, 27, 28, 21, 4, 19, 26, is an article of jewellery.

My 12, 3, 4, 5, 22, 25, 27, is another of the United States.

My 27, 3, 5, 11, 28, 4, 27, is a country in Europe.

My 16, 4, 13, 18, 25, 27, is a city in Europe.

My 13, 4, 15, 23, 16, is a number.

My whole is a greatly distinguished Foreigner.

EMELINE MARIA BROEFFLE.

Problem.

A Collector of Tolls on a Turnpike Road had orders to receive of every coachman passing with a coach 4d., of every horseman 2d., and of every footman $\frac{1}{2}$ d. At the end of twelve months the Collector gives in his account, amounting to £94 15s. 10d.; and lets his employer know, that as often as five passed with coaches, nine passed on horseback, and as often as six passed on horseback, ten passed on foot. The question is—how many coachmen, horsemen, and footmen passed?

Extract from a letter of a Bytown correspondent:—

“The Sons of Temperance at Aylmer held their Anniversary yesterday, the 15th Sept. The Sons, Daughters, and Cadets of Bytown, and some other Divisions near at hand, were all invited; and I assure you it was a grand turn-out. The Sons of Ayl-

mer spared no expense or trouble on the occasion; they were very attentive to their guests; there was some good speeches made; and our musical friend, Mr. Peacock, set us all a roaring with laughter, with a Temperance song he sung about his “*Old Hat*.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received answers to Enigmas in our last number from the following correspondents, viz: John Bennett, Atnol; Hy. Pilson, Bytown; and T. D. Reed, Montreal. J. Bennett was first.

The communication from “Emeline Maria” is to hand. We cannot insert the verses, but make room for the Enigma. We thank our young friend for her good wishes, &c.; and as she is so great an admirer of the *Life Boat*, we trust she will use her influence to extend its circulation.

“A Cadet” writes to us, who thinks we ought to impress upon the Cadets the duty of cultivating the art of public speaking, and recommends that the Section Meetings should be taken up, in part with some speechifying by the members. We presume the idea has often before been presented to our young friends; and while re-producing it, we would suggest that *recitation* is not precisely the thing desired, but the delivery of one’s own views, the fruit of close and independent thought. Without close thinking, there can be very little good speaking; but with previous thought, there will be at least something in what will be spoken, and that is more than can be said of many public orations, which may fitly be described as “words, words, words!”

We have received a letter from Messrs. Baker & Mason, respecting a certain projected publication, to be entitled “The Cadet’s Soiree Companion,” which, from the explanation given, will be a very useful manual to our young friends, the Cadets. We shall use such influence as we may possess to forward the views of the compilers.

We recommend *all* our correspondents to pay their postages. “A word to the wise,” &c. Hem!