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THE LIFE BOAT.

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

No. 6.

The Great Fire of Montreal.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

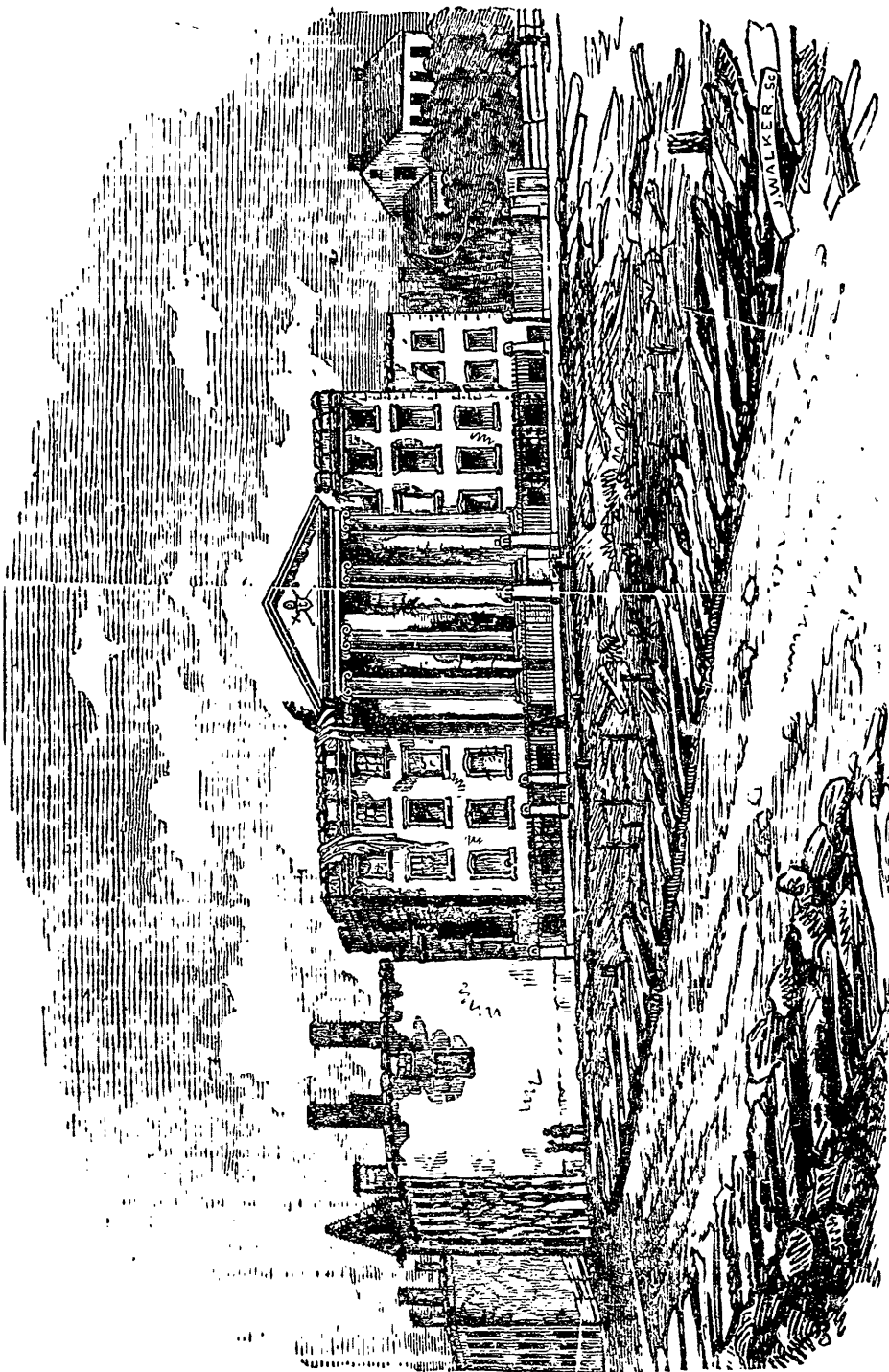
WITH our last number we presented our Subscribers a Map of Montreal, indicating the localities and extent of the several large Fires which have ravaged the city since 1845, the last of which may, we trust, in all coming time continue to be known as the GREAT FIRE. As will appear upon reference to the Map, the Fire was so extensive, that very few such would lay the whole city in ashes.

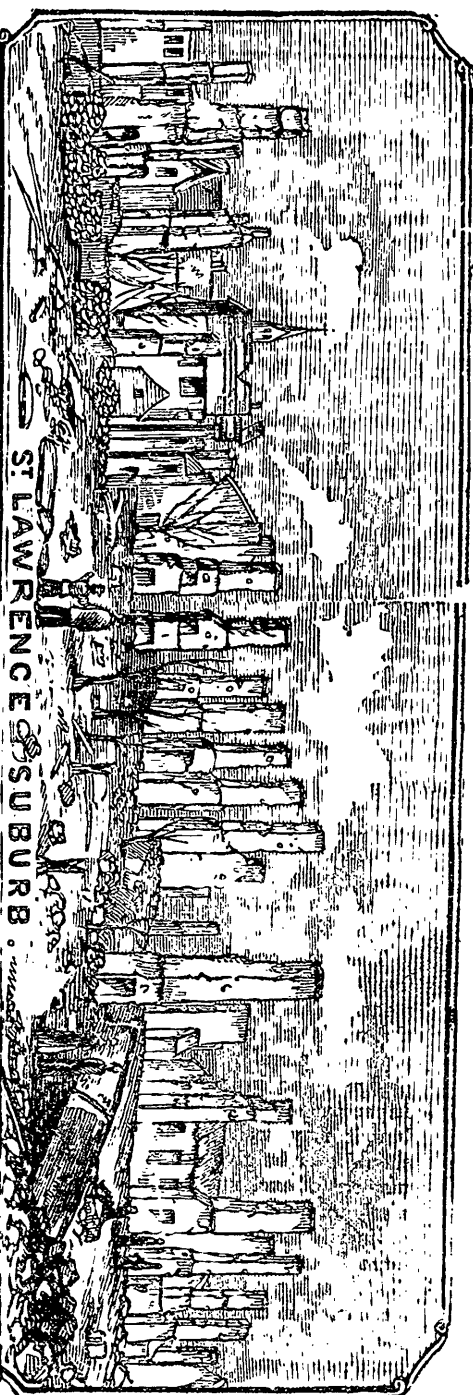
Within the pages of this issue, we furnish three pictures; the first representing the ruins of the Catholic Bishop's Church, Palace, School, &c.; and the two others, views of Quebec and St. Lawrence Suburbs, taken at different points. An idea of the extent of this conflagration may be formed when we state, that from the place where it commenced to the place where it terminated, the distance is about three-quarters of a mile, while the average breadth is nearly one quarter. The population turned out of doors amounted to over 10,000, the number of houses destroyed to 1,200, and the damage in money to £500,000, or half a million currency.

Of the origin of this fire, little is positively known; but from diligent

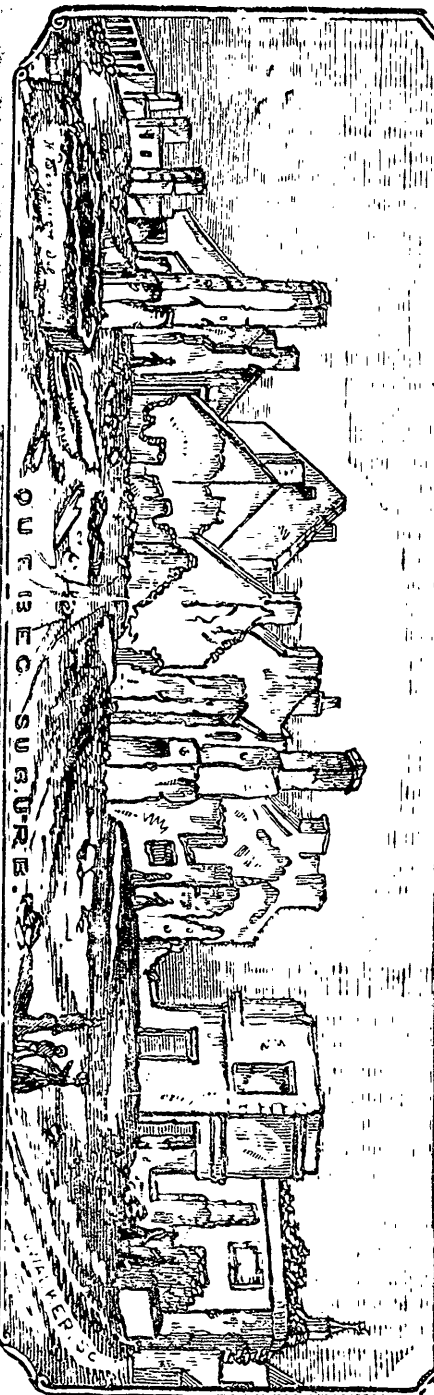
inquiries, we have learned facts which make it more than probable that Alcohol is not altogether free of blame. Be this as it may, it is unfortunately too true, that Alcohol did a great deal of damage during the progress of the fire; and we are sorry to be under the disgraceful necessity of stating that the very first house rebuilt (we speak from personal observation) was a shebeen, decorated with the legal sign-board, "Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors," &c. The fires were yet smouldering in the vicinity, and the tents for the stricken sufferers barely pitched, when the devil opened his volcanic fires to sweep like burning lava over the abodes of humanity, so soon as the benevolence of public and private charity should have enabled the poor to reconstruct them. Let the shame rest at the doors of those who still continue to encourage by their personal example the sale and use of the infernal streams.

"They say I hate the bowl;
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, ABHOR—my very soul
With STRONG DISGUST is stirr'd,
Where'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of Hell!"





ST. LAWRENCE SUBURB.



QUEBEC SUBURB.

The Prophets! Where are they?

The husbandman, who gathers the burden of his threshing-floor too hastily into his garner, may be expected to collect the wheat and a portion of the chaff together. That desertion from the temperance ranks, which the friends of this holy cause are not unfrequently called to lament, arises, in part, from an inconsiderate zeal for numerical display. It was the fashion rather more a few years since than it is at present, to rate the powers and the profitableness of an advocate in this Christian enterprise, by the number of signatures, which he had obtained to the temperance pledge: just as we estimate the valor of an Indian *brave* by the number of his scalps. Not many years ago, a single individual is reported to have obtained no less than ten thousand signatures in a single city,—the product of a few weeks' labor. But, after no slight examination of the matter, I am inclined to believe that the evaporation of a large proportion of this temperance host may be well compared to the disappearance of Xenophon's ten thousand from the plains of Cunaxa.

The great end in view is the production of a change in public sentiment. This is the work of years—the result of a steadily continued process of moral indoctrination. The pledge is an instrument of infinite importance in the temperance cause; but it may well be doubted, if it should ever be given or received in a moment of excitement. It is surely a solemn obligation. The promise is ordinarily made in the presence of a large assembly, and in the house of God. It is not my design to institute a comparison between the temperance pledge and the eucharistical obligation; but there is enough of analogy, inas-

much as both are solemn bonds, to authorize a single interrogatory—Should we approve the wisdom of a clergyman, who, having preached an exhortation to his people to join the church, immediately after closing his notes, and while the congregation were under high excitement, despatched his agents with pen, ink, and paper for their signatures. Upon all matters of importance, judges take time for deliberation, and juries consult together. If the subject be worth an elaborate argument, time,—some four-and-twenty hours at least—should in common courtesy be allowed for reflection, to those who are solicited to do an important act—to change a habit possibly, of long continuance.

Right or wrong, these were the sentiments of Major Marquee. He was an early friend of mine, until the age of four-and-twenty. We then reached a fork in the great highway of life: the major took one branch of it, and I another. He married an interesting widow, some ten years older than himself: and as Captain M'Grath, a brother officer, ill-naturedly remarked, rather for her gold than her ivory: for, though she brought him an ample fortune, she had lost her teeth, or the greater part of them. Having entered into this matrimonial partnership, Major Marquee resigned his commission: laid aside his epaulettes, of course: paid off his old debts, by his wife's particular desire: and, having assumed the citizen's dress, became one of the gentlemanly circle, who seemed to have associated upon the principle, that the chief end of man is to eat, drink, and be merry.

There is commonly nothing of real happiness in marriage *a la mode*. The principal advantages, derived by the lady from this second connection,

were the obligation to prepare an entertainment for the major's friends, one day in every week, and to dine by herself the remaining six. They quarrelled of course, and with wonderful regularity. The major, however, was a much-enduring man; and, probably from a consideration of his enlarged means, and the superior comforts of his new condition, he still found a balance in his favor. This consideration, or some other cause, induced him to treat the partner of his joys and sorrows with a commendable spirit of forbearance. When she railed at the major for his late hours, he seldom retorted, but commonly whistled a quick march, and finished his bottle of Port or Madeira; and her curtain lectures, which never failed in the evening and the morning, he pleasantly called his *tattoo* and *veille*.

The major and his lady were prevailed upon by some of their neighbors, whose *caste* in society was considered a safe conduct for the adventure, to attend a public lecture on the subject of temperance. At the close of the evening, both of them, to the surprise of many of their friends, subscribed their names to the temperance pledge. The pledge of the society, of which the major and his lady were thus constituted members, was the old-fashioned pledge, the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone,—a pledge, whose sufficiency for the occasions of the world, strange as it may appear to the philosophical friends of temperance, remains undoubted by many at the present day.

"Well, major," said his lady, on their way home, "I am truly rejoiced that you have joined the temperance society. It's a good example to our servants, you know, my dear; I wonder if our man Micajah was at the lecture?" "To be sure," replied the

major; "and he signed the pledge, though 'pon honor, I thought he was a little tipsy. He came up to the table the very moment he saw me in the act of signing; and, after he had scrawled his own name, he took up the inkstand, by mistake, for the sandbox, and poured the whole contents upon the paper, saving a small sprinkling that fell upon Dr. Driver's inexpressibles, and apparently without any consciousness of the mischief he was doing." "I am really apprehensive, major," continued his lady, "that Micajah has signed the temperance pledge without sufficient reflection. It is a thing which should not be done rashly, you know." "O, certainly," replied the major; "but it will cost Micajah nothing: he tells me, and I believe him, that he never takes anything stronger than strong beer or porter." "Well, major," rejoined his lady, "it may be so; but he is constantly tipsy, more or less every day. The habit grows upon him, I am confident; and I prophecy that Micajah will die a drunkard." "Pshaw, my dear," cried the major; "so you prophesied that our fashionable friend, the young widow in Burley Place, would die a drunkard, and she is not dead yet." "No, major, she is not dead," replied the lady; "but she is a drunkard." "Don't believe it, 'pon honor," cried the major, "not a word of it. She drinks nothing but champagne." "Very like," said Mrs. Marquee; "but she drinks all the champagne she can get, and is everlastingly quoting Dr. Twaddler's opinion, that it is a harmless beverage. The other evening, when she was so far gone, as to be utterly unable to get into her carriage unassisted, she repeated over, a dozen times, '*It helps nutrition—it's all digested,*' to the infinite amusement of those around her." "Well,

that's a sound doctrine," rejoined the major; "I'm of that opinion myself." "Your arrack punch, major," said his lady, "you will have to give up, of course." "Punch—arrack punch!" exclaimed the major; "not at all—ey—they can't mean to include punch—never thought of that, though. No, no, the pledge extends only to distilled spirits, taken clear, or in water, as grog. 'Twas never intended to include punch, depend upon it." "Your bitters and juleps you will certainly relinquish," said the lady. "I never thought of them neither," said he; "but I can't suppose they mean to cut off a gentleman from his juleps. No, no, the whole design is to check the intemperance of common folks—that's it, my dear, that's it; and it's well enough for genteel people to favor the cause, by joining the society. That's the view I take of the matter. Think of it a moment, and it will strike you in the same light, my love—don't you see it? Besides, my dear, if the rule is to be construed so very strictly, it will be next to an impossibility to meet one's friends upon the footing of common civility. I'm not sure, after all, that we have acted quite as wisely as we might have done, in putting our names so hastily to this pledge." "I am rejoiced that we have," replied the lady; "we shall have no more punch in the morning, and less therefore of the company of Colonel Brunkle, and that noisy crew that is forever at his heels; the sacrifice of your bitters will cost you nothing, Major Marquee; and, as for entertaining our friends, we can get along charmingly with wine and cordials, you know." "Well said," cried the major; "you never thought of your cordials, your noyveau, and your anisette, did you, my dear? ha, ha! The account is likely to be pretty fairly balanced, I

think, my dear,—ha, ha, ha!" "Cordials, my dear," replied the lady, "were not surely designed to be included in the temperance pledge." "And pray why not as much as juleps, my dear?" interrogated the major; his voice thickening, as it usually did, when he was losing his temper. "Why not, my dear?" retorted the lady; "because—because—juleps are not cordials, to be sure. I should think you knew what juleps were by this time, my dear." "Well, my dear," cried the major, with an elevated voice, "and if you don't know what cordials are by this time, I know not who does, my dear." "You had better raise your voice a little higher, that every body in the street may hear you, my dear," said the lady. "I don't care a fig if they do, my dear," cried the major, in a still louder note. "For heaven's sake, don't disgrace yourself in this manner, my dear," said the lady; "Farmer Bockum and his family are close behind us, and, deaf as he is, he will surely overhear every word you say, my dear." "The devil take Farmer Bockum!" cried the major, in a voice loud enough to change the front of a whole battalion. "Hush, my dear," cried the lady. "I won't, my dear," cried the major.

It may have been remarked by close observers upon the matrimonial relation, that, with certain couples, mated according to law, but miserably matched, the frequent use of words of endearment as infallibly foreruns a domestic squabble, as a day or two of soft weather, out of season, portend a storm. So long as the parties, whom we have introduced to the reader, were contented to employ towards each other the formal appellations, major and madam, their intercourse was not likely to assume a belligerent aspect; but the more fa-

miliar epithets, so frequently adopted on the present occasion, if not actually weather-breeders, were, almost invariably, accompaniments of the tempest.

The lady was right; a portion of the major's exclamation obtruded itself upon the ears of Farmer Bockum, deaf as he was. Happily, he did not catch that part of the major's words, which so charitably commended the old farmer to the prince of darkness; but, hearing his name so vehemently uttered in the major's stentorian voice, he mended his pace, and, followed by his family, the farmer was almost immediately at his side. "What's the matter, major?" he exclaimed. The major's lady had a good share of self-possession, on such occasions; and, believing, although she was not happy in her marriage, that there was some satisfaction in keeping the secret, she resolved at once to give such a turn to the affair, as should keep her neighbors, the Bockums—whose curious and communicative dispositions she well understood—entirely in the dark. She gave, herself, therefore, an immediate response to the farmer's inquiry. "Major Marquee and myself," she replied, "were doubting whether punch was meant to be included in the temperance pledge, and we thought we would ask your opinion." "And cordials, also," said the major in a choleric tone of voice. "And juleps," cried the lady; her temper for an instant getting the better of her discretion. "Well, rally," said the farmer, "it's a leetle of a perplex, an't it?" "Why, father," cried his eldest daughter, Miss Dolly Bockum, "how can you doubt about it? It's meant to include all distilled liquor." "What, rosewater!" cried old Mrs. Bockum; "I vum, I'll have my name off to-morrow." "No, no," said Mrs.

Marquee; "your daughter is mistaken—it is intended to include all distilled *spirits*." "Well," said the major, gruffly, "are not cordials distilled spirits?" "I never heard so," replied the lady. "Nor I, neither," said Mrs. Bockum; "I always thought they was a kind o' metheglin." "Well now," said the farmer, "I never made any o' that kind o' sweet slipshop. I've made cider brandy, and cider, boiled down to a third or so, 's a good 'rink. Don't 'spose there's any thing in our pledge agin sich as them are. The hull differ seems to me to lie jist here; rum, and gin, and Scotch whisky, and all them forren sperets is what's meant in our pledge. But 'twasn't meant to cut off sich drinks as we make at hum, arter our own fashin. If a body makes a leetle cider brandy, or a leetle snakeroot, or a leetle rottifee, or sich like,—all done at hum, mind ye, I don't see not a mite o' harm-in that. If we was to give up them, 'twould be signing away our liberties with a vengeance. Now, major, I really don't 'spose 'twould be out of the way, if you've a mind to make your juleps or your punch with some of my cider brandy, and I guess I can spare ye a barrel. Squire Tarbell gin me for ten gallons last week—he was a layin in some, jist afore he joined the society—he gin me, let's me see"—"No matter what he gave you," cried the major, impatiently. "I tell you, neighbor Bockum, I'd rather swallow a four-pound shot than one drop of your home-made trumpery; so I bid you good night."

They had arrived at a fork in the road, which necessarily led apart to their respective dwellings; and the parties accordingly separated in no very amiable humor towards each other. "What an insufferable old fool," said the major to his better

half, when they had advanced a few rods upon their way, "to suppose I would consent to drink his vile home-made stuff! It's strong enough, however, to fuddle a commodore. I've seen the old fellow as boozy as a hum-top, more than fifty times, upon his own abominable brewings. Mark my word, that man will be a downright sot before he dies. The habit has been growing upon him for four or five years, very evidently. He seems to think the brandy can do him no harm, because he makes it himself, under his own roof. What an egregious idiot! He takes it clear, or in water, as grog—the very thing the pledge is directed against; and, because it is not foreign spirit, he appears to believe himself a consistent member of the temperance society. If he proceeds in this way, his conduct ought to be taken notice of in some way or other. Sooner or later, he'll die a sot; you see if I am a false prophet, Mrs. Marquee. Upon reflection, my dear," continued the major, after a short pause, "I am not so sure that the pledge is intended to include cordials any more than punch and juleps, which, I am quite certain, it was never designed to comprehend. I have been in the habit heretofore of taking a glass of brandy and water with a friend. I shall do this no more, of course; for this I account to be dram-drinking—the very thing, and the only thing, which the society aims to prevent." "Well, major," his lady replied, "I am not perfectly sure, when I think more seriously of the whole matter, that your opinion is not a correct one. I am confident as to cordials, and perhaps you are right in regard to punch and juleps; and if I have said any thing hastily upon this subject, or in a moment of excitement, I would not have you consider it as my deliberate opinion,

my dear." "Well, my dear," said the major, "this is just what I expected. I knew your excellent good sense would conduct you to a just conclusion. Punch, juleps, and cordials, my love, were no more intended to be comprehended in the temperance pledge, than wine—whisky or sack—posset, you may rely upon it." "I have no doubt of it, my dear," replied the lady. In this agreeable humor they arrived at their own door; and the major having taken a mint julep, and the lady her glass of anisette, these interesting members of the temperance society retired to their repose.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

(For the Life Boat.)

Drunkenness.

Go, early mark the drunkard's ways, my child,
And be not to such vile paths beguil'd;
Their *birth*, their *progress* and their *end* mark well,
For "born in sin," they lead thro' shame to hell.
Yes, "born in sin;"—the powers of the mind,
For His own worship, and our good, design'd
By our Creator, are by drink defil'd,
Made stupid first, rebellious then, and wild:
Reason estrang'd, now sense and passion rule;
Religion, none—the sinner and the fool
Become a cage of birds, unclean indeed,
Where vices, vile and curs'd, are sure to breed.
What crime's it that drunkards have not done?
They mock grave subjects, and religion shun:
Though wrong in God's, and in all good men's sight,
They ever boast that *they alone* are right:
As to the body shadows do belong,
So doth it to the drunkard to do wrong:
By hellish passion sway'd, how can they think,
Whose minds are blinded by that deadly drink?
Robb'd families in rags the drunkard leaves,
Sends murder'd innocence to early graves;
Dishonor'd virtue they compel to weep,
And shame and conscience both they drink to sleep.
Is hell allied to heaven? Is dark to light?
Is truth to falsehood, or is wrong to right?
No, no! nor is the drunkard, but to hell—
To which he clings with an infernal spell,
In short, my child, the drunkard's life is worse
Than non-existence—for the blasting curse
Of God is on it; while the devil smiles
At the destructive issue of his wiles.

A FRIEND.

Quebec, August, 1852.

Important Facts.

GROG.

We commend the following important and telling facts to our intelligent young friends; and we are quite sure that if the "children of a larger growth" will ponder them over, they will rise from the perusal a little wiser than before:—

The idea of "grog" and of "Jack 'tar" are almost inseparable. This association had a beginning not longer ago than the time of Admiral Vernon, by whose direction the spirits allowed on board ship were no longer issued raw, but diluted with three parts of water. This innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and for a time rendered the Commander very unpopular. The Admiral at this time wore a grogran coat, for which reason he received the nickname of "Old Grog:" and by degrees the appellation was transferred to the liquor which he had brought into use, and has stuck to it ever since.

Captain Chadwick, master of an American merchant ship, stated that he had commanded during twenty-six years, five American packet ships in the New York and London trade. For twelve years he had sailed on the strict principle of temperance, and had found it work well, and no complaint among the men, and had had men from all European nations among his crews. They were always ready to do their duty, and do it cheerfully, which he did not always find to be the case when spirits were allowed them.

In regard to the endurance of severe and continued labor on board ship, Dr. Carpenter relates the following remarkable case, in which a fair trial was given to both systems by the same individuals. A mer-

chant ship, on her voyage home from Sydney to London, sprang a bad leak soon after passing the Cape of Good Hope; and as circumstances rendered it unadvisable for her to put back, she proceeded on her homeward voyage, although so much water entered the hold, that the constant labor, not merely of the crew, but also of the officers and passengers, was required to keep it down. At first, the men were very fatigued at the termination of their "spell" at the pumps; and after drinking their allowance of grog, would "turn in" without taking proper nourishment. The consequence was, that vigor was decidedly diminishing, and their feeling of fatigue of course increasing. By the captain's direction, a mess of hot coffee or cocoa, boiled with the biscuit, was made ready at the end of each watch, with the usual allowance of meat. The spirits not being issued, the result was, that the men made a good meal; their vigor returned, their fatigue diminished, and the ship was brought into port with all on board of her in as good condition as they had ever been in their lives.

Dr. Carpenter gives the following examples, drawn from the experience of the Indian army:—The 84th regiment of H. M. foot has been for some years one of the most temperate regiments in India: about two-thirds of the men, and a considerable proportion of the officers, being *total abstainers*; and the amount of alcoholic liquors consumed by the rest being extremely small. During the first eight months of the year 1846-7, the 84th was quartered at Madras; it then performed a march of between 400 and 500 miles, to Secunderabad, in an unusually wet season, the roads, (such as they were,) being in some parts knee-deep in water; and it then took up its quarters at Secunderabad,

the most unhealthy station in the whole presidency. Notwithstanding the very trying nature of this march, which was through a country proverbial for cholera and dysentery, the men were free from sickness to an extent absolutely unprecedented in the Indian service; there was no cholera and no fever; and the only deaths that occurred were those of two men who had been long ill, and who had been taken out of the hospital at Madras to make this journey. With these exceptions, there was scarcely a serious case of sickness during the whole march. The 63rd regiment, which was performing the very same march at the very same time, in the contrary direction, and which was by no means remarkable for sobriety, suffered so seriously, that when the two regiments met on the road, the 63rd had already lost several men, and had so many sick, that it was obliged to borrow the 84th's dhoolies, (sick palanquins,) to carry them. It seems impossible, therefore, to attribute the remarkable exemption of the men of the 84th from the noxious influences to which they were exposed during forty-seven days, to any other cause than the substitution of coffee for the daily morning dram which soldiers on the march in India almost invariably take, and to their almost entire absence of spirits during the day, only two gallons being the daily average consumed. instead of the government allowance of twenty-seven gallons. The relative mortality of the 84th, and the other European troops of the Presidency during that year, was as follows:—The total average number of men being 5,963, the number of deaths was 251, or 49-1 per 100; but including the mortality at Secunderabad, (which had been for a long period nearly double that of the

healthier stations, and which was in this year 72-8 per 100,) the average of the healthier stations was 30-2. The mortality of the 84th during this year was only 12-1 per 100; or, only *two-fifths* that of the other troops in healthy stations in the Presidency. During the next year, the mortality of the 84th, whilst quartered at Secunderabad, was only at the rate of 34-2 per 1000; whilst the general average of the Presidency was 37-6 per 1000; so that even in this unhealthy station, the abstinent habits of the men kept down the rate of mortality to less than that of the healthier stations, the number of deaths in the 84th being less than half that which had occurred in this station during an average of the previous fifteen years. Hence it is maintained by Dr. Carpenter, that the use of spirits is especially injurious in tropical climates; that so far from aiding the system in the endurance of severe labor, it rendered the body less fit for continued exertion; and that so far from contributing to ward off the attack of disease originating in malarious emanations, it favors the operation of these when their action is prolonged.

HEAR JOHN WESLEY!

Water is the wholesomest of all drinks; quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most.

Strong, and more especially, spirituous liquors are a certain, though slow, poison.

Experience shows there is seldom any danger in leaving them off all at once.

Strong liquors do not prevent the mischief arising from eating to excess, nor carry it off so safely as water.

* * * *

Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour *in his body*. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have place in medicines; they may be of use in some bodily disorder; (although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner.) Therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distilleries in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art "clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day;" canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, "thy memorial shall perish with thee."

Avoid the very appearance of evil.

Abernethy.

Nelson, the water-bailiff, finding his stomach one day very much out of order, waited upon Abernethy. "Well," said the eccentric surgeon, supposing that Nelson was a farmer, "What's the matter with you? you look big enough to be well." "Oh!" said the water-bailiff, "I am very bad indeed, doctor." "I am no doctor," said Abernethy, "I am a surgeon. If you want a doctor you must go elsewhere." "I am told as you know how to cure bad stomachs, sir, and I am *very* bad indeed; you see how swelled I am," said Nelson, holding out his body. "I can't cure your great paunch," said Abernethy, with his hands in his pockets, "you must do that yourself; don't be stuffing yourself with beer and brandy, but exercise yourself well at your farm; omit a fourth part of what you now eat, and take salts: walk about in the fields." "In the fields!" exclaimed Nelson. "Bless your soul, what have I to do with the fields? why, I am Nelson, the water-bailiff." "Water-bailiff," said Abernethy, "brandy-bailiff you mean—a devilish little water goes into that carcass of yours—you're a good friend to the publichouse." "No," replied Nelson, "never since my son Jerry, him what kept the Sawyers, died: I never goes no where to smoke my pipe." "I tell you," said Abernethy, "that if you don't stop blowing yourself out, you'll soon go to smoke your pipe with your son Jerry." Nelson then told his adviser that he would follow his prescription exactly. "Indeed! I don't expect that you will," observed the surgeon, "but if you wish to live, don't swill nor devour so much as you have done. Go and buy my book; and you will know how to get rid of your enor-

mous corporation, Mr. *Water-bailiff*.”
 “What, won’t you let me have my pipe and pint of beer, or my glass?” said Nelson, disconsolately. “You may do as you please; I can’t stay with you any longer,” said Abernethy: “If you do as I desire, you will enjoy health.”

Launch the Boat.

Launch! launch the boat—the “Life Boat,”

And let it speed away;
 There’s many souls to rescue,
 Then strive while it is day:
 Before the night shall hover,
 And hide them from our view;
 Launch—launch the boat—the Life Boat,
 And mercy’s course pursue.

Yes; launch the boat—the Life Boat,
 The saddening tale to tell,
 How Alcohol has triumphed,
 And how the good have fell:
 How innocence has suffered,—
 How purest love has died,—
 How mother and sweet infant
 Lie mangled side by side;—

How brightest hopes were blasted,
 And fairest prospects fled,—
 How fathers—brothers—kindred
 Sleep with the drunken dead:—
 To launch and man the Life Boat,
 O people quickly come,
 To render all assistance
 Each day to rescue some.

Then launch, O launch the Life Boat,
 And help it speed away,
 The sinking souls to rescue,
 While shines the light of day:
 Before the night shall hover,
 And hide them from our view;
 Launch—launch the boat—the Life Boat,
 And mercy’s course pursue.

R. M’LEAN PURDY.

Meaford, August 2, 1852.

The Arab Miser.

A miser of Kûfa, hearing that there was a celebrated miser at Bassora, to whom all other misers might go to school, resolved to go and take lessons of him. He went, and told him wherefore he was come. “Thou art welcome,” said he of Bassora; “we will now go to the market to make purchases.” They went to the baker. “Hast thou good bread?” “At your service, gentlemen, white and fresh as butter.” “Thou seest,” said he of Bassora, to him of Kûfa, “that butter is better than bread, which was compared to it, and we shall do better to get some butter.” They went to the butter-seller, and asked if he had good butter. “At your service, butter fresh and sweet as the nicest oil of olives.” “Thou hearest,” said the host, “the best butter is compared with oil, which must be far preferable.” They went to the oil merchant. “Hast thou good oil?” “The very best, bright and clear as water.” “Ho! ho!” cried he of Bassora, to him of Kûfa, then water is the best diet of all: I have a whole tub full at home, with which I will entertain thee nobly.” And, in fact, he set nothing before his guest, but water, since it was better than oil, oil than butter, butter than bread. “God be praised;” said the miser of Kûfa, “I have not made my journey in vain, but have learned some thing of value.”

L. M.

Every young man who aims to start in life should aim to start right—one wrong move may block his game for life. He should understand himself as he is, and learn just what business he is best fitted for, before he launches out on the great sea of his career, and dashes on the rocks of disappointment.

Money.

The power of the "Almighty dollar," as our American neighbors somewhat irreverently designate the circulating medium, is pretty strongly put in the following extract. We have no doubt that the rebuke applies to other parts of the world besides the meridian of Yankeedom.

"Money will make the mare to go,
Whether she have good legs or no;
And make a man to jump JIM CROW,
Although he have a gouty toe!"

MONEY LENDER'S OFFICE :

Enter Mr. Some-Money.

Good morning Mr. Cash ; can you discount this note ?

Mr. Cash (turning it over).—Fair paper, but I am rather short of funds to-day.

OUTER OFFICE :

Enter Mr. Money-Less.

Can I see Mr. Cash ?

Clerk.—He is engaged for a moment.

Enter Mr. Much-Money.

Who's inside ?

Clerk.—Only *Mr. Some-Money!*

Mr. Much-Money walks in without knocking.

Mr. Cash.—Good morning *Mr. Much-Money* ; take a seat. Sir (addressing *Mr. Some-Money*;) if you look in this afternoon, I shall see what I can do for you. (Bows him out.) Well *Mr. Much-Money*, what can I do for you to-day ?

Mr. Much-Money.—Oh, I want some \$10,000.

Mr. Cash examines a handful of notes, and replies.—I shall be very happy to supply you. (Passes the paper to the Clerk.) Let *Mr. Much-Money* have \$10,000. (*Exit Mr. Much-Money.*)

Enter Mr. Money-Less.—Can you let me have \$100 upon these securities ?

Mr. Cash (without taking the trouble to look at them.)—Sorry, Sir, but it is altogether out of my power.

Mr. Money-Less is compelled to go to a shaver, with his really good paper, who, observing his extreme want of the money, kindly supplies him at 30 per cent. interest.

Progress.

The following Programme of a Grand Temperance Demonstration in London, will give some idea of the advance of our noble cause in the "World's Metropolis;"—

The Committee respectfully beg to announce the following Programme, of which further particulars will be given by bills.

SUNDAY, August 1st.—Sermons in several of the metropolitan chapels.

WEDNESDAY.—Grand Temperance Bazaar in the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens. The Meeting for advocacy to commence at Two o'clock.

THURSDAY.—Bazaar. Gathering of Bands of Hope in the Gardens, from Eleven till Six o'clock. The children will sing "Crystal Spring," "Joyful Day," and the "National Anthem," and walk in procession round the Bazaar. The gardens will continue open, and the entertainments of the previous day will be repeated.

FRIDAY.—The Annual Meeting of the members of the League at Ten, A. M. in Exeter Hall ; to be followed by a Convention at Eleven, open to all members of Temperance Societies, to consider the Traffic, and other of importance. A Public Meeting, ...

the evening, at which Rev. Alexander Hannay, of Dundee, will attend as a deputation from the Scottish Temperance League.

SATURDAY.—A public Breakfast.

SUNDAY, 8th.—The Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, the distinguished commentator, will preach a sermon on the following subject:—"The throne of iniquity; or sustaining evil by law." Particulars of time and place will be announced. The Rev. A. Barnes will also take part in some of the meetings of the week. Special Trains will leave Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bristol, Gloucester and other large towns.

A Weather Prophet.

A pleasant anecdote is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanack-maker. In travelling on horse-back into the county, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep. "If you take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, nonsense," said the almanack-maker, "there is sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you." He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck with the man's prediction; and, being always intent on the interest of his almanack, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin. "Well, Sir, you see I was right after all." "Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain." "To be sure,

Sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanack in our house, called 'Partridge's Almanack,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day the 21st of June, is put down in our almanack in-doors as 'settled fine weather—no rain;' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard!" L. M.

Hints.

The way to secure a good character is always to do right.

The way to succeed in business is to stick to it.

One way to gain a business is to advertise. To keep it, deal justly.

The way to secure confidence is never to deceive.

The reputation of many men depends on the number of their friends.

The way to be considered great is to make many friends.

Friends can say for us what modesty would keep us from saying.

Dialogue.

Stage Coach.—*Slow Horses and very warm weather.*—*Imperturbable driver.*—*Passengers:*—*Languishing Lady, Dandy, Yankee, and Old Gentleman.*

Languishing Lady.—Oh, I shall die before we get to Bangor. (*Pretends to faint for the third time.*)

Dandy.—I say, drivaw! flagellate those quadrupeds, to the intent that they may accelerate their velocity.

Imperturbable Driver.—Guess don't understand Dutch.

Yankee.—Put in the licks!

Old Gentleman.—Fools, all!

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.—When the Liquor Law was under discussion in the Legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Stephenson, a member of the House, gave the following graphic picture of the evils of intemperance:—

“Portray the evils of intemperance, did I say?—He does not live who can tell the whole story of its woes. Exaggeration there is impossible. The fatigued fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact. The mind’s eye cannot take in the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into that picture shades darker than the truth. Put into such a picture every conceivable thing that is terrible or revolting—paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced—paint the chosen seats of parental care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion, all, all vacant; paint all the crime, of every stature and of every hue, from murder, standing aghast over a grave which it has no means to cover, down to the mean deception, still confident of success; paint home a desert, and shame a tyrant, and poverty, the legitimate child of vice in this community, and not its prolific mother; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death, peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison, and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose waves are fire; put in the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and in the foreground the terrible certainty of an accusing future; paint prisons with doors that only open inwards, people the scene with men whose shattered forms are tenanted by tormented souls, with children upon whose lips no smile can ever play, and with women into whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears wrung by anguish from breaking hearts,—paint such a picture, and when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the heavenly sun, but illuminate it with glares of the infernal fires, and still you will be bound to say that your horrible picture falls short of the truth.”

TO ADVERTISERS.—The *Life Boat* cover is an excellent medium for business notices seeking publicity in Upper Canada. The book goes into many of the most respectable families West, and is gaining ground fast. We hope to issue 1000 before long, and from present aspects we think our hope will be more than met.

Enigmas.

DEAR SIR,—I would propose the following Enigma for solution:—

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 3, 21, 22, is one of the seasons.

7, 3, 12, 14, is innumerable.

18, 3, 9, is very difficult to get or render.
18, 6, 18, 20, would look remarkable in a ladies’ mouth, and looks bad enough in a man’s.

9, 18, 18, 21, 20, is a well-known fruit.

20, 16, 7, 20, is a thing that a great many people indulge in.

17, 16, 6, 4, 20, is a noted state.

20, 21, 23, is generally heard on the Sabbath.

15, 16, 18, is an article of dress

My whole is the name of an enterprising Editor of the day

DAVID THOS. M’CONNELL.

Kingston, July 23, 1852.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 12, 6, 7, 17, 8, is a river in England.

My 15, 6, 16, 18, 14, 13, 1, is a beautiful object we often see.

My 14, 13, 8, 11, 13, 18, is a city in Massachusetts.

My 6, 15, 6, 14, is a people.

My 15, 13, 7, 17, is a city in Italy.

My 7, 13, 18, 11, 15, 17, 6, 3, is a city in Lower Canada.

My 13, 11, 11, 6, 1, 6, is a river in Lower Canada.

My 11, 13, 15, 13, 18, 11, 13, is a city in Upper Canada.

My whole is a celebrated Irish Exile.

EMELINE MARIA BROEPPLE.

West Williamsburgh, Aug. 9, 1852.

Cruelty to Animals.

MR. EDITOR,—I am not a very big fellow yet, but hope to be larger by and by; however, small as I am, I feel sometimes quite ready to fight people when I see them ill-using horses and other animals. Yesterday I saw a drunk man cruelly beating a poor brute that looked more like a ghost than like a horse. I dare say the man drinks more rum than would pay for keeping his horse fat. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that the magistrates would take notice of complaints made by a boy against the bad men that whip their horses so hard, when the poor beasts don’t seem to know what the men

want them to do, and when, perhaps, the men themselves are too drunk to know either? If they would, I think I'll complain, but perhaps they would only beat the horses more; what do you think about it, Sir? Let me know; and, if mother will let me, I'll go right up to the Police Court with the "number" of these carters, next time I see the thing done.

Yours, very respectfully, ALFRED.

[We thank Alfred for his letter—it shows that his heart is in the right place, but we fear that the unsupported testimony of one boy would not be enough. If any grown-up persons among his friends were witnesses to such cruelties, he could perhaps induce them to do what he so very humanely wishes should be done. We have no doubt Alfred will be a first-rate fellow when he does get big, and we advise him to grow as fast and as strong as he can; meantime we think fighting may as well be let alone.—ED. LIFE BOAT.]

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS, AGENTS AND FRIENDS.—This number of the *Life Boat* completes the half year, and we therefore beg to intimate that upon the principle of "fair play" we are entitled to payment of the subscription price, viz., 2s. 6d. We have advanced the first half, and given, we trust, sufficient proof of the quality of our work to warrant us in expecting this ordinary token of confidence.

Of the success of our little Book we have every reason to be satisfied; its subscription list is steadily increasing, and if we may estimate its character by the unsolicited opinions of the press generally, we must conclude that it is remarkably good; indeed we have ample proof of its having become a very great favorite.

We have been solicited to double the size of the *Life Boat*, and it is alleged that the Temperance public of Canada will heartily sanction the improvement. Our own opinion is favorable to such a step, and as we could (if the price were one dollar instead of one-half) supply many original illustrations and embellishments, besides entering more fully into the discussion of questions which the extent of our stowage-room cannot at present

accommodate, we beg our Agents to ascertain from the subscribers to their several lists, whether the change would meet with general approbation, and to report to us within the next three months. If the alteration should take place, the adaptation of at least one-half the *BOAT* to its present patrons would be strictly adhered to, and the rest might address itself to the children of "larger growth." While we make this distinction, we are, nevertheless, impressed with the conviction, that clear and pertinent reasons, worthy of the attention of mature minds, are not thrown away upon the intelligent youth of Canada, many of whom are quite competent to seize upon, and appreciate, strong and telling argumentation, especially upon the subject of TEMPERANCE.

What say you CADETS? What say you SONS and RECHABITES—and last, not least, what say you ye fair and faithful DAUGHTERS?

Should not the united Temperance interest of Canada sustain a handsome and well conducted Magazine, exclusively devoted to the great and noble cause? We answer for ourselves and for many others in the affirmative; let us however have the opinion of all our friends.

The change would of course commence with the second volume, six months hence, but we are desirous of knowing at least three months in advance, in order that we may have ample time to make every necessary arrangement for doing justice to the *BOAT*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot find room for one-half of the contributions sent during the month, most of which are well deserving of a place in the *BOAT*. From among those left out, we shall select for next issue.

We had mislaid two excellent effusions in verse from our valued correspondent "Hy. Kemptville," but as they have lately come to light we purpose giving them hereafter.

Short and pithy sayings and anecdotes, telling facts, well authenticated and briefly narrated, but not worn-out by previous publication, will be gladly received. A little fun will not be objected to, providing always for the absence of vulgarity in both the ideas and the language.