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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1854.

No. 2.

THE FRANTIC WOMAN AND THE GROGSELLER.

MANY instances have occurred, where the wife of a drunkard, driven to desperation by her poverty and suffering, and having no law to protect her—has “become a law unto herself,”—and sought redress by executing “summary justice” on the cause of her woes. Contrary to law, against the peace of the grog-seller she has “wantonly, maliciously, wickedly, and with force of arms,” committed sundry violent assaults on the heads of bottles, demijohns, casks, &c., disregarding the sacred rights of property, and exposing herself to the wrath of the rum-seller, the penalty of the law, and the sympathy of the people.

On a cold winter's morning, some years since, in a quiet New England village, a frantic woman was seen in the street at an early hour, making her way through the newly fallen snow towards the village tavern. Her dress was disordered,

her hair hung over her shoulders, and her face was bruised and badly swollen. As she strode rapidly through the street in this condition, with a hatchet in her hand, she presented a frightful appearance, and attracted the attention of the few who happened to be out at that early hour.

She entered the bar-room just as the smiling landlord had kindled the fire, replenished his bottles, swept out the room, and got things in order for another day's work. Without seeming to notice the presence of Mr. Toddystick, the frantic woman proceeded within the bar, and *smash* went the newly filled bottles; the astonished keeper sprung forward to protect his property, but he was suddenly arrested and transfixed by a most defiant look from the intruder, with the startling exclamation, “keep your distance, wretch, or your head shall share the fate of your bottles!” And without further ceremony, or opposition, she proceeded to demolish demijohns and casks, until the liquors were all on one common level with the *other* filth of the bar-room.

Having finished her work within the bar, the frantic woman made hasty steps towards the middle of

the room, where stood the terrified landlady and several of the neighbors, who by this time had collected together to wonder at this strange procedure. They started back as she approached, and Mr. Teddystick made special haste to get out of the way.

"Don't be alarmed," exclaimed the poor woman, addressing herself to the landlady. "I shall not harm you. If I should spill your blood as I have your liquor, I should rid the world of a curse; but the law would punish me for killing a man. But never would there be a greater mistake! What, *you a man*,—you who deliberately ruin your neighbor, soul and body, for time and eternity!

"You smiled on my husband when he came to this place ten years ago, a young man and a respectable physician. He was sober then, and we were happy in our new home. You set the bottle before him and urged him to take a glass with you. You often sent a bottle of wine or brandy to our house, and frequently called him in when he was passing by, until your object was accomplished. He began to want your liquors, to seek your bar-room to spend his leisure hours where his wit and song amused your customers, instead of cheering his own fireside. *You a man!*

"At length he became a drunkard, his business was neglected, the people lost confidence in him, another physician took his place, and he was going fast to ruin. I came to plead with you to have mercy on his poor family, to let him have no more rum. He told me if you would refuse him he would do well enough, as there was no other place to get it in the village. I plead with you to refuse him, but you ordered me from your house with abusive words. I fell on my

knees and wept before you, and you repelled me with violence.

"Again I visited you and offered to pay you weekly as much as you would get of him for liquor, if you would refuse him, but you heeded me not. And why was this? Yes, why? You had a mortgage on our house and lot, and if he did not continue to drink you might not have the privilege of turning his wife and children out of doors, houseless, penniless, and friendless, as you have the families of poor Peterson and Anderson, who are now in the poor-house, while you receive rent for the houses they once owned! You must have our house, too. *YOU A MAN!*

"Last night my husband came home intoxicated. He asked for food that I could not get for him. In his madness, he upset the table, broke the dishes, smashed up the chairs and fell to beating the children. I interfered to save them, and he threw me on the floor, and bruised and beat me as you see. The noise called in the neighbors, who came in time to prevent him from killing his family. But he fancied that he had done it. And through the night he has been raving with *delirium tremens*. The doctor says he must die, and soon you can take our home, while I must go with my little children to the poor house. Or you may send me to jail for this work. The law will protect you and your rum, but for me, and my home there is no protection!

"*You a man!* No! *a monster, A FIEND!* Go on, fill up your cup. I will not harm you. But remember that God has said, "vengeance is mine I will repay!"

The frantic woman went to her home to find her husband a corpse. He was soon buried by the town, and she with her children went to the poor house, while the Tavern-

keeper made eager haste to take possession of his ill-gotten property, apparently satisfied that he had worked the card to admiration.

THE ELDER SISTER.

BY ADA GREY.

"Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught,
Save woman's quietness of thought,
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might."



NOT to-day, mother, for you are faint and weary. but to-morrow, or another time, for now you need rest."

"Look at me, Edith; — there will be no to-morrow for me."

Edith Williston turned her eyes full upon the face of her mother, and now, as she saw its sudden almost supernatural beauty, she comprehended all. She had heard often of the strange illumination of countenance, which is so frequently the sure precursor of death; and now the truth flashed across her half-bewildered mind, and tears came fast through her quivering eye-lashes, as she fixed one long, mournful gaze upon that beloved face.

"Be calm, my child; send Anna away, that we may be alone."

Edith obeyed, by a slight motion of her hand, and when the attendant had left the room, threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, and pillowing her head on her mother's bosom, sobbed in agony.

"Can you hear me talk of dying, Edith—of my own death?"

The trembling girl answered only by a convulsive sob, and by nestling her head still closer by her mother's wildly-beating heart.

For a moment the slender, white hand of the dying mother pressed upon the head of her weeping child; then, linking in her own damp, chilly fingers the warm hand of Edith, she said, "It is wrong to shrink from this, my darling; you will not think, when a green turf lies on my bosom, that our hearts are separated forever. No, Edith, your mother's spirit shall watch over her child, and Heaven will seem nearer to your heart if your faith is strong that she awaits you there."

Again gently and caressingly her soft hand lay upon the head of the pale, weeping girl, and her lips moved in silent prayer.

"Listen to me now, my Edith, while I tell you of those little ones. I cannot confide them to the care of a stranger—none can watch over them with the love and forbearance of a sister. Their earthly wants will be cared for, but they need more. Oh, Edith, how can I ask it of you?"

Edith arose from her mother's clasp, and laying her hand upon her clear, white brow, said, with unnatural calmness.

"Tell me all, mother; have I ever shrunk from obeying every wish of yours?"

"God has given you a woman's feelings in your girlish years, and he will give you strength to bear all. May His blessing rest upon your head forever, and may you be true to others as you have been to me! I must leave my little, beloved ones to your care. Watch over them as no other can, with such deep love as yours. But another word, my Edith: do not think unkindly of *him*, their father. He is not your parent, but whenever

little trials and cares disturb your heart, and you would be unkind or reproachful, think of me, and for *my* sake be kind, be gentle, be patient,—but above all, be forgiving. Now nearer, nearer, Edith, let me lay my head upon your bosom,—mine has been your pillow long. Close, close, my Edith—there, thus let me sleep.”

The moments went slowly by—moments like hours to the lone, young watcher, and close she twined her arms about the slight form, almost hushing the beatings of her own heart, that they might not disturb the sleeper on her breast. A twilight dimness was stealing into the curtained room, when she pressed her cheek against the white brow resting so calmly on her breast. Its touch chilled her very heart. Now quick tears came in showers over the faces of the living and the dead; and hours after, the friends found the two, pillowed cheek to cheek: the weary, exhausted girl sleeping a senseless, fevered sleep, and the pale, fair mother resting in undreaming slumber by her side.

The morning after her mother's death, Edith Williston sat alone in the darkened room, her head leaning upon her supporting hand, while thoughtfully she resolved upon her future duties. After one night of wild anguish, a twilight peace had come over her spirit—a calm, high resolve, to be faithful to her womanly mission.

While she sat thus alone, a sound of hushed, reverent footsteps reached her ear,—then a timid appeal from a child's clear voice. The latch was softly lifted, and a slender, fair-haired girl, leading two beautiful children, entering the apartment.

“Where is my mother? I want my mother,” said a sweet, childish voice.

Edith rose, and, with strangely-unsteady fingers, looped back the heavy drapery from a window, and veiled her eyes, with a sickening feeling, from the sunbeams that fell in a golden flood upon the floor. Those joyous, dancing sunbeams—oh, how garishly they mocked the stillness of that chamber of death! Quietly raising the child in her arms, she leaned over a couch, and silently drew aside the curtains. There in pale, serene beauty lay the dead mother.

“Who will be our mother now, sister?”

“She will watch over us still,—but you are mine, now, all mine.”

Thus strong and calm in her pure and holy love, stood Edith,—while who shall doubt but a ministering angel whispering peace to her heart?

Two years went round, and Edith Williston's young brother and sisters were left to her care alone. The parent they had now lost had been a man of stern, austere nature, severe and unbending in his family—one who had never shared their trivial joys and sorrows, but had ever borne into his domestic sanctuary the same calm, dignified business air which he had worn abroad in the world. He had cared for their wants—provided food and clothing—attended to their education, but there was another education which he had taken little heed of—the formation of habits of thought—the development of social feelings—the silent home-influence that forms character for life. Thus a double-wearing lot had fallen upon Edith; yet never, until the night of death approached, did he appreciate the gentle, self-sacrificing spirit that had wrought a pure and blessed influence in his household. He had never seemed near to her—never as one to whom

she could go with her trifling cares and vexations. He knew that her position in his family was one by choice, not compulsion—she had not poverty with its vexing cares to annoy her—she was honored and esteemed—what could she ask more?

At first she had seemed to him as a dependent, but when he thought of the future, of his children, he felt how in patient affection his quiet step-daughter had moved among them, and left them to her care. Thus with a new and solemn promise upon her heart, and that beloved mother's trust, Edith Williston entered upon her early womanhood. She could not share a deep sympathy in her new trials with even her truest friends, for few could understand the firm conviction of duty, and the love unbounded, which had impelled her to take that burden upon her. For awhile her spirit almost sank, as if an iron chain were around it, wearing away the free, elastic freshness of her girlhood; but ere long her character, early developed, took a strength and firmness unusual to her years. Hers had always been a serious, quiet nature; not melancholy, but calm and thoughtful, and now it became strengthened, and elevated, and purified, from a consciousness of her duties and requirements.

A lovely and happy group was that in Edith's home—Mary, a mild, sweet-tempered girl, with her mother's soft smile and her eyes of light,—Grace, merry-hearted and gay as a summer bird, a child of the spring-time; and George, a bold, daring, fearless boy, with many faults, and a spirit free and aspiring as a young eagle. He was Edith's idol.

The gentle, dove-eyed Mary seemed almost like a *lent* treasure, that must early be returned to the


giver, God; she was so pure and lovely, in the freshness of her unsullied nature, so almost faultless, that Edith could not dream of moulding to her will one who seemed so perfect from the Creator's hand. She was the sweet dove of peace in their home—an angel that had nestled among them in her wanderings from an upper world—a light-hearted, delicate creature, fragile-looking, and graceful as a young willow, with soft, shadowy, dreamy eyes that seemed to have stolen their purity from heaven's own blue. Edith did not fear for her, or for her joyous, darling Grace. She knew from her own life, that woman's character and feelings are more than those of man dependent upon others—that her nature receives more easily, and retains longer, an impression from outward influences. And knowing this, her only thought was, as the clasping tenderness of their hearts revealed the ~~desires~~, to give them something ~~sound~~ which to twine—to nourish the unfolding flowers with the dew and the sun-light of love.

But her restless, wild-headed, fearless-hearted George—she looked upon him with many eager hopes, yet with a thought of anxiety, for her own finger had traced out for him a life of nobleness. A fearful duty seemed her's—to curb and calm his strong, impulsive feelings; his undeveloped energies to aid; to give his mind a direction that should form for him a character of strength, and integrity, and decision. Her heart clung to his, she joyed in his beauty; she saw in him much that gave promise of a noble manhood, and humbly she prayed that the little seed placed in her care might not fall by the way-side. The boy was kind and loving, and revered that elder sister as a mother, yet he was wayward, and spurned the control

of a guiding hand, and longed to trust himself alone; but she wept over his faults—guiled, guarded and supported him as none but a mother could have better done, and daily and nightly for him her heart went up in beseeching prayer to God.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

 N Thanksgiving afternoon we went to see an old gentleman Uncle S—, who lived on Long Island, on his farm near Brooklyn. Mr. S. is from Germany, and has been for some years a strong temperance man, although brought up with an ardent appreciation of the virtues of grape-juice. "Uncle," said we, while partaking at his bountiful table, "how came you to relinquish the use of wine?"

"Well," responded the hale old gentleman, unbuttoning his vest to make room for the third plate of turkey to which he had helped himself, "I tells you, den. When I first comes from Jarmany, we moved into Lancashter county, in Pennsylvania, and dere was no wine; so every year we make a barrel of cherry bounce, and we all gets trunk regular evry Saturday evening. Nexht sphring, when der bounce was all drankt up, I geefts der cherries to der hogs. Der consequence was, der hogs gits shoost as trunk as a lot of peple. By and by the hogs get sober again, and I tries em mit anoder mess. Der hogs was very hungry, and come runnin up fer ther frogh, schquerling, like der teyful; den dey shtick in deir shnouts, and shmack deir chops till dey git tashte of deir cherries; and den dey all run around der yard mit der tongues wide open and der mouths hanging

out, and rub de ground agin deir noses to take away der tashte. Hogs couldn't shtand it, now how—make dem *orful* sick. Old dad said, "neffer geefts it up dat way;" so nexht week, I geefts der hogs anoder of der cherries, and when I comes mit der bucket to feed 'em, right away dey seem something wrong. Up dey all walks shlowly to der feed; and when dey schmelt dey cherries, *all turned right aroud mit deir hind quartir to de trogh!* Ever since dat time, mine boy, when der prandy subject comes up, I shoots rights about face, and nothin to do mit der subject."

We felt as though we had heard an impressive temperance lecture, and congratulated ourselves that Uncle S. had strengthened the conviction that temperance is better than indulgence.—*Jour. Com.*

LEGISLATION.

THE following extract is taken from a sermon, delivered by Rev. Mr. Kirk, in 1846.

The legislatures have one of three courses to pursue—manage and restrain the traffic—let it alone—prohibit it. Of the license system I will say, that with the knowledge now possessed, it is in the first place utterly indefensible as a source of revenue. Mr. Everett computes that the use of alcoholic beverages has cost the United States in the last ten years, \$120,000,000; has burned or otherwise destroyed \$5,000,000 more of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 150,000 persons to our prisons, and 100,000 children to the poor house; has made 1000 maniacs, and 200,000 widows; has caused 1500 murders, and 2000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country, 1,000,000 of orphan children. It is, then utterly unwise to authorize

the traffic, as a source of revenue. And it is utterly useless, if designed for prohibition, when, if there be any right to prohibit at all, there is a right and a duty to prohibit entirely. It is utterly inefficient as a guarantee, that the trade will be conducted in the way most conducive to the public good, when Judges Jay and Edwards, and many others add their earnest testimony, that the traffic in spirituous liquors is among the most fruitful causes of crime; the former thus strongly expressing himself—"I have spent too large a portion of my life in the administration of criminal justice, not to have seen many melancholy proofs that our accursed license system is a prolific source of crime." The traffic itself is unquestionably an immorality. In a day of so much light, it cannot be other than a crime, to continue administering to the depraved appetites of men the means of self-destruction. And if it be wicked to contribute by furnishing the means to the spiritual and immortal suicide of a man, then by construction, a legislature is at least "an accessory after the fact," if it lend its influence and authority to the traffic. Prohibition is then the duty of legislatures.

A WESTERN Editor, in an article addressed to liquor dealers, who contend that the Bible sanctions the use of alcoholic drinks, recommends that they read aloud to such of their customers as may call each day, two or three chapters of the Bible, by way of advertising and defending their business.

THE man who never speaks to nobody was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

Do good with that thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

DISGUSTING CUSTOM.



IN Chili, when a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparations for feasting it. The day of its death, they kill the fatted calf, and all the turkeys and fowls there in the house; they also buy a barrel of Mosto wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-and-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is dressed and decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on the table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it. Moreover, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids—the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revellers and dancers, the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious and unbounded carousal.

The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy in Heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazuela, chanchito arrollado, cider, and the

Mosto; and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of \$20 or \$30. The father's speculation does not end here. After he has speculated with his child's body, he lets it out to the highest bidder for twenty-four hours, who, following the father's course, recovers his expenses, and ten or twelve dollars into the bargain. In this manner, the Little Angel goes round as vile merchandize, giving its hirers, the mean fruit of a corpse's profanation. The Little Angel I saw was in its third hire, and beginning to decay, in spite of the incense and eau de cologne that soothed the smell of corruption.

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION.

REV. DR. BURNS, in his address at the Caledonian Society, in allusion to the difference among temperance men, related the following to illustrate that there is enough for all to do. It is too good to be lost.

There was a poor fellow in Scotland, who, from his simplicity and inoffensiveness, had acquired the sobriquet of *Duff Jock*. He was a constant attendant at church, and having got there one Sabbath morning before the minister, he mounts the pulpit, to the surprise of the whole congregation, to whom he was known. The minister soon made his appearance, and called *Jock* to come down.

"No, come up here," says *Jock*.

"Come down I tell you," repeated the minister with some warmth.

"No, no," replies *Jock*, "you come up; this is a stiff-necked generation, and there is work enough for both of us."

QUERY.—Does a man feel girlish when he makes a "maiden speech?"

N O W.

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cused in armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each one has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future —
Of gaining a hard-fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now — to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,
Its sunshine and storms forget;
No charms so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, it is past forever;
Cast its phantom aims away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you daily hear
Is your enemy marching to battle:
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
And, from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.

Now! now! is the time for exertion,
Teetotalers flee to your arms!
The armies are mustering strong,
Regardless of threatened alarms;
Confiding in justice and right,
The monster to fell at a blow;
Dow's far-famed LAW of old MAINE
Will slay the long insolent foe.

THE HUMAN MIND.

"The human mind—that lofty thing,"
The palace and the throne
Where reason sits, a sceptered king,
And breathes its judgment-tone.



NATURAL HISTORY.—ART. I.

WE present our young readers this number with an engraving representing the Tomtit, or as it is sometimes called tit-mouse, together with its nest. This is one of our American birds, active, noisy, and restless, hardy beyond any of its size, braving the

severest cold of our continent, as far north as the country around Hudson's Bay, and always appearing most lively in the coldest weather.

The males have a variety of very sprightly notes which cannot indeed be called a song, but rather a shrill, frequently repeated, and

often varied twitter. There are also various European varieties of this bird, the greater Tomtit is about five inches in length. The nests of almost every kind are constructed with the most exquisite art, and with materials of the utmost delicacy, such as moss, hair, and the web of spiders, with which the whole is strongly tied together.

These wee things sometimes fight violently with each other, and are known to attack young and sickly birds that are incapable of resistance, always directing their blows against the skull.

Mr. Knapp, a gentleman who has studied the habits of birds very closely, says he was lately exceedingly pleased in witnessing the maternal care and intelligence of one of this species, for the poor thing had its young ones in the hole of a wall, and the nest had been nearly all drawn out of the crevice by the paw of a cat, and part of its brood devoured. In revisiting its family the bird discovered a portion in the tangled moss and feathers of their bed, and it then drew the whole of the nest back into the place from whence it had been taken, unrolled and resettled the remaining little ones, fed them with the usual attentions, and finally succeeded in rearing them.

“JAMIE,” said an honest Irishman to another the first time he saw a locomotive, “what is that snorting baste?” “Sure,” replied Jamie, “an’ I don’t know at all, unless it is a steamboat splurging along to get to the water.”

A STREET SCENE.



HIS world is a great dice-box, and nobody can tell what will ‘turn up’ at the next throw. There are incident and romance enough transpiring every day in the streets of the metropolis to furnish *material* for the poet and novelist to the end of time.

A few evenings since, a well-dressed gentleman was passing up Broadway. Foreign suns had evidently given to a face once fair, a tinge of bronze, and though nearly half a century might have rolled over his head, yet it had left few traces behind it, and no evidences that the shadows were fading far to the eastward.

Near Trinity Church sat an old apple woman. A tattered cloak of plaid was thrown over her shoulders; her eyes were dim, her hand trembling, and the thin gray hair, escaped from the keeping of a cap guiltless of lace, lay upon her cheek. The old woman was watching for purchasers, and her eyes rested upon the form of a stranger as he proceeded, leisurely along, pausing now and then as he seemingly recognized some spot familiar in other days, or noted some unexpected, and to him, doubtless, painful changes.

The old woman suddenly dropped her basket, and the apples rolled hither and thither, but she did not heed them. ‘George!’ she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet, ‘George!’ The stranger turned in the direction of the voice. In an instant his quiet manner

vanished. 'George!' 'Mother!' and the twain was clasped in each other's arms. Greatly did some marvel at the scene. 'Has the old woman fainted?' cried one. 'Has she been stealing?' asked another. Yes, she has been stealing—stealing whole years of care from Time and flinging it to the winds. But 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and there was many a heart that beat softer at the scene. Twenty years ago George had left his home in Utica, New York, and gone 'down to the sea, and done business upon great waters.' After varied fortunes, that brightened at last, he had returned to find the old homestead razed to the ground, a block of stores occupying its site, every inch of which had been dear to him. He found no brother, no sister, to welcome him,—but an old man had pointed out his father's grave. It was sunken and without a stone to mark where he lay. Of his mother he could obtain no trace. She had left Utica long ago to seek her son in New York and had never returned.

Who can tell how she watched and waited and wept for that first born, wandering son! who can tell by what a painful descent she went down from comfort and home to the streets, old age and poverty.

But now it was all made right. 'The dead was alive again and the lost was found;' and to-day, who thinks she would exchange places with the most favored of fortune that dwell in mansions of marble?

God grant that much joy break not the pitcher at the fountain or wheel of the cistern. God grant many such meetings in this world of parting.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE young lady who was carried away by her feelings, was able to walk back.

A FISH STORY.

FOUR clergymen, a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with knife and fork, and taking about one third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming, as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction, *Papa est caput ecclesiae*, (the Pope is the head of the church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself, exclaiming *Finis coronat opus*, (the end crowned the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate exclaimed, *In media est veritas*, (truth lies between the two extremes.) Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn, melted butter, he dashed it over them all exclaiming, *Ego Baptizo eos.* (I baptize you all.)

EVERY school-boy knows that a kite would not fly until it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by a half dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a stronger and higher flight than the old bachelor, who having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

"MIKE, why don't you fire at those ducks?—don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I had, but you see, when I gets a good aim at one, two or three others will swim right 'twixt it and me."

EDITORIAL.

OUR TROUBLES.



MUCH of our subscribers as have had the opportunity of seeing the now discontinued *CADET*, but until lately published by Mr. Becket, will no doubt have been very much surprised, if not shocked, at the charges brought in the expiring number against *some one or other connected with the LIFE BOAT*. They will call to mind that in the issue for March last, our then publisher briefly stated the causes which had militated against the circulation of the *LIFE BOAT*, adduced the reasons which had led to its transfer to the Messrs. Rose, its present proprietors. They will please oblige us by taking the trouble of referring to that article, after which they will be able to judge whether that of the *CADET*, which is subjoined, and of which we complain, had any foundation in truth or *magnanimity*. It has always been the conviction of the writer hereof, (*Jack Aimwell*), that the *CADET* was started, not with an honest desire to serve the Temperance cause, but with the settled purpose of killing the *LIFE BOAT*, and although we may have been mistaken in our opinion, yet, under this conviction, the *CADET* always appeared to us as a recurring proof of this

feeling on the part of its publisher. We have the consciousness that our course has been on the whole one of great moderation, and we believe the pages of the *LIFE BOAT* will be examined in vain for any evidence of enmity towards Mr. Becket, or anybody else, saving Johnny Barleycorn. The very passage in the March number which the editor of the *CADET* characterised as a *malignant attack*, is, we are bold to say, totally undeserving of so outrageous a name, and can only be viewed as the ebullition of a disappointed and angry mind venting its impotent wrath in naughty words.

It will also be seen that, in addition to malignity, *somebody* is charged with treachery and hypocrisy, and a prediction ventured, that the future of the *LIFE BOAT* will show how much stupidity the Temperance public can exhibit, by suffering itself to be imposed upon thro' such abominably base means. The many good and sensible men who have sustained the publisher of the *CADET* in his business as a Temperance man, will know how to appreciate these compliments; but we beg to add, that if the writer intends to fortell the failure of the *LIFE BOAT*, and the event should justify his foresight, it will only have shared the fate of the *CADET*, whose demise, we suppose, *he* would not like us to attribute to the treachery and hypocrisy of its publisher.

“OUR DELAY IN PUBLICATION.— It was not easy to determine whether the *Cadet* should be pub-

lished another year or discontinued. On seeing the malignant attack which is made in the *Life Boat* by *somebody* on our publisher, most people would have resolved to persevere with the *Cadet*; but he has magnanimously resolved to give way; and then an opportunity will be afforded to ascertain how far treachery and hypocrisy can impose on a credulous public. The *Life Boat* is discontinued by Mr. Campbell, and professedly goes into other hands. Caution is necessary, however, in dealing with slippery people; and, therefore, we cannot inspire any confidence into the minds of our young friends as to the future of the *Life Boat*."—*Cadet*, March, 1854.

From the above paragraph, it will be evident that the publisher of the *CADET* did *somebody* a serious injustice, not only by his charges of malignancy, treachery, and hypocrisy, but by the caution to the public against the future managers of the *LIFE BOAT*, whom he designates as *slippery people*, or, in plain English, as people of questionable honesty. The present publishers could not, under these circumstances, avoid calling upon Mr. Becket for a retraction of these charges, and as *there was no alternative*, he inserted the following notice in the *TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE*, which the Messrs. Rose, whose only desire was to be put right before the public, agreed to accept:—

"The publishers of the *Life Boat* regarding the above—which appeared in the last number of the *Cadet*—as an injurious reflection upon their character, and having expressed a wish that such should

be removed; we beg to state that we did not intend the remarks to bear any such construction; we simply intimated a doubt as to the continuance of the *Life Boat*, as the present publishers had not issued a prospectus to that effect. As all doubt is removed by the issue of the first number of the third volume, of course our remarks are nugatory, and are taken back as if they had not been written."—*Canada Temperance Advocate*, 15th April, 1854.

We regret being obliged to occupy so much space with this subject, but being desirous of treating it finally, we have to add a few words more, and unless we are provoked to renew the discussion, it will be at an end.

1. The *LIFE BOAT* has no competitor as a Juvenile Temperance Journal, and as it is generally believed the highly important order of Cadets can scarcely hope to exist without an organ, we beg respectfully to press the *LIFE BOAT* upon their attention.

2. We are the more emboldened to urge our request, now that the publisher of the late *CADET* and proprietor of the *ADVOCATE* has withdrawn *all* the charges contained in his offensive article.

3. The first number issued by the present publishers, and in truth the present one, will be proof enough to *inspire confidence* in the future of the *LIFE BOAT*.

We have done, and now take leave of our patrons for this month, by soliciting their kindly interest in our little book.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

ROYAL MOUNT SECTION.—On the evening of the 14th inst. this section held a special meeting, for the purpose of having their officers installed, when the following were duly obligated:—J. W., W. Simpson; W., W. Mann; U., A. Rose; G., W. Thomson; A. T., Hugh Harold; T., G. W. Weaver; S., A. Hutchison; A. T., W. J. Thomson; V. A., D. Buchanan; W. A., F. W. Campbell.—Worthy Patron, G. M. Rose; W. Associate Patrons, W. G. Slack and E. Brown; W. Chaplain, A. Dawson.

After the installation services were over, recitations and vocal music were introduced, and the evening was spent in a most agreeable and happy manner.

The attendance of parents and friends was more numerous than we have seen it on any previous occasion, and we hope a greater degree of interest will in future be felt for this hopeful band of total abstainers.

We understand that the section is to change its place of meeting on 1st May—Howard Division having leased a set of rooms capable of accommodating Royal Mount Section, Victoria Union, D. of T., and themselves. We are happy to hear of this arrangement, and trust it will tend greatly to the extension of these several associations.

—
To the Editor of the Life Boat.

SIR,—At the last meeting of the Grand Section of Ohio, held at Cincinnati, Nov. 8, 1853, the subject of a National Section, to be composed of delegates from Grand Sections of the United States and Canada, was freely discussed, and a committee appointed to call a Convention, to meet at Cincinnati, for the purpose of forming such a

National Section. What course this committee has pursued, I am ignorant of, but I know that no such Convention has been called. Deeming it of vital importance that such a National Section should be formed, I determined to press upon the different Grand Sections, through your columns, the importance of appointing committees to act in conjunction with ours, or of taking some other decided step in this matter.

“In Union is strength,” and it is no less true that in *disunion is weakness*. How are union and strength to be gained by the Cadets but by having a fountain head? A National Section is what we need; let us have it! Ohio has, to the best of my knowledge, taken the lead in this matter; but, I am sorry to say, she has taken but few steps, and those were *short* ones, towards the object to be reached. Will not the Cadets in your Province put their shoulders to the wheel? Let every Section in Canada instruct its delegates to advocate this measure—to press it upon the attention of the Grand Section.

Yours, &c.,

GEORGE DE FOREST.

Cincinnati, April 15, 1854.

SENSIBLE HOGS.

SOME years ago I made a visit in the Bay of Fundy, and finding a cozy place there, quite to my mind, I spent a week or more in that vicinity. While there, I had occasion to notice the movements of sundry hogs who came down to the beach at low tide, to feed upon the clams that abound in the sand. You are aware that the tide rises thirty or forty feet in that part of the country. The consequence is, that it must come and

recede very rapidly—so swift indeed does it rise, that cattle unacquainted with the state of things, not unfrequently get overtaken and drowned. The old hogs in those parts however get accustomed to the tide. They find out not only that it “waits for no man,” but that it waits for no hog. One day, while I was on the beach, I saw a regiment of hogs, as busy as they could be, rooting for clams and feasting on them. Watching them carefully, I could not help noticing that several of their number ever and anon placed one ear in the attitude of listening. They would remain in that position a moment or two and then go on eating clams. At length one cunning old fellow, after listening an instant, uttered the well known note of alarm, and off he and the whole regiment ran at the top of their speed, out of the reach of the tide. When I placed my ear near the ground, as the hogs did, I discovered what they discovered, and what I did not know before—the roar of the tide coming in, and found it necessary to retreat about as speedily as they had done. What do you think of that, reader?

AN INELIGIBLE SUITOR.

AN old soldier, with only one arm, being reduced to mendicancy to obtain a livelihood, made acquaintance with a brother beggar, who had grown rich by the craft. “I should be happy,” said the soldier, “to ally myself with so distinguished a member of our profession: you shall give me your daughter.” “Hold! my dear sir,” replied the warm old gentleman, “you cannot think of such a thing. She must have a better match than you can make. You are not half lame enough. My son-in-law must be a miserable looking object, who

would draw blood out of a stone.” “Do you think, then, that you will find one worse off than I am?” “To be sure! why, you have only lost an arm; and ought to be absolutely ashamed of yourself to expect that I will give you my daughter. I would have you to know, that I have already refused a fellow without legs, and who goes about the city in a bowl.”

SELECTIONS.

“I BELIEVE the jury have been innoculated for stupidity,” said a lawyer. “That may be,” said the opponent, “but the bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way.”

A CINCINNATI editor, being asked “what is the news?” replied:

“Sir, I sell my news at ten cents a week! don’t bother me.”

AN exchange says, when David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell *stone-dead*, and of course quite astonished, as such a thing *had never entered his head before!*

JEST.—Would you jest with the tiger, first see that his teeth are drawn; with the fool, first see that his ears are cropped. With the silly and brutal you can neither jest nor reason. You must cage the one and cut the other.

“ONCE on a time,” an Irishman and an old negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed—“You black ——, cry ‘enough!’ I’ll fight till I die.”

“So will I,” sung out the negro; “I *always* does.”

SAYS Vanvenargues, our virtues are dearer to us the more we have to suffer for them.—It is the same with our children. All profound affection admits a sacrifice.

How to keep your own Counsel—Get into a Chancery suit, and you will never get rid of him.

ENIGMAS.

NO. I.

SIR,—The following enigma, if deemed worthy of notice, is offered as a contribution to the *Life Boat*.

I am a word of 11 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 3, 9, was a Roman general.

My 9, 2, 9, 10, 11, was a Roman emperor.

My 1, 8, 11, 11, 5, 10, 11, was a Roman patriot.

My 9, 8, 4, 2, 9, 10, 11, was a great historian.

My 9, 5, 9, 5, 8, 3, was a great painter.

My 10, 9, 5, 4, 8, is a city in the United States.

My whole was a Roman dictator,

I am yours, &c.,

N. H.

Montreal, April 12, 1854.

NO. II.

SIR,—By inserting the following, you will oblige.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 14, 6, 4, an enemy of Temperance.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, a kingdom in Europe.

My 2, 12, 7, 9, the name of a flower.

My 1, 3, 5, 9, the index of the mind.

My 8, 6, 4, 13, a mighty Ruler.

My 9, 13, 14, belong to the feathered tribe

My 10, 6, 12, 4, king of the forest.

My 11, 9, 2, 8, the herald of the morning.

My whole the name of a celebrated Lecturer.

Yours, &c.,

Z. S.

Point a Cavagnol, April 14, 1854.

NO. III.

I am a sentence composed of 22 letters.

My 16, 7, 3, 10, 18 is a mountain in Arabia.

My 2, 8, 4, 10, 6, 20, 2, is a lake in British America.

My 1, 14, 20, 13, 22, 4, 13, 11, is a river in Russia.

My 12, 13, 21, 19, 2, 6, 15, is a town in the United States.

My 5, 18, 10, 3, 10, 22, 17, 13, 10, 9, is a mountain in St. Helena.

My 10, 14, 12, 2, 6, 19, 10, is a small Republic in Europe.

My 1, 13, 19, 3, 10, is a town in Africa.

My whole is a piece of advice to all who wish to avoid a miserable life, or an untimely death.

M. LEONARD.

Drummondville, E. T., 1854.

CHARADES.

NO. I.

With joy it is taken, with rapture return'd;
Not kept for a moment when lovingly earn'd.
A dish that is served on a platter of pearls,
All garnish'd with coral—despise it, yet
churls!

Of nectar, ambrosia compounded the whole,
With a bouquet that flavors the brim of the
bowl.

'Tis a crop that you gather as soon as 'tis
sown;

A bubble that bursts into nothing when *blown*.
Its substance is changed to a shadowy ghost,

If you give it by proxy, or send it by post.
A thrill of delight, an incendiary spark—

Impulsive, extatic—a theft in the dark,
And should she her loss the fair ravish'd
deplora,

The thief's ever ready the prize to restore.
And should you, fair creature, this riddle
divine,

The answer I'll give you—it straight shall
be thine:

But beware! should you fail—I will, Sphinx-
like to sup,

With a thousand such marvels, devour you
up!

NO. II.

My first, if my second's first letter you'll add,
You'll do, if you fail to solve me;

An affectionate title applied to a pet,
You'll find my second to be;

My third, were you drinking a cup of hot tea,
I think you'd be likely to do;

My fourth denotes trouble in vulgar parlance,
(The word is employed but by few;)

My whole's a large river—now go get your
map,

Sit down and patiently seek,—
Should I tell you where it was, then you'd
know where to look,

So I 'guess' I'll 'keep mum' till next month.

The answer to Enigma in our last num-
ber is—SAINT PETERSBURGH.

The answer sent in by Z. S., Point a Cav-
agnol, T. D. Reed, and O. S. H., Montreal,
is correct.

CONUNDRUM.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf
people? Because you can't make them
here.

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