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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, JUNE, 1852.

No. 3.

Address by the Coxswain.

Now my Hearties,—We are afloat again, bound on another cruise among the breakers, shoals and dangerous currents incident to our navigation, and upon a sea fatal to many a thoughtless mariner. From our LOOK-OUT we can descry many a trim and saucy craft, heedless of the dangers indicated by the correct charts, or marked by buoys and beacons, sailing along with swelling canvas and flaunting streamers, right in the track in which other vessels have perished. To apprise them of their jeopardy, or to rescue them from ruin, we hasten to man our little Boat, and having already secured a first-rate crew, we launch upon the wave.

All ready!

Aye, aye, Sir.

Then pull away boys, and you girls send along your good and tender wishes after us, won't you? To be sure you will. Now let us steer for that great squadron yonder, for although we may be quite certain beforehand that they will only ridicule our fears, we owe them a warn-

Ship a-hoy!

Well, Cockle-shell, what is the matter?

What are you, and whether bound?

We are the St. George, don't you see our ensign; that's the St. Andrew; the craft a-head is the St. Patrick, and the smaller vessels are the St. David and the Caledonia. We are a benevolent squadron, built, manned, and provisioned for charitable purposes, and we cruise about these latitudes to help our fellow men in distress, especially upon their arrival in the colony.

Good! But you sail too near the coast of drunkenness, and it is known that at your annual regattas many of your crews have plunged into the alcoholic wave, from which they have been carried by the under currents of appetite to the ocean of eternity; and so far as we have observed, your squadron have made no exertion to save them, but, on the contrary, continues to hug this dangerous coast, notwithstanding repeated warnings, and the loss of many hands overboard.

What say you—had you not better sail upon another tack ?

Off with you, you saucy chip, don't you think we understand our own business? Are we—bound upon a voyage which has the countenance of the great and the wise—to be piloted by a wretched bum-boat ?

We are no bum-boat but a *LIFE BOAT*, and have already picked up many of your crew and passengers, whom you had dropped overboard, and never stopped to look after. Pray gallant St. George, will you tell us how much your squadron expend annually on charity, and how much in jollification in honor of the saints, &c. ?

Here Tom Swillgrog !

Aye, aye, Sir !

Cast off that rascally Boat, and if they still hold on, drop a twelve pound shot through her bottom, and send her to Davy's locker.

You can't do it, Captain. But remember we have warned you of the danger of this coast, and of the absurdity of your annual celebrations in the name of philanthropy, where shipwrecks of sobriety and decency, and the liability to a final wreck of body and soul are often incurred. We now part with you, hoping you will either change your course, or that your crews will suffer so much by desertion as to lay up the squadron in ordinary, to be afterward re-fitted and manned under better regulations.

We shall renew our cruise in another latitude next trip. Till then, my hearty lads and winsome lasses, we must "belay the slack."

JACK ARMWELL, *Coxswain*.

Pigeoning.

BY THE COXSUAIN.

In the language of gambling houses, or as they are not unfrequently designated *HELLS*, *Pigeons* are inexpe-

perienced persons whom the scoundrels and black-legs expect to pluck, that is, to rob. Now this plucking process is seldom attempted unless the *Pigeon* has been induced to drink freely first, for under the excitement of wine a feeling of confidence, or more properly of recklessness, is induced, which disarms the judgment and lays open the true character. High stakes are then more readily put down and played for with one invariable result, viz: *victimization*. Gambling and drinking are therefore cousin Germans, and many a poor fellow has found to his cost that he has been over-matched by them.

Apropos of plucking ; sometime ago we read a story of an old lady who kept some half score of turkies, with the intention of fattening them for the winter market. Opposite to her house there lived a dealer in ardent liquids, and upon a certain occasion he drew off the liquor from a cherry-brandy cask and threw the cherries out of doors. Well the poor turkies in their simplicity gobbled up the cherries, and in due course became quite intoxicated. The old lady, not knowing the facts, was very much surprised to find her birds dropping down one after another, apparently lifeless, until the whole flock were prostrate. Believing them dead, she thought that their feathers at least might be saved, and accordingly she denuded them of a great portion of their covering, throwing the carcasses in a corner. Early in the morning, however, she was much surprised at hearing an unusual racket among her late plucked gobblers, and to her surprise saw them strutting about in their dishabille, uttering most melancholy cries of *Quit, Quit, Quit* ; but it was too late—they should have cried quit before, and would have got quit without the loss of their plumes.

We do not of course vouch for the above story, but for the purposes of illustration it is as good as if authenticated by affidavit. How many a young gobbler "of the rosy wine," or "subtle spirit," has been plucked, pigeoned, cleaned out, and then, pitched out of doors by his decoys, we may not tell; but many a family, many a stricken father and sorrowing mother, bowing their grey hairs towards the grave, refusing all comfort, can attest the verity of our statements. Long ago, when we were a little shaver, we remember seeing our own then dear and now sainted mother weeping with exceeding distress over an occurrence of this kind,—not on her own account, for at that time her children were too young to create such misery. The facts, as our memory retains them, were to this effect:

A wealthy English farmer had sent his own first horn, and as we think only son, to a market town with a waggon load of flour in sacks, the proceeds of which, together with some £500 in money, were to be applied towards the payment of an instalment then about becoming due upon a landed purchase. Now by persons who have not seen the amazing English waggons and horses used by the better class of English farmers, no idea can be formed of the value of such a load of flour. Suffice it that it is a small cargo, and that the one in question might be worth some £200. The young man arrived in the afternoon, and put up at an hotel where the farmers resorted, intending to transact his business on the next day. Having some leisure in the evening he addressed himself to his toilet, and assumed the character and appearance of his caste; while smoking his pipe and enjoying his pot of porter he was accosted by a polite and intelligent gentleman, and in the course of con-

versation the young man made known the object of his journey. After a while a stroll about town was proposed, and the polite gentleman, who was one of the scouts of a gambling fraternity, introduced him to his set, who treated him with marked respect. They all went together to the theatre, and adjourned to a private house to take a snack, where our young farmer was gently but successfully pressed to drink, &c. &c. The tale need not be elaborated—it goes on to tell of excess, of cards, dice, &c.; of shilling stakes, then of pounds, of tens, and of hundreds,—the young man being allowed to win freely—then of a grand stake, when in a moment he lost his own money, winnings and all. He was then tempted to stake the waggon, the load and the six horses, against a sum that would repair his fortunes, and this he lost. After giving an order in form for the delivery of the property, he was conducted to his lodging house, and the next morning, search being made for him, he was found hanging in an out-house attached to the Inn—DEAD!

The father was written for, and told first of the loss of his property; but this did not seem to affect him in the least—he wanted his son, his own always dutiful son, the son of his pride and of his hopes. No one seemed to have the courage to tell him the truth, and the good old man in his anxiety ran about the house until he pushed open a door where the strangled corpse of his late manly and high minded boy was stretched upon a mattress.

Who will paint the anguish of this father, the mortal agony of the mother and sisters, or the silent withering sorrow of one fond young heart affianced to the murdered youth? Alas that this should be a sad reality! Would God that such facts were mere creations of the imagination, and not

as this is, and as many others equally or more distressing are, the true and common adjuncts of a business sanctioned by law and carried on by reputed christians! How long, O God, how long will it continue!

Taking Him in Hand.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

Two boys met in the street.

"Isaac," said George, "why don't you take that fellow in hand? he has insulted you almost every day for a week."

"I mean to take him in hand," said Isaac.

"I would make him stop, if I had to take his ears off."

"I mean to make him stop."

"Go and flog him now. I should like to see you do it. You can do it easily enough with one hand."

"I rather think I could; but I shan't try it to-day."

This conversation took place between two boys as they were on their way home from school. At this point in the conversation, their roads led them in different directions.

The boy alluded to was the son of an intemperate man, who was angry with Isaac's father, in consequence of some effort to prevent his obtaining rum. The drunkard's son took up the cause of his father, and called Isaac hard names every time he saw him pass, and as he did not do anything by way of retaliation, he went farther and threw stones at him.

Isaac was at first provoked at the boy's conduct. He thought he ought to be thankful that his father was checked in any measure in procuring rum, the source of so much misery to himself and family. But when he thought of the way in which he had been brought up, his ignorance and wretchedness, he pitied him, and ceased to wonder, or to be offended with his conduct. He resolved, indeed, to "take him in hand," and to "stop him," but not in the sense in which his schoolfellow understood those terms.

The boy's name was James, but he was never called any thing but Jim. Indeed, if you were to call him by his true name, he would think you meant somebody else.

The first opportunity Isaac had of taking him in hand was on election day. On that day as Isaac was on his way home, he saw a group of boys a little off the road, and heard some shouting and laughing. Cur-

iosity led him to the spot. He found that the group were gathered around Jim and another boy, a good deal larger than he was. This boy was making fun of Jim's clothes, which were indeed very ragged and dirty,—and telling how he must act, to become as distinguished a man as his father. Jim was very angry, but when he attempted to strike his persecutor, he would take hold of Jim's hands, and he was so much stronger that he could easily hold them. Jim then tried kicking, but as he was barefoot, he could not do much execution in that line: besides, while he was using one foot in this way, his tormentor would tread on the other with his heavy boot. When Isaac came up and saw what was going on, he remonstrated with the boys for countenancing such proceedings; and such was his influence, and the force of truth, that most of them agreed that it was "too bad;" though he was such an "ugly dog," they said, "that he was hardly worth pitying."

The principal actor, however, did not like Isaac's interference; but he soon saw that Isaac was not afraid of him, and that he was too popular with the boys to be made the object of abuse. As he turned to go away, he said to Jim: "I'll keep my eyes upon you, and when you go home, I'll go with you. It is on my way, and I'll keep off the crows; they shan't hurt you; so don't cry any more."

"Come Jim, go home with me; I'm going now," said Isaac.

Jim did not look up or make any answer. He did not know what to make of Isaac's behaviour toward him. It could not be because he was afraid of him, and wished to gain his good will, for he was not afraid of one who was much stronger than he. He had never heard of the rule, "Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you;" for he had never been to Sabbath school, and could not read the Bible, for he did not know his letters.

He followed silently and sullenly, pretty near to Isaac, till he reached home, if that sacred name can with propriety be applied to that wretched abode of sin and misery.

He parted from Isaac without thanking him for his good offices in his behalf. This Isaac did not wonder at, considering the influences under which he had grown up. That he parted with him without abusing him, Isaac considered as something gained.

The next morning George and Isaac met on their way to school. As they passed the drunkard's dwelling, Jim was at the door, but he did not look up or say anything as

they passed. He looked very much as though he had been whipped. George did not know what had taken place the day before.

"What keeps Jim so still?" said he.

"Oh, I've had him in hand."

"Have you! I'm glad of it. When was it?"

"Yesterday."

"At election?"

"Yes."

"Anybody see you do it?"

"Yes; some of the boys."

"Found it easy enough, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you give him enough to stop him?"

"I guess so; he is pretty still this morning, you see."

Upon the strength of this conversation, George circulated a report that Isaac had flogged Jim. This created a good deal of surprise, as it was not in keeping with Isaac's character. The report at length reached the ears of the teacher. He inquired about the matter, of Isaac, and laughed heartily when he learned in what manner George had been deceived, or rather had deceived himself. He warmly commended Isaac for his new mode of taking his enemies in hand, and advised him to continue to practise it.

A few days afterward, as Isaac was on his way to school, he met Jim driving some cattle to a distant field. The cattle were very unruly, and Jim made very little headway with them. First one would run back, and then another, till he began to despair of being able to drive them to pasture. He burst out crying, and said, "Oh dear, I can't make them go, and father will kill me if I don't."

Isaac pitied his distress, and volunteered to assist him. It cost him a good deal of running, and kept him from school nearly all the morning. When the cattle were safe in the pasture, Jim said, "I shan't stone you any more."

"I don't think you will," said Isaac, smiling.

When he reached the school-house, he showed signs of the violent exercise he had been taking. "What has Isaac been about?" was the whispered question which went round. When put to him he replied, "I have been chasing cattle to pasture." He was understood to mean his father's cattle.

After school, he waited till all the pupils had left the school-room, before he went up to the teacher to give his excuse for being late at school.

"What made you so late?" said the teacher.

"I was taking Jim in hand again, sir;" and he gave him an account of his proceeding, adding at the close, "I thought you would excuse me, sir."

"Very well, you are excused."

Reader, if you have enemies, who annoy you, *take them in hand* in the same way that Isaac did, and you will be certain, if you persevere, to *stop them*.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Plan for Storming Quebec.

Shortly after the dreadful fires at Quebec, Elihu Burritt, the well known *learned Blacksmith*, in a periodical which he edited, proposed the following plan for storming the suffering City:

As the conquest of Canada seems to have been a leading object in our two defensive wars with Great Britain, we would respectfully call the attention of all those whose patriotism is not "run" in a pair of bullet moulds, to the present juncture of affairs in Quebec. We are firmly persuaded that this redoubtable city might be easily overcome if a well arranged descent were made upon it without a moment's delay. And if Capt. Polk would but commission us to fit out that great leviathan, the *Ohio*, which is basking its crocodile back in Boston harbor, and permit us to man and arm it with such men and arms as we wot of, we would engage to reduce that American Gibraltar in ten days, without the loss of a single drop of blood. Who cares for Wolfe and Montgomery? Brave men they were, in a certain sort of fashion; but they did "not know anything about war," about overcoming enemies; they had not the gospel knack of taking a city. Their tactics and tools were all short-sighted and short-bitted. The difficulty with them and all of their kind was this—they could not get at the enemy.—They pushed thousands of their foes into eternity on the points of their bayonets; their cannon feuced the plains of Abraham with windows of dead men; but they never killed an enemy. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy, and that is, by putting coals of fire upon his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your hands,

eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.

Now, as we were saying, we should like to be put in command of the *Ohio* for thirty days. We would trundle out all that was made of iron, except the anchor, cable and marlinspike—we would not save a single cutlass, though it had been domesticated to a cheese knife. Then the way we would lade down the huge vessel to the water's edge with food and covering for human beings, should be a marvel in the carrying trade. The very ballast should be something good to eat.—Let's see—yes—we have it! The ballast should be round clams, or the real quahaugs,—heavy as cast iron, and capital for roasting. Then we would build along up, filling every square inch with well cured provisions. We would have a hogshead of bacon mounted into every port-hole, each of which should discharge fifty hams a minute when the ship was brought into action. And the state-rooms should be filled with well-made garments, and the taut cordage, and the long tapering spars should be festooned with boys' jackets and trousers. Then, when there should be no more room for another codfish or herring, or sprig of catnip, we would run up the white flag of peace, and, ere the moon changed, it should wave in triumph in the harbor of Quebec. We would anchor under the silent cannon of her Gibraltar, and open our BUTTERIES upon the hungry and houseless thousands begging bread on the hot ashes of their dwellings. We would throw as many hams into the city, in twenty-fours, as there were bomb-shells and cannon-balls thrown into Keil by the besieging armies. We would barricade the low, narrow streets where live the low and hungry people, with loaves of bread. We would throw up a breastwork clear around the market place, of barrels of flour, pork and beef; and in the middle, we would raise a stack of salmon and codfish, as large as a small Methodist meeting house, with a steeple to it, and a bell in the steeple; and the bell should ring to all the city bells; and the city bells should ring to all the people to come to market and buy provisions, "without money and without price." And white flags should everywhere wave in the breeze, on the vanes of steeples, on mast-heads, on flag staves along the embattled walls, on the ends of willow sticks borne by the romping, laughing, trooping children. All the blood-colored drapery of war should

bow and blush before the stainless standard of Peace, and generations of Anglo-Saxons should remember, with mutual felicitations, THE CONQUEST OF THE WHITE FLAG; or, The Storming of Quebec.

The Life Boat.

Row on, row on, your bounding boat,
Your fellow men to save,
Who on life's stormy sea afloat,
Death's darkest dangers brave!

Row on, row on, your tiny bark:
The worse than orphans' wail
Re-echoes through the midnight dark,
Borne by the angry gale!

Row on, row on, the rending sigh
Of heart-broke widow'd wife,
Slow mounting up to heaven high,
Calls for each nerve of life!

Row on, row on, your country's weal
Implores your efforts now;
Unceasing strive its ills to heal;
On, onward keep your prow!

Row on, row on, each holy fame
Signals your Life Boat near;
Haste, haste, the strugglers strive to gain,
Ere lost to hope they are!

Row on, row on, brave boy, your bark!
And when the goal is won,
Point to the time when tempests dark
Around our homes did yawn!

Point where the tiny Life Boat strove
To save the struggling hosts,
Who were by sin's black billows drove
Near Death's dread hopeless coasts!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

April 18, 1852.

BULL.—Well Robert how much did your pig weigh? It did not weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't.



Kossuth.

We have thought that a portrait of this remarkable man would not be unacceptable to our young readers. The one above is considered an excellent likeness.

Kossuth, or as the name is pronounced in the Magyar language, *Koz-shoot*, was favored with a mother distinguished for great mental superiority, and his after life adds one more to the ten thousand other proofs that the character of nations is in the hands of mothers.

We have not time at present to amplify this idea, but pass on to the son himself. With much difficulty Kossuth obtained a good education, for his parents were comparatively poor, and with extraordinary energy (prophetic of his after eminence) he worked up his way until he became one of the most

able and influential writers and orators of his country. At this time the liberal party in Hungary was contending for the restoration of certain liberties which had been lost, and our young enthusiast threw himself body and soul in the effort. He undertook the publication of a journal which became obnoxious to the Government, and he was ordered to discontinue it. We copy the following sketch of his subsequent career from the *New York Sunday School Advocate* :—

Though twice admonished by Government to discontinue his journal, it was still sent forth, penetrating every part of the kingdom. So great was the influence thus exerted toward liberty, that the Government finally determined to crush it entirely. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, 1837, while Kossuth was walking in the vicinity of the fortresses of Buda, he was seized, thrust within

the walls of a dark, damp dungeon, where he was confined for three long years. While there he studied the English language, by aid of a few books that were allowed him.

Kossuth was now regarded as a martyr to the liberty of speech; and his imprisonment did much for the cause of freedom. Liberal subscriptions were raised throughout the country for the benefit of his mother and sisters, who were dependent on his exertions for support. His patriotic fellow-labourers did not cease to work upon the public mind, and when he at length was released from his unwholesome dungeon, he found his countrymen ready for the work of self-deliverance.

Among those who were inspired with admiration of his political efforts, and with sympathy for his fate, was Theresa Mezlenyi, the young daughter of a nobleman. She sent him books, and corresponded with him during his imprisonment. In 1841, soon after his liberation, they were married.

He issued from prison in 1840, bearing in his debilitated frame, his pallid face, and glassy eyes, traces of severe sufferings, both of mind and body. He repaired for a time to a watering-place among the mountains to recruit his shattered health. He mingled but little with the society there, but preferred to wander among the forest-clad hills and lonely valleys. It was evident that mighty thoughts were revolving in his mind.

Soon after his liberation he became the principal editor of the "*Pesth Gazette*," which a bookseller, who enjoyed the protection of the Government, had received permission to establish. The name of the editor was now sufficient to electrify the country; and Kossuth at once stood forth as the advocate of the rights of the lower and middle classes.

In 1847 he was elected a member of the National Assembly for the city of Pesth. No sooner did he take his seat in the Diet than the foremost place was conceded to him, and he became at once the champion of his country's cause. He roused the whole nation to a sense of its wrongs, and demanded from Austria a restoration of the rights of the Hungarian people. He claimed her old constitution, which had been wrested from them long years before.

He sought no new privileges; he only demanded that the old degree of independence should be restored to Hungary. He carried the Assembly with him. A deputation was appointed to wait upon the emperor, of which Kossuth was the leading member. The emperor yielded; the constitution was conceded, the cabinet appointed, and its life and soul was Louis Kossuth.

The tidings of this event were proclaimed amidst the wildest transports of joy; and every house in Vienna blazed with the illumination of rejoicings. Never had so great a work been accomplished in so short a time. Never had one man shone forth so proudly pre-eminent as Kossuth, through all this struggle.

But this joy did not long continue. Ferdinand proved treacherous, and set himself at work to destroy the laws he had sworn to support. He revoked his own acts, and plunged into a war with the country whose independence he had but just confirmed.

Kossuth became again the soul of the contest. His clarion voice summoned the millions of his native land to the defence of their rights. His genius organized, disciplined and wielded their armies. Courage, method and power sprung up at his word. Victory waited upon his steps, and a final triumph seemed within grasp.

Russia now poured forth her hosts to the aid of Austria in crushing the liberty of Hungary. Still the struggle continued, and Hungary was yet victorious. At last she fell, not in open war, but through the purchased treason of one of her sons. Kossuth and his companions fled. They entered the Turkish empire, and threw themselves upon the hospitality of the Sultau, who promised them a safe asylum.

Austria and Russia demanded that the fugitives should be given up; and for some months it was uncertain whether the Turkish Government would dare to refuse. At length the exiles were asked to abjure the faith of their fathers, and embrace the Mahommedan religion, when they would have a right to claim the protection of Government. Kossuth refused to purchase his life at such a price.

Finally they were cast into prison at Kutayeh. Nations wept over the fate of Hungary, and the sympathies of millions in Europe and America went with Kossuth and his companions to their Turkish prison. At length, through the interposition of the United States and the British Government, these imprisoned exiles were set at liberty, and conveyed from the Turkish dominion, and beyond the savage ferocity of Austria, on board the United States steam-frigate *Mississippi*, which was sent out for that purpose by our Government.

Kossuth and his companions have been borne to America, where he is welcomed with a warmer and more enthusiastic reception than any man who has ever approached our shores, saving only the time when Lafayette was our nation's honored guest.

As a Contr.

The following story is introduced by various incidents, which it is not necessary to give. The scene is laid in a stage coach, where a conversation on the subject of temperance has been occasioned by a strong odor of brandy emitted from the corner occupied by a good-looking young woman in a tuscan bonnet:—

During this conversation, the passengers, with a single exception, were extremely attentive to the old gentleman's remarks, who spoke with the air of a man who had witnessed the very effects which he so naturally described. The pretty woman in the Tuscan straw had been sitting for some time with her eyes closed.—“Female drunkenness,” continued the elderly gentleman, “is not confined to the two extremities of social life: there is a large proportion among the middling classes. Why, sir,” said he, “I have seen a well-dressed young female of that rank of society, go deliberately to a tavern bar, early in the morning, and take her dram, and have her brandy-bottle filled before she took her seat in the stage-coach.”—“Tonder!” cried the Dutchman, rolling up his eyes.—At this moment, the young woman in the Tuscan appeared to awaken from her slumbers. She drew her cloak more closely about her neck, and seemed to become very suddenly engaged in the adjustment of her bonnet and curls.—“Sir,” continued the old gentleman, whose experiences were like the contents of the wiv’s cruise, “I have known this very young woman, of whom I now speak, within half an hour from the time when she took her first dram at the bar, draw forth the stopper of the casket, that contained her jewel, and take another, as she travelled in the public coach.”—“Vy, mynbeer,” exclaimed the Dutchman, “vat a salt herring of a woman dat must pe!”—“Mister,” cried the young woman in the Tuscan, addressing the elderly gentleman, with an expression of ill-nature, “why can’t you let the women alone, and talk about the drunken men? there are enough to serve your turn, I’m sure.”—“If my remarks are unpleasant to you or any other person in the carriage,” replied he, with much suavity of manner, “I will certainly not continue them.”—“I don’t care whether you do or not,” she rejoined; “it’s very ridiculous for you to talk about women’s drinking brandy in the stage. I don’t believe it. Here’s three of us; now which was it?”—“I have made no accusation against any person pre-

sent, my good woman,” replied the old gentleman.—“Your good woman!” retorted the Tuscan; “I’m not your good woman neither, by a great sight, and I guess now, mister, you better mind your business, and hold your impudent slack.”—“Shlack!” said the Dutchman, “vat ish dat?” as he lifted up his hands in amazement, and half timidly turned his head to behold the speaker.—The old gentleman made no reply, but his uncommonly expressive countenance was full of things unutterable.—Here, then, was an *eclaircissement*. Of course I had done manifest injustice to the poor Dutchman, for which I would most cheerfully have craved his pardon. We rode on for a few moments in silence; the interchange of glances among the company establishing the fact, that not a doubt remained in regard to the real nature of the case, or the identity of the guilty party.

During the short silence which ensued, I turned my eyes upon this young woman, whom I had thought so uncommonly pretty; a marvellous change had taken place in her appearance, within a brief space, or the new associations, which had arisen in my mind in regard to her, had operated strangely upon my powers of vision. In her agitation, she had thrown her dress into some little disorder: her hair had fallen down; and her bonnet, accidentally, or perhaps to avoid our scrutiny, had become drawn to one side of her face. She seemed not to sit very firmly in her seat. Occasionally I obtained a fair view of her features. I could not doubt that the brandy she had taken, upon an empty stomach, had already affected the brain and nerves. Her eyes had lost a portion of their brilliancy; her color was heightened to a remarkable degree, undoubtedly in part from anger; her lips were apart, and wore that dry, yet varnished appearance, which is not unusual with intoxicated persons; and the general expression of her features was characterized by that air of defiance, which is not unfrequently exhibited by a guilty person, who, though conscious of being suspected, is still confident of the insufficiency of the evidence against him. While I was occupied in contemplating her countenance, some moveable article, upon the floor of the vehicle, now and then struck against my foot: I cast down my eyes to ascertain the cause, and observed a flat bottle, of that description, which, in the cant dialect of travellers, is called a *pistol*. It was about half full of some dark-colored liquor. I had no doubt that it was our fair Tuscan’s bottle, and that its contents were brandy. A rapid combination of circumstances instantly ac-

counted for its present location on the floor; her willow basket, to which I have already alluded, was provided with a cover opening on each side; it rested on her lap; the jolting of the carriage, and the difficulty of keeping her balance, had canted the basket; the cover, on the side towards me, had fallen open; the bottle had escaped, and, sliding softly over her cloak, had fallen, unnoticed, upon the straw. I took it up, unobserved by her, and placed it in the corner of the carriage behind me.

Our elderly companion, who had been completely silenced, by the unexpected harshness of the Tuscan's retort upon him, felt himself sufficiently strengthened by this little incident, which occurred under his eye, to renew the conversation. "We are not far from the inn, where we breakfast," said he, looking at his watch; "I shall relish a dish of coffee, and those who prefer brandy. I have no doubt, will be accommodated, for the temperance reform has effected very little here, among the hills."—"Mister," said the Tuscan, "I guess you love brandy as well as other folks. If you'll only have patience till you'll get to the tavern, you'll get a plenty, and I guess there's none any nearer."—"Young woman, I believe you are mistaken," said I, holding up the brandy-bottle before her eyes.—The effect was electrical. It would be no easy matter to describe the expression of her features at that moment. She uttered not a syllable. Amazement, that her own brandy-bottle should have gotten into my possession, and be thus suddenly produced to testify against her, mingled with an almost idiotic smile or rather grin of half-drunken shame.—"I will not inquire," continued I, addressing this unhappy creature, "if this bottle of brandy is yours, for you have asserted that there was none nearer than the tavern. Is it yours, sir?" addressing the young man who sat before me.—"No, sir," said he, "I never saw it till you took it from the floor."—I repeated the inquiry to the two gentlemen on my left, and received a similar reply.—"Is it yours, sir?" said I to the Dutchman.—"No, mynheer, I never triek em more nor forty-four year."—I inquired of the young lady in black, who replied by a faint smile and a slight movement of the head.—No one remained but the Irish woman;—"Is it yours?" said I.—"Indaad, and it is not, your honor," said she;—"Its not myself that wud be after taking the crathur along wid me that a way, ye may be sure; and enough o' the misery o' thinking that same's happunt to me and mine afore now, ye may depiud."—"Look

here, mister," cried the Tuscan, resuming the offensive, and turning upon me, "isn't that bottle yours?"—After the laugh had subsided, which this sally produced,—"No," said I, "it is not, and if it were, I should be one of the most inconsistent creatures in existence; for, last night, I lectured upon temperance; and propose to do the same to-night; but let us see if the driver can give us any explanation of this mystery. Driver," continued I, putting forth my head, and addressing an uncommonly fine-looking young man, who was driving six in hand, "we have found a bottle of brandy on the floor of your coach; does it belong to you?"—"Me, sir!" he exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with such desperate stuff as that; but I'll take charge of it, sir."—I handed him the bottle, and in an instant after a crash, as it struck against the stone wall at the road side, announced its fate.—"You've broke my bottle!" exclaimed the Tuscan, as she half rose from her seat.—"Dat ish droll enough," said the Dutchman; "it ish like de judgment of Solomon's; nopody could foind vich was de true moder, till de leetil chilt was to be cut up."—The coach now stopped at the inn, and this unhappy young woman after alighting, was scarcely able to reach the door without assistance.

After we were seated at the breakfast table, some one inquired of the girl in attendance if the young woman, who was of our company, knew that breakfast was ready. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "but she says she is not very well, and has taken a cracker and a glass of brandy and water by herself."—As we sat at breakfast, the case of this young offender was our only topic; and, just before we rose from table, the girl who waited, and who had evidently taken a very natural interest in our conversation, remarked, that this young woman had requested the bar-keeper to let her have another bottle of brandy; and, when he told her that the other passengers would be displeased if a female rode in the coach with a bottle of brandy, she had met his objection by offering to ride outside with the driver, but that he had still persisted in his refusal.

We all agreed, that the history of this unfortunate being, and of the origin of the abominable habit which appeared to have obtained entire possession of her, must be extremely interesting; and the task of gathering such parts of it from her own mouth, as she might be induced, by kind and compassionate inquiry, to reveal, was assigned to me.—"I fear, sir," said the elderly gentleman, "you will find her so very stupid from

intoxication, when we resume our seats in the carriage, that you will not be able to acquire much knowledge of her history."—"I reckon she's an old offender," said the young man. "You probably reckon then without your host, my young friend," remarked the elderly gentleman; "for she wears not the marks and numbers of one who has been addicted to the habit for any great length of time."—"I once knew a case," said the gentleman in black, "of a young woman who became intemperate from love."—"Vell, vary vell," said the Dutchman, "vat ish de case here but love of de brandy?"—"Perhaps," remarked the young lady who had occupied the corner in front of me,—"perhaps she has a tyrant for her lord and master."—"And that same it is, to be sure; you've jist got a teeste o' the truth o' the hull mather, ye may be sartain," cried the Irish woman; "there's nothing more detestable contagious nunder the blissit sun than a cantankerous, vile felly o' a husband, what's a thrinking and swearing, and moor fuller o' divilment nor a bag o' fleas, fro' marning to night. It's jist what the ledly has spukken; it's a tyrant o' a lard and master what's driven the poor sowl to her present perdition."—"May pe so," said the Dutchman, "but, of all de pig tyrants vat I ever read apout, de piggest tyrant and de hardest master vas von Mynheer Prandy-pottle."—"Stage is ready," cried the driver, and we resumed the seats which we had occupied before.

It has been affirmed, of persons partially inebriated,—rather, perhaps, in the language of folly than of philosophy,—that drinking more deeply will sober them again. I by no means assert that any such cause had operated upon the present occasion; certain it is, however, this unfortunate young woman, when we resumed our journey, had undergone a remarkable change in her personal appearance. She had lost entirely that expression of defiance which she had exhibited before; she was silent, and apparently subdued. It was very evident that she had been weeping. But what more faithless than a drunkard's tears? I have seen them flow from the eyes of an intoxicated man, whose tongue, at the moment, stammered forth schemes of philanthropy, which failed not to evaporate with the fumes of the liquor he had drunken. I have heard of a wretched individual, who, during a period of religious excitement, had impressed his fond, credulous wife, and was probably himself impressed, with a belief that he had reason to rejoice in the hope set before him; but, after a pro-

fluvium of tears and prayers, confessed to his inquiring partner in the morning, that he feared "it was nothing but the rum."—The apparent humiliation and penitence of this poor woman seemed to excite the sympathy of every passenger, excepting those of her own sex. The Irish lady, in particular, turned her back towards her, as far as her relative position permitted, and appeared determined to give her, in the Scottish phrase, the "cauld showther." This conduct in females towards offenders of their own sex, is very common, and arises less from the absence of humanity than the presence of pride. The elderly gentleman, as far as I could judge from the contemplation of his features, appeared to regret that he had contributed to place her in her present predicament. The Dutchman's features had again become buckled up into that expression of severity which they bore at an earlier period; and our other fellow-travellers were evidently solemnized.

It was not the easiest task in the world to decide upon the most appropriate mode of executing my commission. I finally, however, decided upon that, which was simple and direct.—"Young woman," said I, with a tone and expression of kindness, "your fellow-travellers profess to be friends of the temperance cause. We have been sincerely grieved on your account; and, as it is now clear beyond a doubt, that you have made a free use of brandy, since you have been our companion, we are desirous, if you have no objection, to know something of the origin of this habit." She raised her eyes with a look of distrust; but the cordial compassion I felt for her, and which was doubtless indicated by the expression upon my features at the moment, served in some measure to dissipate that feeling. "It is a source of happiness to me," I continued, "to collect a variety of interesting facts upon the subject of intemperance, and, without any reference to particular persons, to present these facts before the world, for the benefit of my fellow creatures. I believe the history of your case must be an interesting one, and if it should not pain your feelings too severely, I think you would be willing to set up your own example as a beacon for others. I cannot believe, from all I see, that you have been very long addicted to this habit."—"I never drank any spirit," she replied, "till about three years ago, just after my youngest child was born." She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice, and with evident emotion.—"You have been married, then?" said I.—"Yes, sir," she replied, "I was married

eight years since."—"Is your husband living?" I inquired.—"I suppose he is; I have not seen him for more than two years."—"Does he not reside at home?" said I.—"No, sir," she answered, "he left me about two years ago."—"Does he follow the sea?"—"He has of late years," said she.—"Two years," I continued, "is a long time; and when do you expect his return?"—"I don't know that he ever will come back," said she.—At this moment the old Dutchman shook his head; and, when I turned my eyes upon the young woman again, she had bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but the tears were falling upon her cloak.

After a brief interval, I resumed the conversation. "I am fearful," said I, "that you have had a bad, perhaps an intemperate, husband."—My remark seemed to summon her to the rescue. Whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is rarely welcomed by either party.—"No, sir," she replied, "I had as good a husband as ever lived, and there never was a more temperate man. He was a member of the Temperance Society. My husband was a carpenter, and worked as hard as any man, but he never took strong drink of any kind; and, if I could only say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted."—"How did you first contract this habit?" said I.—"After my last child was born," she replied, "I had a severe fever, and was brought very low. It seemed as though I never should recover my strength. Our doctor, who was a skilful old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked him if nothing else would answer as well, and was much opposed to my taking it. But the doctor insisted upon it. It was not pleasant at first, but I soon began to relish it with sugar; and, after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state that I thought I couldn't live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in the house. I then got it privately, and the habit was so strong upon me, that I used to lie awake very often, thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and I say now, that I would give the world, if it were mine, to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last, my poor children"—"Poor little childer!"—cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away the tear from his eye—"My poor children," continued the woman, "began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time, he would try to coax me to leave it off, and after I had kept myself clear of it for a week

or so, he would make me a present, though he could poorly afford it. At another time, when I could hold out no longer, and he returned and found nothing ready for dinner, or supper, and the children crying, and his wife unfit for every thing, he would talk very harshly, and threaten to leave me. I deserved it all," said she, weeping bitterly, "and I've thought, if he should come back, I would try to do better, and leave it off, though I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to. I never thought he'd really go away. He seemed, at last, to be giving the matter up. He let me go on, pretty much as I pleased. He used to take the two older children, upon a Sunday, to meeting, and leave me at home, for I was ashamed to go there, as folks had begun to take no notice of me. A few days before he went off, he said very little to me, but seemed to be busy packing his chest. I thought all this was done to scare me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away. 'Good by, John,' said I, for I thought he wasn't in earnest; and I was sure he wasn't, when I saw him coming back, in about an hour, without it. I told him he'd made a short voyage of it. He said nothing—not a word—but took the children on his lap, and kissed them, and cried over them as if his heart would break. His silence, and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats. Next morning, he asked me to take the three children, and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched round the house. My husband patted the dog. 'Good by, Cæsar,' said he, and he sobbed out loud as he said it. I then began to fear he was really going, and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me, and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I couldn't help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me. When we got to his mother's I saw his chest outside the gate. We went in, and the old lady began to shed tears, but said not a word. I then thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and, turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak. At last, he mastered his feelings. 'Fanny!' said he, 'there's but one way to convince you, that I'm in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or worse, but I didn't take you for a drunkard, and I won't live with you as such. You have often said you was willing to part, and could support yourself, if I would support the children, and you

have agreed that they should live with their grandmother. I've sold my tools and some other matters, and raised a hundred dollars which I have placed in her care for their use; and, if God spares my life, they shall never want. When she writes me word that you have kept clear of this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then.' While he was speaking the stage arrived, and I saw them jangling on his chest. — I then had no longer any doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. 'O, dear John,' said I, 'don't go, don't go, John; do try me once more; but he never looked back; and the stage was soon out of sight. — 'He is a cruel, cold-hearted man,' said I, as I sat down on the threshold of the door. — 'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by those words at the judgment day?' — 'No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' — 'Then try,' said she, 'to kill that sinful habit, and win back your happy fire-side.' — 'I will try,' said I; and I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, you all know too well."

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the very manner of its delivery, there was not an unmoistened eye among us all. The elderly gentleman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features: "Mine Got," he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spoke, "ven vill dere pe an end of dish accursed trade! Ven vill a pody leave off selling de fires of hell to hish neighbor in exchange for de poor lectin childher's pread!"

I learned from this woman, that, after her husband's departure, she had obtained employment in a manufactory in the town of —. Upon my return, I had occasion to stop there; and, having ascertained her name from the way-bill, I discovered that a female, bearing the same name, had been discharged, a short time before, for intemperance.

The Cadets of Temperance.

BY R. M. FOUST.

The object aimed at by the founders of this order is twofold; the direct influences of which are designed to tell with effective force upon the destinies of our country.

First; it is proposed to introduce the truths of temperance, by means of youthful missionaries, to the family circle, the playground, and the every-day paths of life.

Secondly; to plant and rear a nursery, from which shall be obtained those who will be qualified, when the men of to-day have passed from the native duties of life, to strike an effective blow at the manacles which liquor makers and vendors are blinding upon their victims.

The idea of organizing the boys of our land has long been cherished by temperance men. In May, 1845, an enterprise was commenced, with some degree of success, at Crane Iron Works, Cataqua, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, by two gentlemen, of associating the boys of that place under the name of "Juvenile Sons of Temperance." This organization was probably intended for local purposes only.

A proposition was made the same season to organize something of the kind in Philadelphia, but to no real purpose.

In September, an organization was effected in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. This, with the other mentioned, were in operation when the "Cadets" were started.

In December, 1846, W. H. Stokes, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, determined, if possible, to effect a general organization. He associated the boys of that place into a body, which he called a "Section of the Cadets of Temperance." With much care and labor, he prepared a constitution, ceremonial, initiatory and installation forms, of simple and appropriate language, and had them widely distributed. The writer, having thus been made acquainted with them, and foreseeing the practicability and importance of the work, on the first of January, 1847, introduced the order into the city of Philadelphia.

Efforts were now begun for organizing the state and country, which were everywhere received with distinguished favor, and the order now rests like a wreath of budding flowers upon the land. One of the first steps taken toward this general object was to unite the juvenile associations already in existence. Accordingly, proposals were sent to those in the interior of the State, which, after some deliberation, were accepted. To the Germantown Section, as the pioneer in the Cadet movement, was assigned No. 1. "Crystal Fount," at Cataqua, being next entitled, as the oldest body, received No. 2. Pennsylvania section, at Bethlehem, received No. 3, and the city section, "Morning Star," consenting to the arrangement, took No. 4.

At this time a circular was issued in the name of the Worthy Patron of Nos. 1 and 4, explanatory of the objects and views of the originators; and active exertions were at once made, which resulted, in the short space of ten months, in the organization of about six thousand bright, active boys, in this important and necessary association.

Without any definite plan as to a national organization, the movers in this order have, so far, followed the plan laid down in the order of the Sons of Temperance; whether it will result in the establishment of a national section, or in separate state organizations, with a common object, remains to be ascertained. Meanwhile, to the "Grand Section of the State of Pennsylvania," which was instituted on the twenty-second of February, 1847, is conceded, by consent of the other parts of the organization, the title and functions of "Acting Head of the Order," until the final settlement of the question as to an appropriate national head.

At present, there are about one hundred and thirty subordinate sections in active operation, in about twenty-two states; in two only of which are there Grand Sections.

Of course the plan of organization, although modelled upon that of the order of the Sons of Temperance, is simplified so as to be well adapted to the circumstances and capabilities of boys. Instead of divisions, its component parts are denominated sections; and although the Cadets are free to choose their officers, part of whom must be Sons of Temperance, yet these latter have entire control over the movements of the sections and order. The Grand Sections are composed of the Worthy Patrons chosen by the sections, and the deputies which the Worthy Patrons have power to choose to aid them.

Such is a brief outline of this organization, its origin, and progress; which, more than any other, strikes at the root of intemperance. For, it is evident, that if we can save the boys of the present generation from the contaminations of its touch, and the evils following in its train, the men of the next will be free from the debasing slavery of drunkenness; free as the Great Giver of all good designed man should be, when he breathed into him the breath of life, and stamped upon him His own image.

An Irishman, employed in breaking a cellar wall to insert a window, upon being asked what he was doing, replied, that he was "making a hole to let out the dark." Something like "digging for day light."

A Man Chained to a Ball.

BY PINDAR PARABLE.

I was once a boy. I would be happy indeed, could I say that as I became a man I put away boyish things, and that I have now entered upon my duties and my responsibilities as only a man may. But I have one boyish thing about me yet, and it is in this wise:—I was once passing the barrack-yard in the city of Québec, and hearing the sound as of soldiers marching, I climbed up the wall and peeped over. There were a company of soldiers, and a short distance in advance of them a single private with a large cannon-ball chained to his foot. He had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was condemned to the task of parading a certain number of hours each day, with this irksome companion. And as I have grown older and learned to think for myself, I have applied its moral in the cases which have come under my observation.

When I see a young man, just on the threshold of life, loitering away his time in unprofitable amusements and unworthy associations, which consume his precious seed-time, and burden him with evil influences which will probably go with him, and form a thorny pillow when he lies in the silent grave, I think that *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man cuts off the restraints of early impressions, and enters the barrack, there to spend his evenings, and perhaps his nights, in dissipation and companionship with sinners, whose god is Bacchus, and whose oblations are profane jests and godless sneers and licentious songs, we turn aside and weep that he will madly forge and weld the links with which *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When I see a young man elastic with hope, whose path points to certain success, or to undying fame, seeking relaxation from the fatigues of business or the application of a student's life, at the gaming-table, or the theatre, or on the bosom of unhallowed delights, I do verily feel assured that *that man is chaining himself to a ball* which will roll with its victim into a premature grave.

When I see a man suffering important engagements to slip by without fulfilment, from the habit of carelessness or a want of energy, I feel assured that experience will ere long prove to him that *he has been chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man runs into debt, and is negligent of paying his obligations when due, or lets his business take care of itself while

he is attending to his remunerative employments, he will find to his sorrow that *he has been chaining himself to a ball.*

When a young man forms habits of extravagance and of living beyond his means, and thus squanders the bounties put into his hand for a virtuous and faithful stewardship, he will find that he is wasting the uncreated capital of a future which is not his, and is, moreover, *chaining himself to a ball* which grows more rusty and burdensome every day.

And I have seen young women, too, who have bound themselves by a gilded chain to a ponderous ball.

When I see a young woman, bright in all the loveliness of virgin prime, spending her time and consuming her intellect in chasing the fictions of the novel or the follies of the romance, oh how gladly would I break the chain which binds her to such a ball.

When I see a young woman neglecting the duties of the fireside which should be a little paradise of bliss, and threading the mazy walks of the gossip and the tale-bearer, or walking through the highway, "that she may be seen of men," we say to ourselves, '*She is chaining herself to a ball.*'

When that fair maiden looks into her mirror and admires the beauty pictured there, and sets her heart on its outward adornment, we think *she, too, is chaining herself to a ball.*

When, in short, we see a young woman spending her time in that which profiteth not, under the teachings and allurements of vanity or fashion, we cannot avoid saying to ourselves, '*She is chaining herself to a ball.*'

Reader! old or young—man or woman—take those chains off your aching limbs, and be free!

A Dear Cheese.

The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change, as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretence of lifting the

bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it—he exclaimed—

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is so easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however if you don't want the whole you needn't have it, I'll take part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag. "I guess I will take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim milk cheese for the price of wool.

THE MODEL LADY.—Puts her children out to nurse and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble, don't know a darning needle from a crow-bar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, *don't know indeed, ask Betty!*

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.—Stares under ladies' bonnets as if they had stolen the lining from him; takes the inside of the walk, wears his hat in the presence of ladies, never lifts it when he bows to them; takes a particular interest in watching them while they navigate the streets in muddy or windy weather;—considers himself privileged to utter impertinences to pretty seamstresses and shop-girls; is deaf, dumb and blind to any call upon his gallantry, if the applicant is over twenty, or has the misfortune to be ugly; accomplishes the puppyish achievement of wearing a glass winked into one corner of his eye. Snubs his sisters, calls his father "the old governor," sneers at all that is lovely in woman, boasts of his conquests, drives tandem, is death on mint juleps, chews, smokes, drinks, and swears.

We cannot always *command* success, but we can *do more*, we can *deserve* it.

The following very "pretty and sad" effusion has been sent us by a very little Miss, who wishes to be known only as A READER. We have taken some trifling liberties with the manuscript, which we trust will not give offence.

[For the Life Boat.]

On the Death of a Brother.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Unfeeling Death was lately here,
And bore my brother far away;
His merry laugh no more I'll hear—
No more I'll see his pretty play.

I often think of him by night,
As well as all the livelong day;
It seems to me his eyes look bright
As they were but the other day.

But now those eyes are closed in death,
His bones are mingling in the clay;
For God, who gave him life and breath,
Hath taken both again away.

A READER.

Melbourne, C. E.

Sons of Rehah.

At the last quarterly meeting of the Perseverance Tent, Sons of Rehah, on Friday evening, 30th April, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter:—

SAMUEL WILSON Councillor.
JOSEPH CURRIGAN Senior Treasurer.
ROBERT STAVELEY Teacher.
STUART M'CONNELL Chief Ruler.
WILLIAM HALL Monitor.
JOSEPH TEES Secretary.
FREDERICK RICHARDSON Junior Treasurer.
JOHN BELL Guide.
CHARLES MIDGLEY Inside Guardian.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters:
My 2, 7, 10, 14, is a town in Buckingham.
My 6, 4, 5, 11, 12, is scarce.
My 6, 15, 5, 4, 10, 3, is a walrus.

My 8, 9, 6, 6, 10, 1, 6, is what boys learn at school.

My 9, 5, 6, 13, is not hard.

My 5, 6, 6, is a beast of burden.

My whole is a place in the north of England.

THOMAS REED.

Montreal, May, 1852.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Son of Rehah" came too late for insertion in this number.

We beg to state for the information of "Divisions" and "Sections" that *business notices, election returns, and other communications of that character, are not precisely adapted to the LIFE BOAT, which is intended to contain matter alike valuable at the end of the year as at the time of insertion. We shall be glad to record notices of progress, and again respectfully solicit contributions from our past helpers, as well as from all others who may feel disposed to enrich our pages.*

TO OUR AGENTS.—We are not only grateful to them, but proud of the zeal shown on behalf of our little publication. We want a few others; will any of our young readers exert themselves by communicating with their friends in localities not visited by the LIFE BOAT, in order to procure us the services of a few active and intelligent persons willing to act in that capacity.

NOTICES OF THE "LIFE BOAT."—We are gratified beyond measure at the high encomiums bestowed upon the LIFE BOAT by the Press generally, and the approbation so fully expressed will encourage us to greater exertion on behalf of our future numbers.

Our New Brunswick and Nova Scotia exchanges will oblige us by suggesting to some suitable persons in their neighborhoods the propriety of taking up agencies for our little book. Its price demands a large circulation to defray cost. Profit is out of the question.