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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. II.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1853.

No. 3.

To our Young Lady Readers.

It is among our most pleasant reflections that we have access through the *Life Boat* to a large number of gentle young girls, some of whom have from time to time aided in freighting our little craft. It is perhaps true, that in our first volume we have not paid that *peculiar* attention to the sisterhood in the great Temperance Reform, which their quiet, but powerful influence had a right to claim, and we are not without some misgivings on the subject. The idea has generally been present to us, that we were writing for "the boys." We are, however, quite certain, that the matter furnished in our pages was calculated to benefit the girls as well. The organization of the boys into Sections of Cadets, &c., has put them prominently before the world, but the girls have not had similar opportunities. They are generally expected to keep quiet—to be *seen* at home, and not *heard* abroad. Whether the usages of society which have restricted the "mission of woman" to her family circle, have not by this means denied her a privilege to which she is as much entitled as her companion man, it is not our purpose here to discuss. We write for the girls, not the women,

and must leave the greater question of privilege to other books or papers. But of one thing we are well and deeply persuaded, viz., that the tender sex from early youth, to full maturity, have always wielded a greater influence with their companions of the other sex than they with them. And when it is considered that the youth of the two sexes meet every day, at the family altar, and the family board; in their brotherly and sisterly intercourse, before school and after school, before work and after work, at Sunday School and at Church, &c. &c., it will be readily acknowledged that they cannot so meet without giving and receiving impressions for good and for evil. Now the hearts of girls are said to be more tender than those of boys;—they would not hurt flies and dogs; they don't quarrel and fight, or in their plays do each other the hurts which boys will give and receive; but while they are more easily touched with the sufferings of others, so great are the advantages of their relation to the other sex, that they are able to influence and control them, with motives which would be without power on the lips of either boys or men.

The more advanced young ladies are of course not ignorant of their powers in this particular, and upon its proper exercise in relation to the Temperance cause, there depends an issue, the importance of which language is too poor, too feeble to pourtray. Our younger ladies are not without this influence. The power of a gentle and kind sister over a brother of her own age, or even of greater age, has been exemplified in too many instances to need proof. Girls! Girls! the full and final success of our noble cause depends largely upon the opinions you express and promulgate. The happiness of a dear brother, cousin, or friend in this world, and the next, may be shaped by your zeal, and your pleadings for Temperance. Be with us, not merely in decision but in action. Sow this good seed with winning smiles and gentle graces. Plead for the widow and the orphan with heart and eye. Be with us, O be with us, earnestly and lovingly, and in your various spheres, from tender age to blooming womanhood, your influence will be like the dew upon the mown grass—quiet but effectual!

The Lottery Ticket.

(Concluded.)

We might have supposed that the Trudges, being now rich, and having attained what seemed the summit of Mrs. Trudge's ambition, were perfectly happy. But this was far from being the case. They lived in a fine house, made a great dash, were admitted into what is called good society, and fancied that they were exciting the envy and admiration of the whole town of Buckwheat. But with all this show of bliss, there were drawbacks to their felicity.

In the first place, as to Tom,—or Squire Trudge, as we must now call him,—he was a simple-minded, sensible fellow, and but for the example and influence of his spouse, he had borne his prosperity without intoxication. Indeed, as it was, he behaved with considerable propriety. He spoke to his neighbors, as he met them, much as before, and when he could get from under his wife's supervision, he would stop and chat familiarly with old intimates. He demeaned himself modestly, and seemed little elated with his good fortune. He was kind-hearted, and ready to befriend the needy; but still, he had many sources of vexation.

His restless helpmate insisted that he should dress "as became his station;" and accordingly he was compelled to wear tight shoes, which pinched his corns terribly, and kept him in an almost constant state of martyrdom. When he walked abroad, he put his foot to the ground as gingerly as if he were stepping on eggs. He was required to have his coat in the fashion, which trussed him up about the arms, and made those limbs stand out upon each side of him, like a couple of pump-handles. His neckcloth, of pure white, (as was the fashion then,) was lined with what was called a pudding; and to please his dame, who had a nice taste in these matters, he tied it so tight that it threw the blood into his face, and gave his ruddy complexion a liver-colored hue.

Nor was this all poor Tom had to endure. He was constantly "hatchelled" as to his manners, somewhat after the following fashion: "My dear Trudge," his wife would say to him, "do now try to be a gentleman. Pray wipe your nose with your pocket handkerchief, and not with your fingers! Turn your toes out, man,

or people will never forget that you was once a pedler. Hold your head up, step large, swing yours arms bravely, and seem to be somebody. In short, pray do be genteel."

"Well, well, wife," Trudge would reply; "I'll do as well as I can." The dialogue would usually go on pretty much as follows.

Mrs. T. Do as well as you can! and is that all that you have to say for yourself? Oh, dear, dear! I'm afraid I shall never make nothin' on you. One can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, as Shakspeare says! Oh, Tom, Tom, I wish you had a little more *jinnysquaw*!

Tom. Jinnysquaw! What the mischief's that?

Mrs. T. Just as if you didn't know what jinnysquaw was! Oh, my dear Tom! you are as ignorant as the whipping-post. Not know what jinnysquaw is! Oh, dear, dear! This comes of not knowing French. Why, jinnysquaw is a—a—a kind of something-or-other—that—nobody knows nothing about—that is to say—it is a kind of can't-tell-ish-ness. For instance, if a person has a very genteel air, they say, "*He's got the true jinnysquaw.*" All the people who have been to Paris talk a great deal about it; and I'll tell you as a secret, Tom—Dick Flint whispered in my ear, the other night at Mrs. Million's party, and he told me I had the real French jinnysquaw! Now what do you think of that?

Tom. What do I think of it! I think he's an impudent jackanapes, and you are a—!

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue, Tom—hold your tongue! Dick Flint's the height of fashion: everybody is running after him. He's been abroad sir—yes, he's been abroad, sir! That's more than you can say for yourself.

So, hold your tongue, and listen to me. Try to be a gentleman, as becomes your station. Hold up your head, carry a stiff upper lip, and keep up an important air. There should always be about a person of consequence, something which says, "Clear the road, for *I* am coming."

Tom. I suppose you mean the jinnysquaw.

This last observation was made by Tom with a quizzical look, as if he was poking fun at his spouse. But she took it in good part, for she was too well satisfied with herself to suspect that she could be the object of ridicule.

We have thus given some idea of certain vexations which marred the happiness of Squire Trudge. Nor was this the only evil of his lot. Though he had a sort of impression that he was so rich as to justify any degree of extravagance, yet he was sometimes disturbed by the sums of money which his ambitious wife lavished upon her follies.

Nor was that lady wholly without her annoyances, however she might seem to be floating upon a sea of bliss. She could not but feel the superiority of Mrs. Million, who was a woman of talent and education, and the only mode she had to supply her own deficiency, was to excel her rival in dash and splendor. Accordingly, she had fine horses and a splendid carriage. She gave parties, at which there was always an abundant feast. She appeared in the most costly dresses, and carried every fashion to its height.

While she affected to despise and hate Mrs. Million, she imitated her in everything. At last, she became so complete a caricature of that fashionable dame, that everybody discovered the ridiculous resemblance.

Mrs. Million, far from being flattered by seeing such a grotesque reflection of herself, was infinitely more exed at the involuntary homage thus rendered by Bridget, than she could have been by her envy and spleen.

A new fancy now crept into the brain of our heroine. Mrs. Million had just got a piano from New York, and, as it was the only one in the town, and a great rarity in those days, it excited quite a sensation among the fashionable circles of Buckwheat. Perceiving this, and determined to be behind in nothing, Bridget resolved to get one, and a much more splendid one than Mrs. Million's. Accordingly the following conversation ensued between herself and Tom the next morning.

Mrs. T. My dear Mr. Trudge, I wish you had been at Mrs. Million's last night. She's got the beautifullest *pianny* in her parlor that you ever see. Now I want you to send to New York for one for me, and I want to have the beautifullest that can be got.

Tom. What's the use of sending to New York? Can't you get one here?

Mrs. T. Get one here, indeed! not a bit of it. Beside, nothing will do but one all the way from New York.

Tom. Well, well! I'll see about it.

Mrs. T. Well, let it be here on Thursday, for my *sorry*—that's a good man!

Here the conversation ended, and, on the appointed day, a huge tub, set on wheels, and painted green, was brought from New York, and trundled into the front entry of the Trudges. The tub contained a splendid group of *pecnies*, in full bloom.

"What *have* you got there?" said Mrs. Trudge to her husband, who

was standing by. "Why the *pianny*, to be sure," says Tom. "The *pianny*!" said his wife, throwing up her hands; "the *pianny*! What a ridiculous blunder! Oh, Tom, Tom, you'll break my heart! You've no more hedication than a heath-hen. I axed you to get me a *pianny*, and you have got a me a *pianny*."

Here Mrs. Trudge sobbed aloud, and it was a long time before poor Mr. Trudge could be made to understand the mistake he had made. He was at last compelled to order the piano, even though it cost four hundred dollars, and he considered the peace with his wife, which he thus purchased, to have been cheaply obtained.

Another vexation which Mrs. Trudge experienced, arose from her servants. Sometimes she was familiar, sometimes imperious and tyrannical. She therefore secured neither the respect nor affection of those around her. She was accordingly accustomed to indulge in the fashionable outcry against her "*help*."

An incident which throws some light upon this topic, it may be worth while to relate. Mrs. Million had recently introduced bells into her house, and Bridget followed suit. The servants conceived a dislike to being thus summoned into the presence of their mistress. It struck them not only as an innovation, but as a rude and harsh mode of calling them. Mrs. Trudge's manner was not calculated to allay this aversion, for while the bells were being put up, she seemed to assume a loftier tone than usual.

When they were at last arranged, she attired herself in a splendid satin dress, took a bottle of hartshorn, reclined luxuriously upon a sofa, and then pulled the bell-rope, which was near. She waited a little, but no one came at the summons. She pulled

again, but there was no answer. At last, she gave the cord an imperious twitch, which nearly sundered the wires. In a few seconds, the chambermaid popped her head in at the door, and said spitefully to her mistress, "You may pull and pull till you are gray, Miss Trudge, the more you ring, the more I won't come."

Such were some of the vexations which disturbed the brilliant career of our heroine. There were others, also, and even those of a more serious character. But she still pressed forward in her course of ambition. She seemed indeed to be always in a flurry, and to keep everybody around her in a constant state of uneasy excitement. She was indeed never happy for a moment, and seemed ever to be tormented with the desire of chasing a phantom she could never obtain. If, indeed, she had any enjoyments, they consisted only of the fleeting pleasures which characterize little minds—the idea that she was exciting the envy and admiration of those around her.

Thus affairs proceeded for several years, but, at last, a crisis came. The extravagance of the family not only exhausted the whole of Trudge's fortune, but ran him in debt. His creditors came upon him, and as he could not meet their demands, he was declared a bankrupt. The event found Mrs. Trudge upon the full tide of fashionable dissipation. She was struck like a bird in mid flight. She could not, and would not at first, believe the melancholy tidings. It was alas! too true, and she was compelled to submit to her cruel fate.

With scarcely a shilling in his pocket, and only a few necessary articles of furniture which his creditors had allowed him, poor Tom set out with his wife and children to return to the little brown dwelling, which he had

occupied before his drawing the prize. They were obliged to go on foot, and as Bridget proceeded down the nicely-gravelled walk, thus taking leave of her splendid mansion forever, she felt a keener pang than can be well uttered in words. She was indeed the very image of despair. Her pride was humbled—her prospects blighted—her heart broken. Tom led the way, and though he felt for his wife and children, there was a remarkable aspect of cheerfulness in his countenance.

The party at length arrived at their dwelling. It seemed so desolate and bare, that for two or three days Bridget seemed utterly crushed. Tom treated her with great tenderness, and, at the same time, kept up a cheerful air. In a few days, Bridget's good sense and energy of character prevailed. She entered upon her duties, and before a fortnight had passed, she seemed not only resigned to her fate, but absolutely content. Tom whistled, and danced, and said that he was ten times happier than when he lived in the great house. He could now wear an easy old coat, and shoes that did not pinch his corns. Beside, he had been weary of the idle life he had led, and he now entered upon his old trade as a pedler, with pleasure and alacrity. The children soon became accustomed to the change, and, in less than three months after their downfall, Tom and his wife both agreed that they were happier in their brown house than they ever had been in the big mansion.

"Style and splendor may do for those who are brought up to it," said Tom; "but, after all, the comfort and content of the cottage are much better. Don't you think so, Bridget?"

"Yes, Tom, I do indeed," said the spouse.

Tom. It's almost equal to the *jinnysquaw*, ain't it, Bridget?

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue, Tom!

A Great Public Dinner.

The City Corporation of Montreal gave a public dinner to Capt. Paton, of the steamer *Genova*, on the 13th of May last, in honor of the arrival of the first regular Ocean Steamer to the port. That some public demonstration was called for, few will doubt, but only think boys of a score of public servants taking the money of their master, and getting up a grand jollification for themselves, and their particular friends at a cost of £250. If the worthy Aldermen, the Councilors, and their friends had even behaved themselves with common decency, and taken a hearty Temperance dinner, we might be disposed to overlook the free and easy way in which they appropriated other people's cash, for in that case the cost would have been comparatively small; but no, they spent four times as much as was necessary for a princely feast, and moreover, the whole thing—from the manner in which it passed off—reflected indelible disgrace upon the city. So far from having a good moral effect, the demonstration only affords another proof that, not only the poor and uneducated require to be protected from the Liquor Traffic, but that our very city law-makers are among the most needy in this particular. We hope this is the last drinking festival that Montreal will ever have to sorrow over.

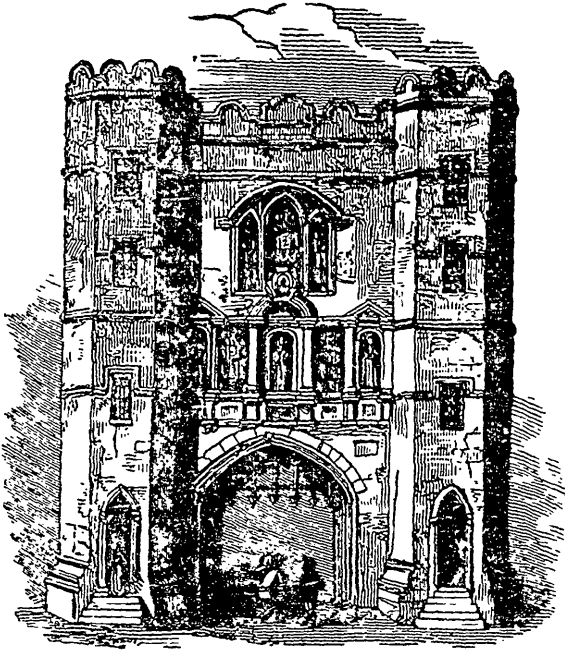
Mr. Kellogg.

This very able Lecturer recently paid us a visit, and delivered two discourses on the Maine Law. We subjoin some remarks upon his second

Lecture prepared by us and obligingly inserted in the *Sun*—a new and promising tri-weekly paper which among other reforms advocates the Maine Law. The article although written for adults is not the less adapted to the Cadets, most of whom are better "posted up" upon this topic than the full grown opponents of the measure. We may have occasion to refer again to Mr. Kellogg, and we hope soon to adorn our pages with a portrait of his honest and manly countenance.

"We had the pleasure, on Thursday evening last, of hearing a defence of the *Maine Law*, by Mr. F. W. Kellogg, in the American Presbyterian Church, and in our opinion the discourse was perfectly successful. Mr. Kellogg stated the principal objections which have been urged against that statute, and honestly examined and refuted them. But he did not confine himself to a defence; he maintained the appropriateness, the necessity, and the efficiency of the law for the purpose it was intended to serve, viz: the disenfranchisement of society from the curse of intemperance; and demonstrated the absolute right inhering in every community to adopt and enforce such measures as it may deem best suited to that end. That the traffic in alcoholic liquors was the chief cause of intemperance, was clearly and logically proved. Two conditions were necessary for the production of this vice—1st, A craving appetite for strong drink; 2nd, The means of procuring strong drink. The first was created by the moderate use, which itself was consequent upon the supply of liquor, and inebriety resulted from the same facility of supply. Cut off the supply, he said, and you would starve the appetite or prevent its acquisition, and, of course, confirmed drunkenness would become a thing impossible. That the law of Maine did not interfere with individual *liberty to drink*, as its enemies pretend, was also asserted. Men might drink if they chose; but it was absurd to say that they had a right to sell any thing they chose, or to create such a thing for sale to others. They might make it for themselves, but that was a very different matter from claiming to sell to others. That the right to drink does not include the right to compel other people to provide the drink, needs scarcely to be argued. An epicurean without a cent in his pocket is not deprived of

the natural right to eat ortolans if he can get them; but with his purse well lined he cannot assert the right to have things which the sense of the community has decreed to be injurious. If he can make for himself what he wants, then he may possibly—and only possibly—have the right to eat or drink it."



Newgate Prison--London.

What boy has not heard of this dreadful place? A den of wild and savage beasts of prey; "a cage of unclear birds;" a fever or cholera hospital; a field of battle after the deadly conflict, are figures inadequate to the illustration of its moral aspects. Here the most brutal and sanguinary, the most profligate and abandoned, the most depraved and debased, the most guilty and callous, have for centuries entered, dwelt, and departed,—many of them, alas, at short summons by the hands of the common executioner. Were it possible to

make a correct analysis of the real causes which for so long a time have operated in filling this receptacle of villains, we much fear that the most potent and prolific would be the **TRADE IN ALCOHOL**. Nay, with the light which now beams upon the question, shed as it is by Judges, Coroners, Sheriffs, Thief-Catchers, Jailers and other ministers of Justice, we may safely say that *Newgate* was, is, and will be—while the trade in Alcohol continues—the Great Finishing Shop of the trade. There the perfected article in thousands of instances has been finally exhibited, and

crows have looked on in frantic madness while it has dangled at the end of a string! How long will the Gin Palaces and Beer shops continue to people Newgate?

RAILWAY ROWS.—Serious disturbances have recently occurred on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway, in course of construction. During the winter the Sheriff and his Officers were brutally assaulted while in the discharge of their duty, and some of them were scarcely expected to recover. Quite lately other disgraceful scenes have occurred there, and the neighborhood is kept in continual alarm. One man about the middle of last month, while lying in a state of helpless inebriety, was deliberately murdered with a pick-axe, by another laborer on the road, who appears also to have been under the influence of Alcohol. If these scenes occur while *one* link of road is built, what may we not expect when the Great Trunk Road is put under contract, and scores of thousands of men are engaged at different points in the work. From these specimens we may well dread the most terrific consequences, and he must be purblind indeed who does not see that the public peace can never be maintained while intoxicating liquors are sold to the workmen. One of our city papers says that the people about Sherbrooke “sigh for the Maine Law,” and we may add that unless we have it, something analogous to *Martial* Law will be necessary, or Lynch Law will become the *actual* law.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage:—“Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.”

Quaint, but True.

AN early temperate reformer, when the great subject of temperance began first to occupy the serious attention of the community, spoke in this odd and amusing way of the effect of rum upon the “ideas of professional men, newspaper editors, poets, and the like.”

“You pour rum in among your ideas, and the way they hurry out then is similar to hornets with their nest a-fire. But I tell you, my friends, it kills them all off in time. These little mental children won’t stand liquor, any how you can arrange it. They are too delicate to bear it. Being naturally spiritual and spirited, they don’t want any spirituous stimulant to excite them. After a few spees, they sicken, droop, and die; and as for trying to restore them to their former freshness, life, and vigor, by enlarging the dram, you might as well attempt to resuscitate a dead language with a vial of smelling salts!”

Now this may not be as profoundly argumentative as many a speaker would have been, but upon the minds of many hearers, whose attention its very oddity would arrest, it might not have proved “of none effect.”

Tobacco.

Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy.

We commend the subjoined letter upon Tobacco, to which we might add many other similar testimonies, but this one must suffice for this number :—

FROM GERRITT SMITH, ESQ., N. Y.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I could have wept, the other day, when I saw you smoking a cigar. Only fourteen years old, and already at work to poison your body and poison your soul with Tobacco! Oh, this is sad indeed! My dear boy, you see not what is before you. If you did you would be appalled; and you would fall upon your knees, and entreat your Heavenly Father to save you from the wasteful, filthy, wicked practice, of using Tobacco.

Do not excuse yourself by saying, that some great and good men use Tobacco. The great and good men who do so, are in danger of sinking into very little and very wicked men, before they die.

Tobacco and Rum! What terrible twin brothers! What mighty agents of Satan! What a large share of the American people they are destroying! I love my children,—and because I love them. I had rather bury them, than see them defile themselves with Rum and Tobacco.

As Paul said to Timothy, so say I to you: "Keep thyself pure." Be clean in your person, and be clean in your heart. But, depend upon it, you can be neither if you use Tobacco. Your friend,

GERRITT SMITH.

The Affectionate Little Girl.

"A little child
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb—
What should it know of death?"

WORDSWORTH.

AT Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenian, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favourite resort, not only for the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there, one morning, a little girl with a half-playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small

cup of china, and in the other a small wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, do you put the seeds in those little bowls, there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half wonderful look; "they will light on this tree," pointing to a cypress above; "when they have eaten the seed they will sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked; "to you, or to each other?"

"Oh, no," she quickly replied, "to my sister; she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but she hears all the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from home, I would come every morning to see her."

"You must have loved that sister very much," I continued, "but you will never talk with her any more, never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied with a brightened look, "I shall see her always in heaven."

"But she has gone there already, I trust."

"No, sir, she stops under this tree, till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

"But, she has gone already, my child. You will meet her there I hope, but certainly she has gone and left you to come afterwards."

She cast on me a look of inquiring disappointment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

Oh, yes, my sweet child, be it so
That, near that cypress tree,
Thy sister sees these eyes o'erflow
And fondly waits for thee.

That still she hears the young birds sing,
And sees the chaplet wave,
Which every morn thy light hands bring
To dress her early grave.

And in brighter, purer sphere,
Beyond the sunless tomb,
Those graces that have charmed us here
In fadeless life shall bloom.

A Dissolving View.

A CORRESPONDENT to the Drawer, residing in a flourishing village in Central New York, mentions an amusing circumstance that seems worth recording. The lad's father had become somewhat addicted to "imbibing" rather too freely; and when his son came home one evening he was asked by his mother if he had seen his father.

"Yes, mother, I saw him at the — House," naming one of the principal hotels of that place.

"What was he *doing* there?" asked the mother.

"Well," said the little boy, "I don't know exactly; but I *guess* he was taking a 'dissolving view, of a lump of sugar in the bottom of a tumbler!'"

"This incident," adds our informant, "was told to his father on his return home that night; and it so affected him, that he has been a strenuous advocate of the 'Maine Temperance Law' ever since."—*Harper.*

Fathers.

"Father is coming!" and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet, and mamma glances nervously at the door, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's business face relaxes not a muscle; and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is despatched as silent as if speaking was prohibited by the statute book, and the children creep like culprits to bed marvelling that baby dare crow so loud, now that "*Father has come.*"

"Father is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle for joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against window-pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops and balls and dolls and kits are discussed, and little Susy lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless "abandon," and Charley gets a love-pat for his "medal," and mamma's face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read (not silently, but loud,) and tea and toast, and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and "*Father has come.*"

FANNY FERN.

The lady of one of our City Clergymen, was lately teaching her little girl—about three years old—the Lord's prayer, and when she came to "give us this day our daily bread," the little one turned her face towards her mamma, adding inquiringly "and jelly on it?"

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—In the window of a public house in the neighborhood of Islington may be seen the following announcement:—"A glass of ale and a galvanic shock for twopenny."



About Elephants.

Elephants are no great beauties certainly, and I suppose about the last animals one would choose to make pets of; still, they have affectionate dispositions, and are not without other excellent points of character. When well trained they become useful to their owners, and evince a sagacity which belies their large clumsy and unpromising form. Sometime ago we read of a gentleman of but moderate means somewhere in the East, to whom an Elephant was given as a present; in his simplicity he thankfully accepted the gift, but soon found that the pet would eat him out of home, the expense of keeping him was so great. He therefore resolved to make an offer of him to a particular friend, but the friend politely declined the favour, and after one or two more trials of the same kind he was compelled to send him back at considerable expense to his original owner, who lived at some distance in the country, and who perhaps, had not adverted to the cost of keeping idle elephants in the town.

A great many interesting anecdotes are related of elephants. In

Harper's Magazine for May 1852, there are several of this kind. The following we read many years ago. A person exhibiting a large, well instructed elephant, observed a very dandified personage looking at him through his eye glass. The animal had performed several tricks, and our young exquisite was quite loud in his praise. He asked, however, whether he could do anything else, when the keeper told the inquirer to try him with a dollar. The elephant very coolly took the coin up, and elevating his trunk put it upon a small shelf, some ten feet above ground. After admiring the feat the gentleman told the keeper to request the elephant to take the dollar again, but to the great amusement of the spectators, he was informed that he did not know *that* trick.

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ABSENCE.—La Fontaine was one of the most absent of men, as the following circumstance proves:—He attended the funeral of one of his friends, and, some time afterwards, called to see him. At the first information of his death he was greatly shocked; but, on recovering from his surprise, he observed, "It is true enough; I now recollect going to his funeral."

Arthur Middleton.

(Continued.)

"It has been my intention to seek the first fitting opportunity, for a solemn conversation with Mr. Middleton, on the subject of his habit. Impressions, produced at the late interview, tended to dissuade me from the execution of this design. I had ascertained, that both his brothers had become members of the new society, and signed the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. At a temperance convention, recently assembled in a neighboring county, Geoffrey Middleton, the elder brother, who was a man of strong natural understanding, had distinguished himself by making in his plain way, one of the most argumentative and affecting addresses, that I have ever heard, in favor of the comprehensive pledge. It occurred to me, that my object would be most likely to be accomplished, through the instrumentality of this elder brother. About a week from this time, I had occasion to pass through the village, in which he resided, and called at his farm-house. I stated my fears in relation to his brother, without any reserve; and suggested, that, possibly, exhortation and argument, from the lips of a brother, might avail, which would fall ineffectually from those of any other man.—'Do go, Geoffrey,' said his wife; 'we owe everything to Arthur.'—'I know it,' said Geoffrey, as his lip quivered and the tear came into his eye. 'I'll go, judge,' continued he, 'if you'll go along with me and bear me out. Arthur's a tonguey man, judge, and I should feel badly, if I couldn't make the whole truth plain for the want of words. We made an arrangement to visit Arthur Middleton together, on the following Monday. Before we parted, I apprized his brother Geoffrey of all the circumstances in Arthur's situation, which had come to my knowledge,—his pecuniary embarrassment,—the extent of his habit,—the undesirable reputation, which it had already acquired for him; to all which he listened with evident surprise and sorrow.

"At the appointed hour, on the following Monday, Geoffrey Middleton arrived at my door, in company with his brother John. 'I've brought brother John with me, judge,' said he, as he entered my study; 'I've been thinking he might put in a word now and then. John is about as much indebted to Arthur, as I am myself, and has as much interest in this matter as I have; and, as

he was entirely willing to go with us, I thought I would bring him over, and take your advice about it.'—I knew the character of John Middleton very thoroughly. He was a man of good common sense, but decidedly inferior to Geoffrey in point of talent. The natural impulses of his heart were more impetuous; he was not much older than Arthur; and, having been more closely associated with him as the companion of his earlier years, he cherished towards him very naturally a much warmer attachment. Both Geoffrey and John, subsequently to their reformation, had expressed in my hearing, their grateful sense of their younger brother's efforts in bringing it about. Upon such occasions, Geoffrey was always perfectly collected, and gave a clear account of his former state, contrasting it, in the happiest manner, with his present condition, and bestowing the full measure of grateful praise upon his brother Arthur. John's heart was always too full for such a calm, collected narrative; and, before he had relieved himself of one half of all he had to say, his voice choked, his eyes filled with tears, and all he could utter, as he held my hand in his own convulsive grasp, was 'O, judge,—I can't talk about it.'

"I told John, that I was persuaded his presence would be beneficial. I informed them both of such facts, as had recently come to my knowledge. At the close of the entertainment, of which I have given a description, the Rev. Paul Mockturtle was put to bed at Mr. Middleton's, being utterly unable to seek his own lodgings. Mr. Middleton himself was unable to reach his own chamber without assistance, or to come abroad during the two succeeding days. I also ascertained, that his pecuniary affairs were in a much worse condition, than I had ever imagined.

"After some little discussion, in regard to our plan of operation, we proceeded to Mr. Middleton's residence. The domestic informed us at the door, that Mr. Middleton was particularly engaged. I requested to see his wife, who came down to us in great agitation, with the intelligence that their furniture had been attached that morning, by the sheriff, who was then with her husband in the parlor. 'What shall be done?' inquired Geoffrey Middleton.—'I guess we can pay off the debt between us, Geoffrey,' said John.—'I desired the sheriff to be told, that a gentleman wished to see him at the door. He immediately came to us. I looked at the writ; it was at the suit of J. J. Jaffier, a French wine-merchant;

the action was brought to recover the value of a quarter-cask of Sherry, and six hampers of Champagne. We gave our personal responsibility to the officer, who released the furniture, and took his leave. We entered the parlor with Mrs. Middleton, where we found her husband, walking the apartment with hasty strides. He had evidently expected the officer's return, and was greatly surprised by our appearance, and painfully embarrassed by our visit, at such an unlucky moment. 'Where is the sheriff?' he inquired of Mrs. Middleton, in an under tone.—'He is gone,' she replied; 'our good friends here.'—'I thought so, he quickly rejoined, as the tears filled his eyes; 'this is very kind of you.'—'Pshaw, Arthur,' cried John, as he clapped him on the shoulder, 'what is such a trifle, compared with what you have done for us?'—'But how strange!—What conducted you all here at this particular juncture?'—'We have come, my young friend,' said I, 'as I devoutly trust, the ministers of good to you and yours.'—'We have come,' said Geoffrey Middleton, 'to make a small return for all your inestimable kindness to us and ours.'—'There is some mystery in all this, which I cannot comprehend,' said he. 'Brother Arthur,' said John, 'we promised, upon your earnest request, to give up ardent spirit; we have done so, and we shall never cease to bless God, who has enabled us to keep our promise thus far. Now, we want you to make us a promise in return, that you will give up fermented liquors and all other intoxicating drinks.'—'Pray tell me,' said he, with no little evidence of excitement in his voice and manner, 'if you have all come to me upon this formal embassy.'—'We have, brother Arthur, replied Geoffrey, with perfect composure.—'We have consulted together, and have resolved that it was our duty to do so, and that your future happiness, and that of your family, required of you the entire abandonment of intoxicating liquors.'—'Gracious Heaven!' he exclaimed, rising suddenly from his chair, and walking across the apartment, 'has it come to this! Am I in any danger of becoming an intemperate man? Perhaps,' added he with a sneer, 'you have made up your minds, that I shall die a drunkard.—Possibly, according to the ultra constructions of modern fanatics, you consider me a drunkard already! Your motives are entitled to my respect, but you must forgive me for expressing my astonishment at such an application from you, Geoffrey, or from you, brother John.'—'Arthur,' said Geof-

frey, after a short pause, 'who, of all mankind, can address you with greater propriety upon this deeply-interesting subject than ourselves? We have been drunkards; and, had you not come, like an angel of mercy, to the rescue, we should have been drunkards still; our wives would still have continued the trembling slaves of two drunken, ungovernable tyrants; our children would still have hid in holes and corners at our coming.—But it is not so; your efforts have been blessed; we have abandoned our evil habits; our wives and our little ones are happy. For all this, we owe a debt of gratitude somewhere; and, under Providence, we owe it to you.'—'Really, brother Geoffrey,' cried Arthur Middleton, with an air of affected vivacity, 'you have learned to play the orator.'—'I have learned to seek the truth,' replied the elder brother, 'without any fear, but the fear of God; and, if it lies where it is said to lie, at the bottom of the well, I'm not a going to flatter myself that I have found it, when I am only half way there.'—'Well, Geoffrey,' said Arthur, 'when I drink ardent spirit, it will be very just and right for you to lecture, and for me to listen; but, as it is, I give you my word, there is no possible danger of that result.'—'Arthur,' rejoined the other, 'experience is better than theory. When I was twelve years old, the very year you was born, I told our father he lied, for which I merited a severe flogging, and I got my deserts with interest. I have asked myself, a thousand times, how I came to say such an outrageous thing to our good old father, and my conscience has always given me a ready answer: I was drunk,—drunk with fermented drink,—drunk with cider. Neighbor Faulkner's cider-mill had been at work for several days, and I had drunk, till I lost all respect for myself and for every body else. I have often thought of father's words, when, he took me alone, the next day. "Cider," said he, "is the first letter in the drunkard's alphabet, and raw run is the last, if you go on as you've begun, you'll soon learn from A to Z; and, with the assistance of your school-master, the devil, you'll be able, in a short time, to spell out DESTRUCTION." Now, if there is any thing fanatical in the views of those, who are for total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors at the present day, our father's notions were just as fanatical, long before you or I ever heard of a temperance society.'

"Geoffrey's argument was unanswerable. Arthur said not a word, but appeared to be meditating a reply. The countenance of

Mrs. Middleton, anxious and pale,—save that circumscribed flush, which tell of any thing but health and many years,—was lighted up with an unwonted smile, as she listened to these words of truth and soberness, and looked hopefully upon the features of her husband for some testimony of their happy effect.

“I don't pretend to know as many things as you do, brother Arthur,” said John, “but I believe as truly as I believe any thing, that I should never have been a drunkard, if I hadn't begun with beer. Ardent spirit used to be very disagreeable to me, till I was past nineteen. When I lived with Mr. Paradise, the brewer, the boys had plenty of beer; and, when I left him, and went where beer was not set before us, I found my mouth was quite out of taste for water. Any thing tasted better than water;—a little rum, or gin, or brandy, gave it a very agreeable flavor; and so I went on increasing the quantity, till I became what I was.”

“Let me ask one question,” said Arthur Middleton, with the confident air of one, who has not the shadow of a doubt, that the reponse will be entirely in his favor,—“let me ask, if either of you ever saw me the worse for liquor, or heard of such a thing in your lives?”—Geoffrey and John turned their countenances upon me, and Mrs. Middleton cast her eyes upon the floor. I perceived it was my duty to speak, and to speak frankly. “My young friend,” said I, “when I tell you, that the visit you are now receiving from your brothers was concerted by me, you will believe that I entirely concur with them in their solicitation. We all urge you to resign every species of intoxicating drink; and we certainly think we have good reasons for the course we have adopted. You have put a direct question, which is entitled to an honest reply. Habits are insidious; and they are commonly manifested to those about us, at an earlier period than we imagine. They are frequently apparent to others, before we ourselves are conscious of their existence. It is with the deepest regret, that I assure you of the fact,—you have acquired the reputation of an intemperate man.—If a skilful physician had affirmed that the plague had fastened upon his body, he could not have been more completely overthrown. He stared upon me with wild amazement; poor Margaret burst into a flood of tears, and buried her face in her hands.—‘I am grieved to give pain,’ continued I, ‘but I am bound, by many considerations, as you well know, to

be explicit. You ask if we, or either of us, ever knew you to be the worse for liquor, or heard of such a thing. Men, who love and desire to respect you, men of years and high standing, have told me, that an impression had long since gone abroad, that you were unfitted for professional business in the afternoon. The docket which is before me at every term, has indicated for the last three years, an extraordinary declension of your business. Your furniture was attached this morning by a wine-merchant. Your personal appearance,—the loss, in some considerable degree, of your good looks, has become a subject for remark among your acquaintances. Your case is also frequently cited, as I am informed, by those, who are desirous of proving, by forcible example, the insufficiency of the old-fashioned temperance pledge. Now, it is apparent, that any individual, so circumstanced in every respect, is decidedly the worse for liquor, in *mind, body and estate.*” “Sir,” said he, with something like asperity, “I see how it is;—I have long thought it might be well for me to try my fortune and seek for friends elsewhere.” “You will seek in vain elsewhere,” said I, “for better friends, than are now gathered around you. Your course is a plain one;—sign the pledge of total abstinence at once; resume your position as a distinguished leader among the advocates of this holy cause; and live down this evil reputation, which is gathering about you. Depend upon it, my dear young friend, your clients will return, your days will be brighter, and yours will be again the happy fireside that it was, when Margaret first exchanged a fond father's roof for your own.” “I wish the voice of our father and mother could speak from their graves,” said Geoffrey Middleton. “Do sign the pledge, dear brother,” cried John, as he sprang from his chair, and seized Arthur by the hand.—Margaret had risen from her seat, and was standing by his side, with her hand upon his shoulder.—“My dear husband,” said she,—the tears, that choked her utterance, fell fast upon his bosom. At length he rose, and with vehemence exclaimed, that he was pledged already,—that he had sworn most solemnly, and upon many occasions, that he would never sign the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, nor put it in the power of the fanatics to say he had relinquished the use of fermented liquors.

“We urged upon his consideration, the utter emptiness of all such rash and senseless vows, and pressed him, in the most ear-

nest and affectionate manner, with every species of argument, which seemed likely to operate upon his head and heart. It was all in vain. He remained fixed and unchangeable; and, after an interview of more than two hours, we were compelled to relinquish our task, as apparently impracticable by man. He continued in his old habit; his health, especially the digestive function, became impaired; his business declined; embarrassment gathered rapidly about him; his temper became irritable; and his disposition appeared to lose almost the whole of that natural frankness, which, at the age of twenty-one, had rendered Arthur Middleton an object of universal admiration and esteem. From the period of our late interview, he assumed towards his very best friends, a more cold and formal carriage. His very look and manner seemed distinctly to proclaim his fixed resolve, to hear nothing further upon a certain subject. Nothing seemed left, for a Christian friend, but to remember him most earnestly in prayer, and in all possible ways, to meliorate the condition of his unhappy family.

"His habit of intemperance was unquestionably, in its commencement, a social vice. As it became more absorbing in its character, more imperative in its demands, one after another, his old associates began to break away from his society. A few still gathered together, with whom the festive qualities of wine were of little moment, compared with its magic power of balancing accounts; of smothering care beneath its mantle of oblivion; of hiding the neglected wife, and the group of starving little ones from the profligate husband and apostate father. At length, it happened to Arthur Middleton, as it has happened to many others, that he could sit and drink, glass after glass,—and all alone,—till the waning afternoon left him too little space for any profitable occupation at his office, and persuaded him to finish his second bottle of Port or Madeira, before that insipid hour,—in the tippler's estimation,—the hour for tea.

"Among Mr. Middleton's bottle-companions, there was probably not one, who like himself, had scrupulously abstained from the use of ardent spirits. I have been repeatedly assured, that, to the very last, he held them and their employment in abhorrence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

There's a man down East, so fond of liberty that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

We are informed that a section of Cadets was organised in Wrightsville, York County, Pennsylvania, on the 13th April last, under the title of "Washington Fount, No. 141." We understand that the principal mover in the formation of this section, is a young lad, formerly a member of Royal Mount Section, No. 115, of this city.

Youth's Temperance Ode.

We've heard that round the wine-cup's brim,
A thousand pleasures stray,
And that strong drinks have wondrous power
To drive dull care away;—
But we have seen the flashing light
Which from the goblet came,
Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,
And wretchedness, and shame.

We've heard that though 'tis well enough
For men the pledge to sign,
Yet youth need never be in haste
Their freedom to resign;
But we are sure, ill habits formed
In youth, destroy the man:
And we'll secure us from the snare
Thus woven, if we can.

Ay, let him boast of freedom, who
To appetite's a slave,
And in that war for poverty
And ruin, is so brave!
'Twill serve his comrades who, like him,
Are fettered by the curse;
But coaxing, fooling, will not do
For Temperance Boys like us!

The children in Chaldea's court,
Who would not drink the wine,
Not only fair in flesh were seen,
But wisdom had, divine.
Like them, we choose the generous draught,
God's cool, sweet springs supply;
And at the last, those streams, of which
Who drink, shall never die!

Dip the Atlantic dry with a tea-spoon;
twist your heel into the toe of your boot;
make post-masters perform their promises,
and subscribers pay the printer; send up
fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for
stars; get astride of a gossamer, and chase a
comet; when the rain is coming down like
a cataract of Niagara, remember where you
left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a
brickbat—in short, prove all things hitherto
considered impossible to be possible; but
never attempt to coax a woman to say she
will when she has made up her mind to say
she won't.

Criflex.

GOOD FARMING—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh yes; massa fust-rate farmer, he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, you see he sell all his hay in the fall, and make monee once—den in de spring he sells de hides of all cattle that die for want of de hay, and make monee twice—dat's two crops, massa."

GIVING A CHOICE.—A blustering Yankee, dining with three or four Englishmen, after some bold expressions, jumped, and brandishing his carving knife, exclaimed in a menacing tone, "Who says he don't like beef?" One of the Englishmen arose and sternly replied: "I say so." "Well, then," rejoined the Yankee, quietly sitting down, "you can have mutton!"

A GOOD JOKE.—During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house! A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the King's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that, as they were useless without the *pestles*, they were at his Majesty's service.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Mr. M—— resides in Harley Street. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and luckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.—"Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied—"And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I'm dyeing for her, sare." "You dyeing for my wife—get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artisan into the street, as the lady made her appearance, and put the matter to rights.

The power of newspapers to do good will be wonderfully augmented when some one person in every family shall be in the habit of cutting out and preserving in a classified order, the best paragraphs, whether of amusement, or important facts, dates, recipes, &c., for future reference.

Hops writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks for-

ward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A Riddle.

It rules throughout Eternity,
It lengthens out all time,
Abounds in this terrestrial sphere,
Is found in every clime.

No land, no nations owns its way,
Nor is it in this world,
Yet in each gentle stream it glides,
Is mid old Ocean howl'd.

Though felt and seen in every breeze,
To stormy winds unknown,
Passed in disdain by all mankind,
Lives in the Eternal throne.

In strength it holds the universe,
Without it nought were earth,
But all your Starry orbs roll on
And will not own its worth.

By Liant, Youth and man disowned,
E'en while it gives them breath,
How strangely shunned so e'er it be
'Tis ever seen in death.

J. S.

Quebec, May 1853.

Answer to the Enigma in the last number of the *Life Boat*.

Solutions—Fife, Loaf, Tooth, Halt, Beat, See my whole—the *Life Boat*.

ANSWER TO QUESTION.—The peck of coals will come to ashes.

E. MUIR RICE.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—R. McL. P., St. Vincent, L. E. P., Churchville, G. C., Chelsea, J. D., Yarmouth, W. T. M., Hamilton, O. K. H., 2, Chestnut Hill, U.S., S. J., New York, T. W., Markham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—R. McL. P., Poetry respectfully declined.