

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

# THE LIFE BOAT.

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

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1853.

No. 2.

## Rum Logic.

The low word *twaddle* is a great favourite with some writers, and is supposed to express a contemptuous indifference for the arguments of an adverse party. Now it requires but a small modicum of brain to enable a man to say "Twaddle, twaddle," and so dismiss the subject. It used to be the fashion to treat the Temperance cause with an easy impudence of this kind, and many of its sensitive advocates have been put out of countenance by mere Jackanapes, whose flippant chatter any CADET of our day would silence in a twinkling. Twaddle! Aye to be sure, there is such a thing. A noisy fiddle-de-dee fashion of saying as little as possible with the most interminable fluency. Twaddle! yes exactly, when a man makes up his mind to aid or oppose a thing, he does not understand he is in danger of being twaddlesome. Of this order of logicians the Temperance Reform has had *some* friends and many enemies, and its *true* friends have often had to deplore the folly of the twad-

dlers ranged on its side. But happily it has survived the friendship of the one and the enmity of the other class. It is perhaps the best proof of its vitality that it has triumphed over the insensate violence, and ignorant quackery of thousands of self appointed advocates. But in every popular movement extravagances have to be expected, and the hopes of success must not rest upon the prudence of friends only, but upon the *right of the cause*. The public mind—perhaps slowly, yet surely—seizes the truth at last. *Veritas Vincit*.

But the *twaddle against* Temperance has been in excess of the supply which its most sanguine opposers could possibly have hoped. It was no doubt to be expected too, that an enterprize which assailed an indulgence common to all classes, should have met with a stern, long and fatiguing opposition—and it has. It was also to be expected that its enemies should fight to the last—they have. It was further to be looked for that those who

sneered at the consummate folly of the fanatics—as the first temperance advocates were called—should in the end change their high insolence, into wailing and lamentation—they have done so, they do so now. The lachrymose style now adopted is in character with the bullying and braggadocio manner of the early opposers. It was a recent sample of this deprecatory mode of reasoning which suggested the foregoing thoughts. A writer in the *Quebec Gazette* complains that *the minority wishes to coerce the majority into the passage of a liquor law similar to that of Maine*. Now if this is not twaddle of the most puerile character, it would be difficult to tell what twaddle is! The reverse is, of course, precisely what this person pretends, and he certainly must know that *the minority cannot, if they would, pass any law*. We only hope to obtain this law when our majority is so strong as to compel legislation. So friend take encouragement, and be assured that justice will be done to your side, just precisely upon the same principle that it is done to other people. The majority must decide, *not the minority*. During the discussion of Mr. Cameron's Bill, a French orator opposed it upon the ground that the *proper cure of intemperance was the cholera, the pestilence, and other such remedial agents!* He denied the propriety of dealing with its cause. The penalties of indulgence, viz., degradation and death, were the only and sufficient motives to deter men from abusing themselves in this way!

The reasoning of the distinguished gentleman will look rather strange when thrown into the syllogistic form thus:

Men have a right to be intemperate,  
But intemperance occasions vice and crime,  
Therefore vice and crime may be perpetrated  
as a matter of right.

Again:

Men have a right to be intemperate,  
But intemperance spreads disease and death,  
Therefore men may spread disease and death  
as a matter of right.

According to this reasoning, by implication at least, a community may not protect itself from vice, crime, disease, and death. Or, *positively*, a man has not only the right to be vicious and criminal, to become diseased, and to sacrifice his own life, but he may propagate vice, crime, disease, and death in the community, quite lawfully. Such are the arguments of the rum interest!

DELIRIUM.—“Never was drunk but once in my life,” said a fellow once in my hearing, “and I never mean to be drunk again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my feet at every step, as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart-wheels were making revolutions in my brains, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill, and that it seemed to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over me. Stop, stop, said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least it shan't head me. I turned round to go down and get at the bottom; tell me! if the town didn't turn right around too, heading me all the time. Well sure enough, the ground flew up and struck me on the forehead; as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was a big brick house coming full split round a corner, and I believe it run right over me, for I don't remember any more.”  
—*Picayune*.

In 1307, Switzerland was under the dominion of an Austrian tyrant, named Herman Gesler. The Swiss have always been a hard people for tyrants to manage, and this governor had his match with them. It seems he suspected they were not perfectly loyal. So one day, he ordered a hat to be raised on a pole, and commanded everybody to do homage to it, as if his own head were under it.—Tell refused. He was arrested for disobedience, and the tyrant cruelly directed him to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on the head of his own son, or else to be dragged with his



child to immediate death. What a dreadful choice! Tell was a good archer, and he determined to try his skill, though at the eminent hazard of murdering his child. He raised the bow, took deliberate aim,—with a steady hand; and wonderful to relate, cleft the apple in two without injuring his son! God aided that injured man—God indeed is ever on the side of the oppressed and against the oppressor. Tell had another arrow in his quiver; and he declared that if he had hurt his child, that arrow would have been thrust through the heart of the tyrant.

This boldness was the occasion of his confinement; and the governor, afraid of a rescue, carried him across the Lake of Lucerne. But a violent storm obliged Gesler, who knew that the prisoner was a good sailor, to entrust to him the helm of the vessel for the preservation of his own life. Tell, freed from his chains, steered the boat on a rock. That rock is still called by his name. He leaped ashore, unhurt, and escaped into the mountains. That governor was afterwards shot by the hand of Tell; and the Swiss roused to arms by the conduct of their hero, drove away their Austrian master, and established the independence

of Switzerland. Nearly fifty years after this event, William Tell was drowned.

A cobbler in Mobile, who also professes to teach music, has the following sign over his door:—

“Delightful task, to mend the tender boot,  
And teach the young idea how to flute.”

Two men quarrelled in a beershop in London the other day, and having agreed to “wrestle it out,” in their struggles upset a kettle of boiling water, which so scalded one of them, that he died shortly afterwards.

### Little Mary's Story.

From the *New York Musical World*.

"Mary," said the younger of the two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, on a cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving day before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep—I want something nice to think about." "Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you; come nearer to me," and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss patches in the wood, and we had pretty gold fish on the side table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa! (you can't remember papa, Letty,) he was tall and grand, like a Prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out of the stable and set me on Romeo's *live back*, and laughed because I was afraid. And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door and jump in his arms; he was a *dear, kind* papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy; we sat around such a *large* table—with so many people—aunts and uncles and cousins—(I can't think why they *never* come to see us *now*, Letty,) and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a *big—big* turkey; and papa would have me sit next to him, and he gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding, and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me "Little Red Rid-

ing Hood," and call me "pet" and "bird" and "fairy." Oh! Letty, I can't tell any more; I *believe* I'm going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know up in Heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of Heaven with *such* a thought.—"Hush! mamma will hear."

Mamma *had* "heard." The coarse garment, upon which she toiled since sunrise, fell from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves thick and fast through her closed eye-lids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Dear reader, as you sit at your luxurious Thanksgiving table, and see no vacant chair or number, no missing one from your flock, as you lean *still* on the dear arm to which you trust; remember those who with chilled limbs and bleeding hearts, know of no treasure on earth, *save in the church yard*.  
—FANNY FERN.

### Profanity.

A quiet observer happened once to travel with two or three gentlemen, (so called) who to pass the time, entertained each other with reminiscences of the race course, cock pit, &c., and as they warmed with their subjects, emphasized their remarks with oaths and curses. Taking advantage of a lull, our quiet friend volunteered an account of a fight between two dogs, somewhat in this style. "Well sir, the bull dog seized the mastiff by one ear, and tobacco pipes! it was impossible to make him let go, but tobacco pipes! the mastiff managed to get hold of his leg, and tobacco pipes! he held on, tobacco pipes! like grim death, tobacco pipes! well

then, the owners poured water over them, and tobacco pipes." "Excuse me Sir," said one of the listeners, "but may I ask what the tobacco pipes have to do with the matter?" "Oh nothing at all, my dear sir, but when you were relating your story I observed that the voucher seemed to be graphic just in proportion, as you damned your soul or swore by the Great Supreme, although, so far as I can see, these exclamations were not at all necessary to the continuity of the recital; therefore, as I could not bring my mind to utter these strong expressions, and yet desired to contribute my mite of entertainment, I selected tobacco pipes, as two words whose sound would afford me the opportunity of attaining proper elevation of voice and energy of action. It is needless to say, that the inference was easily drawn.

#### ONE OF THE USES OF TOBACCO.—

How to make a bull dog let go his hold of another dog. Give him a pinch of snuff.

Alfred Middleton.

(Continued.)

"It is somewhat difficult," said Mr. Middleton, as we met in the evening, "to furnish a sufficient reply, upon the spur of the moment, to such an unexpected proposal as that, which old Barnicoat tendered to me in court to-day."—"The easiest thing in the world, I replied.—'And how so?' he enquired.—'Close with the old man's proposition at once,' I rejoined. It was very evident that he did not relish my suggestion, and the conversation soon found its way into some other channel.

"Not long after this occurrence, the friends of the temperance cause, perceiving as they supposed, the insufficiency of the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone, began to agitate the question of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Meetings were frequently called, for the purpose of discussing this interesting topic. The society, of which Mr.

Middleton had long been a distinguished member, adjourned its meetings for six successive evenings. Mr. Middleton himself argued against the extension of the pledge, with more than his usual zeal and ingenuity. It was nevertheless decided, by an overwhelming majority, to assume higher ground, and to adopt the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Mr. Middleton, with two or three others, who refused to sign the new pledge, were necessarily excommunicated, or rather ceased to be members of the Temperance Society. He joined in the common cry, that the cause of temperance was at an end, and that the ultraism of its misguided and over-zealous friends had brought destruction upon one of the most noble of all human undertakings. From this moment, he never spoke of the cause, nor of its advocates, without an expression of disgust and even bitterness.

"It is not good for man to be alone. No one is more sensible of this profitable truth, than a dissenter from those opinions, which are acquiring an extensive popularity. His peculiar sentiments appear too valuable, in his own estimation, for his exclusive enjoyment; and he is forever uneasy, unless he is employed as a propagandist. Truth may be enjoyed by its happy proprietor, in perfect silence. Heresy commonly affords little pleasure, unless some willing ear is at hand, to receive our doubts and relieve us of our theories. The Christian is happy in close communion with his God. The infidel is ever restless, unless engaged in the promulgation of his unbelief. The wine-drinking members of old-fashioned temperance societies, are commonly, more or less, conscious of their inconsistency. There are many degrees between the very first impression of that inconsistency, vague and undefined as it occasionally is, and that full conviction, which speedily converts the midway temperance man into a tee-totaller. Private reflection, upon this interesting topic, is frequently preferable to public discussion. In the latter course, sides are to be taken, and opinions maintained. Mr. Middleton had long been esteemed a social and convivial man. During the discussion, to which I have referred, it was not to be expected, that either party should forbear the exhibition of any argument, which could be legitimately brought to bear upon the question. Frequent allusion was made to those selfish and personal motives, which governed many, who were unwilling to extend the pledge. Their attachment for the bottle became a subject of considerable mirth. It was true, upon this, as it has been elsewhere, upon many similar

occasions, that almost every individual, who opposed the extension of the temperance pledge, was in the habit of using fermented liquor, with a greater or less degree of moderation. No one gave stronger evidence of personal irritation than Mr Middleton. I expressed my surprise to an old friend, as we were leaving the assembly one evening. He shrugged his shoulders, and observed, that 'Squire Middleton drank more wine than was good for him. I was greatly shocked by this remark; for I had never suspected before, that he was an intemperate man.

"It was very evident to me, that Mr. Middleton had lost his interest in the temperance cause. He levied the most open and unrelenting warfare against the advocates of total abstinence, and devoted a large amount of his leisure moments to an exposition of their madness and folly.

"My position, in regard to this young gentleman and his wife, gave me sufficient authority for directing my attention more closely to his habits of life. In connection with the remark of my old friend, I recollected, that, during my recent visits at Mr. Middleton's house, I had noticed some indications of anxiety on the countenance of his wife. They did not appear so perfectly happy in each other's society of late, and I began to charge myself with stupidity, for not having been more forcibly impressed by these appearances. The next morning, I called at his house: it was shortly after breakfast, and he had already gone abroad. Margaret was walking the room with her little girl. I came rather abruptly into the apartment; and, as I entered I heard the little girl exclaim 'Don't cry, dear mother.' She was in tears, and turned towards the window to conceal them. I took her hand, and affectionately inquired after the cause of her sorrow. After some hesitation she admitted, that her husband's affairs were somewhat embarrassed. 'And is this the only occasion of your tears?' I inquired. 'I cannot bear,' she replied, 'to see Mr. Middleton so terribly excited, as he often is, by these temperance discussions.'—'And pray,' said I, 'is he ever excited from any other cause?'—She gazed at me intently for an instant, and burst into tears. The position, in which I stood to this lady, as I have already stated, warranted the freedom of my inquiry, and the fulness of her reply. She frankly told me, at last, that she was alarmed for the consequences of his habit of indulgence; and that, although he never tasted ardent spirits in any form, his free use of wine and other fermented liquors had materially affected his

temper and lessened her happiness. She informed me, that her tears, which I had noticed upon my first arrival, had been occasioned by a sharp reprimand from her husband, while dissuading him from giving a dinner party, which he could not afford.—She added that it was settled, nevertheless, against her counsel, and would take place the ensuing week. She said, that her husband intended to invite me, and I promised to accept the invitation. I offered such counsel, as I thought adapted to her situation, and took my leave.

"Without the slightest committal of Mr. Middleton's reputation, I gave a fair occasion to others to speak freely of his habits in my hearing. I soon discovered, to my sorrow, that he had, for some time, been accounted an intemperate man. As a zealous member of the temperance society, he had been placed aloof from all suspicion; and the whole common sense of the framers of the old-fashioned temperance pledge seemed completely to negative the idea of intemperance, on wine. I found, that a very common impression prevailed of his incompetency, as a business man, in the after-part of the day; and that his particular case was very generally cited by those, who desired to prove, by example, the utter insufficiency of the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone.

"I felt it to be my duty to have a full and frank conversation with this young man. I was revolving the subject in my thoughts, and devising the most suitable plan for its execution, when he called to invite me to dine with the Rev. Dr. Mockturtle, our new clergyman, and a few friends, on the following day. I was half inclined to refuse, or to accept on condition that wine should not be introduced. On further reflection, however, I decided to accept the invitation, and seek a more suitable opportunity for the expression of my opinions. The impressions, which I had recently gathered of his intemperate habit, induced me to regard his appearance and manner more carefully; and I noticed in his countenance the marks and numbers of dissipation, which I had never observed before.

"When I entered Mr. Middleton's parlor, upon the following day, I found the guests already assembled, with the exception of our new clergyman, for whom the entertainment was made. The host and hostess were, from some cause, not perfectly at ease. An illy-concealed anxiety was too plainly visible upon the countenance of Mrs. Middleton, which it was painful to observe. After the

lapse of half an hour, the door opened, and the long-expected guest made his *entree*. The Rev. Paul Mockturtle was about five and forty years of age, unusually short, round, and rubicund. He was evidently, if I may so express myself, a man for both worlds, having no intention of relaxing his hold of the present, until he had secured a firm grasp upon a better. I never looked upon a face of clay in which the muscles were so wonderfully pliable; nor have I ever seen an individual, whose tones of voice and general manner were so instantaneously variable—valuable qualifications, beyond all doubt, for an individual, who is called, at one moment, to mourn with those who mourn, and the very next, to rejoice with those who rejoice.

"We were soon ushered into the dining-parlor. The blessing was craved most reverentially, by the Rev. Paul Mockturtle; and from the position of his expanded hands and the curvature of his body, it seemed to be especially bestowed on a capacious oysterpie, upon which he subsequently made a lion's repast, wetting his appetite with an occasional glass of wine, and clearing his fauces with one or two tumblers of London porter. Nothing could be done in a more workmanlike style. Short ejaculations and brief responses now and then interrupted the work of consumption.—'Poor Mrs. Davidson has lost her husband, doctor,' said Deacon Eldridge. 'God have mercy upon her,' cried the doctor; 'a few more oysters, Mrs. Middleton, if you please. Dear me, this is a world of sorrow—you have a French cook, madam, no doubt.'

"I had already seen and heard enough to excite my contempt for our new clergyman. He was elected, during my absence in a neighboring state, and I felt some little satisfaction in the consciousness of my irresponsibility for such a selection.

"The cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate. After some general conversation, a remark from Deacon Eldridge turned the attention of the company to the subject of temperance. I was not sorry for this, as I was desirous of affording our new clergyman an opportunity of exhibiting his sentiments. 'Old Anthony Jones, the undertaker, is dead,' said Deacon Eldridge—'A wretched drunkard,' said Mr. Middleton—'we should have reformed that poor fellow, if—fill your glass, doctor,—if it had not been for the suicidal conduct of our Temperance Society—perhaps you prefer the Sherry, Deacon Eldridge.'—'Old Anthony,' said Mr. Snakeroot, the apothecary, 'was eternally drunk with beer; he didn't take

much ardent spirit,'—'Couldn't be, sir,' cried Mr. Middleton; 'impossible.—John, some clean glasses and the old Monteiro,'—'no man ever became a drunkard, a *real* drunkard, on beer, Mr. Snakeroot.'—'Anthony Jones was a terrible drunkard, Mr. Middleton,' replied the druggist.—'No doubt of that, sir; but he drank rum, sir, rum, sir, rum, rum, New England rum; depend upon it as certainly as your name is Snakeroot. There, Doctor Mockturtle, what d'ye say to that?'—'Nectar, Mr. Middleton, nectar, indeed it is; but your Sh—Sherry is incomparably fine; did you import it yourself?'—'Yes, sir—no, sir, not exactly the Sherry—John, open the Champagne,—fill the doctor's glass,—Joly's brand, my dear doctor.'—'Excellent, most excellent, my very dear friend,' cried the doctor, who was palpably the worse for liquor.—'Dr. Mockturtle,' cried Mr. Hoogs, one of the most influential members of our parish, 'I should like to have your opinion of the Temperance Society.'—'Sir, replied the doctor, drawing himself up, and holding fast upon the arms of his chair, and turning upon Hoogs the only eye which was entirely open, 'it's done up, sir,—dephlogisticated,—extinct, and defunct, body and spirit. It's all over with it now, sir. It's ultraism, sir,—Isn't this a good creature of God? that's my argument, sir,—the glass is empty, Mr. Mid—Middlington, a little more, if you are agreeable, sir. My health is delicate, sir, and I follow the direction of the apostle, and take a little for my—my stomach ache and often infirmities. My learned friend Dr. Tweedles, does the same thing. He is an in—invaletudinarian, and requires it. He is in the habit of taking a little, but he does not take it habitually. The fanatics have set no bounds to their audacity. Dr. Tweedles tells me, sir, that a member of his society had the impudence to adulterate the communion wine,—good, old, strong-bodied Madeira,—by putting spring water into it. What an unhallowed innovation!'—'You don't say so, doctor!' cried Deacon Eldridge, holding up his hands and rolling his eyes aloft with an expression of horror.—'Yes, sir,' replied the doctor, 'I do say so.—it's nothing less than sacrilege, sir.—For my own part.—I'll take a little more of the Champagne, if you please, my dear sir—I was going to observe—to remark that a—bless me, it's gone out of my head.—O—ah—yes, yes, I've got it—I was going to say every thing done by our blessed Redeemer was sacred. His example is enough for me. I make it a point to take wine at weddings always, and it never tastes so good,



because I do it in honor of my Redeemer. Dr. Tweedles does the same thing.'—'I always do,' said Deacon Eldridge.—'So do I,' said Mr. Hoogs. Six or eight of the company affirmed, that they were in the same habit—'I'll tell you what it is,' cried Mr. Middleton, who, though he had been silent, had not been idle—'I'll tell you what it is,' said he, with an excessively flushed and excited countenance; 'it's all a humbug—I'm sick of it, and by—I beg your pardon, doctor.'—'O, my dear friend,' said the doctor in a sleepy voice, 'no sort of occasion, I assure you.'—'Doctor Mockturtle,' continued Mr. Middleton, 'our notions correspond exactly, and I am rejoiced that you've—fill your glass—that you've come among us. Was there ever such an infernal piece of non-nonsense as the notion, that men of character and standing can get drunk on good old Madeira?'—'Never, my dear friend,' replied the doctor, 'never, never. Why diminish our com—comforts, why take away our innocent rec—rec—recreations?'—'Sure enough,' cried two or three of the company. 'These temperance folks are certainly carrying matters to extremes,' said Deacon Eldridge; 'pray, judge,' continued the deacon, turning to me, 'don't you think they're going too fast and too far?'—I had continued almost entirely silent during this entertainment, which had afforded any thing but pleasure to me. Mrs. Middleton had retired, as soon as the common courtesy of the table would permit, and I had remained to ascertain, if possible, from the carriage of her husband, the nature and extent of his intemperate habit. I was perfectly convinced from all that I saw, in connection with all that I had heard, that his love for intoxicating liquor was the sin, that most easily beset him; and that, unless immediately vanquished, it would inevitably bring ruin upon himself, and misery upon his household. I perceived, that my presence was embarrassing to Mr. Middleton, and I was upon the point of withdrawing, when called out by the inquiry of Deacon Eldridge. On the whole, I was not disposed to regret so fair an occasion for expressing those opinions, which my position, as a guest, would have prevented me from obtruding upon such a company. 'Deacon Eldridge,' said I, in reply to his interrogatory, 'I foresee no great danger from the rapid progress of the reformation. Excesses, if such there are, will probably correct themselves. You well know my opinions, deacon; they are those of a cold-water man.'—These last words seemed to awaken Dr. Mockturtle from the lethargy,

which had been evidently getting the better of his energies for some time past. It had never occurred to him, in all probability, that any diversity of opinion, upon the subject before us, existed among the guests who were present; and he had been too seriously occupied with his own operations, to pay any very particular attention to the proceedings of his neighbors. He was evidently surprised, that any person should have the hardihood to avow himself a cold-water man before an assembly, in which every other individual had furnished such abundant evidence, that he was not. He turned toward me with perfect astonishment. I cannot say that he lifted the light of his countenance upon me, for every spark of intelligence was utterly extinguished.—'I am a cold-water man, deacon, as you well know,' continued I. 'Water is a safe and a salutary beverage; we have sufficient reason to believe, that wine is neither. I will avail of this occasion to bear my testimony, for all that it is worth, against some wild opinions, as I deem them, which I have heard to-day. It is easier, I conceive, to follow our blessed Redeemer's example in some things than in others; it is a pleasanter employment, perhaps, to drink wine, at a wedding, in commemoration of his example at Cana, than to bear a splinter of the cross, in testimony of our gratitude for all he suffered for mankind on Calvary. Jesus Christ never *commanded* that we should drink wine upon such convivial occasions as these; yet he certainly *forbade* surfeiting and drunkenness. If drunkenness had not existed, he would not have forbidden it. Fermented liquors were then the only beverages, by which drunkenness could be produced. It is therefore absurd to contend, that wine, even when unenforced with brandy, is insufficient for the production of drunkenness. It is not less irrational to assert, that the addition of water is an adulteration of communion wine, however pure that wine may be; and this remark is still more just, if the communion wine be such as is commonly employed and enforced with brandy, for such wine was unknown when Jesus Christ was upon the earth.' Having made these remarks, I took my leave, and returned home with many sad forebodings, in relation to the future prospects of poor Middleton and his unhappy family.

(To be continued.)

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day;—the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

### The Song of the Bowl.

With features wan and worn,  
With nose of the grossest red,  
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,  
Who lifted his maudlin head;  
He sang the song of the bowl,  
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,  
And he drove a nail in his coffin lid  
Each time he raised his hand.

Drink, drink, drink,  
In the morning's rosy prime,  
And drink, drink, drink,  
In the murky midnight time:

It's oh, to be a dog,  
Along with a tinker swart,  
Than a senseless log, or a human hog,  
With never a human heart.

Drink, drink, drink,  
The wine cup never flags;  
And what are its wages? An aching heart,  
And squalor, and mouldy rags.  
Drink deep of the liquid fire,  
In hollow and mindless mirth, [slave,  
With rogue and knave, and the tap-room  
And the vilest scum of earth.

Oh, men, with children pale—  
Oh, men, with weeping wives—  
Oh, why for a can of unholy ale  
Will you sacrifice their lives;  
They play but a dastard's part  
Who swear each truth a lie,  
Who crush with crime a trusting heart,  
And leave it alone to die.

Drink, drink, drink,  
Oh, how escape its thrall?  
It runs amain through each burning vein,  
And turns my blood to gall.  
My eyes are dim with tears,  
A furnace heats my breath;  
And conscience whispers in my ears,  
"Thou'rt hastening, fool, to death."

But why do I talk of death,  
That phantom of fleshless bone?  
I might see a thousand shapes  
More dreadful than his own.  
The cells of my arid brain  
Are parched in my burning head;  
And countless sprites, thro' the livelong nights,  
Are dancing round my bed.

'Mid darkling clouds I tread,  
To my last accursed retreat;  
There's a heaven above my head,  
And a hell beneath my feet.  
Oh, ponder, pause, and pray,  
Reflect, and pray, and think, [day  
Ere your souls be snatched from the light of  
By the ruthless demon—Drink.

It's oh, but to breathe the breath  
Of a purer atmosphere,  
To escape from this mortal death,  
This prospect dark and drear!  
It's oh, for the pleasant hours,  
When I felt as a man should feel,  
Ere alcohol had enslaved my soul,  
And made my senses reel.

With features wan and worn,  
With nose of the grossest red,  
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,  
Who lifted his maudlin head.  
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,  
In a vile, degraded sink,  
He sang the song, with a dismal wail;  
Would that its tones could on all prevail  
To banish the demon—Drink.

### The Lottery Ticket.

(Continued.)

The reader will remember that Tom Trudge had set off from his home in the country, to go to New York and see to the success of his lottery ticket. He soon arrived at the great city, and found, to his vexation, that the drawing of the lottery was postponed for a week beyond the appointed time. It seemed to him hardly worth while to return to his home, but what would he do to get rid of this terrible week? When we are looking forward with impatience to a certain event, the time that stands between us and the object of desire, is considered a hateful enemy, and we set about killing it as well as we can. Some people are as anxious to kill time, as if it were a lion or a grizzly bear.

At the period we speak of, some thirty or forty years ago, a common way of killing time, or, in other words, of wasting that most precious gift of Heaven, was to go to a tap-room or tavern, and drink flip, whiskey or grog, and indulge in low and vulgar conversation. Such things are considered very silly now, but it was otherwise then. Tom could think of no other way to spend his week than to go to the Jefferson and Liberty tavern, and indulge in the amusements of the bar room. So thither he went, and by keeping himself in a state verging on intoxication, he continued to while away the awful seven days.

At last the appointed hour came. A firm conviction had taken possession of Tom's mind, that he was to draw the prize of fifty thousand dollars. He did not seem to consider that there were twenty thousand tickets, and that his chance of getting it was only one in twenty thousand. To a deluded mind,

such an obstacle is nothing; one chance in twenty thousand is just as good as certainty. When the drawing took place, the office was thronged with a crowd of people, most of them wretched in the extreme. There were old men, tottering upon the verge of the grave; there were haggard women evidently starving for want of the money they had invested in the lottery; there were young persons, of both sexes, apparently sunk in vice and wasted with poverty; there were the sick and emaciated, mingled with the strong and the reckless. All anticipated with hope and expectation,—and yet all, or nearly all, were destined to go away with disappointment and sickness of heart.

Tom got close to the revolving wheel, and, with his ticket in his hand, watched the numbers as they were declared. Several times his heart beat violently, as a number came out near his own. The drawing continued for more than two hours, and his hopes began to fly, as he perceived that the prizes were nearly all out. At last his own number, which was 777, was announced, and immediately after, it appeared that it had drawn the prize of 50,000 dollars!!!

Tom Trudge was in general a pretty stable-minded man, but for a moment his eyes grew dim and his brain reeled. A strange variety of images glided in confusion before his fancy, among which, his wife, with a yaller damask gown and a fine fan, were conspicuous. Finding it necessary to have air, he left the crowd, and went into the street. For some time he could hardly tell where or what he was; but at last his faculties rallied, and, coming fully to himself, he began to consider what was to be done.

He made inquiries at the office, and found that he could cash his prize at once by paying 5000 dollars discount;—this he did, and immediately found himself in the possession of the sum of forty-five thousand dollars,—an immense sum in those days, especially for a pedlar, who had seldom before had fifty dollars in hand at a time. Though he was anxious to go home and communicate his good fortune to his wife, he did not forget her injunction. He went forthwith and purchased a magnificent changeable silk dress of yellow and purple, upon which was a representation of a bathing goddess in figures of gold. He also purchased a fan, on one side of which was a Venus, and on the other a Cupid, and started for home. Stopping at every tavern on the road, he drank liberally, and by the time he reached his cottage, his brain was not a little muddled.

When he entered the little dwelling, his hair was dishevelled, and his eyes staring,—his whole aspect, indeed, was wild and singular. He, however, rushed up to his wife, exclaiming, "I have got it! I have got it!" He then kissed her over and over again; took up his children and nearly stifled them with his obstreperous embraces; at the same time, he shouted, danced and whirled round like a bedlamite. "What is it ails you, Tom? What in natur' is the matter? Are you drunk or mad?" said his spouse. "I have got it.—there, there!" said Tom, hurling the bundle of silk at his wife's head. "There's the yaller damask, and the fine fan! And here's the fifty thousand dollars!" Saying this he took an enormous bundle of bank bills from his pocket, and giving it a whirl around his head, threw it across the room, and scattered the precious bits of paper over the floor. It is impossible to depict the astonishment of Mrs. Trudge, as she beheld the shower of bank bills, of five, ten and even twenty dollars each, now lying before her, as abundant as the very chips around the wood-pile.

For a moment the dame was bewildered, and the idea crossed her mind that it was only a dream. It was indeed so much like one of those visions that often cheat the mind in sleep, that she stood still, rubbed her forehead and looked puzzled for several seconds. But in a few moments her husband, quite out of his head, began to dance among the scattered bills, and cutting his pigeonwings where they lay thickest, made them fly in all directions. Several of them were near the hearth, and, caught by the draught, edged closer and closer to the heap of coals, and at last bounded under the forestick and were instantly reduced to ashes. Others took a flying leap up the throat of the chimney, and circling round and round, disappeared amidst the soot and coiling smoke.

These circumstances at last recalled Mrs. Trudge to her senses. She had by degrees unravelled the tangled skein of events and made out the truth. She saw that her husband had actually drawn a great prize; that, obedient to her command, he had bought the damask and the fan, and that, between tipping and delight, his wits had gone wool-gathering for a season. She saw the necessity of immediate exertion to save the bank bills, now scattered like worthless rags upon the floor, her bewitched husband still rigadooning in their midst, and grinding them beneath his feet, or making them circle about upon the eddies of air that his brisk motions created. Like a hawk pouncing upon a

brood of chickens, she now stooped upon the cash, and gathered it by handfuls into her apron, which she held up by the two corners. Seeing what she was about, her addled lord came after her and chased her round the room. But Mrs. Trudge took good care to keep out of his way, and soon succeeded in picking up the greater part of the bills. At last her husband, being completely exhausted fell upon the floor. His good wife then dragged him to bed, and leaving him there in a sound sleep, she completed her work of securing the money.

Trudge slept long and heavy, but at last he awoke. He seemed sadly bewildered, and put his hand to his forehead in a manner which showed that he had not only had pain in his head, but was troubled in mind. At last he turned to his wife, and demanded, "Where is the money?"

"Money?" said his better half,—"Money! what man—money! money, indeed! I think I should like some money myself. 'Tis a pretty business indeed: you go away and leave your tender wife and suffering children for ten long days; you then come back drunk as a fiddler, cut up all sorts of cantraps about the house, almost murder your family, and then, after you have come to your senses, you ask, as innocent as a cat licking cream, 'where is the money?' Where is the money? say I. Zuunds, where is my yaller damask and the French fan? Come, speak, man! Or is it all a dream? Didn't you draw the big prize, after all? Oh, 'Tom, Tom! I told you so; I told you how it would be; I knew you had throw away your money, and here we are, a poor innocent family, reduced to ruin, poverty and starvation!'" Upon this, the dame held her apron to her eyes, and the tears, real tears, bright as crystals, chased each other down her rosy cheeks.

Poor Tom Trudge! There he sat on the bedside, the very image of botheration. For the life of him, he could not tell whether he had really drawn the prize, or only been visited by a bewildering vision. At last, however, the mists that had hung over his mind began to clear away; the truth came more and more distinct in his mind, and finally he recollected the drawing of the lottery, his obtaining the forty-five thousand dollars, his buying the damask and the fan—his journey homeward, and the meeting with his wife. Just as he had fully brought to recollection the whole affair, he looked up, and discovered a half-malicious smile shining through the tears of his spouse. She now burst into a hearty laugh, and brought forth the bundle of bank notes, nicely done up,

and Tom Trudge and his wife were the happiest couple in the universe.

Thomas Trudge was now one of the richest men in the town of Buckwheat, in which he resided, and it was not long before his good fortune was known over the whole place. A great many people came to see him and talk with him about it, and hear the whole story from beginning to end. They desired also to see the money, and make sure that it was real, good money; for many of them could hardly believe that a poor pedlar should draw a prize of fifty thousand dollars. A great many persons also came to see Mr and Mrs. Trudge, who had never been in their humble cottage before; and Mrs. Trudge was not slow to observe that the people now called her husband Mr. Trudge, instead of Tom, and herself Mrs. Trudge, instead of Bridget.

The town of Buckwheat consisted of about two thousand inhabitants, who were chiefly devoted to agriculture. It derived its name from its producing a large quantity of that particular kind of grain, which is famous for feeding poultry and making flapp jacks. It consisted of two villages, which bore the titles of Up-town and Down-town. In the former portion, there dwelt several families of some wealth, who had removed thither from the city of New York, during the war of the revolution, to escape from the dangers and anxieties of that period. These families, having similar tastes and habits of life, naturally associated together, and were hence called aristocracy.

The leader of fashion among this portion of the community was a dashing widow, by the name of Mrs. Million. She was rich, and so long as she was flattered and permitted to have her own way, she was hospitable and good-natured; but if thwarted, or if her superiority in all respects were called into question, she was haughty, ill-natured, and vindictive.

While such was the state of things at Up-town, there was also a natural association formed by the people in that portion of the place called Down-town. "Birds of a feather flock together," says the adage; and, accordingly, the Down-towners, being drawn together by similar tastes, habits and condition, associated with each other, and were called the democracy. For a long time, these names were not in use in Buckwheat,—and the people in whatever inequality in their condition might exist, got along very peaceably together. But when they began to call each other names, such as aristocrat and democrat, a feeling of hostility grew up

among them, and it was not long before bad blood was excited between them. Hitherto, all things had gone on peaceably; every person was at liberty to do as he pleased, provided there was nothing improper in his conduct; but now that these ugly names had got in among them, there was a great deal of scandal and back-biting abroad. It really seemed as if the introduction of these two words—aristocracy and democracy—into the good old town of Buckwheat, did as much to break up the peace and harmony of the people, as if two evil spirits had taken up their residence there, and had exerted themselves to set the inhabitants by the ears.

Thomas Trudge was naturally a fair-minded, honest, good-hearted fellow, and, left to himself, would never have made any trouble in the world. But his partner, Bridget, was restless, meddlesome, and ambitious. She was always talking about the Up-towners, and nothing happened there, but it was the occasion of some sour and satirical reflection upon her part. She kept an especial watch upon Mrs. Million, particularly at the meeting on Sunday. Her dress was then thoroughly scanned, and if she ventured to come out with a new bonnet, gown, frill, or even ribbon, the amiable Bridget was sure to exclaim somewhat in this manner: "Shame upon that Mrs. Million, to be perking herself up in church with her new finery, to attract the attention of the whole congregation! What is Mrs. Million, that she presumes to catch all the best of the minister's discourse—the corn and the kernel—and leave nothing but the husks for such people as we are. Oh, 't's because she's rich, I suppose! But the tables will be turned by and by. 'Every dog must have his day!' Dives had his, and Mrs. Million is having hers, but there's another world to settle these accounts in!"

It must not be supposed that Bridget Trudge was a bad woman, even though she indulged in such spiteful words; her bark was a great deal worse than her bite. But still, people who get into the habit of talking harshly, will ere long feel and act harshly—and so it was with Bridget. She had been so accustomed to indulge her love of scandal towards the Up-towners, that she seemed to hate them; and as to Mrs. Million, she felt as if she owed her some particular grudge; and this was the more curious, from the fact that Mrs. Million had always treated Bridget with kindness, and had made her various presents of considerable value. Nothing however, in the conduct of the Up-towners, could satisfy Mrs. Trudge. Their

behavior, in her view, was all wrong. She accused them of being extravagant, worldly-minded, dissipated, and, what was ten times worse than all, aristocratic.

Entertaining such views as these, it may seem strange that the first idea of Mrs. Trudge, after she had settled it in her mind that they were rich, was, that she would become one of the Up-towners, join the aristocracy, and out-dash Mrs. Million. Her first great manoeuvre was developed on the second Sunday after the drawing of the prize. Her husband went in his usual dress, but Mrs. Trudge appeared in all the glory of her new *changeable damask*, decorated with figures in gold. It was made in the height of the fashion; and as she flaunted up the broad aisle, you might have fancied that she was going to a masquerade. An enormous red satin bonnet, with huge bunches of ribbons, red shoes and a tall fan—though it was now November—served to aid the conceit. The little Trudges followed their mother, fantastically attired, while Tom, the pedlar, in his rusty brown suit, brought up the rear.

The Scottish poet, Burns, has said a great many good things; and among these is the following couplet:

"Oh! would kind heaven the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

Mrs. Trudge supposed that on the present occasion she was exciting the admiration of all Buckwheat; that she was provoking the envy of the proud Mrs. Million, and that she was conquering the respect of the Up-towners. The text happened to be the story of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and was used by the preacher to show the compensations which are to be made to the humble Christian in a future world, for the sorrows, suffering and poverty of this. Mrs. Trudge made a curious, though flattering application of the text to herself. "Yes, yes," said she, internally, "the poor shall be comforted—those who have suffered shall have the reward. I have endured poverty and suffering, and now I am taken to Abraham's bosom." She enjoyed great satisfaction in this view of the case, and, for the first time in her life, fondly fancied that the preacher intended to bestow upon her the comforts of Scripture.

It is not our purpose to detail the various steps by which the Trudges changed their position in society. It will be sufficient to say that they left their humble cottage and entered a new house, which they caused to be built upon the very top of Up-town! This was constructed in the most approved style; and the grounds around were duly

decorated with gravel-walks, avenues, flower-beds, shrubbery, and long straight rows of Lombardy poplars. Here, they gave tent-parties and suppers; and in the course of

two years rejoiced in considering themselves as making a part of that aristocracy which Mrs. Trudgo had before regarded as so hateful.

(To be continued.)



### The Wandering Arabs.

One peculiarity of these tribes is the affection which exists between them and their beautiful horses. These animals are almost, if not altogether, as fully domesticated among them as the dogs are in our homes, and the sagacity and intelligence of the horses so trained and cared for, abundantly repay all the kindness bestowed upon them. They come at call, lie down, and rise at a word; play with the children, and exhibit an appreciation of the favours received of which horses in more civilized countries are scarcely deemed capable. We have read many anecdotes relating to the Arabs and their horses, and sometime ago happened upon one which evinced the ardent love of the man towards his favorite animal. Induced by the offer of a large price, an Arab had agreed to sell a handsome mare, and was to bring her next day to the purchaser. He did so, and the money was counted out, but in the act of

taking it, he turned to look upon his mare, and the sight had such an effect upon him, that dropping the cash he vaulted upon her back, and in another moment was out of sight.

Our little cut represents an Arab tent, with the horses and children in most intimate intercourse.

### A Young Drunkard.

Not very long ago, we saw a little beggar girl, not over nine or ten years of age, apparently very much intoxicated! Her parents—drunkards,—have left Montreal, and abandoned the child to her own exertions. She supports herself by mendicancy, and from her early progress in vice, it is not hard to predict that her future will be profligacy and premature death. Many such children may be seen in our streets. Whose is the fault? Does it rest with the Teetotalers? No. The upholders of the liquor trade must take the responsibility.

## A Merchant.

A merchant, originally from Liverpool, having acquired a large fortune in one of the West India islands, concluded that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent in Liverpool. He knew no other style than that which he used in his trade; therefore, treating of affairs of love as he did of business, after giving his friend in a letter several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:

"Item.—Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualifications and form following:—As for a portion, I demand none—Let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature and well proportioned, her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first, soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance, and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives here, conditioned as above said, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearer at fifteen day's sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this," &c.

The correspondent read over and over this odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent exactness of the West Indian, and his laconic style in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and, after many inquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for

his purpose, in a young person of reputable family, but no fortune, of good humour and polite education, well-shaped and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed; and the young gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for the island was then fitting at Liverpool, the gentlewoman went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which run thus:—

"Item.—A young gentlewoman of twenty-five years of age, of the quality and shape, and conditioned as per order, as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The writings which were thought necessary for so exact a man as her future husband, were, an extract of the parish register; a certificate of her character signed by the curate; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth that she had for the space of three years lived with an old aunt who was intolerably peevish, and had not, during all that time, given her said aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after the consultation, by four physicians. Before the gentlewoman's departure, the correspondent sent several letters of advice by other ships to his friend, whereby he informed him that, *per such a ship*, he should send a young woman, of such an age, character, and condition, &c.; in a word, such as he desired to marry.—The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to port; and the West Indian, who happened to be one of the

foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who, having heard him called by his name, told him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made. I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." At the same time shewing him his correspondent's letter; on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you." "Ah, Madam!" said the West Indian, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested; and I assure you this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you allow me to discharge it." "Yes, Sir," replied she, "and the more willingly, since I am apprised of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked them concerning you in so advantageous a manner, that it has raised in me a perfect esteem for you."—The first interview was in a few days after followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent, and the new married couple were very well satisfied with their happy union made by the bill of exchange.

### Defeat of the "Liquor Bill."

Mr. Cameron's measure so ably introduced into Parliament has had its temporary quietus. It was lost by a majority of—how many? **FOUR VOTES!!!** The numbers were 28 for and 32 against—a result to justify any amount of exultation. We *Jack* are naturally sanguine, but we are bound to confess we had no hope of so favorable a division. Who doubts the passage of this law ultimately?

*Not one man with his senses about him.* Our motto should now be, "Wait and Work!" The persuasion among intelligent spirit and wine merchants, that this measure will soon pass into law is very general, and in this city a gradual preparation is taking place for the issue. The day of Jubilee is at hand! and we raise a voice to welcome its dawn!

"Hail happy day,  
"Thy light we long to see!"

### The Canadian Temperance League.

A new movement in the very effective form of a *general league* has recently been begun at London, C.W., with a view of consolidating and directing the energies of our noble enterprise.

That the idea has our most unqualified approbation it is hardly necessary to say. Were we gifted with the power of stirring up the enthusiasm of every friend of temperance in the country, we would ask no better text than the League. Our work, however, being chiefly among the young, who cannot be expected to take a prominent part in the movement, we can only record our delight and express our ardent hopes for the success of the **CANADIAN TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.**

To superiors, true politeness appears in a respectful freedom of manner; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity. To inferiors it shows itself in an unassuming good nature; its aim is to raise them to your standard, not to lower yourself to theirs. To equals, it is every thing that is charming; the just medium between form and rudeness; it is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shows itself to general acquaintance in an obliging and unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of unostentatious kindness.

An equivocation is worse than a lie, for it is a lie guarded.



AS GOOD AS IF IT WERE IN ÆSOP.—  
*The Nantucket Islander* says the following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards: A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied, that would be far better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out, "Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied the mouse, "I did, but *I was in liquor at the time!*"

GEMS.

He who needs forgiveness himself ought to be merciful to others.

The art of conversation is the art of hearing, as well as of being heard.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as it may be said to possess him.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

False happiness is like false money: it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

What a beautiful comment the following is upon a good housewife—"To hear her converse, you would suppose she did nothing but read; to have looked through the department of her household, you would have supposed she never read."

Some one, looking at a rich man, said: "Poor man, he tolled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth; and he has been watching it day and night, ever since, for his victuals and clothes."

(For the Life Boat.)

A half starv'd Frenchman once 'tis said,  
 Passed by a butcher's door;  
 Where British beef, both white and red,  
 Hung out in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gazed with longing eyes,  
 Then loud, "bon, bon," he cried:  
 The butcher turned with quick surprise,  
 And spoke with wounded pride.

Get away you outlandish cheat,  
 Nor talk such stuff as that;  
 You say *bone, bone*, I say 'tis meat,  
 And meat extremely fat.

ANONYMOUS.

Enigma.

(Written for the Life Boat.)

I am composed of eleven letters.  
 My 6, 5, 6, 7, is a musical instrument.  
 " 4, 9, 10, 6, is a mass of bread.  
 " 1, 9, 9, 12, is one of the bones of the mouth.  
 " 2, 10, 4, 1, is lame or crippled.  
 " 8, 3, 10, 1, is to punish.  
 " 11, 7, 10, is a Chinese plant.  
 My whole is what every Cadet should have.  
 HENRY POLSON.

Question.

If paker, tongs and shovel, cost 5 shillings, what will a peck of coals come to?  
 HENRY PILSON.

There being some mistakes in the answer inserted in our last, from D. J. Mac, to the problem in the Match number, we give below a correct one from our attentive correspondent at Bytown:—

14520 inhabitants — 33 = 440 deaths.  

<i>Burials</i>	<i>Births</i>	<i>Burials.</i>	<i>Births.</i>
then as 4	:	:	440 : 550
			<i>Girls.</i>
then 12	÷ 13 = 25.	As 25	· 12 :: 550 : 264
			<i>Boys.</i>
		As 25	· 13 :: 550 : 286

Thus you find there are 13 boys for every 12 girls.