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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine

VOL. V. MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1856. No. 12.

THE TWO CLERKS,

AND THEIR CHOICES.

MR. JOHN SOMERS was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, both of them faithful and industrious, but with some difference in minor points of character. Peter White was twenty-two years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of a profession he had only been governed by the desire to yield to his mother and self the surest means of honest support. Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally as honest, but he paid more attention to the outward appearance of things than did his companion. For instance, it galled him to be obliged to put on his frock and over-alls, and help pack up pork, potatoes, and so on; while Peter cared not what he did, so long as his master required it, and it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting-room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said at length, "I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought my friends, and they have ruined me. I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should not pass from their hands save to such men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven thousand dollars. I may rise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached, and I am utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts, and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now I have just one hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town-house. There are four acres of at his land, and I have been offered hundred dollars for it repeatedly, by those who have land adjoining. I feared this blow, which has come upon me, and I conveyed this land to my brother; so now he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. If I could pay you both in money I would, but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall choose first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and then said:—

"I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."

"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I should do nothing with it."

"O, you need not divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land, for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky. However, what say you, Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land," returned Peter, "or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us take half the money and half the land."

"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work on it; I—I—should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in a blue frock and cow-hide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrantee deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both the young men belonged in the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent there. It was under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work. Had he been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book-keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter finally, with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind:—He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then he should have half the time to devote upon his own land; and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about all the ox-work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvesting time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cowhide boots, and went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, but he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox-team through the villege. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that was Peter White, in that blue frock and those coarse boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerk-mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met; so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged into a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled.

By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hillside. The wintry garb was removed from the spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of the rocks were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. Stevens' land was not yet clear from snow he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of oxen and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled on his hundred loads of manure, which he had for seventy-five dollars, and part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge, and the rocks which had encumbered the hillside must, at some former period, have come tumbling down from the ledge: and these rocks, laying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow. The first thing Peter planted was about a quarter of an acre of watermelons. He then got in some early garden sauce,—such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow. People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tilling, and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east wind, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up, to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was highly edified by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hillside planted he went to see Cornelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future time, when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know by letter. Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts, and he found that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was seventy-five dollars for manure. On the third day of July he carried to the hotel ten dollars worth of green peas, beans, and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars worth. Towards the end of the month he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, etc. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Long ere his melons were ripe, a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons, for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer, Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of tne products of his hillside. He helped Mr. Stevens in haying, and about some other matters—enough so that he could have some help when he wanted it. When the last harvesting came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn, and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashs, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found that the piece had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans, and vegetables enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came, he was ready to go at his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response.

"But here's Simons wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come."

"What will he pay?"

"Three hundred."

"Ah, Walter, I can make more than that from my land."

Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You're joking," he said.

"No, sir. I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year as not to need much over half of it. This season I shall have over two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual."

"And you don't have to work any winters to do this?"

"No, four months' labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it."

Walter went to his store, and during the rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had such luck.

During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he had left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he had anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, &c., he obtained a second crop of much value. It was but an hour's drive into the city, and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season over and above all expenses.

One morning, after the crops were all in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up, the stranger asked him who owned the hillside.

"It is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went away and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots. They remained about an hour and then went away. Peter suspected that this land was wanted for something. That evening he stepped in at the post-office, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle, easy slope, and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and aggreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill to the left, lay a small lake, while the river ran in sight for several mile.

"Of course," soliloquized Peter, they think this would make beautiful building spots. And wouldn't it? Curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city will want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see:—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred will pay me a good round price for all the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—Ho—it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else."

When Peter went home, he could not resist the temptation to sit down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found the hillside would afford fifty building spots, with a good garden to each one. But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterwards, six men came to look at the land, and after travelling over it, and sticking up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was:

"Aha, Peter, you've missed it."

"How so?" asked Peter.

"Why! how much did you get for your hillside?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you sold it?"

"No sir."

"Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to-day he came and brought five city merchants with him, and I can take my oath, that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of 'em spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him that nobody would have thought of building there till you got the rocks off. But haven't you sold it though?"

"No not an inch of it."

"Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot of twelve square rods."

"Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guess, till I sell out."

Some more conversation was held, and then Peter went home. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. Anderson.

"Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside," he said, very carelessly.

"I own four acres there," replied Peter, very exactly.

"Ah, yes — well; it dosen't make much difference, I didn't notice particularly how much there was. I thought I should like to build there, and if you would sell the land reasonable, I might like to purchase. It would be enough to afford me quite a garden; though I suppose it would cost me about as much to till such land as the produce would be worth."

"That would depend upon how you worked it," said Peter dryly.

"O, yes, I suppose so. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

The man's eyes began to brighten.

"How much should you want for it?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay?"

"Why, I suppose I could *afford* to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than not have it I would pay — well, say — two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside."

"I don't think there is much use in our talking, sir."

"But, you paid one hundred, only, if I mistake not."

"I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I choose the latter. But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country, that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and hoed before my neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in the market ahead of all others, save a few hot house owners whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, and yields fifty per cent more than most other land. Now look at this; During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the *time* of my produce, and not the *quantity,* that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty-second day of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbour's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I have this year six hundred dollars interest."

"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose?" said Mr. Anderson carefully.

"Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a nett profit of six hundred dollars a year for that sum, sir?" asked Peter.

"A-hem — well — ah—you put it rather curious."

"Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hill-side for ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter simply turned and left his customer to himself, and he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterwards, however, three of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they had heard his simple story, they were ready to do justly by him. They went up and examined the spring, which they found to be pure as crystal, and as it was then a dry season they saw that the houses which might be built upon Peter's land could be supplied with running water, even in the very attics of the upper ones.

The merchants first went to the man who owned the land above Peter's, including the ledge and spring and he agreed to sell for for two hundred dollars. This, to builders, was a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. They then called a surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, worth from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Ere many days after this transaction, Peter White received a polite note from Cordelia Anderson, asking him to call and see her; but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in that town, and Walter Sturgis is there book-keeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hillside. The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is occupied by sumptuous dwellings, in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed — that he did not reserve a building spot for himself. But his usual good fortune attended him, even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold out his house and garden to Peter, for just one half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who loved him when he dug in the earth, and found a home for her and himself upon the old hillside.

It is a veritable history I have been writting, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences in the country.

Liquoring on the Mississippi.

OUR readers have heard of wooding on the Mississippi, and even blowing up on the Mississippi. A late trip on that famous highway introduced us to what is, not less than any of those, a peculiarity—liquoring on the Mississippi.

Did you ever, reader, salt cattle on a lick log, or give vermifuge to a score of little negroes on a plantation? Unless you have done both, you cannot conceive of a morning liquoring scene on a Mississippi steamboat. It takes the first to give you an idea of the relish, and the second of coming up to it one by one. We rose early, and by accident drew a chair on the guards, where a full and inside view of the bar presented itself.

The bar-keeper knows the habits of his customers singularly well. At certain times he strolls about—at others is constantly in attendance. Like a surgeon, who, before going into an operation, has all his bandages and liniments and knives arranged and in reach, so the bar-keeper did. We saw him do it. Here the sugar and ice, and there the pick to break off more small pieces from the lump when needed. The slop tub just under the counter, for passing tumblers through, is replenished—the corks are drawn and fitted in easy—the faucets in order. If peradventure, a weak stomach craves it, a lemon is cut and laid by the squeezer. All ready, he wipes off the board again.

Here comes a man in shirt sleeves, dry as a fish—takes a pull at the big bottle—goes back to bed. Next one fills up the glass to a taper point—works his lips together as his hand touches it—turns it round on the bottom—stops it an appreciable part of a second, just before the final tilt into a dry and thirsty abyss that doubtless had a cotton plantation in detail—seemed to see prismatic beauties as he held it sunward. Down it went, slow and easy. Took his chair near by and looked thoughtfully out on the shore, we wondering how his *inwards* felt.

A man below the ordinary stature, but thick-set, wearing calico pants and a loose linen coat, leads the way with two others, one looking seedy, and the other careless. They agree after consultation as to the dram—don't seem hard to suit, and it works like a charm. They draw two chairs close, while the third sits on the railing in front, and laugh and talk boisterously till breakfast.

Next an elderly gentleman—looks rather shy—he is quick in his movements—has the change ready—wipes his mouth, and he is gone.

A young man, all neatly dressed and hat on, saunters up and says, "cock-tail," or something with a tail to it. Did you ever see a cock-tail fixed up? It requires two glasses, and mixing requires a genius. From one to the other glass, right, left, up, down, the sparkling fluid falls in a lengthening curve. It actually seems to rope—the liquor does. At last it rests in one. It was a curiosity to glance at the gentleman who ordered that extra article. He toyed with it until he feared the foam that had been got up with such effort, would subside before he got it down.

They come thick and fast now—fortunate foresight in the bar-keeper to have everything where he can lay his hand on it. Young men come, very young men, and men old enough to know better. We saw no father take up his son. They do these things apart. In some cases we painfully suspected that a member of the Christian Church, feeling away from witnesses and restraint, was indulging an old appetite.

Ever and awhile a deck hand would come to the side-door near, and pulling out a bag with money, get a dram, without ice or sugar, or water—the undiluted stuff. These were mostly Irishmen.

The variety in all this dreadful unity is not the least interesting fact. One comes for the liquor and nothing else—gets it and goes. Another likes the place, lounges about it, is in no hurry, and orders the dram with an air of indifference. The concoction is not strong enough for this man, and he says something to the bar-keeper, who sprinkles something into it; that man throws down the drink at a gulph, and throws a glass of water after it, as though he had swallowed fire. One takes it, apparently for his stomach's sake, and don't want to feel the taste of it on its way there. Another seems to wish his throat was as long as a fence-rail, that he might taste it all the way down.

The ardent and pure stuff is good enough for some, while others coax and combine the elements in every variety:

A little fire to make it hot,
A little ice to make it cool;
A little water to make it weak,
A little brandy to make it stronger;
A little sugar to make it sweet,
A little effort to make it go down.

Verily, Temperance has this stronghold of her enemy yet to take—a Mississippi steamboat.

The Last Letter.

Above the dark and rugged street
Of one poor squalid town,
With biting winds and driving sleet
The Christmas eve came down.
Through many a window glow'd the light
From hearths which brightly burn'd;
And many a welcome hail'd, that night,
Some wanderer returned.

But through the darkness and the cold,
With eager footsteps sped
A feeble woman, bow'd and old,
A toiler for her bread;
The worn-out rags her form which cloak'd
Could give but scanty heat,
The freezing mud-pools splash'd and soak'd
Around her hurrying feet.

Day after day her years were past
In toil and penury,
Yet hope's glad radiance was cast
On even such as she.
She had one brave and loving boy,
A soldier, far away;
Her all of earthly pride and joy,
In that one darling lay.

Her trembling hand a letter held,
('Twas soil'd, and creased, and worn,)
For two long months had seen it spelled
Full oft, from night to morn;
She murmur'd to herself the words
Which had lent strength and life
To the spent soul's relaxing chords
Through weeks of weary strife.

Light shadows flitted o'er the blinds,
And voices glad and sweet
Were sounding on the howling winds
That swept the lonely street.
She smiled, and said, "'You must not grieve,
But, mother, hopeful be,
For on the coming Christmas eve
You shall have news from me.

"'Not long shall you be left alone,
The hardest times are o'er;
This cruel war will soon be done
And I'll be free once more.
I have been safe where shot and shell
Dealt death on every side;
Where many a brave man wounded fell,
And many a soldier died.'"

She climbs the bleak and rugged hill,
The destined goal is near—
Poor throbbing heart! be still, be still,
Thou hast no doubt nor fear.
The eager question's asked: O joy!
A letter! Well she knew
The promise of her own dear boy,
Once pledged, was ever true.

With tears of gladness low she knelt
Upon the empty street;
And then, her long day's toil unfelt,
She homeward turned her feet.
A cheerless home, you would have said—
Nor food, nor fire, nor light;
The glimmering cinders almost dead—
Her joy made all seem bright.

She fann'd the embers to a blaze,
Her slender rushlight sought,
And close beside its feeble rays,
The precious letter brought.
A curl of soft bright chestnut hair
Falls shining on her hand,
Sent by some pious comrade's care
From that far foreign land.

For *he* is dead—ay, dead and cold!
Her lips sent forth no cry—
No sound of lamentation told
Her inward agony.
The long night waned, the Christmas morn
Broke coldly in the sky;
But ere the festal day was born,
Life had with hope pass'd by.

What Shall be Done.

THIS is a question that every true friend of temperance is ready to ask, having in view the present despondent condition of the cause in this State. What shall be done to arouse the sleeping host to action again, and fire them anew with the zeal that once glowed in every breast? In the palmiest days of the cause the great achievements that so animated our breasts were won by a combination of individual efforts. Each saw that he had a work to perform himself, and hastened with alacrity and delight to the task. In this way a great influence was exerted and its efforts were made manifest. The little stone hewn from the mountain was rolling on with increased swiftness and power and the crumbling ruins of the giants of brass wrote a cheering history in its wake. A bright sun arose and its rays cast a glorious path of promise across the dark sea where wrecked homes, hearts and hopes are tempest-tost and torn. Bright rays of hope illumined the grated dungeons of the rum demon, and thousands of fettered captives bore their chains with a lighter heart.

Days of promise! In those days the cause lay near many hearts. The reformed and their families—the old man and his son — the younger brother and his elder, all looked upon the temperance organization as an ark of safety and an anchor of hope to them and theirs. In those days, men spoke of the cause and its interests whenever they met. They matured plans for its advancement and prosperity. They were ever on the alert to place a friendly hand under the head of whoever they saw sinking beneath the tempest-torn waves of the gulf of Intemperance. They went into the highway and hedges and persuaded the tempted to seek a refuge and pointed to them the way. A great work was performed, and the voice of thanksgiving arose from a thousand homes made happier.

How was all this done? It was by a combination of *individual effort.* All over the land the brave crusaders were at work with one heart and one mind, that of arresting the fearful tide of intemperance that swept the hills and vales of a christian nation. The blows that were struck in this way were struck at once, and they had their effect. The pillars of the blood-stained temple trembled and its foundation was rent. Thousands of mad devotees smote their faces and groaned lest one of the gods should fall, greater than Diana.

What shall be done at this time in order to renew old triumphs and to publish new victories? The course is plain. Let the old warfare open again upon old principles. Let every friend of the cause gird on the armour again and resolve to fight his battles o'er. Let no one wait for some grand and startling demonstration in which all are engaged, but in a quiet way go to work and exercise what gift of individual influence he may possess. Let him persuade and exhort the moderate drinker, the tipler and the drunkard, the christian, the moralist and friend to embark in the good cause, and verily, the day of promise will beam brightly again. Let us depend more upon individual effort and less upon the efforts of others. Each have a work to perform, and let it be done. The pillars of a murderous altar have tottered beneath the charge of the temperance host in days past—let the echo of our battle axes never more cease to ring.—*Spirit of the Age.*

Twelve Ways of Shortening Life.

IST. WEARING of thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over garments through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds, in seven by nine bedrooms, without ventillation at the top of the windows; and especially with two or more persons in the same unventillated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and excitement of the evening.

5. Begining in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors, by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paragoric and cordials; by teaching them to suck candy; and by supplying them with raisens, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartaremetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

6. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says no, and by forcing food when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving away to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating; going to bed at midnight, and getting up at noon. Eating too much and too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering and death, than all the epidemics, malaria, and contagon combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to an old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink and rest.

Advantages of Politeness.

AN elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New-Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do when a pleasant voice beside her said, "Will you take my umbrella, madam?" The speaker was a boy perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, ma'am; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not find it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and departed.

Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance, and often wondered what had become of her friend, but thinking never to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of this lady, she gave him a good home till March, when she introduced him to a good situation. Verily, kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.

The Disinterested Boy.

THE sun had set, and the night was spreading its mantle over hill-top and valley, and lonely wood and busy village. While the winds were beginning to sweep through the trees, lights were here and there peeping through the windows, to tell that, tho' the wind was cold and blustering without, there might be peace and comfort within.

At this hour Mr. Bradley passed through a little village among these hills, and urging his horse forward as the night became darker, took his way through the main road toward the next town, where he wished to pass the night. As he passed the last house in the village he thought he heard some one call; but supposing it might be some boy shouting to another boy, he thought little of it. He heard the call again and again; at last it occurred to him that some one might wish to speak to him, and he stopped the pace of his horse and looked behind the chaise to see if he could discover who was calling.

"Stop, sir, stop," said a little boy, who was running with all his might to overtake him.

Mr. Bradley stopped his horse, and a little boy of eight or ten years came up, panting at every breath.

"Well, my little fellow, what do you wish for?" said Mr. Bradley.

"Your are losing your trunk, sir," answered the boy as soon as he could speak.

"And so you have run all this way to tell me of it, have you my good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bradley jumped out of his chaise, and saw that his trunk, which was strapped underneath his carriage, was unfastened at one end, so that a sudden jolt might have lost it without knowing were it had gone.

"You are very kind, my little lad," said the gentleman, "to take all this trouble; you have saved me from losing my trunk, and I feel much obliged to you. And, now, you are tall enough to hold my horse while I fasten the trunk as it should be?" said Mr Bradley.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy stepping up and taking hold of the bridle. He held the horse till Mr. Bradley was ready to start, and then said "Good night, sir," and stepped away.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Bradley, taking a shilling from his pocket; "here is a piece of money to pay you for your trouble, and I feel very greateful beside."

"No, sir, thank you," said the

boy, casting his eye full in the gentleman's face, "do you think I would take money for such a thing as that?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bradley as he afterward related the story, "I saw by his noble look that he had run from one half to three-quarters of a mile for the sake of doing a kindness to a stranger, and not for the hope of pay; and I could not find it in my heart to urge him to take the money. for I knew that the thought of doing good was greater reward to him than money could have been. So I bade him 'good night,' and he ran toward home, while I gave whip to the horse and again rode briskly on; but I often think of that journey, and the noble-hearted boy who lived among the hills."—*London Child's Companion.*

Studying Grammar.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, one of the best of living writers and grammarians, once said that "Not one child in a thousand ever received the least benefit from studying the rules of grammar before he was fifteen years old."

We believe that countless thousands of dollars are more than thrown away, in defective modes of modern school teaching. Children are put to studies long before their time—long before their minds are capable of comprehending their nature—and in the vain and painful effort to do it, disease is often engendered, by the premature and undue straining of the brain, to say nothing of that distaste and utter aversion to study, which is a very natural result, lasting sometimes for life, thus destroying, in embryo, minds which, had they been duly led, might have been the ornaments of any age.

We consider it a radical defect in our schools, that children are made to study branches which are above their comprehension, allied to an error not less mischevious, of being sent to school too early. A child should never be allowed to enter a school-room, not even a Sunday-school, if it has religious parents, until the seventh year, and for the next three years, should be allowed to study but one branch at a time, in the forenoon, and and in the afternoon; to have no studying to do at home, and be compelled to play in the open air, at least three hours after breakfast and two hours after dinner; the remainder of the time being expended in some pleasurable and useful handicraft.

From ten until sixteen, we would have them give four hours daily to brain work, learn one thing at a time, making thorough work of that one thing, so as never to have to learn it again, or unlearn a portion of it.

What a Sunbeam Did.

Written for little folks like herself, by a girl eleven years old.

"OF what use am I?" thought a little sunbeam; "it is as well that I should withdraw my light; why should God have made such poor feeble sunbeam as I am?" But after a while better thoughts came into his mind, and he said, God must have made the weakest and feeblest for some use, and if I try to do what I can, it will please him." So it shone with all its might through the glossy leaves of a banyan tree under which a little copper-colored child was crying with hunger and weariness. It had been forsaken by its heathen mother. The little tody-bird in the tree over its head was more feeling than she, for it was flying back and forth to its curious nest, carefully feeding its young. But the child's attention was arrested at the sight of the sunbeam dancing on the glossy plumage of a parrot, and it clapped its little hands and laughed. The sunbeam saw it, and went away with a happier heart.

The little sunbeam then tried what good it could do on the ocean. So it shone brighter than ever, and the waves sparkled in its light. A young lady on board a vessel, who had left her home and friends to go and teach the poor heathen children about their Father in heaven, saw it, and was comforted. So the sunbeam went away. It had done its errand there.

"Mother," said a poor, pale, sick boy, "please to open the shutter, and let in that stray sunbeam which has come to cheer me with its presence." The sunbeam heard the words, and did its best to cheer him.

He now entered a home where poverty dwelt, and comforted the heart of the lone one who was wearily using her needle. Her heart was drooping, but when she caught sight of the sunbeam hope revived, for she thought "God gives his light to this little sunbeam, and he surely will not leave me in darkness."

He next found his way into a beautiful and costly mansion, where wealth and luxury dwelt. "There can be nothing but happiness here," said the sunbeam, and it was about to withdrawn when it was drawn back by a low moan. Within there lay a suffering invalid, and, though surrounded by all the luxuries that life could enjoy, she was not happy. She felt she was going to die. The sunbeam fell across her couch. She thought of the verse, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." She cast herself upon Christ. Her burden fell.

Thus it went on from day to-day, doing what it could, and never again was heard to ask, "Of what use am I."—*The Appeal.*

I Hate The Bowl.

A young lady at New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writings evinced such deep emotion that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance—whereupon she wrote the following stanzas.

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn,
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way—
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood,
A cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withered glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go here, and feel, and see, and know,
All that *my soul* had felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think of its flavor you will try
When all proclaims "'tis drink and die!"

Tell me I HATE the bowl—
'Hate' is a feeble word,
I loathe—ABHOR—*my very soul*
With strong disgust is stirred,
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL!

"The Words are too Stout For Me."

AN incident occurred a few months since, in one of our Public School, which, I think, though some may call it trivial, worth preserving. In these days of distrustfulness—in this progressive age, when the tootering form and the silver hairs are revered but too often for the sake of some pecuniary profit, it is pleasant to feel and to know that some hearts still throb with noble and manly impulses, and reverence gray-haired age because it is *right*, and not from any mercenary motive. While Mr. V———, our respected music teacher, was engaged in giving his weekly lesson to one of our schools, and while the scholars were singing a song, the first words of which are, I believe, "Oh, yes, dearest brother, we miss thee," he observed in one part of the room, one of the largest scholars weeping bitterly. He was an English lad; and upon being questioned as to the cause of his grief, replied in the phrasealogy peculiar to the section of England from which he had come, "The words are too stout for me." It appears that but a short time before he had left his home—father, mother, brothers, and sisters—and coming to this country, commenced going to school here, and the beautiful words of the song he had heard that day, brought vividly up before his mind, all the scenes of his boyhood's home, and those that dwelt in it, and had stirred his heart so that his feelings expressed themselves in the quaintly worded sentence "The words are too stout for me." Volumes could not have told more. The son, though far from all scenes and faces dear to his heart, yet was kept in the "paths of pleasantness and peace," by the "long arm of a parent's influence," which reached far over the wave, and guided with them the feet of that wandering son. Reader, you who are immersed in the cares and sorrows of this bustling life, you who have wandered off from your early home, and "almost forgotten the silver-haired pair who blessed you as you left them, to plod for yourself life's weary road;" you, I say, when your mind shall wander back to years agone, do not feel ashamed to drop a tear as the quivering accents of a parent's voice shall linger in your ears, and say, "The words are too stout for me." Parent mother, parent father, let your household fires burn brightly; let your faces beam with joyous smiles; let from your mouths come kind words, and from your hands gentle deeds, and then will the son, though perhaps far from you, and separated from your hearth-stone fires by mountain and sea, see in his mind's eye his childhood's home, and be warned from the tempter's paths by the remembrance of those kind words spoken long, long years before; and as the parting blessing of a mother, or the words of some old song, oft sung around the family altar, rings in his ears, will he say, "The words are too stout for me."

WHICH IS TO BE PITIED?—A Gascon preacher stopped short in his pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head, nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

Curious Facts of Natural History.

A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320.

Some female spiders produce nearly 2,000 eggs.

Dr. Bright published a case of an egg producing an insect 80 years after it must have been laid.

About thirty fresh water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.

A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or 16,000 cells.

The Atlantic Ocean is estimated at three miles, and the Pacific at four miles deep.

There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays 250 eggs.

There are about 9,000 cells in a square foot of honey-comb. 5,000 bees weigh a pound.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

A cow eats 100 lbs, of green food every 24 hours, and yields five quarts, or ten pounds of milk.

Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes; two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads. Two thousand nine hundred silk worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 27,000 spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web.

Capt. Beaufort saw near Smyrna, in 1841, a cloud of locusts 46 miles long, and 300 yards deep, containing, as he calculated, 169 billions.

Lewenhoeck reckoned 17,000 divisions in the cornea (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which, he thought, possessed a crystaline lens. Spiders, etc, are similarly provided for.

The spring of a watch weighs 015 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 50,000. The pound of steel costs 2d; a single spring 2d; so that 50,000 produces £416.

With a view to collect their webs for silk, 4,000 spiders were once obtained, but they soon killed each other. Manufacturers and war never thrive together.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1,000 holes; and the fine web itself the union of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of others.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death, and from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.

A queen-bee will lay 200 eggs daily for 50 or 60 days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen-bee has been stated to produce 100,000 bees in a season.

The quantity of water discharged into the sea by all the rivers in the world, is estimated at 36 cubic miles in a day; hence it would take about 35,000 years to create a circuit of the whole sea, through clouds and rivers.

River water contains about 28 grains of solid matter to every cubic foot. Hence, such a river as the Rhine, carries to the sea every day 145,980 cubic feet of sand or stone.

Mole-hills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

The Force of Argument.—"Knowledge is power," as the man said when he knocked his neighbor down with a volume of the Penny Magazine.