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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1855.

No. 3.

## POOR TOM.



**M**OURNFULLY the tone rang through the air; then its musical cadence gently died away till all was still.

No, all was not still; for a bird was singing without, and the light breath of summer came floating into the room where I lay, and bore its tremulous song to my ear. I arose and looked through the casement into the litted porch. The geranium, the rosebush, the vine, and the honeysuckle spreading out their tender leaves, obstructed the view, but nevertheless left room for a glimpse into a pleasant garden where the flowers were smiling, how peaceful. After all, is not this a happy world?

*Toll! toll!*

A group of idlers were standing in the corner of the street, when recently there came into view a slow procession. Reader, will you, for your father, or your brother, or

your son ever lead such a procession?

"Poor Tom!" said one of the company on the sidewalk. The speaker was plump and ruddy, with a heavy gold fob-chain, and an embroidered cravat, daintily tied around his broad neck.

"Poor Tom! he was a good, clever fellow when he wasn't drunk. My Sam was out at the house this morning, and went in and took a look at the corpse. He says an old woman was standing at the head of the lounge when he lifted up the coverlid from Tom's face. She looked fearfully solemn, and when Sam laid back the coverlid, she took hold of his hand and said, 'Poor Tom is gone;' and then the tears came trickling down her face, and she cried as though she would break her heart. Boys, you know Tom was mighty good to his servants when he was sober, but he was like a very devil when he was drunk!"

A man who was passing by paused on hearing these words, and said to the speaker, "Mr. Jones, I believe he died from the effects of liquor, did he not?" "So I'm told," was the reply. "Well, did you sell him the liquor?" "What if I did? If I hadn't, some body else

would, and what business is it of mine, if he chose to go and kill himself with it, I'd like to know?" "You will learn that better than I can tell you, at the last day," calmly responded the interlocutor, and went on his way. He turned the corner, and was out of sight and hearing.

"Now," said the first speaker, Mr. Jones, "Just listen to that fool. But come in, boys; it's my treat." So in they go, and the rumseller pours out the liquid fire for his admiring friends. They turn off their glasses.

*Toll! toll!*

"If them bells would stop their noise!" said the rumseller; "I just wanted to say, I never killed poor Tom, did I, boys?" "No," said an old toper who took brandy, "it wasn't *you* that killed him, Dick, it was your *liquor*; he, he, he!" And the crowd would have laughed, but at that time, rumble, rumble, went the wheels of the hearse right in front of the grog-shop. How unfortunate. They had put Tom's horse in the shafts of the hearse to draw his master to the grave. But the dumb beast had learned by long practice to stop at a post before the grogery door; and when he came to the place, in spite of all the driver's exertions, he turned aside from the middle of the street, and stopped stock-still at his old stand. An involuntary shudder ran through the procession. The idlers came to the door, and one or two seeing the difficulty, went to the driver's assistance, but the rumseller lurked behind in his den.

During the brief delay occasioned by the stubborn animal, a woman's face, evidently red with weeping, was protruded from a window in a carriage next to the hearse. "Is he here?" she asked. "Is who

here, ma'am?" said a young man, stepping forward. "Why, Mr. Jones, I mean." "Yes, ma'am, he is inside here. Hallo Jones," he proceeded, turning towards the shop-door, "come out here; there's a lady wants to see you." Jones came out reluctantly. "Was it me you wanted, ma'am?" "Are you Mr. Jones?" "That's my name, ma'am." "Are you Dick Jones?" "Yes, ma'am, that's what they mostly call me."

"Well, Dick Jones, I've heard of you many a time, but never have seen you before to know you, sir." But now I know you. Yes, I know you now. I'll not forget your face, neither; that nose and chin, and those eyes. I think I can recollect them till the judgment-day, sir. You'll have to answer for this, Dick Jones; that you will," and uttering a fearful scream she rung her hands in agony, and fell back upon the carriage-seat. A burst of sympathetic grief arose from the followers of the hearse; even the hearse-driver wiped his eyes.

Jones was much relieved when the procession started on again; the rolling of the carriages and the measured tread of the footmen passed by, and the street was once more silent. "Well," said he in a soliloquizing way, "I am right sorry for Tom, but his was an uncommon case; one of a thousand."

But hold Mr. Rumseller, what right have you to kill one? "One of a thousand!" you ought to have said "One of thirty thousand;" for it is only some thirty thousand that die from intoxication every year in our happy country. Only some eighty or eighty-five such funerals every day, Sabbath included! As to weeping fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, half-starved and degraded children, and beggard and broken-hearted

wives, I'll leave you to count them for yourself.

A bystander remarked, "I'm told his body turned very black before they got him into the coffin." Ah, yes, his body is shut up in a drunkard's coffin, and is going to a drunkard's grave. At the last trump, it shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt. But his soul, where is that *now*? Rumseller, where is it, I say? where is your victim's soul? and where is it to be for ever and ever?

*Toll! Toll!*

"And does Jones still go un-hung?" — Un-hung! he goes at large; he is legalized in his traffic; the strong arm of the law protects him in it. How long O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge his blood?"

Rattle, rattle, go the clods upon his coffin; the mound is shaped; the citizens return home; and the rumseller goes on in his brisk trade. You meet him daily in the streets. — *Temperance paper.*

*Concluded from page 21.*

#### THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

HE rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the all-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: "Who will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience's sake; but so it was that it occurred

to him: "You have an Immortal Friend; take counsel of him—pray to him—learn of him—trust him—make his book your guide;" and opening the Bible he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein was written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was she then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife—of the drunkard Peter Croft? It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and by night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child

sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes" he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres—pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the stream of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Matthew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winding their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthen-

ing his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Matthew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. O, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! O, how often he repeated: "God, give me strength! Lord, strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. "The Grapes" lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents,

of pale ale and brown stont which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a "respectable man," and an "honest publican," I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had "sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause," even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they "bit like serpents and sting like adders." What a knave I had been—erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures!—talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a "Stand by, I am holier than thou!" in my proud

heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the river. "Away they go?" I said; "their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!"

"As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst among those who had frequented "the Grapes" and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinter-

ested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owe the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owe them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability, to temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and, among many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognized her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. "You," she said, "and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did

you think it a virtue in your customers?"

"I told her what I had done—that in future mine would be strictly a temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"Will that," she answered in low deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost, will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Matthew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!" she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which give you food and plenshing—your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. O, to what a home! O, in what a state!

"I do think, as you stand there, Matthew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes,

that is the word, "*respectable!*"—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing, into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—*health, strength, happiness, all gone—all* but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! "And remember," she said to me, "there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the 'good-fellowship' poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish, to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged bed sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance, O, they have never seen

how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experience his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

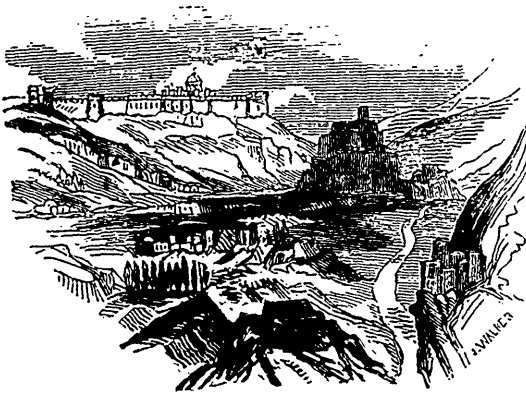
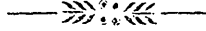
"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. "No," she said, "my hope for him and myself is beyond the grave. *He* cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burned into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his *fate*, and mine, would warn those around us; but the drunkard, day after day, sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave. My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife; and she turned away with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard. The



children live on — the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink, which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering

creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was "the Grapes." Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"—*Nat. Mag.*



From Dickens' Christmas Story.

### THE MAIDEN OF BREGENZ.

A LEGEND.



GIRT round with rugged mountains  
The fair Lake Constance lies!  
In her blue heart reflected,  
Shine back the stary skies;  
And watching each white cloudlet  
Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of heaven  
Lies on our earth below!  
Midnight is there; and silence  
Enthroned in heaven,  
looks down  
Upon her own calm mirror,  
Upon a sleeping town;  
For Bregenz, that quaint city  
Upon the Tyrol shore,  
Has stood upon Lake Constance,  
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,  
Upon their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep;  
Mountain, and lake, and valley,  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved one night,  
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,  
Nor asked for rest or change;  
Her friends seemed no more new ones,  
Their speech seemed no more strange;  
And when she led her cattle  
To pasture every day,  
She ceased to look and wonder  
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,  
 With longing and with tears ;  
 Her Tyrol home seemed faded  
 In a deep mist of years ;  
 She heeded not the rumors  
 Of Austrian war and strife :  
 Each day she rose contented,  
 To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children  
 Would clustering round her stand,  
 She sang them the old ballads  
 Of her own native land ;  
 And when at morn and evening  
 She knelt before God's throne,  
 The accents of her childhood  
 Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt ; the valley  
 More peaceful year by year ;  
 Yet suddenly strange portents,  
 Of some great deed seemed near.  
 The golden corn was bending  
 Upon its fragile stalk,  
 While farmers, heedless of their fields,  
 Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,  
 With looks cast on the ground ;  
 With anxious faces, one by one,  
 The women gathered round ;  
 All talk of flax, or spinning,  
 Or work, was put away ;  
 The very children seemed afraid  
 To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow  
 With strangers from the town,  
 Some secret plan discussing,  
 The men walked up and down.  
 Yet now and then seemed watching  
 A strange uncertain gleam,  
 That looked like lances 'mid the trees,  
 That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,  
 All care and doubt were fled ;  
 With jovial laugh they feasted,  
 The board was nobly spread.  
 The elder of the village  
 Rose up, his glass in hand,  
 And cried, " We drink the downfall  
 Of an accursed land !

" The night is growing darker,  
 Ere one more day is flown,  
 Bregenz, our foman's stronghold,  
 Bregenz shall be our own !"  
 The women shrank in terror  
 (Yet Pride, too, had her part,)  
 But one poor Tyrol maiden  
 Felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz,  
 Once more her towers arose ;  
 What were the friends beside her ?  
 Only her country's foes !

The faces of her kinsfolk,  
 The days of childhood flown,  
 The echoes of her mountains,  
 Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her,  
 (Though shouts rang forth again).  
 Gone were the green Swiss valleys,  
 The pasture and the plain ;  
 Before her eyes one vision,  
 And in her heart one cry,  
 That said, " Go forth, save Bregenz,  
 And then, if need be, die !"

With trembling haste and breathless,  
 With noiseless step she sped ;  
 Horses and weary cattle  
 Were standing in the shed.  
 She loosed the strong white charger,  
 That led from out her hand ;  
 She mounted, and she turned his head  
 Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—  
 Faster, and still more fast ;  
 The smooth grass flies behind her,  
 The chestnut wood is past ;  
 She looks up ; clouds are heavy :  
 Why is her steed so slow ?  
 Scarcely the wind beside them,  
 Can pass them as they go.

" Faster !" she cries, " O faster !"  
 Eleven the church bells chime ;  
 " O God" she cries " help Bregenz,  
 And bring me there in time !"  
 But louder than bells' ringing,  
 Or lowing of the kine,  
 Grows nearer in the midnight  
 The rushing of the Rhine.

She strives to pierce the blackness,  
 And looser throws the rein ;  
 Her steed must breast the waters  
 That dash above his mane.  
 How gallantly, how nobly,  
 He struggles through the foam,  
 And sec—in the far distance,  
 Shine out the lights of home !

Shall not the roaring waters  
 Their headlong gallop check ?  
 Their steed draws back in terror,  
 She leans above his neck  
 To watch the flowing darkness,  
 The bank is high and steep,  
 One pause—he staggers forward,  
 And plunges in the deep.

Up the steep bank he bears her,  
 And now, they rush again  
 Towards the heights of Bregenz,  
 That tower above the plain,  
 They reach the gate of Bregenz,  
 Just as the midnight rings.  
 And out come serf and soldier  
 To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight  
 Her battlements are manned;  
 Defiance greets the army  
 That marches on the land;  
 And if to deeds heroic  
 Should endless fame be paid,  
 Bregenz does well to honor  
 The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,  
 And yet upon the hill  
 An old stone gateway rises,  
 To do her honor still.  
 And there, when Bregenz women  
 Sit spinning in the shade,  
 They see in quaint old carving  
 The charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,  
 By gateway, street and tower,  
 The warder paces all night long,  
 And calls each passing hour;  
 "Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud  
 And then (O crown of Fame!)  
 When midnight pauses in the skies,  
 He calls the maiden's name!

#### A FORTUNATE KISS.



**N** the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connexions. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a very young, elegant lady who at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place.

It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men now stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" &c.

"What, in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes?"

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar idea for believing that he was rather plain but singularly good looking at the same time.)—our hero immediately walked off to the young lady, and said:—"(*min froleen*.) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspira-

tion, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:—"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish of me to refuse your request;" and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of Science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

[The above little story by Miss Bremer is taken from Sartain's Magazine. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible.]

## THE FATAL MISTAKE.



EXTRACT of an address by Rev. H. C. Dean of Iowa.—"I look to-night over the smiling faces of many bright eyed boys. You are children, and I am myself but

a young man. Just now about 13 years ago, myself and Jas. F— were walking

up the streets of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, until we came opposite an old drinking shop, which, for many years, had been the eye sore of the community.

He asked me to call with him. I declined; he insisted,—I went on. He called in, and I saw him no more for several years.

That day I left Maddison College. I commenced the labors of a Wesleyan preacher soon after, enduring the hardships of an itinerant mountain life, and enjoying just such hospitality as none but mountaineers bestow. It was on one of those warm spring days, when heat had overcome myself and horse, I reached my preaching place at Palatine. Court was then in session in Fairmount, on the opposite side of the river, in Marion County, Virginia. I walked to the crowded court room, and just as a man feels when every face is strange and every voice is new, just so I felt, and in the solemn solitude of a still multitude of strangers, I sat a listener. Hon. E. C. W—, formerly a member of Congress, was then speaking, and every word he spoke was so solemn, so measured, so cold, it made my blood run chill. Three young men were indicted for rob-

bery. In fearful truth he exposed the crime, applied the testimony, and fastened the guilt upon the prisoners at the bar. Black and Bainhouse were sitting side by side. There was another sitting near them, who seemed to scorn the very court that sat in judgment over him; he was handsome, with speaking eyes and raven locks. Though not yet 21 years of age, he had a manly look. For a long time his face was buried in his hands. I saw close by his side a familiar female form, shrouded in the deep mourning suggested by the condition of her relative who sat by her side. She removed her

veil. I knew her. O, what a thrilling stroke was that when the gifted, and lovely, and pious wife of Judge F—— sat by the side of her convicted son. Ay, there was James F——. He knew me; I knew him. I had well nigh rushed into the court to grasp him. Only three short years before I had seen him at the drinking house. I left him there as I passed by; I reflected; I felt humbled. I went from that place and fell upon my knees and prayed, and praised Almighty God and his merciful Son that I had not tarried at the wine.

Young men, more familiarly let me address you; boys, never stop at a drinking house. Think of James F—— who died in the Virginia state prison, and lies unpardoned in a convict's grave. In no more fascinating connection ever think of a drinking shop."

AN inn-keeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postilion. "If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

WHEN is iron the most ironical?  
—When it's a railing.

## SHOEMAKERS.



## SHOEMAKERS

are legally called cord-wainers, or cordovanners, from Cordova, a town and province in Spain, whence the leather called cordovan was

brought. The term cobblers is usually applied to those who mend shoes, but is sometimes applied to the fraternity, in a reproachful way, by silly pated youngsters and city "snobs," who forget that every honest calling is

respectable, and that such men as Roger Sherman, Gideon Lee, Robert Bloomfield, William Gifford, Noah Worcester, Thomas Holcroft, Rev. William Carey, D. D., Rev. James Nichols, Rev. William Huntingdon, George Fox, the founder of the Christian sect of Friends, or Quakers, and many others, whose names do not now occur to us, were once shoemakers.

Several common and proverbial expressions are taken from the shoemaker's trade. To "stick to the last" is used of perseverance in an undertaking till its completion. "There's nothing like leather" signifies to cry up one's craft, as in the case of the currier, who would have defended the town with tanned cowhides. "The shoemaker must not go beyond his last" were the words of Apelles, a famous painter of antiquity, to a critical Crispin, who properly found fault with an ill designed slipper. The artist altered his picture accordingly; but the cobbler, ascending to other parts, betrayed the grossest ignorance. The favorite French proverb, "to be on a great

foot—or footing—in the world” originated at the time when a man’s rank was known by the size of his shoes. Those of the wealthy measured two feet and a half, while the poor man was allowed only twelve inches. “None but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches” originated thus: a noble Roman being asked why he had put away his beautiful wife, put forth his foot, and showed his buskins. “Is not this,” said he, “a handsome and complete shoe? yet no man but myself knows where it pinches me.” We might continue the list to any extent.

An eccentric English clergyman used to tell a pleasant anecdote of Walkden, shoemaker to the Duke of Leeds. One day he was shown into the library, with a pair of new shoes for the Duke, who, by the way, was remarkably fond of him. His Grace’s Chaplain, who happened to be present, after examining the shoes with great attention, asked the price. “Half a guinea, sir,” said the shoemaker. “Half a guinea! what, for a pair of shoes?” said the Chaplain.—“Why I can buy a better pair for five and sixpence. He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying as they were fellows, they ought to go together, and at the same time replied to the Chaplain: “Sir, I can buy a better sermon for sixpence, than my Lord gives you a guinea for.” The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said “That is a most excellent retort, Walkden, make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly.”

A shoemaker attending a public ball, where he happened to be the handsomest and best dressed person present, some of the codfish aristocracy thought to play a trick on him. While engaged in a dance, a hatter begged to be meas-

ured for a pair of boots, to be ready by five o’clock next morning. The shoemaker, perceiving the game, took his measure, with a promise that the boots should be ready according to order. He then ordered a costly hat to be ready at the same hour, and went on with the dance. Having stayed till two o’clock in the morning, he waked some of his workmen, and had the boots finished by five o’clock; then sending and obliging the hatter to rise, and try on his boots, which exactly fitted, he ordered instant payment of ten dollars, for them, and threatened prosecution because his hat was not ready according to promise.

The poor hatter found himself “sold,” paid the shoemaker another “ten spot” to let him off and never again attempted to play a trick upon any member of the “gentle craft.”

#### OUR OBJECT.

COME, all true Friends of Temperance!

With hands and hearts unite,  
To carry on with vigilance,  
The cause of truth and right.

Let malsters kill and spoil the grain,  
And brewers make their ale,  
We’ll teach the people to abstain,  
And stop their dreadful sale.

Their splendid palaces so bright  
Shall soon deserted be;—  
Their glory shall be turned to night,  
Their glare to infamy.

To make, or sell, or give the stream  
Which death and ruin spread,  
Shall only be the trade of them  
To truth and conscience dead.

The baneful drink shall find no place  
In palace or in cot;  
And obsolete shall be the race  
Of drunkard or of sot.

The cooling stream which God has sent,  
Shall be man’s beverage,  
And temperance and true content  
Our country’s heritage.

Then true teetotal let us live,  
And true teetotal die,  
And neither buy, nor take, nor give,  
But act consistently.

## THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION.



FOUR years have not yet elapsed since the legislature of *Maine*, yielding to the reiterated and urgent representations of Neal Dow, passed the first act of complete prohibition of all traffic in intoxicating beverages ever inscribed on an American statute book. The original Maine Law passed in June, if we mistake not, to take effect on the 1st August, 1851.

The tidings that the liquor traffic had thus been outlawed in Maine was received by the press generally with indifference and derision. There were very few editors apparently who believed that the act would or should be sustained. Out of more than 3000 periodicals then published within the limits of the Union, certainly less than 100 approved promptly and heartily the act of Maine, and when sometime after it had taken effect, Neal Dow was run out of the office of Mayor of Portland, the newspaper gratulation was general and unbounded.

Yet thousands waited in silence with anxious yet hopeful hearts the early advices from Maine as to the working of the prohibitory act, and when they were assured that it could be and *was* enforced—that crime and pauperism were both diminished by its operation; that outrages were less frequent, life and property more safe than they had been—they thanked God and took courage, resolving that the example of the pioneer prohibition state should be generally imitated.

Since then the States of Massa-

chusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana have passed prohibitory laws—all based on the act of Maine, but some of them surpassing it in stringency and effectiveness. In New Hampshire, two successive houses have declared for prohibition, but the senate of that state is so elected as to be usually the merest tool of the central oligarchy, and has thrown out the bill. *Thus* year, if we do not misread the signs of the times, the case will be bravely altered. New York has passed a bill through both branches of her legislature, but the then governor vetoed it, and the people in turn vetoed him. New Jersey, after repeated trials, has at length carried a similar bill through the more popular branch of her legislature—its fate in the upper house remains to be decided. Pennsylvania barely failed to pass an act of like import, and on appeal to the people, a small majority was cast against it—cast by the farmers of the less intelligent counties, who feared that their market for hops, barley, rye, etc., would be destroyed by prohibition. Delaware is understood to have last of all chosen a legislature favorable to the principle. In Maryland, Baltimore city choose a full prohibition ticket at the last legislative election, and a bill fashioned upon the Main law was with difficulty defeated last winter. Virginia and the southern states are agitated by the premonitions of anti-liquor laws, and acts considerably restricting the traffic have been carried in Mississ'ppi and Texas. Ohio, though her corn, her grapes, her small grains, are largely and profitably absorbed in the manufacture of whisky, wine, and lager beer, has yet passed an act forbidding the sale of distilled liquors as a beverage, and is beginning to

enforce it under the impetus of a decision of her Supreme Court affirming its constitutionality. Iowa may be confidently expected to do better than this, under the impulse of her republican victory, and her temperance governor. Oregon for some years upheld a feeble prohibitory law, but the influx of immigration and the interest of party democracy at length broke it down. In Minnesota a prohibitory act was passed and went into operation, but a United States territorial judge broke it down, resting his decision on the fact that it (the act, not the nullification of it,) had been submitted to and approved by the people. In Tennessee and Kentucky the initial skirmish on the question of prohibition took place at their last legislative elections respectively, when Shelby County, Tennessee, (including Memphis,) elected an entire prohibition ticket,—proving that such a ticket, properly placed in the field, can succeed any where. In Washington City the question of prohibition, or no prohibition, was last year submitted to the people, who decided against the liquor traffic by a large majority.

We have condensed these facts into a single article, in the hope that they might tend to disarm the futile, yet mischievous resistance offered in our legislature to the passage of a stringent act of prohibition. What good can be even hoped for from this course? Prohibition is a moral certainty in every free and in many slave states; it is at all events to be tried, and what good can result from staving it off for a year or two? To weaken and render inoperative the act first passed serves no purpose, for the legislatures of Maine, Massachusetts, and Michigan, are this winter devoting themselves to the strengthening and guarding of their

respective laws of prohibition, so as to render evasion perilous and unprofitable. Let us have laws that *will* stop the traffic,—stop it thoroughly and conclusively,—and then if the people love quiet and plenty too little, or liquor too much, to uphold them, they will empower you to enact their repeal. Certainly alcoholic beverages and the license system have had a fair trial; now let prohibition and total abstinence enjoy their turn. If they create more misery and destitution than they supplant, we will speedily and heartily join you in decreeing and effecting their overthrow. — *New York Tribune*.

We say, "Now, Men of Canada, up and at them!"—Ed. L. B.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*J. E. P., Quebec*.—We must decline inserting your monthly calendar, as it is not exactly suited to our pages. "The Lily of the Valley" is also unsuited for the *Life Boat*.

#### KNIGHTS OF TEMPERANCE.

*Encampment No. 6*.—At the regular quarterly meeting of the above Encampment, the following officers were elected for the quarter commencing Jan. 5, 1855:

Companion	G. Mathison, . . .	K. C't.
"	A. Farquhar, . . .	K. R't.
"	J. Macdonagh, . . .	V. K. R't.
"	W. H. Beresford, . . .	K. C'n.
"	W. Brodie, . . .	K. Y'r.
"	S. Boxine, . . .	K. R'r.
"	W. Webb, . . .	K. C't.
"	W. Hall, . . .	K. F'r.
"	J. Webb, . . .	K. M.
"	W. H. Healey, . . .	K. J'r.

WM. WEBB, R. C't.

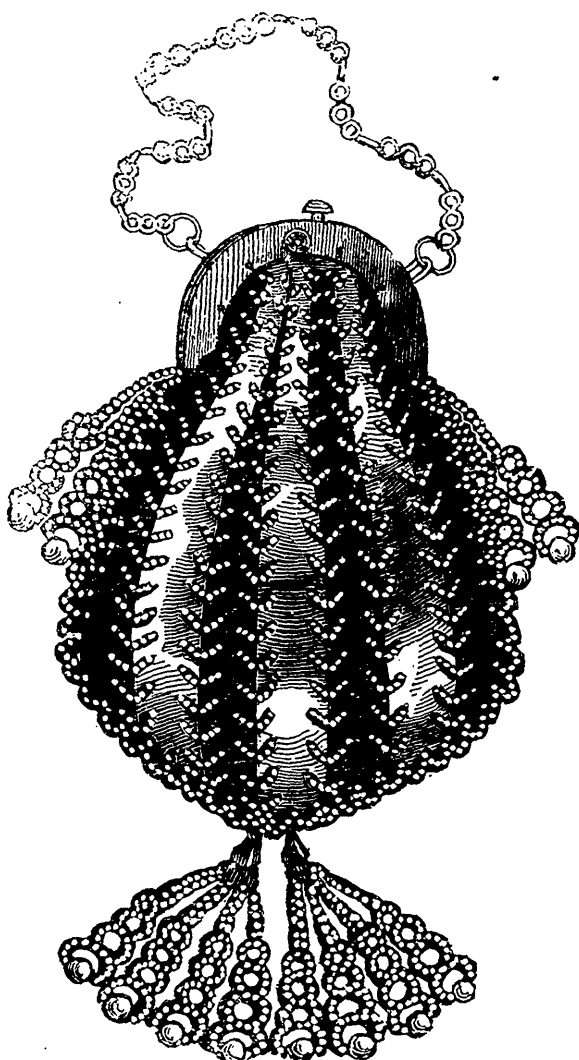
Quebec, February, 1855.

#### ANSWERS

To CHARADES in last number—Wag-tail, Her-mit(c)age.

The answers to the Enigmas in February number will appear next month.





**BEAD WORK.—PURSE.** — *Materials* — Black ribbon velvet one-third of an inch wide, pink satin ribbon of the same width, and steel beads No. 6.

Tack the edges of the velvet to the edges of the ribbon *flat*; three rows of ribbon and four rows of velvet to each side of the purse. Work a pattern of beads in the seams, according to illustration. Form the purse

with a point at the bottom, and sew it together, leaving about three-quarters of an inch at each side at the top. Line with pink silk. Work loops of beads all round, eight beads in each loop. Finish with a steel clasp and chain. Sew on a tassel at each side of the clasp and one at the bottom of the purse.