

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

178.05  
E 62

THE  
**LIFE BOAT;**

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

IN THE INTEREST OF

**THE CADETS,**

And other Youthful Associations of a like Nature.

~~~~~  
**VOLUME I.**  
~~~~~

**M**ontreal :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**FRANCIS WAYLAND CAMPBELL,**

PLACE D'ARMES.

—  
1853.



# INDEX.

A Beautiful Incident ... ..	108	David Swan—A Fantasy ... ..	187
A Dear Cheese ... ..	47	Dangerous and Stupid Holiday Practices	146
A Disappointment ... ..	124	Dialogue ... ..	94
A Drunkard's Latter End ... ..	50	Dialogue on the Maine Law ... ..	97, 113
A Fast Man ... ..	11	Dialogue on the License Question ... ..	18
A Fourth of July Oration ... ..	4	Dialogue between Brandy and the Cholera ... ..	127
A Great Man Self-wrecked ... ..	162	Diary of the Rev. Solomon Spittle ... ..	119
A Hat Speculation ... ..	11		135, 152, 169
A Kind Sister ... ..	158	Doctor Charles Jewett... ..	7
A Large Nose ... ..	168	Drink, Duel, Death ... ..	55
A Man Charmed to a Ball ... ..	46	Drunken John... ..	74
A Mother's Hand ... ..	15	Drunkenness (Poetry) ... ..	88
A Preacher Surprised ... ..	142	Dying Words of Celebrated Persons ... ..	155
A Prodigy ... ..	158	Effects of Drunkenness ... ..	125
A Rill from the Town Pump... ..	53	Eloped ... ..	118
A Short Lecture to Young Men ... ..	110	Enigmas, 48, 95, 112, 128, 144, 159, 176, 191	
A Thick Fog ... ..	158	Evils of Intemperance... ..	95
A Thistle in the Arms of Scotland ... ..	175	Extract from Bytown Correspondent... ..	112
A Trade ... ..	134	Extraordinary Performance of Divine Worship ... ..	184
A Weather Prophet ... ..	94	Family Pride ... ..	124
Abernethy ... ..	91	Faugh-a-Ballagh (Poetry) ... ..	71
Address by the Coxswain ... ..	33	Frederick the Great ... ..	118
Advantages of the Rum Trade ... ..	11	Goldsmith ... ..	159
Alcohol (Poetry) ... ..	22	Governing by Moral Suasion ... ..	78
An Affectionate Son ... ..	143	Handsome Men ... ..	156
An Appetite ... ..	156	Hard Language ... ..	76
An Ast-tomishing Genius—Fact ... ..	166	Harmonizing Trades ... ..	7
An Inmedicable Disease ... ..	158	Havoc ... ..	129
An Opportune Crow ... ..	110	Hints ... ..	94
Anecdote ... ..	63	History ... ..	155
Answers to Enigmas ... .. 64, 111, 128, 144		Honor to whom Honor is Due ... ..	76
		Hope (Poetry)... ..	62
		How to Tell a Scotchman ... ..	174
		Buzza for Blue Nose ... ..	126
As a Tonic ... ..	41	Illustration of Humbug ... ..	75
Audubon, the Ornithologist ... ..	181	Important Facts ... ..	89
Be Consistent ... ..	118	Influence ... ..	64
Bigotry ... ..	32	Influence Again ... ..	64
Black Eyed Joe ... ..	173	Instinct ... ..	127
Books in the Middle Ages ... ..	184	Introductory ... ..	49
Boys at Play ... ..	185	Introductory Remarks... ..	1
Cadet Jubilee ... ..	160	Indian Deed to William Penn ... ..	183
Cadet Library ... ..	32	Is your Property Mortgaged ... ..	76
Canine Intelligence ... ..	182	Items ... ..	64
Cella Beverly ... ..	57, 67	I want to be an Angel... ..	79
Charade (Poetry) ... ..	166	Jack Marlingspike ... ..	143, 160
Children Good Listeners ... ..	174	Jerry Gutteridge ... ..	8, 27
Choice Sentences ... ..	118	John Alcohol my Joe ... ..	75
Condensed Truth ... ..	7	John B. Gough ... ..	21
Conundrum ... ..	191		
Conscience Awake! (Poetry)... ..	108		
Comrades, Fill no Glass for me (Poetry)	183		
Correspondence ... ..	160, 175		
Crucity to Animals ... ..	95		

Jury Trial of Alcohol at Melbourne ...	63	The Arab Miser ... ..	93
Juvenile Shopkeepers ... ..	111	The Boys in Maine ... ..	21
Kossuth ... ..	39	The Brave Boy ... ..	156
Kingston Maine Law Meeting ...	126	The Cadet, Montreal ... ..	16, 128, 160
Laocœne ... ..	30	The Cadets of Temperance ...	45
Laplând ... ..	61	The Canadian Cadet, Toronto ...	16
Launch the Boat (Poetry) ... ..	92	The Christmas Present ... ..	150
Letters Received ... ..	192	The Cold Water Boy ... ..	149
Life from Death ... ..	12	The Dutchman's Story ... ..	178
Life Boat Extra ... ..	80	The Dandy at Home ... ..	109
Lines Attributed to an Idiot ...	159	The Duke ... ..	117
Love ... ..	182	The Frenchman at his English Lesson	60
Lydia and her Brother ... ..	22	The Great Fire at Montreal ...	81
Maine Law ... ..	32	The History of the Aspen Leaf ...	101
Man (Poetry) ... ..	143	The Human Body and the Hour of Day	141
Melancholy ... ..	125	The Last Call ... ..	167
Mental and Physical Health dependent		The Life Boat (Poetry) ... ..	38
on Bodily Exercise ... ..	157	The Malestrom ... ..	65
Money ... ..	93	The Maine Law ... ..	128
Mutual Assistance (Poetry) ...	172	The Model Gentleman ... ..	47
Neal Dow ... ..	174	The Model Lady ... ..	47
New Spelling ... ..	15	The Mother ... ..	156
New Year's Day ... ..	145	The Old Brandy Bottle (Poetry)	52
On the Death of a Brother (Poetry) ...	48	The Organ of Language ... ..	26
Origin of "Rum 'un" ... ..	31	The Pauper's Drive (Poetry) ...	59
Our Exchanges ... ..	63	The Pike ... ..	62
Our Plate "The Life Boat" ... ..	77	The Power and Influence of the Press	30
Our Second Volume ... ..	192	The Prompt Girl ... ..	185
Passive Friends ... ..	161, 177	The Prophets! Where are they? ...	84, 102
Pat at his Lesson ... ..	60	The Snake and the Crocodile ...	186
Pigeoning ... ..	34	The Star ... ..	141
Pity the Drunkard's Child (Poetry) ...	111	The Storm! the Life Boat ... ..	3
Plan for Storming Quebec ... ..	37	The Three Sovereigns ... ..	59
Problems ... 112, 128, 159, 176, 191		The Two Incendiaries ... ..	116
Profit and Loss ... ..	60	The Wise Monkey ... ..	19
Progress ... ..	93	To Advertisers ... ..	95
Query ... ..	63	To Correspondents 16, 32, 46, 64, 112	
Quicker than they Expected ... ..	108	To Correspondents and Contributors ...	96
Rev. J. C. Lovejoy ... ..	143	To our Agents ... ..	48, 176
Royal Mount Cadets ... ..	16	To our Subscribers ... ..	16
Ruins of the Bishop's Palace, Church		To our Subscribers, Agents and Friends	96
and Seminary ... ..	82	To our Young Friends ... ..	17
Rum, Beggary, Death ... ..	20	To the Cadets (Poetry) ... ..	63
Simplicity in Dress ... ..	166	To the Publisher of the Life Boat,	
Sir John Franklin ... ..	133	(Poetry) ... ..	27
Smart Boy ... ..	132	Touch not the Cup ... ..	10
Song of the Snow Bird (Poetry) ...	157	Trial of Alcohol ... ..	23
Son of Temperance, Toronto ... ..	191	Two in a Grave ... ..	115
Sons of Rechab ... ..	16, 48	Utica Tectotaller ... ..	192
Sons of Temperance ... ..	32	Value of a Minute ... ..	186
Solution to Problems ... ..	128, 144, 176	View of St. Lawrence and Quebec Su-	
Spley ... ..	125	burbs ... ..	83
Sponging ... ..	73	War (Poetry) ... ..	175
St. John, New Brunswick ... ..	148	Water ... ..	73
Taking Him in Hand ... ..	36	What might be expected ... ..	11
Temperance Anniversaries in Mont-		What a Boy can do ... ..	142
real ... ..	192	Whose Child is She? ... ..	189
Temperance ... ..	172	William Wirt ... ..	71
Temperance Speech ... ..	20	Young Ladies, Beware! ... ..	184
Temperance Soiree Companion ...	192	Zechariah Hodgson and his Wife ...	72

# THE LIFE BOAT.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1852.

No. 1.

## Introductory Remarks.

### TO THE PATRONS OF THE LIFE BOAT.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—With an honest desire to aid you in your warfare against the most formidable and ruinous of the many vices which prevail in the world, I have consented to assume the charge of this modest little Magazine. It is intended, as you may have observed in the PROSPECTUS, to array itself against the causes which promote intemperance. These causes I hold to be primarily the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; for while it may with propriety be said that the usages of society contribute to the production of intemperance, yet these usages or customs are the effects legitimately flowing from the manufacture and sale. I am quite aware that some one will immediately turn round and say, that the production of these liquors is consequent upon the demand which the community makes for them. But a single remark will settle the question; and as I hold it always wise to put the saddle upon the right horse, we must at starting endeavor to find out which is the right horse: it is then clear to me, that where men have never known ardent spirits the want of them is not felt. In such a condition of society *the want would never*

*be felt*; therefore, in order to create the want, the very first step must be the introduction of the liquors. I think you will all agree with me. Now then, if the want does not exist where the drinks are unknown, it becomes the business of those who contend for liberty to make and to sell, to prove that their introduction is a benefit. If they can do this, we must yield; if they cannot, then we are bound to use all our endeavors to prevent both the manufacture and the sale.

The Temperance Reformation is now acknowledged to be "a great fact," and we trust it will soon be a greater one still. The signs of the times in reference thereto are of the most cheering character. It will be my care hereafter to produce in the pages of the LIFE BOAT a brief but comprehensive account of the rise, progress, and prospects of this great and good enterprise. At present I intend to give you my own ideas of the aspect it presents to the world.

Once upon a time, and within my recollection, the temperance idea as exhibited by the total abstinence pledge was deemed senseless, ridiculous, immoral, unscriptural, &c., and

the most respectable and pious people were among its adversaries. The introduction of such words as "total abstinence" in the Halls of Legislation would have subjected the speaker to unmeasured contempt; and the utterance of them from the pulpit deemed sacrilegious. Things are changed. Every body now-a-days consents to this cause "that it is good;" and however much enmity there may be against it secretly, the man scarcely exists who would dare openly to assail its character. **FEW MEN STAND HIGH ENOUGH MORALLY TO TRY THE EXPERIMENT WITHOUT DAMAGE!**

We may then take it for granted that the Temperance movement is now a very respectable thing. Its enemies do not know how to handle it without hurting themselves. Now, my boys, you have entered upon the stage at an advanced but important period. We want, not only to keep the cause respectable, but to make it triumphant. To you we look for help. We know that many of the older people will not come round to our views, *but we think that all the young ones may, MUST, SHALL.*" How is this to be done? As we are now talking of securing the votes of the young, it is not necessary to refer to the mode of compulsion which the recent legislation in the State of Maine authorizes. With your friends and companions, discussion and persuasion will do much. Here it is that your zeal may be exhibited. Many children have parents who are perfectly indifferent to the subject; few there are who would oppose the adoption of temperance principles by their children. But to make yourselves competent to discuss the question with other young folk, it is necessary that you yourselves should know the arguments in its favor. To

acquire this knowledge you must attend the public meetings, you must read temperance publications, and lastly, you must *think* about what you hear and read. Without *thinking* upon a subject its importance can scarcely be felt. Remember this cause is a great and important one; one evidently owned and blessed of God, and one which, when successful and triumphant, will greatly contribute towards the progress of the Gospel.

You may perhaps consider this talk somewhat dry, but at the beginning it was necessary for me to present the case somewhat formally.

Now as I want to become quite familiar with you, I shall be glad to receive hints, anecdotes, tales, inquiries, &c., on paper, and affectionately invite you to make quite free, only let me suggest that you always pay the postage of your letters.

You will find this, your own Magazine, to contain instructive and amusing matter, in addition to the temperance reading, which will invariably take precedence.

One word about the cover. The design, as you perceive, was furnished by Master W. C. Dutton, and reflects the highest credit upon his genius. Mr. Walker has succeeded well in cutting it, and I think the Province has not yet produced any thing much, if at all, superior in that line.

May I now ask your zealous co-operation in extending the circulation of the **LIFE BOAT**. Bend your energies to its oars, and assist to impel it over the surges which will meet its first voyage upon the uncertain sea of public opinion, and we promise you that, so far as we are concerned, no indolence will cause you to regret having exerted an influence in its favor.

JACK AIMWELL,  
COCKSWAIN.

### The Storm—The Life Boat.

“What a night! Blast upon blast, and every succeeding one seems to increase in tenfold violence! Look out of the window upon the sea. The maddened waters are lashed into resistless violence; the sky seems to mingle with the waves, and as the sullen winds howl in terrific chorus to the awful music of the breakers, how impotent, how insignificant, does man appear. Night gradually closes upon the scene. The fitful rays of the revolving beacon light, struggle but ineffectually to warn the mariner of danger near, yet may we hope that no ill-fated craft shall need this aid.” So spake the father to his son, as from the warm shelter of a blessed English home they looked abroad over the foaming waste of waters. But hark! Again! A gun, another, and yet another report! Some vessel in distress gives out these signals. Come with me to the beach, perhaps we may help to rescue some poor sailor from a watery grave.” Human power and skill, alas! are here of no avail. Flash after flash, followed with the booming answer, proclaim indeed the sad truth that our fellow men abide in utmost peril, but night must pass before relief can be even attempted. The firing has ceased, but the storm rages with unabated fury. O! for the morning light, to show if yet the ship survives. The morning breaks, the winds still sweep in lawless violence, and the crested waves lift up their angry heads, in defiance of human energy or skill. The wreck is now descried upon a rock. Sea after sea essays to finish the work of destruction, yet firmly hold together the timbers. As light gains upon the receding darkness, some living forms are seen to cling about the ship. Now then for the LIFE BOAT! The

sturdy crew seem impatient to battle with the waves. Regardless of the imminent danger, these generous men can only see the jeopardy of other lives. “Now my hearties, all ready?” “All ready.” They watch the retiring surf, and upon the ridge of the angry wave seven brave hearts launch out the little craft. And now they meet the coming squadrons! The Cockswain stands at the helm, and heads right for the coming waves. The little boat is thrown up as if a mere chip, but the twelve strong arms now bend their oars, and the surf is safely passed. Now riding on high, now disappearing from the sight of the spectators, the Life Boat urges on its way. The sufferers upon the wreck discover the approach of their deliverers, and many a heart unused to pray lifts up a penitential eye to heaven with the vow of amendment, and earnest petition for escape. The Boat returns, the task is accomplished, the survivors are landed safe, and the Life Boat’s crew is sufficiently rewarded by its success. So are thousands rescued from the perils of the deep, and little account made of the rescuers, but their praise is in the consciousness of having done well.

We have started our figurative Life Boat. The dangers of intemperance, alas! are far more appalling than the dangers of the deep. The elements of destruction are not always lashed into fury about the ship, but the elements of destruction always attend the path of men who give way to the pernicious fashions which prevail in the world in relation to the use of wines and strong drinks. The young are especially exposed, and we therefore propose to send our Life Boat in quest of such.

Wit is the ornament of the mind,  
not the furniture.



## A Fourth of July Oration.\*

BY ONE ALCOHOL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This is a great day—a day of independence. It is a day upon which myself and one Gunpowder have long been accustomed to make a display. I hope that the foolish attempt to celebrate the fourth of July without us, will be frowned down. Who ever thought of being funny without being fuddled? Who ever thought of being truly independent, and setting all law and gospel at defiance, without my help?

Ladies and gentlemen, I am a great character. Forgive me, if, on this glorious occasion, I set forth my merits. It is one of my privileges, as well as that of my subjects, to be boastful and vain glorious. I shall therefore proceed to speak of myself.

My name is *Alcohol*! I solicit the favor of your attention to a subject which lies near my heart. I am a great prince, and, like other distinguished potentates, I have my followers. To thousands and tens of thousands of these, I feel under profound obligations for the homage they have done me. They have loved me to *intoxication*; and, in doing me reverence, have often *fallen* at my feet. If the heathen prostrate themselves before stocks and stones, may not Christians prostrate themselves before me?

Allow me to tell you something of my subjects. Let me expatiate upon their merits. Let me set forth some of their characteristics; and then pronounce your judgment—then say, if monarch ever had higher reason than Alcohol to be proud of his people.

And *first*; my followers are remarkably *devoted*.

From the standards of Napoleon,

Wellington, and even that of Washington, *desertion* was not uncommon. But, until recently, this crime has scarcely been known in *my* army. For my sake I have known my friends forsake father and mother, wife and children. Nay, such has been their zeal in my cause, that they have sacrificed property, health, and even life itself. Indeed, I may say, that from a *pure* devotion to me, thousands have come to an untimely grave.

The most popular monarchs have their enemies. Doubtless, I have mine, particularly in these sad days of delusion and pretended reform. But, then, I have reason to think, that some, and probably the number is large, though ostensibly my enemies, are *secretly* my friends. From motives of *policy*, they say they must *appear* to be against me, but when *closeted* they assure me that they still *love* me, and I think they often give no small evidence of the fact. They have a deep *intestine* attachment to me. Upon these friends I depend to restore me to my former honors, and had they the power, I think I should reign as triumphantly as ever.

Before I proceed farther, I must say a word about my domestic affairs, and which explains the trouble that has grown up in society, in respect to me. Many years ago I was married to Cold Water. We had a large family, the pride of which we called Grog, and a glorious fellow he was too. I hardly knew his equal, unless it was Toddy—the drollest dog you ever met with. Such times as we did have! Toddy, Grog, and the rest, used to fall to and scratch, bite, pull hair, give black eyes, &c. Those were glorious days, and I am sorry to say that the times have grown very degenerate. I positively fear that a row or a black eye will not be heard of ten years hence.

\* The substance of this was delivered by a youth at a Temperance celebration, on the Fourth July, 1842.

However, I must go on with my speech. Some evil-minded persons brought about a divorce between me and Cold Water; she then set up for herself, and since that time, there's been a regular strife between us. We're now trying to see which shall get the biggest army, and the consequence is that society is torn to pieces. My dear friends, listen to me, and then choose on which side you will enlist.

Let me tell you something about my followers. In the first place they are *brave*. In a single instance, during the revolutionary war, the English officers mingled gunpowder with the spirit, in order to inspire their soldiers with greater courage. I could have taught them a better lesson than this. They needed a little *Fourth proof Jamaica*. **FOURTH PROOF**, you observe—that manufactures the courage. Why, I never yet saw an army or a rabble, whose courage flagged, if they had taken a sufficient quantity of the pure "*critter*,"—pure, pure, you observe, not weakened down till you couldn't tell whether there was most water, or most spirit. I have some *veterans* in my service, which I think would stand an action as hot as Bunker Hill is said to have been. These are my *red-eyed* and *red-nosed* soldiers, and whom I keep as a *corps de reserve*. I think of enrolling them in a regiment by themselves. They are without "fear of things present or things to come." Promotion is certain in this corps, and all my soldiers get into it after a proper length of service. My subjects, also, possess strong points of similarity.

And 1st, of their *uniform*. The uniform adopted by me is *red*, sometimes bearing upon purple. My subjects look exceedingly well in it, especially when set with jewels, known by the name of *carbuncles*. A few pre-

fer a *pale* exterior for their uniform, inclining to *yellow*. These are those whom I call *gin-ites*. They are mostly of the softer sex, who have acquired this pallid look by the use of gin or opium, and snuff. To my eye, there is nothing in creation half so beautiful as a woman, under the influence of gin or opium, in the attitude of taking snuff, especially when her fingers scatter it over her dress like a Scotch mist.

2nd. *Language*. My subjects belong to different countries, and consequently speak different languages. But even here strong resemblances may be traced. Whatever be their mother tongue, their accents, inflections and *cadences*, especially the latter, are strikingly similar. Some *lisp* beautifully—some have an elegant *clip* of their words—others at times are affected with *hesitancy* and *stammering*, or perhaps they are unable to speak at all. I have known persons complain that it is difficult to understand them; but it must be remembered, that union is a great thing, and this affection of the speech makes all alike, and therefore cultivates fellow-feeling, which makes us kind to one another.

3rd. *Attitudes*. In this term I include walking, marching, riding and evolutions in general; in all which my followers exhibit a wonderful sameness. You would at once perceive that they had been disciplined by the same master, and were actuated by the same *spirit*. The many graces of action are probably better understood by them, than by any other people on the globe. I have often been in ecstasies, in looking at one of my veterans, advancing towards me—he has given me such a delightful idea of *Hogarth's waving line of beauty*. But my *mounted* volunteers are, perhaps, my greatest pride. In

elegant horsemanship, they excel. I doubt whether Mohammed himself, when he rode Alborak, presented a finer appearance than some of our *Knights of the Bottle*. They are so easy—so full of elegant motion—now on this side—now on that—forwards and backwards—lateral, circular, and zigzag, that you would decide it to be equal to any “ground tumbling” you ever met with. And with all their *courtesies*, for they seldom pass any one without making a *profound* bow—they seldom lose their balance so as to fall. This I account for, in some instances at least, from the sagacity of their horses, which usually know more than their riders!

*A fourth characteristic is Independence.* My followers are ever ready to pay me and my family the honors of sovereignty; but here their homage terminates. They are, to a man, *freemen*, and have taken their oath a thousand times, that they will live *freely*, however they may die. They sing beautifully, and sincerely, especially such couplets as these:

“He that lives and goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to do, and dies a clever  
fellow.”

Generally, they feel rich, however poor; and have golden prospects, without the certainty of a single dollar. I have known them, even when lying at the bottom of a ditch, and unable to move a limb—so buoyant with spirits, as to call out to the universe—“to the right wheel, march!”

*A fifth characteristic of my subjects is Genius.* The tendency of all my influence is to bring the *energies of the skull into action*. Under my tuition, genius is sure to expand; and I have known even those who were thought to be wanting in common sense, to have heads that would delight Spurzheim himself. Phrenolo-

gists often talk about *bumps*, as indications of great powers. This is sound philosophy, and I have a mode of making bumps by an expeditious process. I assure you, I have known a whole family of geniuses made in one night, at a bar-room or a grog-shop. A jug of the pure thing is superior to a college education, for developments of the craniology.

Finally, my friends, one of my people knows more than anybody else—or he thinks he does, which is the same thing. It is an old adage, that “*the drunken man thinks the world turns round.*” What a glorious privilege! It is true that he reels and staggers, and perhaps tumbles down; but still, he thinks that he alone is upright, steadfast and perpendicular! while everybody else is tipping and diving as if there was an earthquake! Is not this an enviable superiority? Thus it is, my friends, if you embrace me, you will, in your own heart and mind, be

————— “glorious,  
O'er all your enemies victorious!”

You may be clothed in rags, tumbled into a gutter—an object of pity and sorrow to all around; yet, strong in your confidence in me, you will remain

“A man superior to his accidents!”

You will think that you know more than anybody else, are better than anybody else, and are alike superior to the restraints of decency, morality, religion and law. This is true independence! This is unbounded liberty. If, the next day, you feel the horrors—take a little more of me. A little more and a little more—is the true way to keep it up. Walk up, gentlemen and ladies! now's your time. Who's for King Alcohol and independence! Who'll enlist under my banner, for time and eternity?



Doctor Charles Jewett, the original of the above portrait, is undoubtedly an original of especial value to the Temperance cause. Without possessing the remarkable fluency of John B. Gough, he excels his popular and efficient co-laborer in logical acuteness and power. Few persons can listen to Jewett with an honest desire of attaining to a correct view of the question of temperance, without becoming converts to his opinions. His argumentation is so close and consecutive, and he grapples so fairly with the points at issue, that the understanding necessarily assents to his conclusions, as being truthfully sound, as well as tremendously important. We hope Dr. Jewett will give Canada a fair proportion of his time hereafter.

HARMONIZING TRADES.—A pedlar, with his cart, overtaking another of his clan on the road, was thus addressed,—“Hoiloo, friend, what do you carry?” “Rum and whisky,” was the reply. “Good!” replied the other, “you may go-ahead—I carry grave stones!”

CONDENSED TRUTH.—Mr. John B. Gough recently made this forcible declaration, that “every moderate drinker *could* abandon the intoxicating cup, if he *would*—every inebriate *would*, if he *could*.”

## Jerry Guttridge.

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.

(From the *Knickerbocker* for May, 1839.)

[This story is known to the older friends of temperance, but we question whether the youth of our day have read it. We do not remember its re-publication within the last ten years, and we therefore think the Cadets, and other temperance boys, will be obliged to us for its re-production at this time.]

"What shall we have for dinner, Mr. Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge, in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log hovel, from a neighboring grog-shop, about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

"Oh, pick up something," said Jerry, "and I wish you would be sry and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over, by an' bye, to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round; I can't wait."

"We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat," said Mrs. Guttridge. "What shall I get?"

"Well, cook something," said Jerry; "no matter what it is."

"But, Mr. Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook."

"Well, well, pick up *something*," said Jerry, rather snappishly, "for I'm in a hurry."

"I can't make victuals out of nothing," said the wife; "if you'll only bring anything in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you, we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house, we ate for breakfast, and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither."

"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon," said Jerry, "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr. Whitman's, and borrow some meal?"

"Because," said Mrs. Guttridge, "we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again, till that was paid. And besides the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"Then you a'n't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?" said Jerry, with a re-

proachful tone and look. "I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"

"Why, Mr. Guttridge, said his wife, with tears in her eyes, "you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand."

"Always a-grumblin'," said Jerry; "I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this hoy snivelling about?" he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy, a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old, at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. "Now, get up!" said Jerry. "or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs. Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry, fretfully.

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, "the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothin' to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half starved."

At this moment their neighbor, Mr. Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labor in his haying field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavor to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr. Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was, Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbors, of late years, with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighborly visitors calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word,

and the first address of Mr. Frier was to little Bobby.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said he, in a gentle tone; "come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter."

"Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr. Frier," said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr. Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

"I want a piece of bread!" said Bobby.

"And won't your mother give you some?" said Mr. Frier, tenderly.

"She ha'n't got none," replied Bobby, "nor 'aters too." Mr. Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house, he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he, "Neighbor Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to come and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry; "I've got something else to do."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Frier, "if you've got anything else to do, that will be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, betn' you was scant of provisions."

"Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge!" said his wife with a beseeching look, "for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that won't do no good; you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothin', and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge, do!"

"I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!" said Jerry; you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day, if the women are a-goin' to rule the roost. I shall go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you are too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say."

With that he aimed for the door, when

Mr. Frier addressed him as follows:—"New I must say, neighbor Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over to the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbor Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty."

Upon this, Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr. Frier full in the face, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," and said he, "You old miserable, dirty meddling vagabond! you are a scoundrel and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man, I think! I've as good a mind to kick you out of doors, as ever I had to eat! Who made you a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own brats, and let your neighbors' alone!"

Mr. Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face, without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to "pick up something," if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr. Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs. Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand, and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

"Poor cretur!" said Mrs. Frier; "why, he's half starved! Betsy, bring him a dish of bread and milk; that will sit the best on his poor empty starved stomach."

Betsy ran and got the bowl of bread and milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth, with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on with pity and surprise, until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread and milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr. Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed, that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said, "Mrs. Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so."

Accordingly, a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, "so the poor starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good."

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit of cheese with it; I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Frier, "and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin', to last till pumpkins come again." So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on top, and George was dispatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr. Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time, and if they were left alone much longer, they would starve. He told his wife he "had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in' Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. The court sits at Saco to-morrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?"

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs. Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr. Frier said, "he could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court."

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs. Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat, and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the

whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs. Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr. Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, "that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!"

He sat and looked on, until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread, and meat, and vegetables, enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### "Touch not the Cup."

BY JOHN WESLEY WHITFIELD.

Why drink the drink that drowns the brain?

O man of endless years!

Why touch the cup of grief and pain;

The cup that hath its thousands slain.

Beware O man! nor madly drain

That bowl of blood and tears!

'Twill cast thy Reason from its throne

And thrust it basely down;

And Reason makes the man, alone;

Why shroud the brightest jewel known?

The fairest gem that ever shone

In God's resplendent crown!

O stay thine hand—touch not the cup!

But dash its poison down;

'Twill burn thy better nature up;

And if thy lips the poison sup;

'Twill sting thy soul—'twill slay thine hope;

Thy peace in madness drown!

Thy Children' cry—thy Mother's pray'r—

Thy weeping Wife's complaint;

O hear them plead! nor madly dare

To lift the cup of their despair;

But in the strength of God, declare

No wine, thy lips shall taint!

BROOKLYN, January, 1852.

### A Hat Speculation.

Upon the occasion of launching a fine new ship at Quebec, some years ago, the owner invited some twenty gentlemen to a champagne breakfast. The guests got jolly, and one of them in a fit of mischief knocked off another's hat; the compliment was immediately returned; then the ladies were kicked about: the sport became general, and before it was over some dozen or more new hats, at six dollars a-piece, had been offered in homage to Bacchus. The gents then began to speculate upon some covering for their knobs, for being at a distance from town, they could not very well leave their roofs uncovered. One borrowed a tarpaulin hat, another a souwester, a third got a scotch cap, a fourth a bonnet rouge, &c. &c., and with these tiles they were obliged to cover themselves until they reached town, a new edition, so far as the scone was concerned, of the ragged regiment. Mr. — declared that this was a most profitable launch to him, for it had caused a demand for near a score of new hats. Who will say now that drunkenness is unfavorable to prosperity in trade?

### Advantages of the Rum Trade.

About fifteen years ago, W. S. Henderson, Esquire, of Quebec, while rebuilding the front of his house, observed one evening, after the workmen had gone home, that there was a light in the place. The space was enclosed with boards, and to his astonishment and alarm he found a miserable drunken fellow lying in the shavings fast asleep. This loafer had crept in, and succeeded in lighting the end of a candle which he had stuck against a partition. In a few moments the candle would have fallen

among the shavings, and a destructive fire would have been the consequence. The drunkard would no doubt have fallen a victim to his vice, and thousands of pounds worth of property would certainly have been sacrificed. Here, then, for the gain of twopence upon the amount of rum consumed by this loafer, one life at least—his own—and a loss of very great magnitude might have been the consequence. So much for the public benefits of rum-selling.

### A Fast Man.

A gent of this kidney had been out to a ball and spree, and coming home to sleep off his debauch just as Sol was putting off his night cap and opening the eye of morning, met the servant girl coming down stairs with a mess for the cow. Now Gent was inclined to be very attentive to the maid, and insisted upon giving her a kiss, whereupon she very philosophically concluded that a shower bath might be of service to Gent, and accordingly she poured out the contents of the pail, viz.: the sweepings of the flour trough, bran, dish washings, &c. &c., over his fine toggery!

Who will blame the lassie?

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—It is stated on good authority, that in the town of B—, in Massachusetts, there have been, since its incorporation, thirty-eight tavern-keepers habitually selling ardent spirits. And of these, three died of delirium tremens, seven became intemperate, one died in the poor-house, eighteen lost all their property, seventeen did not improve in their pecuniary condition by the business, three only acquired property; four were cursed with intemperate wives, and twenty-five sons and four daughters became intemperate.



## Life from Death.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN, D.D.

"Thomas, dear, don't go on the ploughed ground. Papa said you mustn't."

"I know it," said Thomas, coming off from a plat of ground which was sown with some rare seed which his father had received from abroad. One of Thomas' rabbits had escaped from the warren, and in trying to catch it, he ran across the plat without thinking of his father's command.

Now this was not a great fault. He should, indeed, have paid such attention to what his father said as to prevent him from forgetting it. But if he had told his father how it happened, I think he would have excused him. Thomas, however, thought it would be better to conceal it from his father. Now it is very unfortunate when such an idea gets into a boy's head,—the idea of concealing things from his father,—of cheating his father. The boy who attempts to do this, always gets into trouble.

But Thomas thought he would try it. He saw he had made tracks on the plat; so he took a rake, and raked them out. But in so doing he raked up some of the seed which was sprouted and just ready to come up.

Then he saw that the spots thus raked over looked unlike the rest of the ground, and would be more likely to be seen than the foot-prints. So he took a watering-pot and wet them all over, that they might look like the rest of the surface on which the rain had fallen. Then he was afraid they would not get dry before his father came home. All this trouble and anxiety might have been saved, by simply resolving to tell his father the truth. His father would not have been displeased in the least.

His father did not come home till the spots were dry, and though he went to see if the seed was coming up, yet he did not notice that any part of the surface had been disturbed.

Thomas now felt a little relieved, and prided himself on his skill in concealment. He told it at school, and said, in quite a manly way, as he thought, that nobody could find out what he did if he had not a mind to let them know. "I suppose you think God can't see you," said a quiet little girl, but in so low a voice that no one but Thomas heard her. He blushed, and made no reply.

Thomas' father noticed when the seed came up, that there were some vacant spots. He saw that these had been disturbed by the

rake. "Thomas," said he, "have you been using the rake here?"

"No sir,—that is—only some time ago Sam Fenner ran across there, and made tracks and I took a rake and smoothed them out."

This statement seemed so natural, that Mr Harvey had no doubt of its truth. He said, "I wish you had let it alone; the tracks would not have done any hurt; you raked up the seed after it had sprouted, and thus killed it."

"I thought," said Thomas, with a faltering voice, "you didn't want tracks on it; you told me not to go on it." Mr. Harvey noticed his son's embarrassment, but supposed it was owing to a fear that he had displeased his father in what he had done; so he said, "I do not blame you, my son, you meant well; but always consider a thing well before you do it."

Thomas was not relieved by this remark, as his father supposed he would be. His countenance did not brighten up, as a child's commonly does, when he fears he has been to blame, and is told that he has not. He continued to feel and look very uncomfortable; and he retired from his father's presence as soon as he could. He went into the house, and went up to his chamber.

The conversation which we have related took place so near the house, that it was overheard by Thomas' sister. Her heart sunk within her when she heard her dear Thomas tell a lie. He was her only brother. He was several years younger than she was. He was always with her till he was about eight years old. Then, because she had become too old to play so much of her time, he began to associate with the boys of the neighborhood. He thus contracted many rough and unpleasant habits, which she endeavored to correct, but always in so gentle a manner, as not to offend him.

She never supposed it possible that her dear Thomas could dare to lie. When she heard him do so, she retired to her chamber and wept. And when she heard him coming up stairs, she locked the door of her chamber, lest he should come in. She felt that she could not see him with the stain of falsehood upon his brow. He heard her lock the door, but he had no design of entering her room. He did not wish to see any one. He wished it was night, so that no one could see him. Did he forget that Being of whom it is said, "*the light and the darkness are both alike to thee?*"

The truth is, he had never told a wilful falsehood before. He had been brought up

to reverence the truth. His sister, who was his only playmate for so many years, was the very soul of sincerity. How did it come to pass then, that he now fell into so grievous a sin?

I will tell you. When he was eight years old, as I said before, he began to associate with the boys of the neighborhood, and of consequence to contract some of their habits; for we are sure to contract some of the habits of those with whom we associate. He did some things which he saw the boys do because he thought it was manly, and he did other things without thinking of it. The first time he heard a boy tell a lie, he was astonished, and would have run home, if he had not been afraid of being laughed at. The circumstances were as follows:

He was with a boy named Isaac, who had been playing with his father's axe, and dulled it very much by cutting a nail.

"What will your father say?" said Thomas.

"I don't mind what he says; he will never find it out."

"What is the reason he wont?"

"Because he wont. Does your father know all you do?"

Before Thomas could answer, Isaac's father came along, and took up the axe. "Who has had my axe?" said he.

"Susan," said Isaac.

"How did she dull it so?"

"She hit it on a stone."

"I wish she would let my axe alone," and he went away to his work.

"I'ke, how dare you lie so?" said Thomas, with his eyes much larger than usual.

"Oh, you fool you, do you think I want to be whipped?"

"I should rather be whipped than tell that big lie," said Thomas. And he was about to go home, but at this moment another boy came up, and asked him what he was going for? Thomas was ashamed to tell the true reason, and so he stayed.

"Hallo, Ben," said Isaac, "here is a chicken who says he had rather be whipped than tell a story," imitating the voice of a small child, as he uttered the four last words.

"You let him alone," said Ben, "he'll get over that if he is with you much." Ben spoke the truth that time, though he was not apt to do it very often.

Thomas was glad when it was time for him to go home, for he was almost afraid to be with Isaac. He thought he would never go to see him again.

But after a while he did go to see him again, and the next time he heard him lie

it gave him less pain, and finally he came to hear him lie without fear or disgust. Finally he ventured himself on the experiment related above. If any one associates with a lying boy, he will be sure to learn to lie. For see the way in which Thomas came to lie.

When Louisa had prayed for her brother, she dried her tears and came out of her chamber. Thomas was leaving his at the same moment. "Thomas, dear, I wish to see you."

"I can't stay now, I'm going away."

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I have got to go."

"Thomas, how could you tell father that wicked lie?"

"What business had you to listen?" said he, in an angry voice. Louisa could scarce refrain from tears at this, but she made an effort, and replied as calmly as she could, "I was not listening, but I could not help hearing—oh, brother, where did you learn to lie?" and she wept with such distress that he could not refrain from tears—but they were not tears of repentance. He came up to her and said in an entreating tone, "You wont tell papa?"

"No, but you must."

"No, I must'nt."

"Then I shall be obliged to."

"If you do I will never love you any more."

"Brother, dear, if you ever expect to be happy, go to your father and confess your fault and ask his forgiveness. Go to your room again, and think it all over, and see if that is not the best way. Oh, what would dear mother say if she was alive, and knew what you have done?"

He went back to his chamber, but he was too stubborn to resolve to confess. He chose to keep the burden, rather than to lay it down in the proper way. He tried to look indifferent and composed, and before tea-time he had, in some measure, succeeded.

As they sat around the table, Louisa looked so distressed that her father inquired if she was ill. She replied that she had a bad headache; which was true, and was caused by the events of the afternoon.

The next morning Thomas was about as cheerful as usual. You would not notice any difference in him, except that he was very busy, and did not like to look his father or sister in the face. He was preparing to go out, when Louisa said to him, "Thomas, wont you tell papa?"

"No."

"Are you going to those wicked boys again?"

"They are no more wicked than any other boys."

"Brother, if you will not tell father, I must. Don't go to those boys this morning."

He would not listen to her and was going, when she called Mr. Harvey and said to him, with tears in her eyes, "Papa, Thomas ought not to go with the boys so much, he learns bad things."

"What things?"

"I have tried to get him to tell you—he did not tell you the truth yesterday, about the ground."

"Tell me how it was, my daughter," said Mr. H., in a tone which showed how fully he appreciated his daughter's motives, and approved her conduct. She then made a statement of the whole affair, throwing as little blame as possible on her brother.

Mr Harvey took his son with him into his office, and made him sit down, hoping that reflection would bring him to repentance. Thomas sat down and looked pretty uncomfortable for some time; but as his father did not speak to him, but kept on writing, he began to look about for amusement, and finally took up a book, and appeared to be very busy reading it. When his father had finished writing, he turned to him and said, "Have you anything to say to me?"

"No, sir."

"Then you will remain here till I return."

He was gone for some time. Louisa went to the door and spoke to her brother, but he pretended to be very busy with his book, and did not answer her. He tried to persuade himself that she had treated him very unkindly by making known his conduct to his father. He thought of all that Isaac and Ben had said about the meanness of *telling*, and judging his sister by their code, he found her guilty. Isaac and Ben had never said anything to him about the meanness of *lying*—of failing to honor one's father—of treating a kind sister with cruel injustice.

Evening came and Mr. Harvey returned. He found Thomas in the same state of mind in which he left him. There were no signs of sorrow for what he had done. He therefore chastised him severely as he deserved. Louisa heard the strokes of the whip, and they gave her almost as much pain as they gave Thomas. He cried loudly, and promised that he would never do so any more. Do you suppose he kept his promise? or would have kept it if the events which I am about to relate had not happened? I am afraid he would not, for amid all his

cries and promises there was no confession; no proof that he felt in his heart that he had done wrong, and was sorry for it. There will never be any real reformation without repentance.

The next morning Louisa met Thomas with one of her sweetest smiles, but she received no smile in return. He was sullen, and would not speak to her. She took care to give him no occasion to display his temper before his father, lest he should receive another chastisement. There is a great difference between taking care to avoid being the occasion of one's doing wrong, and concealing wrong actions from those who have a right to know them.

Louisa was going that day to visit her aunt, who lived in the next village, and she expected to stay several days. Before she went, she spoke to her brother most kindly, and endeavored to convince him that she had only done her duty in relation to him by informing his father of his conduct. He made no answer to what she said. When she was ready to set out, she said, "Come, Thomas, dear, kiss me before I go."

"I won't."

"Brother, I may never come home again alive"

"I don't care."

A change passed over her countenance, expressive of the pang which shot through her heart. He saw it, and his heart began to relent. He was on the point of yielding, of confessing that she was right, and asking her forgiveness. But she turned away from him before the purpose was quite formed, and he let her depart without knowing that he felt the least compunction.

She went away with a very heavy heart, and often turned her head to see him, and once stopped and turned, as if she was about to come back to him. Thomas hoped in his heart that she would do so, and meant, as soon as she had come a little way, to go and meet her. But she knew not what was passing in his mind, and as he gave no sign of encouragement, she turned again and went on her way. Reader, when you have treated one unkindly, and feel an impulse to confess and ask forgiveness, do not hesitate for a moment. Do not let pride, or stubbornness, or shame, hinder you from yielding to the better feelings of your heart.

Thus parted the sister and brother who loved each other more than anything on earth. When she was gone, Thomas felt very lonely and sad. He went all over the house as though he expected to find her. He went to her room, and looked at her

things and wept. How he wished she were there that he might tell her how sorry he was that he had treated her so cruelly. He resolved that as soon as she came home, he would tell her that she had done just right, that he would ask her forgiveness, and promise never to treat her so badly again, "I shall never feel happy," said he, "till I do so. I know she will forgive me, for she is the kindest"—and here the sentence was ended in weeping.

He looked out of the window, and saw Isaac coming for him; he hid himself in the garret, and did not come out till he thought Isaac was gone. He resolved that he would have no more to do with him.

The next day, as he was in Louisa's chamber, he saw a carriage drive slowly up to the door. There were a good many persons following it. "Who has come?" said Thomas, and he ran down to see, but when he came to the door, everybody looked so sad that he was afraid to ask any question. He saw them lifting something out of the carriage. It was the lifeless body of Louisa. She had been thrown from her horse that morning and instantly killed.

The messenger had met her father in the village, and in the distraction of his grief, he had forgotten to send the sad news to his son.

How did Thomas feel as he saw the pale countenance and drooping limbs of his sister, as they lifted her from the carriage, and bore her into the house? He did not say *I don't care* then. I can't tell you how he felt. It would be necessary for one to feel just as he did, in order to describe his feelings fully. He felt perfectly wretched. Wherever he was, that distressful look of his sister seemed to meet his eye, and that cruel expression, *I don't care*, to sound in his ears.

When the friends had laid out the body, and had retired, he went to his father and said, "Papa, I must tell you all, or I shall die." He told him all his guilt and unkindness towards his sister. His father wept with him, and prayed with him, and comforted him, so far as the assurance that his sister had forgiven him. But he endeavored to deepen his sense of guilt, and to point him to the only means by which it could be removed.

The lesson thus taught Thomas was never forgotten. He found no rest, till he found peace in believing; till he had evidence that God had forgiven all his sins; till he could look forward to a reunion with his sister in heaven. From this time it would seem as if the gentle spirit of the departed guided the lone boy. In every season of doubt as to

the propriety of what he was about to do, he would ask himself, "How would sister have me do, if she were here?" and as he knew that she always took the Bible for her guide, he would go to the Bible for directions. Thus he walked with God. When he became a man he led a life of usefulness, but the remembrance of his unkindness to his sister often made him sad. "Oh!" he used to say to himself, "when I get to heaven, next after my Saviour, I shall want to see my sister." Reader, have you a sister?—*Mother's Magazine.*

## A Mother's Hand.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A wandering orphan child was I—  
But meanly, at the best, attired;  
For oh, my mother scarce could buy  
The common food each week required;  
But when the anxious day had fled,  
It seemed to be her dearest joy,  
To press her pale hand on my head,  
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more,  
Stern suffering brought her to decay;  
And then an Angel passed her door,  
And bore her lingering soul away!  
And I—they know not what is grief,  
Who ne'er knewt by a dying bed;  
All other woe on earth is brief,  
Save that which weeps a mother dead!

A seaman's life was soon my lot,  
'Mid reckless deeds and desperate men;  
But still I never quite forgot  
The prayer I ne'er should hear again;  
And oft, when half induced to tread,  
Such paths as unto sin decoy,  
*I've felt her fond hand press my head,*  
And that soft touch hath saved her boy.

Though hard their mockery to receive,  
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin hath striven,  
Her, who on earth I dared not grieve,  
I could not—would not—grieve in Heaven;  
And thus from many an action dread;  
Too dark for human eye to scan;  
The same fond hand upon my head,  
That blessed the boy—*hath saved the man!*

NEW SPELLING.—The most original mode of spelling that we have ever seen, is the following.—It beats phonetics:

80 you be—A tub.  
80 oh I pea—A top.  
Be 80—Bat.  
See 80—Cat.  
Pea 80—Pat.  
Are 80—Rat.  
See O I double you—Cow.  
See you be—Cub.  
See a bee—Cab.  
Be you double tea—Butt.  
Be a double ell—Ball.

## Sons of Rechab.

MONTREAL, March 22, 1851.

To the Editor of the *Life Boat*.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in forwarding to you, for insertion in the *Life Boat*, the following Resolution, passed unanimously in our Tent, at its meeting on the 19th instant:

Moved by Brother Joseph Tees, seconded by Brother F. Richardson, and

Resolved.—That we, the Members of Perseverance Tent, Sons of Rechab, having seen the Prospectus of a Juvenile Temperance Magazine, to be devoted to the interests of Temperance among the youth of our community, entitled the *Life Boat*; and also the Prospectus of another, in the same interest, entitled the *Cadet*,—do unhesitatingly express our preference for the *Life Boat*, on two substantial grounds: first, because of its being in the field prior to the latter; and second, because we have reason to believe it will be devoted to the general interests of Temperance among the youth of our community, irrespective of any sect or party.

Yours, &c.,

W. H. HALL, Secretary.

## Royal Mount Cadets.

At the regular meeting of Royal Mount Section No. 2, Cadets of Temperance, on Thursday evening the 25th ultimo, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter:

CHARLES PEARSON..... Worthy Archon.  
 WILLIAM SWEENEY .....Vice Archon.  
 W. J. THOMPSON.....Secretary.  
 ROBERT A. BECKET.....Assistant Secretary.  
 JAMES LONGMORE.....Treasurer.  
 ALFRED DUTTON.....Assistant Treasurer  
 THOMAS GOODWILLIE...Guide.  
 RICHARD CHESTER.....Usher.  
 F. W. CAMPBELL.....Watchman.  
 W. J. KELLY.....Junior Watchman.

THE CANADIAN CADET, Toronto.—A neat monthly, under the management of four Cadets, and devoted to the advancement of our great common cause. From the numbers we have seen we judge that the *Cadet* will become a favorite, and be a valuable and

efficient auxiliary. We heartily wish it success, and commend it to the attention of our readers.

THE CADET, Montreal; J. C. Becket, publisher. We could wish that we stood in a different relation to this publication. It issues simultaneously with the *LIFE BOAT*; we have not, therefore, seen it yet. From the feeling under which it was projected we argue that its proprietor will exert himself to make it something first-rate. We trust it will prosper; there is room enough for both of us.

Several exchanges have been received.

## To Correspondents.

MENDOCK has our thanks for his papers. His essay on the *Power and Influence of the Press*, however, is too long; if he reduces it half we will insert it in our next number.

The original piece, entitled "*Intemperance*," does not come up to our ideal of poetry; still it contains much that is excellent in both sentiment and expression, and it is with reluctance that we decline it.

We thank our Cornwall correspondent for his zeal—and not less for the long list of subscribers he has sent us.

W. A. F. Kemptville's communication is to hand also, with its list, for which we tender him our acknowledgments.

W. B., with enclosure, is to hand.

Since writing the above we have received several other letters with lists of subscribers, and remarks in favor of the *LIFE BOAT*, which we must defer noticing at greater length for the present.

## To Our Subscribers.

Having originally intended to issue our first number on 1st May, our arrangements are not quite so complete as we had proposed making them. We hope our second number will show an improvement over the present.

We intend giving a portrait of JOHN B. GOUGH in the May issue.