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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 6.

## THE TWO MERCHANTS; OR, A GOOD INVESTMENT.

### Chapter I.

**W**AN you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not out of his teens, of a middle aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting room of one of the largest wholesale establishments in our city. The person addressed turned round towards the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired—

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly.

"Which I fear would be below par in market," replied the merchant smiling.

"Perhaps so," said the young man, "but Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Stros-

ser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury.

At this remark the young man's countenance became deathly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments, he inquired in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment—

"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton, and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk—but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and after having made several blunders, he closed the ledger, took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Water street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Howley," he said, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was

seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant blandly; "happy to see you; have a seat? Any news? how's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said:

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement, "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton—Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talents and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully, but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of such a kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish indeed."

Mr. Barton observed a silence of several moments, and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I

shall advance the whole sum myself."

Saying which he left the store.

### Chapter II.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated is standing at the desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, until at last he exclaimed—

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perch, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again, but it is impossible, my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call on me. Remember that it was from you I re-

ceived money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe you has never been cancelled, and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, the merchant introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me, and yet you, who was far the greatest sufferer, and whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even better by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as fast as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar credit: the

banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business, some ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you it might prove better than an investment in a bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

*Concluded from page 69.*

#### A WARNING TO PARENTS.

BY ARNOLD F. GORMAN.

AT the close of a cold bracing day in October, three men were seated in one of the innumerable doggeries with which the Queen City abounds: one just past the meridian of life, the others were of the respective ages of nineteen and twenty-three, but extreme dissipation and midnight revelries made them appear much older; dear reader, we have seen them before, the lamb was once more at the mercy of the wolf.

For some days after young McDoald's arrival in Cincinnati, the excitement attendant upon his late loss, and the hope of capturing the robbers, prevented his falling

into the numerous snares with which he was surrounded, but as the prospect of success grew less, his inclination for enjoyment increased. At the hotel where he stopped, he formed the acquaintance of a gentlemanly looking stranger named Myres, who appeared to take great interest in our young friend, and was very anxious to introduce him to the various places of amusement and public resort in the city.

Being a stranger himself, the offer was thankfully accepted by the young man, who had the greatest confidence in the sincerity of Myres; but poor dupe, he was in the hands of another monster in human shape, more merciless than the former. In a short time (thanks to his friend) he became initiated into many of the mysteries of the place, and had soon sunk lower than ever in dissipation. His companion after obtaining all his money left him in the streets of Cincinnati a poor miserable drunkard; it was in this state he wandered into the den where we find him in the commencement of the chapter.

When the two villains found their victim once more in their grasp, they resolved to play a deeper game; they knew that in his present condition he was penniless, but they likewise knew his father was wealthy, and threw the dissipated son were determined to possess themselves of that father's money; to this end they freely supplied him with poisonous liquor, for the purpose of compelling him to forge his parent's name; the necessary papers having been prepared, the signature was obtained whilst the miserable young man was in a half drunken state.

On the notes being presented at the bank, where they were payable, by the youngest of the swindlers, suspicion was aroused, and the pre-

sender detained until communication could be had with Mr. McDonald. On that gentleman seeing the instruments he immediately pronounced them a forgery. The rascal then made a full confession, and stated where the signer would be found, without mentioning his name; steps were immediately taken for his arrest—which there was little difficulty in accomplishing—and in a few hours the unfortunate young man was confined in a prison charged with the heavy crime of forgery.

A month had elapsed after Edward's leaving home without his parents receiving the least intelligence of his whereabouts; how bitterly did they accuse themselves of being the cause of his downfall: hope for his reformation had long since gone, they were now borne down by grief, and feared he had again fallen into bad company, or perhaps had met foul play; but the father little thought when he discovered the fatal notes, he was condemning his own son to a felon's cell. To add to their grief, Lucy Merville was on the point of death, caused, doubtless, by the despair occasioned by her lover's evil courses. The family attempted to alleviate the sufferings of the poor girl they loved as a daughter, and inspire her with that hope they did not themselves possess. It was whilst engaged in these fruitless efforts, the news of the son's arrest reached them, he having revealed his name on becoming conscious. This last blow plunged them into deeper despair, and ere that day's sun had sunk in the West, Lucy Merville breathed her last.

On the poor prisoner's becoming fully conscious, and understanding the crime for which he was confined, he was overwhelmed with grief; how could he again meet

his injured parents and beloved sister, or dare hope forgiveness from the girl who loved him, and whom he had so foully wronged, no, no, it was more than he could bear, and he resolved after penning a letter to the fond ones, to end his misery. On the keeper entering his cell on the following morning the victim of parental example was gone to his account, the unfortunate man having hung himself to a beam, leaving letters for his parents and affianced bride, but, alas! the fond one had gone before him.

We will look in again upon the family of Mr. McDonald, after the news of their son's sad end had reached them. They had just paid the last sacred duties to the maid they loved as a daughter, and this fresh announcement completely prostrated them; in a few months the mother followed the son to the grave, and now the old man, borne down with grief and despair, himself on the very verge of the grave, is endeavoring to soothe the agony of his broken hearted daughter. Such are the sad results of introducing wine at the social board.

The above is not a solitary case, there are thousands such occurring in this land of freedom every year:—could we trace back the lives of our greatest criminals we would find in too many instances their first step to ruin was when partaking wine at the social board, and taking the parental example as their guide, plunged deeper into the poisonous bowl. Ah! that Parents would banish forever this curse of the human family from the social circle. It is a most powerful weapon in the hands of the Devil, by which he destroys thousands of our citizens, who would be an ornament to society, an honor to their country, but for this soul destroying

liquid. There are temptations enough throughout our land, held out by unprincipled men who keep these schools of vice; their gilded palaces surrounded with splendor are but the portals to an early grave and eternal misery. But there is a day coming when these traffickers in human misery will be brought to a terrible reckoning, and when rum shops will be banished forever from our midst; humanity, the misery it has entailed, and the welfare and prosperity of the country demand it. God speed the good work.

#### THE SAILOR BOY'S FAITH.

THE report of the Seamen's Friend Society vouches for the truth of the following incident:—

A vessel was overtaken by a terrific hurricane, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. After the most astonishing efforts to weather the storm, the awful intelligence from the Captain broke on the ear of the passengers.

"The ship is on her beam ends; she will never right again; death is certain!"

"Not at all, sir! not at all, sir!" exclaimed a little sailor-boy, "God will save us yet."

"Why do you think so?" said the Captain, with strong feeling and astonishment.

"Because, sir, at this moment they are praying under the Bethel Flag, in the city of Glasgow, for all the sailors in distress, and us among the rest; and God will hear their prayers; *now see if he don't.*"

The Captain an old weather beaten tar, exclaimed, with tears running down his cheeks, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher!"

At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her!

A simultaneous shout of exultation, gratitude and praise, louder than the storm, went up to God. A few days after, the noble ship rode safely into New York harbor.—  
*Banner of the Covenant.*

AND MY HEART TOO.

A FEW years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and larger boys to attend district schools, and when flagellation was more common in schools than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording. One of the largest, plumpest and fairest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master a prompt, energetic fellow of twenty-five, summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took a ruler and commanded her to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master, in a blaze of passion thundered out—

"Will you give me your *hand*?"

"Yes, sir, and my *heart* too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master and eyeing him with a cunning look.

A deathlike silence reigned for a moment in the school-room; a tear was seen to glisten in the master's eye, the ruler was laid upon the desk, and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to *remain after the school was dismissed!* In three weeks after the school finished, the teacher and the girl were married.—*Palmer Journal.*

POLITENESS is a coin destined to enrich not him who receives, but him who expends it.

EACH moment, as it passes, is the meeting-place of two eternities.

PUNCTUALITY begets confidence.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

BY LOVER.

Our Fatherland! and wouldst thou know  
Why we should call it Father land!  
It is, that Adam here below  
Was made of earth by Nature's hand;  
And he, our father, made of earth,  
Hath peopled earth on every hand,  
And we, in memory of his birth,  
Do call our country "Father land."

At first in Eden's bowers they say,  
No sound of speech had Adam caught,  
But whistled like a bird all day—  
And may be, 'twas for want of thought:  
But Nature, with resistless laws,  
Made Adam soon surpass the birds,  
She gave him lovely Eve—because  
If he'd a wife—they must *have words.*

And so, the native land I hold,  
By male descent is proudly mine;  
The language, as the tale hath told,  
Was given in the female line;  
And thus, we see, on either hand,  
We name our blessings whence they've  
sprung,

We call our country *Father land*,  
We call our language *Mother tongue.*

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

A "Democritus in London, with the mad pranks and comical conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow," will be found the following note which is the earliest authority we have for the above saying. It is dated 1682:—

"There is a proverb, which has been of old,  
And many men have likewise been so bold,  
To the discredit of the Taylor's Trade,  
*Nine Taylors goe to make up a man*, they  
said;  
But for their credit, I'll unriddle it t'ye:  
A dra: er once fell into povertie,  
*Nine Taylors joined their purses together*  
then,  
To set him up, and make him a man again."

LOVE.—A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:—

"I sing her praise in poetry:  
For her at morn and eve,  
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,  
*And wipes them with my sleeve.*"

## HISTORY AND NATURE OF TOBACCO.



**H**ISTORY.—The name tobacco is an Indian word, and was originally used on the Island of Hayti, where the Spaniards early planted themselves. The word Tobacco was used by the natives to denote the *Instrument* employed by the savages in smoking the weed.

The Spaniards applied the word to the *substance* in the pipe, and the name so given has been retained in other languages.

Tobacco was not known in Europe till subsequent to the discovery of America. The Spaniards found, in the tropical countrys of the New World, that the sensual and idle savages cultivated and used the plant.

The use of the weed was adopted very speedily by all European nations. Books were written against its use; in vain were laws and penalties enacted against it; appetite overrun reason and law. Its use has become almost universal, and its consumption is enormously great.

**NATURE.**—Tobacco in its nature has been very carefully analyzed by scientific men, and the results have been published to the world, simply as *facts of science*, without any reference whatever, to the *moral* questions connected with its use as a narcotic stimulus. It was called Nicotian, from Nicot, who first introduced it into France, in the year 1560.

A careful chemical analysis has demonstrated that it contains two

elementary substances, called nicotia and nicotianine. The action of nicotianine, on the animal system, is one of the most virulent poisons known. A drop of it, in a state of concentrated solution, was sufficient to destroy a dog; and small birds died at the approach of a tube containing it.

Of nicotianine, it is said, one drop injected into a cat occasioned death in about five minutes, and two drops injected into a dog occasioned the same result.

Its external application has not unfrequently proved fatal. A child eight years old had an eruption on the head. The expressed juice of tobacco leaves was applied, and being absorbed into the circulation, soon produced death.

Dr. Rees says,—“A drop or two of the chemical oil of tobacco being put on the tongue of a cat, produces violent convulsions, and *death itself* in the space of a minute.”

Used excessively, it occasions dizziness in the head, stupor, faintness, nausea, vomiting, and general debility of the nerves and circulating functions.

Dr. Chapman says he has “met with several instances of disorder, closely resembling delirium tremens, which resulted from its abuse.”

Drs. Woodworth, Rush, Waterhouse, Twitchell and others, declare that “the use of tobacco often leads to apoplexy, palsy, head complaints, cancers, delirium, and sudden death.” Respectable physicians have said that “not less than twenty thousand persons die every year in the United States alone, from the use of tobacco.”

Dr. McAllister says, — “Few substances are capable of exerting effects so sudden and destructive as this *poisonous* plant. Prick the skin of a mouse with a needle, the



point of which has been dipped in the essential oil of tobacco, and immediately it swells and dies."

Prof. Hitchcock says,—“I group opium, alcohol and tobacco together as alike to be rejected, because they agree in being poisonous in their nature. Alcohol is classed among the stimulants; opium and tobacco among the narcotics; whose ultimate effect on the animal system is to produce stupor and insensibility.—Most of the powerful vegetable poisons, such as henbane, hemlock, prussic acid, deadly nightshade, fox-glove, and poison sumach, have an effect on the animal system scarcely to be distinguished from that of opium and tobacco.—They impair the organs of digestion, and many bring on fatality, palsy, delirium or apoplexy. It excites the whole train of nervous complaints. Dr. Hossack says that “dyspepsia, apoplexy, palsy and epilepsy, are often to be attributed to the use of tobacco.”

Dr. Warner says that “it, by its poisonous and relaxing qualities, is positively injurious to the teeth, even.” “Two young men in Yale College,” says Professor Silliman “were killed in early life by its use.” One of the German periodicals states that “of 20 deaths of men between 18 and 55, ten, or one-half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking.—Tobacco burns out the blood, the teeth, the eyes, the brain.”

Asylums for the insane, far and near, eloquently sound out notes of alarm respecting its destruction of intellect. Similar testimony could be adduced to almost any extent. If the convictions of the conscience and better judgement would suffice, the case might here be left. But relish for the poisonous weed becomes so strong that the victim of a most filthy habit will not always yield to the dictates.

#### NOT AFRAID OF HOPS.

A BIG fellow named Rolff, used to frequent an “up town” dram shop in Philadelphia where a few wits and a quantity of mutton headed individuals were wont to congregate. Old Rolff was “death on a pale hoss” on beer; he could drink equal to a London tapster or a Dutch Burgomaster, and had drunk his pint down at a gulf, easy as falling of a log. One day a few jokers being around, doubted the capacity of the old man to guzzle a quart of beer at a draught.

“You choose to pay for ‘em,” says Rolff, “you just pay for ‘em an’ by thunder you see if old Jake Rolff can’t swaller a quart of beer witout winkin!” “We’ll pay for it daddy,” says one, “if you’ll down with it in one long guzzle.”

“Very well, fotch in de beer.” The beer was brought in a large, deep brown mug. Before pouring in the beer, a defunct mouse had been quietly inured; the old man took the mug, foaming to the brim and raised it to the necessary elevation, and down it went!

“How’d it go, daddy?” was the cry as the old man with bloated visage and distended eye, set down the mug.

“How’d it go? Bah! Goot! Dar was von pig hop, in de bottom, but tink I care for tem tings?”

#### EPITAPH.

Here, crumbling lies, beneath the mould,  
A man whose sole delight was go’d;  
Content was never once his guest,  
Tho’ thrice ten thousand filled his chest,  
For he, poor man, with all his store,  
Died in great want—the want of more!

“BIDDY has that surly fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?” “Yes, sir.” “Did he clear it off with alacrity, Biddy?” “No, sur? with a shovel.”



NATURAL HISTORY.—ART. IV.

## THE ZEBRA

**I**S, perhaps, the handsomest and most elegantly clothed of all quadrupeds. He has the shape and graces of the horse, the swiftness of the stag, and a striped robe of black and white alternately disposed with so much regularity and symmetry, that it seems as if nature had made use of the rule and compass to paint it. These alternate bands of black and white are so much the more singular, as they are straight, parallel, and very exactly divided, like a striped stuff; and as they, in other parts, extend themselves not only over the body, but over the head, the thighs, the legs, and even the ears and the tail; so that, at a distance, this animal appears as if he were surrounded with little fillets, which some person had disposed, in a regular manner, over every part of the body. In the females, these bands are alternately black and white. In the male, they are brown and yellow, but always of a lively and brilliant mixture, upon a short, fine, and

thick hair; the lustre of which still more increases the beauty of the colors. The zebra is, in general, less than the horse, and larger than the ass; and, although it has often been compared to those two animals, and called the *wild horse* and the *striped ass*, it is a copy neither of the one nor the other; and might rather be called their model, if all was not equally original in nature, and if every species had not an equal right to creation.

The zebra is chiefly found in the southern parts of Africa; often seen near the Cape of Good Hope, and a penalty of fifty rix dollars is inflicted on any person who shoots one of them. Such of them as are caught alive, are presented to the governor. Several have been brought to England; but except in one instance, they have all displayed great wildness, and even ferocity. The exception was in that which was burnt some years ago at Excter 'Change. It would allow young children to be put upon its back, and was once ridden

from the Lyceum to Pimlico; but it was bred and reared in Portugal, from parents half reclaimed. In several other cases, zebras have attempted to injure spectators, and have not even spared their keepers. The voice of this creature is thought to have a distinct resemblance to the sound of a post horn.

#### THE MAINE LAW IN CONNECTICUT.

THE Maine Law came into operation in that land of steady habits, on the first day of August last, and what scenes must have been presented in witnessing the affectionate leave-taking toward runselling, which took place on the day previous. The day was a most remarkable one in some, if not all, of the towns and villages, and it seemed to be taken for granted by all parties, that the law, with its most stringent prohibitions and penalties, is to be carried out in all its requisitions most thoroughly. A correspondent in a New York city paper, writing from Fairfield, in describing the state of things in his locality, says that even the rural lanes of that quiet village witnessed the unusual spectacle of very decent people most affectionately escorting jug and demijohns to their houses, whilst the thriving city nearby was all astir with a wholly unprecedented run upon the liquor stores. One of the citizens stated, that in the last ten days as much liquor had apparently been sold as in the previous ten months. The spectacle at some of the chief stores is said

to have been quite startling and in some respects amusing. The old rank and file of course turned out in full force, with their livery of red noses and slashed doublet and hose. But the peculiar feature of the occasion was presented by the more respectable votaries of the bottle, who struggled between pride and appetite, until the last day of grace proved too much for pride, and the appetite was allowed to lay in its stores for the year of drought. The hardest part of the drama was that performed by the really sober men, who sincerely look upon a few bottles of brandy and a gallon of rum as essentials of every well furnished medicine chest, in view of such emergencies as cramps and rheumatism, and the like ills of mortality. Gossip says, that some grave dignitaries came in for their share, and through their timid messengers swelled the throng in waiting at the counters, as if doubtful of the safety of relying upon the liberality of the town agent, to whose scanty store and close scrutiny the future keeping of things alcoholic is to be entrusted.

When shall such sights as these be witnessed in our fair Province of Canada? What a rush would be seen in the streets of Montreal on the evening preceding the dawn of the glorious Maine Law morning—in a city like ours, where the votaries of the bottle are as “thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa.”

## SCENES ON THE WATER.

**D**URING a period of 18 months, ending in September last, 474 vessels were lost at sea. 50 vessels which had sailed within that time were never afterwards heard from! It is calculated that during that time, 1 vessel was lost every 11 hours; 1 stranded every 44 hours; 1 abandoned every 75 hours; and 1 missing every 10 days! It is worth while enquiring how much of this loss was occasioned by Alcohol, and how many still nobler vessels of immortal nature were shipwrecked and destroyed by rum? J.T.D.

## THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

**I**T is said that a little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on the next village, destroy life and property and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might, even then, be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with

his hand and some clay, and patiently waited the approach of some villager; but no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet and tired; but slowly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he staid at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked round to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was averted.

"Heroic boy! what a noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic, patriotic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that long and lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered; his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the *responsibility of his position*? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

"Magnanimous boy!" Here's an example for you, Cadets of Temperance and Bands of Hope. Have you a father, mother, brother, sister,

tampering with the rain flood of Alcohol—sipping and sipping and making the hole wider every day? Leave them not, rest not until you have prevailed upon them to sign the Teetotal Pledge and join the Sons or Daughters, Rechabites or Knights of Honor. Agitate! agitate! carry round Petitions until you have got them filled with signatures for the Maine Law, and until those petitions are heard and attended to, and you will then rank with this noble boy, for you will have prevented the flood of ruin from sweeping away the best interests of your parents, friends, and neighbors!

Now there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness on the world. God has given you *some-where* a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody. I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influ-

ence, whatever it is. Take your stand before the world then, with a determination to devote your influence to virtue, to temperance, to humanity, to God. Let the children begin life and grow up with these solid principle of action, to fear and to honor God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more into the perfect day."

#### JUSTICE.

ALL hail to thee! thou friend of honest men,  
Whose hand inclines not to the rich or poor;  
Thy ready sword is up to strike again  
The selfish slaves it often struck before;  
But still thy sword, O vengeful justice! falls  
Full late at times upon the plundering crew;  
The orphan's cry—the widow's wail appalls  
The honest heart, whose hand, though poor  
is true—

Still retributive Justice has a settling day,  
When all accounts must balance to a hair;  
And though the wavering scales to selfish  
motives sway,  
Our souls are surety for the just repair:  
Hard hands may wring the heart's blood  
from the poor,  
But O! like Abel's, once, it crieth at their  
door.

#### MERCY.

O! MEEK eyed Mercy! messenger of God,  
Sweet is thy presence to the trembling soul—  
To thee stern Justice yields her vengeful rod,  
Repentance blesses meekly thy control;  
She pleads to God, weak, erring man to  
spare;  
Her tears arrest the master's iron hand:—  
Then how shall they, who turn a listless ear,  
The God of mercy in the turn withstand?  
For he that feels no mercy for his slave,  
Shall plead in vain when death himself shall  
come;  
There's no repentance past the gloomy  
grave,

There is no mercy in the silent tomb ;  
Then O, be merciful to those that sue !  
While God his mercy still extends to you.

#### WATER THE BEST LIQUID.

A POET who sang in the olden time,  
And lived in a classic quarter,  
Declares, in his beautiful flowing rhyme  
That the best of liquids is WATER !

He honor'd the land where he loved to dwell  
And many fine things he taught her ;  
But he did the most good when he wrote to  
tell

That the best of liquids is WATER !

It keeps the head clear, and it keeps it cool,  
It is good for both son and daughter ;  
Of health and of strength 'tis the golden rule,  
That the best of liquids is WATER !

Then, Christians, hold fast to the temperance cause ;

Stick to it like " bricks and mortar ;"  
And say without doubting, or fear, or pause,  
The best of liquids is WATER !

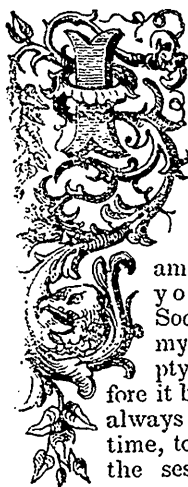
But seek to win others by love's mild tone ;  
Don't hang them, or draw, or quarter ;  
For none by abuse will be brought to own,  
That the best of liquids is WATER !

#### " THE DRUNKARD AND MORAL SUASION."

**A**N ass that was being driven along the road by his master, started on ahead, and, leaving the beaten track, made as fast as he could for the edge of a precipice. When he was just on the point of falling over, his master ran up, and seizing him by the tail endeavored to pull him back ; but the ass resisting and pulling the contrary way, the man let go his hold, saying, " Well, Jack, if you will be master, I cannot help it."

A wilful beast must go his own way ; and so must a wilful child, if he does not mend his manners. The only remedy is in the one case to fence in the road, and in the other, to break the child's will in time.

#### AFFECTING INCIDENT



**RECOLLECT** one member of Congress who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society.

" Briggs," he used to say, " I am going to join your Temperance Society as soon as my demijohn is empty." But just before it became empty, he always filled it. At one time, toward the close of the session, he said to me :

" I am going to sign the pledge when I get home. I am in earnest," continued he ; " my demijohn is nearly empty, and I am not going to fill it again." He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed, and it impressed me ; and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings.

" Why," said he, " I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me than any thing I recollect to have heard upon the subject, in any temperance speech I have heard or read.

" In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor ! He has a beautiful and lovely wife, a lady of cultivation and refinement, and a most charming daughter.

" This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they coun-

seled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, "Why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?" which he named.

"Oh, I cannot," said he; "it is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense.—Poor girl! I wish I could."

"Well," said his friend, "if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be at all the expense of her attending school for one year."

"What does this mean?" said he. "Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"No matter," said his friend, "about that now; but I will do as I said."

"And I," said another, "will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge."

"Well," these offers are certainly liberal—but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean? But, gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer. I will sign if you will."

This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they would and did sign, and he with them.

And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her."

Two of them started for that purpose.—The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

"What," she enquired, "is the matter?—What has happened to my husband?"

They bid her dismiss her fears,

assuring her they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yea, signed it in good faith."

The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up unto heaven, and thanked God for the happy change.

"Now," said she, "I have a husband as he once was, in the days of our early love."

"But this was not what moved me," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends; and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'Let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it and the thing was done.

This gentleman thought it rather a small business and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But, on returning home, he said to her:

"Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I have signed the temperance pledge."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have, certainly."

Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms round his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

"Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it—I will go

and take my name off immediately."

"Take your name off!" said she; "no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears."

Now, for the first time, the truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge.—*Speech of Governor Briggs.*

#### A WORD TO THE WISE.

**W**ANTED, a boy as Clerk in a Liquor Store." Such was the advertisement which we saw, while glancing over the columns of a daily paper, and the words have since been graven on our memory.

We can feel saddened when we think that this summons may be answered, and another young heart, fresh and pure as an unfolding rosebud, be exposed to the influence of that traffic, which has proved the bane of so many human lives.

We can but ask ourselves if any parents, having the slightest sense of duty, will consent to place a child in such a perilous position.

Oh, no—it would seem that poverty in its worst form would be preferable to this, and we appeal to our readers to know if among them, there is one who would respond to this call. That dark-eyed boy, bending so thoughtfully over his book in the humble honre, of which he is the pride and joy, may, perchance, read this advertisement. His widowed mother toils wearily upon her stitching from the earliest flush of dawn till the still "noon of night," when shadows brood darkly over earth and sky. Many times during the long, cold days of win-

ter she has sat shivering over her work while warm tears gushed from her eyes and fell like summer rain upon her thin pale fingers. The lad knows that penury's icy hand has swept the glow from her cheek, the glad light from her eye—the sweet smile from her lips, and this knowledge has given him such thoughts as seldom visit the brain of childhood.

Many a vision of wealth flits through his dreams—many a hope burns in his heart, that at some future day he shall be rich and great.

But let him resist the temptrtion, which that advertisement holds out before him, and closing his ears against the song of the syren, resolve to live in poverty, till he can earn his bread by honest means. A crust and a straw pallet are better than costly viands and the luxurious couch, purchased by this detestable traffic.

There is another lad in a comfortable home, whose father sees the "Wanted" to which we allude. He is a man of the world, and wishes his son to rise to wealth and influence. To him the situation of clerk in a liquor store may seem attractive, but let him not follow out the inclination which it has aroused. Let him not place his child amid the thousand temptations of such a place—let him not hold to the bright lips of his boy the fatal draught, for if he does he will too late repent of his folly.

Mother, will you permit your son so tenderly nurtured to launch his life-barque on such a sea. Sister, have you a brother whom you can willingly see accept the offered situation? Would to Heaven that from all the homes of our land we might hear one emphatic no—that a clerk in a liquor store might ever be "WANTED."—*Boston Olive Branch.*



## ENIGMAS.

NO. X.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
 My 5, 8, 3, 11, 14, 11, 10, is a general name for ardent spirits.  
 My 1, 9, 15, 17, 6, 11, 5, 7, a speedy conveyance for travellers.  
 My 2, 7, 16, 13, a term of time among the ancient Romans.  
 My 4, 9, 12, 1, is a well known animal.  
 My 1, 15, 3, 16, is a kind of grain.  
 My 6, 11, 13, 16, is a beautiful flower.  
 My whole was a distinguished Irish orator.

M.L.

XI.

I am composed of 13 letters.  
 My 12, 3, 10, 9, 4, 8, 11, is a large town in France.  
 My 3, 1, 6, 13, 9, is a river in Germany.  
 My 4, 5, 1, 9, 13, 11, is an ancient town in Greece.  
 My 2, 1, 6, 7, is one of the United States.  
 My 7, 3, 6, 12, 8, was a great and mighty hunter.  
 My 5, 1, 9, 5, 6, 11, is a sea nymph.  
 My whole was a celebrated Naval Commander.

M.L.

XII.

I am a sentence composed of 13 letters.  
 My 4, 13, 6, 10, 11, is a city in Russia.  
 My 13, 5, 9, 10, 12, is a river in Germany.  
 My 5, 2, 8, 1, is a musical instrument.  
 My 7, 12, 2, 4, is a kind of fuel.  
 My 1, 6, 4, 12, 13, is a christian name.  
 My 11, 2, 3, is a river in Scotland.  
 My whole is one way among others to preserve a clear conscience.

M.L.

XIII.

RIVERS IN EUROPE.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
 My 8, 9, 3, is a river in Russia.  
 My 8, 3, 5, 15, 11, 4, 15, 14, in Poland.  
 My 4, 14, 15, 10, 4, in England.  
 My 11, 15, 13, 10, 15, in France.  
 My 14, 1, 5, 6, 15, in Germany.  
 My 8, 15, 14, 7, in Ireland.  
 My 8, 9, 2, 14, 9, in Spain.  
 My whole is a County of England.

A.T.D.

## QUESTIONS.

Who was styled—  
 1 "The Cincinnatus of the West?"  
 2 "The Attic Bee?"  
 3 "The prince of poets?"  
 4 "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle?"  
 5 "The mantuan Swan?"  
 6 "The Nightingale of Twickenham?"  
 7 "His Country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal?"  
 8 "The Leviathan of Literature?"  
 9 "The British Apelles?"  
 10 "The poetical Salvator Rosa?"  
 11 "The Swan of Avon?"  
 12 "The Bard of Truth and Feeling?"  
 13 "The Ariosto of the North?"  
 14 "The Addison of America?"  
 15 "The Morning Star of the Reformation?"  
 16 "The Justinian of India?"  
 17 "The British Anacreon?"  
 18 "The Homer of Britain?"  
 Solutions are required with the names of the several individuals specified.

A.T.D.

## PROBLEM.

A person being asked the hour said, that the time past noon was 4-5 of the time till midnight—what was the hour? H.P.

AAAAAHHHNNPZTEP.

No name of nation or of place,  
 I by these letters mean;  
 But if you do them rightly trace,  
 And put each letter in its place,  
 A word will then be seen.  
 To know what word these letters spell,  
 Read your Bible, and that will tell,  
 And when you've searched the Scriptures round,  
 It only once can there be found.

A.T.D.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST No.—  
 No. 9, The good time will come.  
 The answer sent by H.P. is correct.

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