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THE LIFE BOAT.

CADET PLEDGE.—I do solemnly promise that I will not make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider, and that I will abstain entirely from the use of Tobacco in any form, so long as I am a member of this Order, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1852.

No. 4.

Introductory.

SAYING A.

A wild urchin having been sent to one of the parish schools in Scotland, the Dominie after a while brought him a primary lesson book, and finding he did not even know his letters began to tell him their names.

This is A ; this is B, &c.

Now what is the first ?

Dinna ken.

Well it is called A. Now what is it called ?

Dinna ken.

A, again said the master. Now what is it ?

Dinna ken.

You do, sir. Say A.

But the fellow would not utter the sound, and as a consequence got a whacking. After school the other lads came round him asking, "what for did na ye say Aw, you fule, ye wad hae saved a whipping."

"Ay," said he, "I kent vera weel that if I hae said Aw he wad hae mad me say B."

Yet no doubt the poor fellow found afterward that he had to say both Aw and B, and the rest.

Now we have found many persons

who, with reference to other matters, are in the position of this urchin ; they won't say A for fear of having to say B. In relation to temperance, many are fully persuaded that if they openly admit what they more than suspect to be true, they will necessarily be compelled to adopt the whole scheme, hence the frivolous excuses which are put forward by persons whose own judgment would not be satisfied with them in respect to subjects affecting their business, &c.

It is one of the most paradoxical—and we might say anomalous—things in the world, how a sensible man can pretend to be favorable, to be a *friend* of the temperance movement, and yet practically oppose its progress. Every one that knows A from B, knows that the old *moderate* or partial pledge was a failure, and that the triumphs of the cause are due to the total abstinence principle. What then can be said of the *friendship* which approves a course and runs counter to it ?

There is an expressive word which would describe it, but we forbear, and in preference make use of one which,

though not found in the dictionaries, nor commonly used in grave essays, conveys a meaning. It is *gammon*. We don't want such friendship, on the contrary we regard its professors as among the most formidable enemies of our cause.

Alexander once found a soldier bearing his own name in his army, who exhibited signs of cowardice. "Change your name," said he to him, "or mend your manners." So say we to these people.

Boys, don't be deceived by such pretences. In our enterprise there is no neutral ground. On one side is the foe, on our side the aggressive army, and until men are with us fighting against the Philistines let us not be disarmed by their specious maudlin charity. RUM AND RUIN is or ought to be the rallying cry of the foe—ours DEATH TO RUM, and no sneaking.

A Drunkard's "Latter End."

BY THE COXSWAIN.

We are not, never have been, and hope never to be, of the number (happily small) of those who assign to temperance a mission transcending the religion of Christ. On the contrary, as the whole is greater than any of the parts, or as the greater includes the less, we argue that true religion, rightly understood, teaches all the essential points of *Temperance*, as that word is now popularly received. Our cause is truly a powerful auxiliary of religion, and contributes more to the steadfastness of the membership, as well as to the increase of attentive hearers, than any other secular organization; but after all, a man may be remarkable for his sobriety, while he is no less so for his disregard of many christian duties. Such cases, however, are exceptional, and experience satisfactorily demon-

strates that the Temperance reform has a general, and indeed peculiar tendency to make men more attentive to such duties than they usually are when its distinctive principle—total abstinence—is controverted or denied. In a word, we take a total abstinence christian to be a better and a more steadfast christian than the professor of religion who uses wine or other kindred stimulants, however moderately. We have arrived to this conclusion, not by deduction or inference, but by a more telling and convincing process. We, in common with other church members, have had to bear reproach in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of many persons whose religious profession was widely known. Among these there have been ministers of the gospel, and lay officers holding prominent places in the Church, and we are persuaded that there are few religious societies wholly free from this discredit. Is it not then very marvellous, that a cause which has proved itself so eminently adapted to roll away this reproach, should have met with a partial reception from the ministry? It is, however, one of the glad indications of ultimate victory, that now-a-days few ministers claiming an *evangelical* character—we use this word also in its popular sense—are found to take hostile or even neutral ground on the question. These reflections may perhaps be deemed somewhat grave for the youthful readers of the LIFE BOAT, but they suggested themselves to us while recalling the painful incident we now proceed to narrate:—

In the year 18— early in April at the Island of Jersey, we embarked with a full complement of passengers on board a fine brigantine bound for these western shores. At the pier heads the vessel was delayed by the

Sheriff's officers in search of an absconding debtor, but after a careful examination, the defaulter not being found, we were allowed to proceed. By a preconcerted arrangement, the run-a-way was taken on board from a pilot boat some miles out at sea, and so he eluded the agent of the law. Favored with a fair breeze and genial weather, we were in high spirits, and in five days had put a thousand miles between ourselves and the old world. On the fifth day, very early in the morning, the writer was awakened by some disturbance in a little room built off the cabin, where the second class passengers had their sleeping berths. "Hould yer tongue" roared out an Irish half gentleman, "and let us sleep in pacc." "Que veut dire ce tin-ta-mare?" chimed in an honest Frenchman also a passenger. Directing our attention to the noise complained of, we discerned the voice of prayer, and were not long in discovering that it proceeded from a person in exceeding great distress. We passed into the room, and quieted the complaints of the Irishman and his fellows. Seating ourselves upon a trunk near the berth of the suppliant, we listened to his agonizing supplications. All unconscious of the time and place, he had awakened to a sense of approaching dissolution, and under the vivid light of eternity reviewed a life of sin and shame. Stung with dreadful remorse or quickened with the fear of coming retribution, the poor sinner freely confessed the awful demerit of his course. He seemed possessed with the idea of having already entered into the presence of his judge, and in the attitude of cowering servile deprecation, to be asking the mitigation of his solemn but yet unspoken sentence. Alternate hope and despair seemed to rack the poor terrified

soul. Some faint ray of comfort would cheer him for a moment (like as a struggling sunbeam may penetrate the darkest dungeon) but he would immediately relapse into hopeless despair, and under its maddening power uttered the most appalling yells and howlings. For two full hours he continued to deprecate the wrath of heaven, and to battle with the phantoms (which to him were realities) of the spirit world. During a temporary interval of quiet, the writer took one of his hands and endeavored to assuage his anguish, by the suggestion of some of the precious truths of divine revelation. The promise of pardon to the vilest of penitent sinners; the ability of Christ to "save to the uttermost," and who could tell its limit, &c. &c. The tones of sympathy fell upon his ear for a moment with a soothing effect, and he immediately concluded that the speaker was an angel sent to aid him in his encounter with the Prince of darkness, but the effect was only temporary. The next moment Satan had wound a chain around his foot, and a legion of fiends were exerting their power to dislodge and bear him away. Working and writhing in every limb, praying in agony, or yielding to despair, he continued the fearful struggle until over-wrought nature could bear it no longer. With indistinct inarticulate murmurs and groans, the iron muscles became relaxed and unstrung, the head sank upon his pillow, the wild eye lost its fire, and the pulse alone, by its feeble and intermitted action, showed that life was not all expended. A beautiful morning had meanwhile broken upon the waste of waters, and at our instance the wretched man was carefully taken out of his cabin by four sailors, and lifted on the deck in the fresh invigorating air. But it was of

no avail—in a few moments the weary wheels of life stood still—the cord was loosed and the vital spark dislodged—the dead corpse of a once noble and powerful man was all that remained—now shrunken, attenuated, filthy and offensive in the extreme.

The service for the dead was read from the book of Common Prayer, and the body sewed in an old sail and loaded with heavy shot, was committed to the deep—a poor woe-begone boy of twelve years, thrown unprotected upon the charities of a cold world, being the only interested mourner.

And now, who and what think you was this man? He was the wreck of one of the most useful and pious class-leaders in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. A man gifted by his maker with natural intelligence of a high order, and with a person whose noble presence inspired respect. For *thirty years* he had sustained this and other offices with great credit to himself and advantage to that excellent society. A master builder, he had realized a handsome competency, and might have passed the evening of life in great serenity and peace. His pious wife died, and left him two children to care for. His home ceased to present the same attractions under the management of a hireling, and he contracted the habit of attending a club of very respectable men—many of them of religious character. These were the days of moderate (!) drinking, and he learned to drink moderately, as four or five glasses of an evening were termed. He sought another wife and found one, but not like his first—she used the stimulants moderately, and they both became drunkards. From drunkenness to bankruptcy the road is short, and he travelled it in a couple of years. He fled from his creditors, and armed

with brandy jugs containing five gallons of the liquid, continued in his berth for nearly five days, by which time he had almost exhausted the stock, but not before he had dried up the springs of his own life. As we have seen, just previous to his dissolution, his conscience was aroused to a sense of his sin, and in the dreadful struggle we have feebly described, he passed to

“The land of deepest shade
Unpierced by human thought,”

where we leave him to the judge of all, with the hope that in the death agony he was yet enabled to apprehend in that judge a reconciled Father and God. So much for *moderate drinking!*

The Old Brandy Bottle.

You old brandy bottle, I've loved you too long,
You've been a false friend unto me;
When I met with you first I was healthy and strong,
And handsome as handsome could be;
I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,
And my cheeks were as red as a rose,
And the day when I took you for better or worse
I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.

But now only see, I'm a sight to behold,
The beauty I boasted has fled,
You might think I was nearly a hundred years old,
When I'm raising my hand to my head—
For it trembles and shakes like the earth when it
quakes,
And I'm always spilling my tea;
And whenever I speak, I make awful mistakes,
Till every one's laughing at me.

The ladies don't love me; and this I can trace
To the loss of my aquiline nose—
Like an overgrown strawberry stuck on my face,
Still larger and larger it grows—
And I have'n't a cent in my pocket or purse,
And my clothes are all ragged and torn—
Oh! you old brandy bottle, you've been a sad curse
And I wish I had never been born.

You old brandy bottle, I'll love you no more,
You've ruined my body and soul;
I'll dash you to pieces—and vow from this hour,
To give up both you and the bowl,
And I'll now go and sign—I can surely do worse—
On that pledge, all my hopes I'll repose,
And I'll get back my money in pocket and purse—
I'll get back my beautiful nose.

A Rill from the Town Pump.

FROM THRICE-TOLD TALES.

(SCENE—*the corner of two principal streets. The TOWN PUMP talking through its nose.*)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all Jay long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hog-head or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It wera a pity, if all this outcry should

draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick here as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most robicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who trends so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away

again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers come next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a fitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mudpuddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be

it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious

copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and breweries, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phrensy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquor. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town

Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-hell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachael did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

Drink—Duel—Death.

Among the large party of gentlemen, if so we may call them, who surrounded the table on the occasion of the public dinner, on the day of the great cock-fight of 179—, Edwin and Thomas Rivington were seated. A particular friend of the former had been the successful party, and the sportsmen were uncensuring in their praises of "Uncle Benny's fowls." This success gave Edwin much pleasure, while several of his brother Thomas's personal friends had been among the greatest losers of the day. Edwin was in high spirits; Thomas was silent and reserved.

The dinner was over, the cloth was removed, and the intoxicating glass, which was only sparingly used while they were eating, now began to circulate more freely. Edwin drank freely. He became talkative; others were equally so. The conversation, from being general, became personal, and from being conducted with becoming decorum now became noisy and boisterous. The two brothers were seated near, and almost opposite each other. Many months had passed since they had spoken to each other. Tales had been carried to one and the other by meddling, wicked persons, and the horrid feeling of hatred had increased. The fire had been fed to a fearful blaze, ready to burst

forth on some exulting occasion. No sooner did the poisonous beverage begin to take effect, than Edwin's glances at his brother bespoke the anger which burned in his bosom, and that he felt anxious for some opportunity to insult him. An occasion soon occurred. Something which Thomas said about the sport of the day, and which seemed like a reflection on some one of the successful parties, called forth, in unqualified terms, from the infuriated man, the words, "That's a lie!" while it was accompanied with a look of defiance towards his brother. A retort was the consequence; and the most violent and bitter quarrel, after continuing for a few minutes, resulted in their both rising from the table, and rushing out of the house together. No one followed, no one cared to interfere. Many were highly intoxicated, and others were becoming so fast. Games were being introduced, too, and all were intent now on winding up with a scene of gambling.

The brothers met a few steps from the door, near a cocoa-nut tree, where Edwin, wrought up to the highest pitch, continued to pour upon his brother Thomas the most opprobrious terms, and finally proposed to settle their difficulties by a duel.

"If you are possessed of any honor, any courage, meet me in an hour at Point Blanche. I will provide a brace of pistols. You shall take your choice. We will toss up for the word, and then settle with blood—for blood must be shed."

Such a horrid proposition cooled the rage of Thomas almost in a moment.

"Edwin, my brother," said he, "surely; you are not in earnest! you can't mean what you say. What! fight each other? O no! perish the paltry sum which at first caused our variance! I would sacrifice tenfold the amount rather than attempt my brother's life."

"I thought so, you mean and cowardly fellow,—I thought so;" and the wicked man poured a torrent of abuse on his brother.

Had Thomas Rivington been a Christian, no provocation, no abuse, no insult, no, not even blows, would have roused him to such a pitch as to consent deliberately to meet his brother in a duel: no, nor to fight a duel at all. He who can accept a challenge, and go calmly to work to try to kill his neighbor, has in his heart the principle of the murderer, though he may not actually commit the deed. But Thomas Rivington was provoked beyond all the endurance of an irreligious man. His remonstrances were vain. His brother continued to irritate and abuse him, until the unhappy, the fatal agreement was made.

In an hour the meeting was to take place. No seconds were to be present. No third person was to witness the horrid scene, except a personal and faithful domestic of Mr. Edwin Rivington. He carried the case of pistols, which his master borrowed from a friend, who, accustomed to such affairs of honor, as they are falsely called, asked no question.

The scenes of the day had been transacted in the town where Thomas Rivington resided. The place appointed for the duel was in the suburbs of that town, and a walk of fifteen minutes would take the parties to the spot.

Thomas dared not go home. It was getting late at night, and if he met his wife and family, how could he account for his going out again in the course of an hour? Besides, we may well suppose his feelings were of such a kind that he would rather not see his family until the dreadful affair was over. Poor man, he never saw them more! He never heard again the voice of his dear children or affectionate wife!

The brothers met. It was a lonely spot, near the sea-beach. A high and precipitous bluff on one side formed a kind of cove, which so sheltered the place that the surf was hardly ever agitated by the north-westers, which create such breakers on other parts of the coast. All was calm. The all-seeing eye of a just and holy God looked down upon the awful deed. A full moon, too, shed her light upon the spot. No one was there but poor, frightened François, the slave. He had witnessed duels before, but when he came to the spot, and saw who his master's antagonist was, the poor fellow trembled, and hid himself near the trunk and under the shade of a large tamarind tree, which grew very near the spot. His soul, untaught, uneducated, unrefined, still possessed so much of the feelings of our common human nature, as to make him shrink from the sight of a man killing his brother.

No one ever knew all the particulars of the horrid affair. Years afterwards, the only human witness of the scene told, by little and little, the principal circumstances by which the deed was marked. In whispers to one and another, the facts leaked out, we cannot give them in detail. It is enough to say the two brothers met. They loaded their pistols; they measured their distance of ten paces; they tossed up for the word to fire,—Edwin won. They took their positions. The word was given by him, and in an instant he fired, and his brother fell dead upon the spot!—*The Fratricide*, Youth's Library, No. 488.

[From the *Templar's Magazine*.]

Celia Beverley ;

OR, POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER I.

To-day young Love is privileged to come
And tell his fondest wishes in thy ear,
Friends come and clasp thy hand, and kindly wish
Thy future happiness; and all the host
Of those who claim acquaintance, caring not
For thy futurity, with smile and how,
Politely give "the season's compliments."

"Good morning, girls, and a happy New Year!" said Mr. Mitford, as a group of smiling faces appeared in the breakfast room. "And how do you intend to exercise your privileges this year?" he asked when the mutual congratulations were over, and all were seated at the table; "you know, girls, this is leap year. Now how many proposals do you intend to make, and then break fond hearts by jilting them? Come, now, I will be your 'father confessor.' Cousin Ella, I will begin with you."

"I shall not propose at all—I don't like the men," said Ella, poutingly.

"Don't like the men, you gypsey; yes you do, you like me and your father and brother, and I don't know how many more."

"O! I like my relatives, of course."

"Yes, and the first we shall know, you will like some one besides relatives."

"Well, if I do, I shall wait till after leap-year," replied Ella, laughing.

"Come, Julia," said Mr. Mitford, turning to his eldest daughter, "confess if you intend to propose to George Severne to pledge you in the rosy wine to-day as a preliminary."

Blushes eloquent mantled Julia's cheek, as she murmured some unintelligible reply.

"Must we have wine on the table to-day, papa?" asked Mary, pleadingly. "I have heard so much of its evils that I can never touch another drop I'm sure, nor present it to others," she added in a lower tone.

"To be sure you must have wine," replied Mr. Mitford; "what would half your fashionable friends think, to be treated to cold water?"

"But we will give them coffee—"

"No, no, that will never do. Don't you know the bible says—'Wine maketh glad the heart of man;' and the command is—'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake.'"

Mary knew by experience that there was no use in combating her father, so she remained silent.

"And to whom do you intend to propose, my daughter," asked Mr. Mitford, in a winning tone, anxious to drive the cloud from Mary's brow.

"I will wait and see how much wine they drink before I propose to any one," replied she, smiling.

"And you, my dear Celia," said Mr. Mitford, turning to the daughter of an esteemed and long deceased friend, who was spending the winter in his family, "what will you do; to whom will you bow the knee—to whom will be offered *ma chere amie's* heart?"

"There is no hope for me, dear Mr. Mitford," said Celia, smiling; "so I think I must e'en keep my heart to myself."

"No hope for you! what does the child mean? No hope for one who has received offers from half the marriageable men in town! Please explain, Miss Humility."

"I beg you will excuse me, sir," replied Celia.

"And leave me to infer that you are either in love with some one who is engaged, or consider yourself too good for any of our young men—which—ah?"

"O! neither, Mr. Mitford," said Celia, blushing.

"Neither!" exclaimed her tormentor, rolling up his eyes in mock wonder: "what then, pray—what can I think?"

The girls were almost convulsed with laughter at Mr. Mitford's comical looks, and Celia's embarrassment, though she joined in their mirth.

"Now, if you will promise not to be angry I will tell you frankly," said Celia, when the merriment had somewhat subdued.

"Get angry with such a little minx as you!" said Mr. Mitford, drawing himself up most pompously.

Celia laughed.

"Candidly," said she, "I some time ago resolved that I would never marry a man who was addicted to the use of wine or tobacco, and there is not one in the whole range of my acquaintance who is free from both these vices; so you see there is no chance for my exercising my 'leap-year' privileges."

"Is the child going crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Mitford, laughing.

"For my part, I don't care how much tobacco or wine a man uses if he can only govern himself," remarked Julia.

"I can't see what harm there is in smoking a good cigar," said Mary.

"And what do you think, my mute little puss," said Mr. Mitford, turning to Ella and laying his hand lovingly on her head.

"I think the gentlemen can take care of themselves, uncle," she remarked quietly.

"They will be obliged to entertain themselves if we linger here much longer," said Julia, rising from the table.

Scarcely were the spacious parlors warmed and all things in readiness, 'ere troops of callers began to make their appearance. And, truly, these four formed a most attractive constellation, around which the satellites of the other sex loved to revolve.

Very unlike the others was each particular star, yet each had her own peculiar charms and fascinations.

Julia, the eldest of the group, and the mistress of the family since her mother's death, was not beautiful, yet there was a noble queenliness in her carriage, a lofty dignity in her demeanor that involuntarily called forth respect. She was firm in carrying out any principle she thought right, but there was a certain imperiousness in her manner, which often repelled those whom she would win.

Mary, the younger sister, was more gentle; her eye betokened the deep fount of affection in her heart. She possessed good mental powers, but the innate strength of her mind had never been called forth, and she was willing to glide along life's stream with the current.

Ella, the lovely, blue-eyed, petted cousin, gentle and amiable when petted—a spoiled and pouting child when crossed; nor was she in years scarcely more than a child. "One knows not what she will be," was the thought of the beholder when gazing on her sweet face.

Celia Beverley, who can describe her! Beautiful yet not vain—gentle and loving, yet possessing strength of character in right action—how sweetly does her life exemplify that purity of principle, those refining and elevating influences which are the peculiar charm of woman.

While we are describing our young ladies, they are busy receiving and responding to "the compliments of the season," and like true Americans as they are, bestowing food and drink on those who are neither hungry nor thirsty.

Mary, with her instinctive dread of wine, stands at the coffee urn; Celia occupies a place near her; Julia, as mistress of the house, does the honors of the side-board, with a general supervision of all; and Ella, the fairy, is just where her ladyship pleases to be.

About eleven o'clock, a troupe of young men called, whose presence seemed particularly acceptable to the young ladies. George

Severne was one of the number; Frank Somers, with his intellectual beauty of countenance, his noble, manly form, and still more noble soul; the gay young Neville; the mirth-loving, laughter-provoking Bancroft; and Henry Lester and Charles Lucerne, too young to take upon them life's sober cares, yet giving promise of a glorious manhood, welcome everywhere, and the idols of their own respective family circles; could call from such a band be other than agreeable?

"One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams!"

exclaimed the gay Neville, as he received a glass of wine from the fair hand of "the Lady Julia," as he called her.

"Yes, and it will make you lean heavily on some friendly arm before night," said Bancroft, as he also accepted a proffered glass.

"Never mind," replied Neville, laughing, "here's to the health and happiness of the Lady Julia and her fair companions."

This added sentiment was greeted with peals of laughter, and the drained glasses of all the gentlemen manifested their appreciation of the whole.

"You seem quite alone, Miss Beverley; will you drink a glass of wine with me?" said Frank Somers, advancing to the window where Celia had seated herself a moment before, and presenting the brimming wine cup.

"I shall be most happy to drink to your health and prosperity in heaven's own beverage," said Celia, rising and going to the table as she spoke, "but really, you must excuse me, I never drink wine."

"Most certainly, and I will most cheerfully pledge you in pure cold water," replied Somers, setting down the wine, and taking the goblet of water Celia poured for him.

"Now Celia," said Charles Lucerne, who stood near, "you are a sort of cousin, you know, so please tell me why you won't drink wine, just confidentially."

"This is not the proper time nor place for such revealings," said Celia; "but I will tell you some time—as a warning," she added, blushing.

"Well, as a warning, then, or any thing else, so you explain this unaccountable fancy," replied Lucerne, laughing, and the young gentlemen bowed their adieus.

Other calls soon drove the thought of Celia Beverley's fancies from the minds of all except Frank Somers. True, he too sipped the "rosy wine" when presented by the hand

of beauty, but the sad pleading glance of Celia's eye, as she refused the wine cup, would come up so vividly before him whenever he raised the glass to his lips, that the wine was *only* tasted.

The day passed rapidly and pleasantly with the Mitfords: a constant succession of calls left no time for the spirits to flag, and and youth is not soon overcome with fatigue where the mind is interested.

The Lady Julia was Lady Julia still, calm, dignified, with that *hauteur* of manner deemed *so aristocratic*, and, consequently, admired even by those it repels; Mary, the timid, blushing Mary, often found herself relieved from embarrassment by the tact of the gentle Celia, who was calm and composed—though the quick blush was often called to her cheek by a test of her temperance principles: yet the gallantry of the gentlemen prevented any long continued embarrassment.

(To be continued)

The Three Sovereigns.

The following anecdote was often told by the late emperor Alexander, and is amongst the traditions of the Russian Court:

In 1814, during the period that the allies were masters of Paris, the Czar, who resided in the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, was in the daily habit of taking a walk, (in strict *incognito*), every morning, in the garden of the Tuilleries, and thence to the Palais Royal. He one day met two other sovereigns, and the three were returning arm-in-arm to breakfast in the Rue St. Florentin, when, on their way thither, they encountered a provincial, evidently freshly imported to Paris, and who had lost his way.

"Gentlemen," said he, "can you tell me which is the Tuilleries?"

"Yes," replied Alexander; "follow us; we are going that way, and will show you."

Thanks on the part of the countryman led them soon into conversation. A few minutes sufficed to arrive at the palace; and as here their routes lay in opposite directions, they bade each other reciprocally adieu.

"*Parbleu!*" cried the provincial, "I should be glad to know the names of persons so amiable and complaisant as you are."

"My name?" said the first—"Oh, certainly; you have, perhaps, heard of me; I am the emperor Alexander."

"A capital joke," exclaimed the Gascon—"An emperor! And you?" addressing the second individual,— "Who may you be?"

"I?" replied he, "why, probably, I am not wholly unknown to you, at least by name; I am the king of Prussia!"

"Better and better," said the man. "And you, what are you, then?" looking at the third person.

"I am the emperor of Austria!"

"Perfect, perfect!" exclaimed the provincial, laughing with all his might.

"But you, monsieur," said the emperor Alexander, "surely you will also let us know whom we have the honor to speak to?"

"To be sure," replied the man, quitting them with an important strut, "I am the Great Mogul."

The Pauper's Drive.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the *sad* driver sings:—

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a Pauper that nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can;

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a pauper that nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels how they spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurld!

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a Pauper that nobody owns!"

Poor Pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a Pauper that nobody owns!"

You bumpkin! who stare at your brother convey'd,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,

You've a chance to the grave like a *gemman* to go.

"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's *only* a Pauper that nobody owns!"

But a truce to this train,—for my soul, it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad,
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear softly his bones over the stones;
Though a Pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet
owns!

T. NOEL.

Profit and Loss.

A grocer in Clinton county sold a drunkard a pint of new rum according to law, and made two red cents clear profit. The drunkard shot his son-in-law while intoxicated; and his apprehension, confinement in jail, execution, &c., cost the county more than one thousand dollars—which temperate men had to earn by the sweat of their brows! What say tax-payers? Are you willing to pay a thousand dollars to enable the grogg-seller to make two red cents?

But this case is comparatively nothing when contrasted with a recent transaction about the 1st of July, 1843. An Indian, one of those half-civilized, rum-loving creatures who abound in the West, stepped out of Cataaugus county into the State of Pennsylvania, where, it seems, men are sold indulgences to sin, as well as in the Empire State; and then filled his pocket-bottle with real "Red-eye," and the seller of the poison made two red cents clear profit again. While under its maddening influence, he went into a farmer's house near by with whom he was totally unacquainted, and murdered a mother and five children;—all that comprised the little family, except the husband and father, who was from home. When he returned to his little interesting family what a sight met his eyes!—enough, it would seem, to curdle his blood, and change the man to stone. There lay the mother and her five little ones—from ten years of age down to infancy, stretched upon the floor—swimming in blood, and all dead! Oh! what desolation was there!

"No more for him the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
And climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

The Frenchman at his English Lesson.

FRENCHMAN. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h?

TUTOR. *Huff*.

FRENCHMAN. Très bien, *huff*; and *snuff* you spell s-n-o-u-g-h—ha?

TUTOR. O, no, no; *snuff* is s-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

FRENCHMAN. Ah, very good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*. I will remember; and c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one bad *cuff*—ha?

TUTOR. No, that is wrong. We say *hauf*, not *cuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Kauf*? En, bien. *Huff* and *kauf*; and, pardonnez moi, how do you call d-o-u-g-h—*duff*—ha?

TUTOR. No, not *duff*.

FRENCHMAN. Not *duff*? Ah! oui; I understand; it is *dauf*—hey?

TUTOR. No, d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

FRENCHMAN. *Doe*! It is very fine—wonderful language! It is *doe*; and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, certainment. My beef-steak was very *toe*.

TUTOR. O, no, no; you should say *tuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Tuff*? Le diable! and the thing the farmer uses—how you call him—p-l-o-u-g-h? *pluff*—ha? You smile. I see I am wrong. It is *plauf*? No! ah, then it is *plœe*, like *doe*. It is beautiful language, ver' fine—*plœe*.

TUTOR. You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow*.

FRENCHMAN. *Plow*! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon *Plow*, *doe*, *kauf*; and one more—r-o-u-g-h—what you call General Taylor—*rauf* and ready? No? certainment, it is *row* and ready?

TUTOR. No! R-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Ruff*—ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff*—ha?

TUTOR. No, *bow*.

FRENCHMAN. Ah! 'tis ver' simple—wonderful language; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?

Pat at His Lesson.

The following scene is said to have occurred recently, in a private school:—

"Ah, Pat! Pat!" exclaimed the school-mistress to a very thick-headed urchin, into whose brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you'll never learn any thing. Now, what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure I don't know, ma'am," replies Pat.

"I thought you recollected that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a *fly-speck*."

"Well, now remember, Pat, it is I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no,—not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not I, but you, *blockhead*."

"O, yis, faith, now I have it ma'am. You mean to say that not I, but you, are a blockhead!"



Lapland.

The Laplanders are a peculiar race, short, stout, brown, with black hair, pointed chin, and eyes rendered weak by exposure to the smoke and snow. They are divided into the mountain or wandering Laplanders, and those who dwell in what are called villages. The swift-footed rein-deer, which they train to draw them in sledges over the snow, form their riches; the flesh and milk of these animals compose their food, and the skins their furniture. The tents of the Laplanders are formed by six beams of wood meeting nearly at top, covered with cloth, a flap of which, left between two of the beams, serves as the door. The floor is spread with rein-deer skins, having the hair upwards, and which thus serve for either lying or sitting, the tent being too low to stand in, except in one place. A stone frame is made in the middle, for the fire; and there is a hole at the top, to which the smoke must find its way; but this it does not effect till it has thickly impregnated the whole tent with its fumes; which, however, are valued as affording a protection in winter against the cold, and in summer against the swarms of mosquitoes with which, during a period of short and extreme heat, the air is infested. The herds of rein-deer vary from 300 to

upwards of 1000, according to the wealth of the possessor. All day they wander over the hills, and in the evening are driven, not without some occasional resistance, into an enclosed park, where they are milked. Each yields only about a ten-cupful of milk; but rich, aromatic, and of exquisite taste.

The Laplanders travel from place to place, and move their families, usually at the beginning of winter and summer, in sledges made in the form of a boat, and drawn by rein-deer. These animals are tamed and trained with considerable difficulty; and they are sometimes restive: but, in general, they bound over hill and dale with surprising celerity. Their dress is carefully contrived for the purposes of warmth. The under part, or shirt, is composed of sheep's skin with the wool inwards; while the exterior coat is formed by the skin of the rein-deer, or some other animal, having the fur outwards. They add fur gloves, and a woollen pointed red cap.

The entire population of Lapland is about 60,000, or one inhabitant to every three square miles. Even this scanty measure is supported on the sea-coasts only by a supply of fish.

The Laplanders are a harmless race, among whom great crimes are unknown. Only one murder has been heard of in twenty

years; and the absence of theft is proved by that of bars, bolts, and other safeguards. They do not show that open hospitality and warmth of heart, for which rude nations are so often celebrated. They are cold, shy, mistrustful, and difficult to treat with, at least unless tobacco or brandy be brought in as a mediator. They were formerly very superstitious; and the Lapland witches were famous for their empire over the winds, which they enclosed in bags, and sold to the mariner. The magic drum and the enchanted chain are still in occasional use. Yet the Laplanders have been converted to Christianity, and are attentive to its duties, coming often from vast distances to attend divine service, though the instructions are conveyed to them only through the broken medium of an interpreter.

The Pike.

A humorous English angler gives the following sketch of the pike: "This fellow, commonly called *Jack*, is a well known fish. He is a greedy, unsocial, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Every body attacks him with a spear, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe,—man. His voracity is unbounded, and he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a fortnight. He can then gorge himself to beyond the gills, without the slightest derangement of the stomach.

"He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at, and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but, strange to say, he prefers the children of his neighbors. Heat spoils his appetite; cold sharpens it. His constitution is to be envied."

The pike sometimes grows to an enormous size; we have seen an account of one that weighed 300 pounds. The bite of the pike is very severe. Some years since a man was attempting to carry home one of these fishes, but it was so heavy that he left it upon the grass. The next day he went after it, and

found that the fish had caught a fox in its teeth, and the animal was totally unable to escape.

A little girl entered a tavern at Frankfort, some few weeks ago, and in pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother wanted to get eight cents.

"Eight cents," said the tavern-keeper. "What does your mother want with eight cents? I don't owe her any thing."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer remarked in the tavern, to "kick out that brat."

"No," said the keeper, "I will give her the money, and if the father comes here again, I'll kick him out."

[For the Life Boat.]

Hope.

The cotter leaves his lowly bed,
And hurries forth to greet
The soaring lark, or catch the tread
Of morning's chargers fleet.
With him affluence ne'er has shar'd
Its thousand useless gifts;
Hard seems his lot—his board oft bared—
Yet Hope his heart uplifts!

And briskly 'neath his heavy load,
With lightsome heart he springs,
As tho' he trod on Fortune's road,
O'er which her gifts she flings;—
His prattling boy with rosy cheeks,
Hope pictures to his eye;
His Mary's smile in secret speaks,
And chides the half raised sigh!

The lover as he leaves the side
Of her his heart adores,
Flies earth in fancy to abide,
And on Hope's bright wings soars
To regions, where no more shall part,
With bright, or tear dim'd eye,
He and the glory of his heart,
His earth's divinity.

The poet too on Hope's gay wing,
Soars from earth's scenery soars,
To climes where reigns perpetual spring,
Elysian's fabled shores!
A high, a happy, holy home,
His fitful mind oft forms,
Beyond the bright empyrean dome,
Whose sky ne'er scowls with storms!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

June, 1852.

Query.

"Pa, has the world got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father.

"No, child," replied the father, impatiently; how could it have one, when it is ruffled?"

"Well," persisted the heir, "why do the papers say, 'So wags the world,' if it hain't got a tail to wag with?"

ANECDOTE.—A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him thus: "John, people say that you are a fool." On this, John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

Our Exchanges.

THE SNOW DROP.—Some misunderstanding between the publisher and the editors of this very excellent magazine has led to a disruption. Mr. Lay promises to issue another magazine under the title of "THE MAPLE LEAF," which he proposes to make every way equal, if not superior, to the SNOW DROP; (*nous verrons*), and Mr. John Armour continues the SNOW DROP for the two lady editors, who from henceforth are also to be the proprietors. We are sorry that the difficulty could not have been adjusted, for Canada has not hitherto proved a very good field for periodicals of home production. Yet we hope the rivalry will be instrumental in creating an interest in Canadian literature.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LIFE BOAT, an exceedingly good temperance weekly, is to hand; so is MERRY'S MUSEUM, the most popular Youth's Magazine we wot of. The *Montreal CADET* comes in course, and amply redeems its engagements. The *Toronto CADET* also pays us its usual monthly visit; it is a very creditably managed sheet. We also exchange with the *SON and GEM*, a paper full of interest; and with the *Watchman*, a Weekly, and an able exponent of our principles. We are sorry to observe the bad feeling between these two last journals, and

more sorry for the cause, but we must not interfere.

Mr. Becket's *Temperance Advocate* keeps on its way, good and orthodox, but indulges occasionally in unnecessary inuendoes. Does the editor allude to the *Coxswain* of the LIFE BOAT in his last issue? It looks very much like it, for no other publication we know of employs a Coxswain. Keep cool, friend, and don't plunge into troubled waters, or the LIFE BOAT may have to pick you up.

We have other capital exchanges which will be acknowledged hereafter.

Jury Trial of Alcohol at Melbourne.

We have read the Report of this very interesting trial with great pleasure. Its elegant diction is a sufficient voucher for the competency of the writer to judge of the success of the trial, and we are well persuaded that it must have been altogether an excellently well managed affair.

As we have already published one long report of a similar kind, we do not feel justified in devoting the columns of the LIFE BOAT to the reproduction of this so soon after.

(For the Life Boat.)

On the Cadets.

Work away, my boys, work away,
The work affords no time for play.

Work, work away!
Work away, work to-day, to-day,
The cause admits of no delay,
So work to-day!

Fight away, my boys, fight away,
The fight is not the strong's always,
Fight, fight away!
The foes look strong in their array,
But you are stronger yet than they,
Then fight away!

Watch well your way, watch well your way,
The tempter seeks your souls to slay,
Watch well your way!
Some wiser ones have gone astray,
And you may miss the royal way,
O WATCH and PRAY!

PETER.

Montreal, 23rd June, 1852.

Influence.

A Minister of our acquaintance was sent for to baptize a child. The family was among the most respectable in the city, and not much in the habit of attending the Church of our friend.

He repaired to the house, however, and performed the rite. A very large party had been invited, and after the administration of the ordinance the folding doors were thrown open, and a table profusely furnished with a cold collation flanked by Champaigne, Madeira, Claret & Co., was displayed. The minister was first invited to partake, but it occurred to him that his example would be pernicious, and although not a decided temperance man he excused himself from doing so. He continued in the house during the evening, and not one person present applied to the decanters. The oranges, grapes and other fruits, and pastries, with coffee and pure water, were freely used, but no Stingo!

So much for the influence of one clergyman.

Influence Again.

Old gentleman from town accompanied by his son-in-law—a Teetotaller; cross to Point Levi opposite to Quebec; stop at the Hotel where the horse is stabled waiting for them. While it is being harnessed enter another old gentleman; exchanges compliments, then takes first old gentleman aside and whispers something which is received with a shake of the head. After leaving, first old gentleman asks—

Do you know what Mr. So and So was saying to me?

No.

Well, he remarked—"If that confounded son-in-law of yours were not here, we might have some brandy and water!"

One of our Exchanges marvels that we should have given the portrait of Kossuth, and a sketch of his career, in our last number. A glance at the prospectus will satisfy our friend—for whose otherwise very favorable notice we are very grateful—that we

have not transgressed the course marked out for the LIFE BOAT.

Items.

Col. Hurd, one of the Aides to Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, has resigned his office because of the Governor's signature to the Liquor Law.

The gallant Colonel is a distiller,—'nuff said.

A short time ago, on the Sunday afternoon, just as people were returning from Church, we saw a respectably dressed female so drunk in Great St James Street that after ineffectual attempts to proceed the Police had to take her away in a vehicle. This is not a very extraordinary occurrence.

Let the sad day carry away

Its own little burden of sorrow,

Or you may miss half of the bliss

That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

An English doctor, obliged to flee from his creditors, found himself in Berlin, and was there introduced to the old King of Prussia—"Vous devez avoir tué beaucoup de monde," said the king mirthfully. "Pas autant que votre majesté," was the candid reply.

Answer to Enigma in the last No.

1st—Eaton.

2nd—Scant.

3rd—Sea Cow.

4th—Lessons.

5th—Easy.

6th—Ass.

And my whole Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THOS. REED.

Our Correspondents.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE is received, and will have attention. A CADET's contribution will also have insertion. A SON OF RECHAB's communication—good as it is—lacks the qualities necessary to excite interest. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to decline it.