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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1854.

No. 7.

THE MAN IN THE WELL.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.



It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February, which follow the breaking up of cold weather. The snow which had fallen, at intervals, to a considerable depth, had been washed by a three days' rain, except here and there it lay saturated with mud and coal dust, where it had been driven round the corners by the sweeping winds, or brushed from the pavement into the gutters. The frost was just out of the ground. The eave-spouts ran gurgling streams of inky hue; for the long dripping rain had thoroughly soaked up the deposits of winter from the blackened roof. It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet and disagreeable as one can possibly conceive a day to be. Everybody, who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering. "Oh! how disagreeable it is." Those who had to go out, buttoned up close and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water, he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. The well was nearly completed, and the men engaged in digging it held a consultation whether they should continue their work. The elder and wiser of the two said, "No, the earth was too full of water, the ground too soft, the pressure of the stone work too great; it would cave in;" and he refused to enter. But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, "No danger; I know what I'm about." But he did not know. The burthened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel. Wild went the cry over the village—"Fisher's well has caved in and buried Custard beneath!" The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard-stick; the farmer left his market wagon in the street; the

lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, and the minister his pen. All rushed with throbbing hearts and quivering lips to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathise with the frantic wife, and all looked into each other's faces and asked in gasping whispers, "What can we do?" Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. No one stopped to ask, "whose is this?" No one said, "That is mine;" but the cry was, "Take it! take it! for God's sake hurry—he will die!" Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None said "It is not my business—do it thou;" but all were so eager that a police had to be formed to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers. Then there was the stone work; it was pressing heavily. "Tear it away!" cried Fisher, "save him, save him!" And with giant strength he hurled the huge rocks from their places. "It will cost him a great deal," said one more prudent than the rest. "Don't talk of cost; we'll all give him something and help to rebuild. Save him! save him!—don't let him die for a few dollars' expense."

They worked like giants, hour after hour, till the big sweat drops rolled from manly brows, and strong hands trembled with fatigue. Then others took their places, and thus the work went on. A tin tube was forced down through which they shouted and asked the prisoner if alive to answer, and his voice came back to them from his grave, "Alive—but make haste; it is fearful here." He was alive, and with a wild, joyous shout they redoubled their zeal to save him. No one said, "He went in himself—let him die." No one bade the pleading, weeping wife "Mind her own busi-

ness; they had nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband: let him die." No one argued the matter as to the legal liability of taking this man's spade, that man's ladder, and the other man's boards; or the penalty attached to destroying the masonry and despoiling the works. No, no! there was *a man* to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved. "He is saved! he is saved!" went up with a shout of joy that shook the very heavens above them. "He is saved!" was echoed from every street and alley. "He is saved!" cried the young wife, as with streaming eyes she clasped her infant to her breast, and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. "He is saved—bless God!" murmured the aged mother, and the image of her own son flitted before her. "He is saved!" burst forth as from one voice from the whole village heart. And yet, this is but one man, a day laborer, famed for no extra virtue. Had he died, his would have been but a short agony. His wife would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; no withering memory would have blighted their young hearts. Oh, men! oh, women! how strangely inconsistent you are. There are a hundred thousand dying this day on this Continent; a hundred thousand crushing beneath a weight more terrible than the ground in the well—dying a suffering, lingering death, that will as surely come to them, as it would have come to the man in the well.

Frantically wives are pleading. Frantically mothers are imploring. Save them, save them! Dig away the temptations that have covered

them up.—Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing in upon them and burying them still deeper, and endangering those that are now safe. Hurl the stones of selfishness from their places. Take this man's rope, that one's ladder; but help—help, in mercy help, ere that hundred thousand die!—die in torments awful, terrible; die in misery, shame and sin. Help, Help! they are the wise, the good, the great; the artizan, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer and the student. Save them, oh! save them from the drunkard's tomb. Let them not be buried alive in passion and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair, they are calling to you to save them or they perish. Oh! lift the load that is crushing them and they that have no power to resist. Look into the faces of the loved ones, growing pale with anguish. Look at the deep furrows that tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lips of the wife. Look at the bowed form and gray hair of the mother, and let your hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly waiting, while your victims perish day by day. What if his jeopardy is self-imposed. So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your hands? What if the property will be destroyed and the rights of others interfered with? So was it with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

Up, then, men and women! Work to redeem the drunkard as your neighbor from other danger. Save him per force. Take him from the horrible pit. Drag him from perdition, and place his feet upon firm ground, where there is

no trembling and quaking. Remove temptation. *Compel* him to live, and prayers of thanksgiving, tears of joy, and shouts of the redeemed shall ascend to heaven, and the very angels will echo back a long and loud hallelujah!

HOW FAR IS IT TO MAINE?

"OH," said a poor woman, I don't want but one thing, and I and the children are scraping together all we can for it." The gentleman looked around the wretched room, and wondered what it was, among so many wants, that they most wanted; so he asked her. "I want to go to the State of Maine to live. They tell me there are no grog-shops there, and my poor husband would be sober; it is the grog-shops that are killing him, soul and body. How far is it to Maine, sir? I think it must be a delightful spot." Alas, it was a very long way.

We have recently seen several reports in the newspapers like that described in the paragraph we quote, and one in particular which at the time interested us very much. It was that of a young man, living some where at the South, who was sent by his parents to the State of Maine to effect, if possible, his reformation by entire seclusion from intoxicating drinks. We know not whether the story was true or false: it was certainly probable; but not being authenticated, we refrained from giving it a place in our columns: it being our general rule to publish nothing as fact which we do not know to be such. We have refrained, for the same reason, to publish other cases reported of the same kind.

That there are persons, however, who really entertain the purpose of fleeing to Maine or some other State in which a prohibitory law is in force, or who have children or

friends, they propose to send thither for their reformation, we have no doubt. A case came under our own observation only a few days ago, which we cannot soon forget. Calling professionally upon a poor woman of our acquaintance, whose husband is a habitual toper, and at short intervals resigns himself to beastly intoxication, we were struck and deeply affected by her pale, wan, woe-begone look, and inquired whether anything unusual was the matter.

"O no," said she, "nothing unusual, my poor husband is in his old way, and my heart is breaking."

"Why," said we, "has he not reformed? When we were last here, we had reason to suppose he had given up drinking and intended to be a sober man."

"Well," was her reply, "he did stop drinking, as he had stopped a hundred times before; and no doubt he would never drink again, if he could help it, but his appetite is too strong for him, and I have no hopes of him, nor has he any of himself, while liquor continues to be sold at every corner. O," said she, "if the Legislature had only passed the liquor law," (meaning if Gov. Seymour had signed the liquor bill) "he would have been saved!" And here the poor creature burst into tears, and was for a time inconsolable. At length she recovered her composure in a degree, and informed us that she and her husband were seriously mediating a removal to the State of Maine, as presenting the only prospect of his escape from the fangs of the cruel destroyer of human health and life and domestic peace.

Comment is unnecessary. The man who can be cognizant of a case like this, and can have reason to believe, (as what man has not?) that this State contains at this very

moment, many thousands just like it;—and not wish for, pray for, work for and vote for the enactment of a prohibitory law,—well, all we have to say is, (and we say it as quickly as possible, least under the influence of the half-sorrowful and half-indignant feelings excited by that poor woman's pale face and heart-breaking sobs, we say something worse,)—all we have to say is, we wish not his acquaintance: the farther we keep apart the better.—*The Prohibitionist.*

LIQUOR SELLER IN TROUBLE.

WE take the following chapter from the *Cleveland Herald*. How many there are, who, like this poor man, wish the Maine law would remove the temptation which they cannot withstand.

A young man in a state of intoxication, stepped into a confectionery establishment in Water St., a few evenings since, and called for a glass of beer. Noticing his condition, the proprietor refused to sell him any, remarking that he had already more than was proper for him.

"Oh," answered the young man, "I've been trying to keep sober all day, and can't."

"Well, I can't sell you any beer, and you needn't ask for it again."

"Only one glass; come, here's the money."

"Not so."

"I'm so thirsty—so dry."

"Well there's a glass of water: drink."

Stumbling up to the counter, the poor inebriate drank a couple of glasses of water, and then turning around said, "You are the only man who has refused me liquor to day—I wish to heaven they all had."

He put his hand into his pocket, and tremulously took out a small miniature—he opened it and gazed

upon it some minutes. It was the daguerreotype of an elderly lady upon whose face was strongly marked lines of care and sorrow; the pale countenance and the eyes almost seemed to search his soul, and to speak reproof to the erring son.

"Oh, my mother," he said, "how much trouble, sorrow and unhappiness I have caused thee!" His emotion was very great. At last, tears came to his relief, and he wept like a child; while on the countenance of those around were depicted sympathy and commiseration. At length he said, "I am childish, foolish, weak!" He compressed his quivering lips, closed the miniature, put it in his pocket, and turning, staggered out, saying, "You won't give me a glass of beer — a glass to drown all?" — he paused.

"No!" was the answer. He was gone.

"Had I many such customers," observed the proprietor to those around him, "I would take my beer pump and pitch it into the middle of the street. I wish to Heaven the Maine Law would be submitted to us. I—yes, I—who derive a large profit from the sale of my beer, I would *vote for it*, and that too, freely, willingly, happily."

"I came," remarked a by-stander, "for a glass of beer, but this fellow has so sickened my taste, that the stimulant would be more bitter than gail, should I drink it. Henceforth, since habit grows upon us unawares, and since habit is second nature, I will desist from taking my occasional glass."

AN Irishman who was once on a journey, said he never liked to see tables full of books and newspapers where he stopped over night, "for," said he, "I never find any whisky at such places."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S MANHOOD.



HE boy, who plants the bulbs of tulips only, in his garden, will not find a crop of dahlias growing there in the fall. It would be a strange affair, if he should find anything but tulips springing up from tulip bulbs. It would be an equally strange sight to see a good, industrious youth become anything less than a happy and prosperous man.

Hence, as you have seen Benjamin Franklin spending his youth in acquiring skill and knowledge, in forming right habits, and in resisting temptations to idleness and vice, you are prepared to hear of his well-being after he became a man. And he did do well; though it was still through toil and trial that his road to fortune lay.

When he was twenty-one years old, he and a fellow workman bought a press and types and begun business on their own account, in Philadelphia. Scarcely was their press unpacked, before a *job* came in, and Franklin was in high glee, when the five shillings, which he received in payment, jingled in his honest palm.

One of his next *jobs* was to print quite a large book in *folio*, that is, of a size so large that it took but *four* pages to make a sheet. At it he went with his wonted industry. But alas! one evening, just as he was finishing up his day's work, by some accident two pages of the type were knocked into *pi*, as the printers call it. Most young men would have felt so vexed at this, they would have left their spoiled

work for that night. But not so with Franklin. He at once resolved to make up for this accident, by working nearly all night, or until he had repaired the damage by extra labor. It was by such energy as this, that he pushed his way on to fortune and to fame.

In a short time, he became the proprietor of a newspaper called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which he soon made the best paper in America. But some of his articles consisting of bold rebukes of existing public evils, his friends were alarmed at his great plainness of speech. "You must be careful how you write, friend Franklin," said they, "or you will make your paper unpopular."

"Perhaps so," replied he, "but will you take supper with me?"

"With pleasure," responded his friends.

So in they went to his room, where they found a table, upon which was a pitcher of water and two puddings, made of coarse meal. Having helped his puzzled guests to some of these puddings, he began to eat some himself, with a very hearty relish. But his dainty friends could not eat such coarse stuff as his puddings were made of. So after silently enjoying their perplexity a few minutes, he said to them.

"My friends, any one who can subsist upon sawdust pudding and water, needs no man's patronage!"

This was showing a right noble spirit. Honor to him for such an example of manly independence, I say! And may every boy who reads this magazine grow into just such a glorious independent manhood?

Shortly after this, Franklin, like a very sensible young man married a young woman, named Miss Read, whom he had seen standing at the door of her father's house, when he

entered Philadelphia munching a penny roll. In his choice of a wife, he showed capital judgement, for Mrs. Franklin proved, as he had said many years afterwards, "an honor and a blessing to him."

From this time, the world went well with this great man. He printed books; he published what he called *Poor Richard's Almanac*: he interested himself in various plans to benefit the public; and thus in time he became quite a notable man. Presently he was elected clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; then deputy post master; then a member of the Common Council; and a Justice of the Peace. Honors fell thickly upon him; but they did not corrupt his heart or cause him to be either vain or proud.

But while he was thus advancing in years, in wealth, and in honors, he took time to improve his mind, by continued reading and study. He learned several foreign languages; and gave his mind very earnestly to the study of natural philosophy.

He was very much interested in the subject of Electricity. Among other things, he set out to discover, what was then unknown, whether lightning and electricity were identical or not. To solve this question, he made a kite with some sticks and a silk handkerchief. With this kite, he went out into a field, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, during a thunder storm, and accompanied by his son. Standing under a shed, he sent up the kite, with a key fastened to its hempen string, and insulated by means of a silken string tied to a post, and stood watching the result. After a while, the thunder cloud came over the field. The rain fell. He applied his knuckle to the key, and received a strong spark! This was a triumph indeed! Spark

after spark followed! A jar was charged with electricity. The discovery was made! Lightning and electricity were found to be one. Happy Franklin! He had made a discovery which shortly after astonished all the learned men in Europe; which brought him many scientific honors; and which led to many useful inventions, among which is the lightning rod.

Franklin was afterwards made deputy post master general; agent of several Colonies to settle their disputes with England; and a member of the Continental Congress. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence;—and was sent as minister to France to represent our infant republic. He was treated with great respect at the Court of France; though his plain dress had a very uncourtly appearance. "Who is that extraordinary, brown coated man?" a lady inquired of a friend one night, at a fashionable party in Paris, in which Franklin figured.

"Softly, madam! that's the famous American, who bottles up thunder and lightning," was the reply made to her question.

On his return home, in 1785, he was elected President of the State of Pennsylvania. He died in 1790, at the ripe old age of eighty-four years and three months. His prudence, industry, good sense, and economy are all worthy of imitation: and among all my readers I hope there is not one who will not at least *try* to imitate him in these things. Perhaps some of them may be as great and useful as he was. But if not, this much is certain;—You can all try to be so.—*Boys' and Girls' Magazine.*

Do nothing by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if wrong, leave it undone.

THE TOPER.

"A NOTHER glass and I'll go."
Go where?
"Home."

No—you have no home—you had one once, and a neat and pleasant home it was—but the "one glass more," has broken your faithful and loving wife's heart, beggared and disgraced your children, and made your home a curse to yourself and to all about you.

What a spectacle! A rational man, made in the image of God, endowed with an immortal soul, and capable of endless and perfect happiness and joy, turning himself into a brute!

It was but yesterday we saw such an one on horseback. He reeled from side to side, drawing the reins of the bridle first one way and then the other to keep himself from falling. The poor beast kept on his way as well as he could, but he looked as if he would say, "The two-legged animal on my back has more wit than I have, but I *use* mine better than he does his, that's certain."

WHO RUINED HIM?

IN passing along one of our streets the other day, we were startled by coming suddenly upon the form of a man lying upon the sidewalk. Our first thought was that some one had been murdered; but we found he was alive and beastly drunk. It was intensely hot, and the sun was shining down into his bloated face. He was in the prime of life, and it can be but a few years since he was the joy and pride of a fond mother, and the inspiration of a father's future hopes. His fellows may have looked to him as a young man of the brightest prospects and most enviable powers; but all such hopes are dead, and all such prospects blasted. He lay before us a poor,

drivelling drunkard, cursing us for asking him what was the matter with him.

We could but ask the question, "Who wrought this ruin?" Within sight rose the smoke-blackened and hedious walls of an old distillery, where the liquor was fitted up on which he got drunk.—The groggeries in which it was set before him with all a runseller's art, were on the next street. The members of the Board of Excise, who licensed these groggeries, were his fellow townsmen; rising over our village, were to be seen the spires of the churches in which the professors who helped to give these men their office, met to worship; and in which some of the ministers who dare not reprove such voting, preach.

Putting these things together, we came to the conclusion, that this poor wretch, with many others, was ruined because the distiller wanted "the lion's share" of the money which the runsellers are daily plucking from their victims, the runsellers want to live on the picking of such men's pockets, the members of the board which they license, want to continue in office; the professors who vote for them want to support their party and keep the barley market open; and the preacher, who dares not rebuke such voting, wants his bread and butter. And so they all combine to fleece such wretches as the one before us.—*Exchange.*

OH, TEMPT ME NOT AGAIN.

O TEMPT be not to drink again,
For I have drank too deep ere now,
Till reason fled my raging brain,
And Beast was branded on my brow.
How oft for me the goblet's brim
Hath sparkled with ambrosial wine;
Whilst 'neath its surface, dark and grim,
Despair would whisper thou art mine.

Away, accursed thing, away,
I cannot longer bear the rod
Which all endure who, lured astray,
Have bow'd them to the drunkard's god.

Long years have pass'd since first I fell
A victim to the wily foe;
What I have suffered none can tell;
How long alas, too many know.

Three boys upon the deep now roam,
The eldest scarcely yet two-score,
They fled a drunken father's home,
And may perchance return no more.

Two sleep beside their mother's grave,
The happiest of all the five;
And one remains for me to save,
If yet my daughter be alive.

I saw her 'tis not long ago,
Her brow, though placid, plainly bore
The impress of some hidden woe
Where hope angelic beam'd before.

Full well I know the secret grief
Which prays upon her breaking heart.
And what alone can bring relief
And did e'en now despair depart.

Then tempt me not to drink again,
For I have drank too deep ere now,
Till reason fled my raging brain,
And Beast was branded on my brow.

—*Journal of Commerce.*

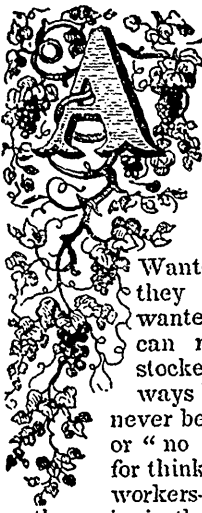
"SCATHING APPROBATION."

THE *Saratoga Whig* informs us, that the landlords have invented a new drink which they call "Gov. Seymour."

When a man has got gloriously drunk, and fallen into the ditch, he is said to be "vetoed."

The *Rome Excelsior* speaks of a drunken man as "Seymour-ized." "Seymour Saloons" and "Seymour Retreats" are springing up in our country. The Governor must feel proud of these "evidences" of the "correctness" of his course.—*Cayuga Chief.*

SINS go not alone, but follow one another as links in a chain do.



WANTED,

YOUNG man of industry, ability, and integrity, &c.

This meets our eye daily in the column of "Wants," and it is true as the Pentateuch.

Wanted? Of course they are — *always* wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for and never be quoted "dull," or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers—wanted for workers—in the mart,

on the main, in the field or the forest. Tools are lying idle for want of a young man; a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled; a plough to be guided; a village to be founded; a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able young men are the great staple in this world of ours. Young man, you are wanted—but not for a doctor; no, nor a lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study a "profession," unless it be the profession of bricklaying, farming, or some other of the manual professions. Don't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things, don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silk and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat then like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go if we could, but then we were

young longer ago than we like to think: and you know, when one's once old, "he can't." Besides, if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait—"because you have not experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," say all the women. If you are a lawyer, and likely to rise, they will put a weight upon your head, *a la Swiss*, to keep you under, or if you make a good argument, some old opponent as gray as a rat, will kick it all over by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps an "immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on "from the centre of the earth" as they used to say, "up to the sky;" you are independent all day, and tired, not weary, at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you.

There is one thing more young man. You are wanted. A *young woman* wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one if you are *fit* to be married at all, to anybody that's *fit* to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together, lest in the years to come somebody shall advertise "Young Men wanted," and none to be had.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A BARBER desired a groggy customer of his, on Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum-hole open on Sunday.

[Written for the "Life Boat."

WHALE FISHING.

"**W**HERE she blows!" was shouted by the look-out aloft, one fair day, after dinner, on board the Whale Ship *Bounty*.

"Where away?" cried the captain to the man aloft.

"About two points on the weather bow, sir."

"There she blows!" "There she blows!" was shouted again and again by half a dozen voices, in different parts of the vessel.

The mate was soon aloft.

"What do you make them, Mr. Peabody?" asked the captain, who was standing on a thwart in one of the quarter boats.

"I can't make 'em out yet, sir. There's three or four of 'em, and they are running quick to windward."

"There goes flu-u-ukes," sung out Smithson, from the foretop gallant yard.

This was decisive. The right whale, after breathing or blowing a few minutes on the surface, pitches down head foremost into the deep; and, as the head descends, the flukes, or tail, rise with a graceful curve above the water, and for a moment are seen in a nearly upright position, and then slowly disappear.

"Stand by the boats!" "Lower away! lower," and away go the whalemens, straining every nerve and making the boats fly through the water in the chase. Harpoons are then thrown at the huge monster, which give him deadly wounds. Now, stand by—back water—sheer her off—take care of his fins—are commands which rapidly flow from the boat-steerer.—In his struggles, he turns upon his back, his under jaw rising above the water like the immense shelf of an avalanche edged with icicles. Maddened with pain, he rushes

across the wake of the boat and upsets it. The poor sailors are thrown overboard, and oars and thwarts and lines are soon mingled in wild confusion, to the no small peril of the seamen. One lays hold of an oar, another supports himself by the side of the boat, while the rest battle with the seas the best way they can, or strive to right the boat half filled with water, and on her beam ends. But the other boat comes smartly and bravely up to the rescue. What the sailors call the right whale, has a head like a flat soled, round toed shoe. The Sperm whale is known by his blunt, square ended nose. The lower jaw of the right whale, "*Balona Mysticetus*," is 8 or 10 feet wide where it joins the body, though the throat is so small that it could not swallow a hen's egg; and upon it lies the enormous tongue, which is a mass of fat containing four or five barrels of oil. The skull or crown bone is a single bone, (for there is no upper jaw,) rounded on the top, and growing smaller towards the nostrils, or blow holes; to this bone is attached the whalebone of commerce fixed in a kind of horny gum attached to the jaw bones, and a very large head produces a thousand pounds weight of it. The sailors have now righted the boat, and wet as they are proceed with their shipmates in the other boat to lance the whale. This is a dangerous operation, for as the whale writhes and rolls in the agony of suffering, it is dangerous to approach his enormous fins, which must, however, be done in order to pierce the heart under the fin, by the lances which are carried by every boat, in which operation the seamen and boats are often covered with blood. After life is extinct, the whale is towed in triumph alongside the ship by the boats, when the blubber, that

is, the fat from which the oil is extracted is cut from it something in the way that an orange is peeled with a knife, and hoisted on board in what are called "blanket pieces," and then cut up into "horse pieces," about a foot square, by a "cutting spade" with which two or three of the hands rip them crosswise, and then throw them into the 'tween decks. Then comes the operation of boiling. The "blubber room" is a space between decks, capable of receiving the blubber of two or three whales; this is pitched upon deck from the "horse pieces" for mincing, that is, being cut still smaller for the pots; and fire is now kindled in the arches under the pots, which are two or three in number, firmly set in brick work, each capable of containing a hoghead of oil. The operation of "trying out" continues day and night until the whole is finished, and sometimes, when whales are plenty, the fires are not put out until a whole cargo is taken in. One man is constantly stirring the mass, while another skims out the scraps or kreng as it is called, as fast as they are done, and these are used for fuel, no wood being necessary after the fire is kindled.

The color of the oil depends very much upon clean pots, and a careful boiling with a little water at the bottom. Sometimes the pot full of boiling oil will burst when sufficient care has not been taken, and let all the contents into the fire beneath. Several ships have been set on fire in this way. The blubber on a fat whale is sometimes, in its thickest parts, from 15 to 20 or 24 inches thick, though seldom more than a foot; it is of a coarse grain, and much harder than fat pork—covered with a thick, soft, black skin, about $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 inch in thickness. One ship will bring some 1500 to 2000 barrels, and

about 100 barrels from one whale. The seamen live very well on board these vessels, and as they often put into the New Zealand, Society and Fegée Islands to get fresh water, and to exchange cloth and whale's teeth for hogs and plantains, they have an opportunity of seeing those Paradisical Isles, and tasting their various and delicious fruits. When a ship has been successful, the men being paid in part by shares, and especially the officers, they receive a considerable sum of money, and well they deserve it, after battling with the waves and the seasons from 3 to 5 years, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle. What a pity it is that they do not all take care of it and make it the nucleus of their future fortunes. Some have done so, and are now captains and owners of whale ships, besides having houses and farms at home. But, alas! too many spend it in alcohol and so fulfil the proverb so often applied to poor Jack, "they earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses."

The principal whale fisheries are in the North Pacific Ocean, and even within Berhings Straits, and the chief centres of the commerce in America are New Bedford, Nantucket, and New London; in the South Seas, Sydney and Port Philip in Australia, and Wellington in New Zealand. While the whalemens on distant seas are exposed to dangers and perils in their exciting operations for our machinery and light for our dwellings, let us pray that they may be kept from the all destroying tyrant alcohol, and finally be safely landed in the port of eternal peace as their final home.

WHEN does a drunkard remind one of a celebrated elastic substance? when he is a *Gutter Percher*.

THE FALSE STEP.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.



“SOME, James, go with me to buy some matches. Mr. Bradley wants some,” said Joseph Wright to his school-mate, one night after school.

“I am busy,” returned James, “can’t you go alone?”

“I want you to go; I am going to buy something. Mr. Bradley gave me a ten cent piece, and told me if I would get a paper of matches and three cent’s worth of charcoal, I might have the rest. So I’ll buy a top with the sixpence.

And so pleased was Joseph with his speculation, that he took out his money to look at it again.

“James, look here!” he exclaimed in astonishment, as he held up a glittering coin.

“Mr. Bradley has given it to you by mistake,” said James. “How much is it?”

“A quarter eagle. What a lucky fellow I am!”

“But you will not change that for four cents! We must go back to Mr. Bradley and tell him.”

“Go back and tell him! Why the money is mine—he gave it to me.”

“But he did not know it was gold, so it is not yours. You surely will return it.”

“I surely will not do such a thing. He gave me the money, and said that after buying the coal and matches, I might have what was left; so it is mine, you see.”

“I do not see,” said James, “Mr. Bradley made a mistake, I am sure. The blinds of the school-room were

closed; he did not see it was gold he was giving you, and the size deceived him.

“Well, that is his affair, not mine. If he made a mistake it was his misfortune and my gain. But say nothing about it, and I will give you a dollar of the money. Mr. Bradley will never know it.”

“What would you have me do, Joseph? It is dishonesty, and I cannot join you in robbing my good teacher.”

“Robbing! It is not robbing, for the money is mine; I tell you he gave it to me. But hark you, James, don’t you say a word about this to Mr. Bradley, for if you do, your head will not be worth wearing.”

“I will not promise you that, Joseph, for I think it is wrong to conceal such a thing; and if Mr. Bradley asks me anything about it, I cannot tell him a falsehood. But why will you not do right and return the money. Mr. Brown will know something is wrong when you offer him two and a half dollars to pay for three cents’ worth of charcoal.”

“I will not offer it. I have four cents in my pocket that will just pay for what I get. But remember you say not a word about this to any one.”

“Well, Joseph, if you are bent on doing wrong, I will not go with you; for it would not be right in me to go. I wish you would go back to Mr. Bradley.”

Joseph turned away, and James finding further remonstrance useless, went home, sad and troubled. It seemed that he ought to tell Mr. Bradley, and yet he dreaded to be a tale bearer. At length he resolved to tell his mother, and ask her advice.

On reaching home, he found his uncle and cousins from Ohio had arrived at his father’s house on a

visit. In the joy and excitement of the several days following, Joseph was forgotten, and when James again went to school, he supposed the matter was all discovered and settled, so he said nothing about it.

This incident, trifling as it may seem, exerted a great influence on the character of the two boys in after life; James was strengthened in correct principles, and whenever any temptation arose, the thought of the quarter-eagle came up to banish it.

Joseph, on the contrary, might date his ruin from that evening.

It so happened that Mr. Bradley lost his pocket book the next day, as he was passing through the crowded streets of the city in which he lived, and supposing it contained the quarter-eagle, he never thought of asking Joseph about it.

Having succeeded so well this time, the misguided boy grew more and more avaricious, and his better principles rapidly gave way to his inordinate love of gain. Naturally very quick and shrewd, he managed to escape detection. While quite young, he obtained the situation of teller in a bank, and, obliged to render a strict account of all moneys which passed through his hand, he was forced to be honest for a time.

One day a gentleman called at the bank and said to him, "There was a slight mistake in the money I received on a check yesterday. Your package of \$1,000, contained only \$990, and I have called to see if you would rectify the mistake."

"I am very sorry for you, sir," returned Joseph, "but our rule is, all mistakes must be rectified before leaving the bank."

"Must I then lose the ten dollars?" asked the gentleman.

"I suppose you must; it is not our loss."

"It is very hard," returned the gentleman, "I did not count the money, for I am so accustomed to dealing with banks, and this is the first time I ever saw a mistake in them."

"Very sorry, sir; but we cannot help you," said Joseph, turning away.

In a short time the bank was noted for its mistakes. When people took the precaution to count the money before leaving, mistakes were promptly and cheerfully rectified, with the excuse that there had been a change in tellers, or he had been ill or absent, and a person unaccustomed to the business had taken his place for a time.

"I wish to deposit \$1,500 this morning," said Mr. Wise, a gentleman who dealt extensively with the bank.

Joseph ran over the bills rapidly, then paused, colored, and counted again, but more slowly. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I make only \$1,480. Will you count with me?"

They counted once, twice, three times; but there was a deficit of twenty dollars. Mr. Wise looked confused. "I cannot see how I made such a mistake, for I counted it twice myself this morning; but here is a twenty to make up the full amount," he continued, laying another bill on the pile.

Complaints increased; but no one could find fault, for all mistakes discovered in the bank were, as usual, promptly rectified, and where deposits were found deficient, the owner counted for himself and saw the error, as in the case of Mr. Wise.

"Wright," said this gentleman, "you gave me what you call \$100 package this morning, but it contained only \$95."

"Well, Mr. Wise, you made a worse mistake than that the other

day," said Joseph, coloring; "you made a deficit of twenty dollars."

"Yes, and handed over a twenty when I saw my error. I hope you will do the same."

"We would be glad to oblige you but we must adhere to our rule, and rectify mistakes only before leaving the bank."

Mr. Wise was a shrewd, far sighted man. The peculiar look and manner of Joseph when mistakes were discovered had not escaped his notice, and this, together with the fact that until he was employed no mistakes had occurred, led him to believe that so many errors were not the result of accident. He therefore employed three friends to count with him a sum of money which he intended to deposit, and, after expressing his doubts of the teller's dishonesty, communicated a plan to detect him.

The next day the four met, as strangers at the bank. "I wish to make a deposit this morning, Mr. Wright," said Wise, throwing down the package carelessly, and, taking a letter from his pocket, began to read.

"How much do you make?" he asked after a time.

"Four hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"I am getting careless, it seems. I thought there were five hundred," returned Mr. Wise, throwing down fifteen dollars.

At that moment the three friends presented checks. Wright's fingers flew over the package of bills before him, and as he handed them the money, a small paper fell from his coat sleeve, which was instantly seized by Mr. Ellis, one of the three. On examination, it proved to be a ten dollar bill marked with the name of Mr. Wise, part of the very five hundred dollars which

he had purposely marked and deposited that morning.

In three months from that time, Joseph Wright was an inmate of the State prison, convicted of fraud, and embezzling money from the bank. Losses for which no one could account were traced to him, and, in the prime of life, he was condemned to the felon's cell.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

BY A. F. BIGCLOW.

THERE'S something in the glowing wine
Which will the heart inflame;
And souls, that might in virtue shine,
Have sunk to utter shame.

Temptation's flowery dangerous way
Is spread with many a snare;
The talented, the young, the gay,
May sink to black despair.

It is a madness of the soul
To touch, or taste, or drink
The poison of the maddning bowl,
Which makes so many sink.

To the Great God we must apply
For power to walk secure,
When countless wretched victims die,
And countless wiles allure.

The grace of God can surely keep
The souls that humbly pray;
Then let us at his altar weep,
And never go astray.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY W. C. BAKER.

SHE is dead, the broken-hearted—
Died in beauty, young and fair:
All of her has now departed,
Save a lock of golden hair,
And sweet memories that twine
Round our hearts a flow'ry vine.

Like the fading light of day,
When the sun in yonder sky
Sinks behind the hills away,
Circled in a rosy dye:
So the lovely and the fair,
Faded in the summer air.

Many hearts had loved her well ;
 Pleasure strewed her path with flowers,
 But a sorrow none could tell,
 Filled her life with weary hours,
 And around her threw a gloom,
 Like the shadows of the tomb.

Mourn we that so pure a thing,
 Fair as angel forms above,
 Should have felt the blighting sting,
 Brought by unrequited love ;—
 But the stricken dove has flown,
 To a more congenial home.

—Portland Transcript.

THE WINE GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
 Who hath contentions? Who
 hath wounds without cause?
 Who hath redness of eyes?
 They that tarry long at the
 Wine. They that go to
 seek mixed wine! Look
 not thou upon the
 wine when it is red,
 when it giveth
 its color in the
 CUP,
 when it
 moveth itself
 aright;
 At
 the last
 it biteth like a
 Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder.

A MODEL "CHARGE."

THE following amusing incident transpired at the spring term of the Circuit Court, of St. Croix county, Wisconsin.

The Judge of the Circuit Court, lately in session at Hudson, Wisconsin, gave a charge to the jury on a certain action tried before him which excited considerable merriment in the Court at the time.

The action was to recover the value of certain liquors sent from below and consigned for sale to the defendant. Evidence was given on the part of the defendant to show that the brandies, &c., were 40 cent whiskey, and drugged besides, whereat the judge was very indig-

nant, and charged the jury very nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Pure unadulterated liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and, as far as the experience of the Court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor gentlemen, or, what is worse, a drugged article, cannot be tolerated; and if dealers from below will send up into this beautiful country, so blessed with the smiles of the benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to be, in this court, gentlemen of the jury, they cannot recover."

A RUMMY CAUGHT.

A RATHER red nosed man walked into a store in the pleasant village of S., the other day, and enquired for cheese. "Walk into the other room and select one for yourself," replied the accommodating shop-keeper. The man passed on, selected his cheese, put it into his bag, returned into the front shop and laid it on the counter.

Some "cold-water" men who were present, however, becoming rather suspicious, determined to know what kind of cheese the man kept. Accordingly one of them managed so to move the bag that it fell to the floor, when lo! the cheese broke "all to smash," the glass rattled—the red nosed man looked white—the white shopkeeper looked red, and both looked blue. The cold water men looked on for a moment to witness their confusion, and then departed, leaving the cheese dealer and his customer "alone in their glory."

We would advise those who patronize such cheese shops in future, to take something better than a glass bottle to get their cheese in.—Dew Drop.

ENIGMAS.

NO. XIV.

I am a word of fifteen letters—

An easy one to guess,

-And those who cannot tell my name,
Are dull, they must confess.

- My 11, 5, 10, a useful metal found ;
 My 8, 7, 4, 3, a word expressing sound ;
 My 10, 7, 11, 3, by lovers often used ;
 My 13, 11, 8, 7, 14, 4, 3, 15, a man that's
 much abused ;
 My 1, 3, 13, 14, a mellow fruit that's prized ;
 My 2, 5, 13, 14, by honest men despised ;
 My 2, 12, 6, part of the human face ;
 My 1, 7, 2, 9, one of the human race ;
 My 14, 15, 9, a grain much used by man ;
 My 13, 10, 4, 5, 3, pet name for dum ;
 My 1, 3, 10, the zealous author's friend ;
 My 14, 7, 6, 3, the perjured traitor's end ;
 My 6, 12, 14, useful to ladies fair ;
 My 4, 13, 8, 12, 7, 10, governed by Britain's
 queen.

Whene'er the British Court,
 With foreign powers would treat :
 My whole is an ambassador,
 Full, authorized—complete !

A. T. D.

xv.

I am a word of twelve letters.

- My 3, 9, 5, 11, 6, is a man's name.
 My 6, 1, 12, 10, a mineral.
 My 8, 11, 12, 2, 7, a musical instrument.
 My 3, 6, 11, 7, one of the Muses.
 My 10, 12, 2, 3, 9, a charming recrea-
 tion.
 My 3, 1, 4, 6, 7, 2, an island.
 My 8, 11, 2, 1, a fruit.
 My 7, 8, 12, 6, a precious stone.
 My 3, 4, 2, 11, 5, the epithet of a distin-
 guished philosopher.

And my whole is an available work of
 reference.

A. T. D.

xvi.

I am composed of 14 letters, (two words.)

- My 13, 14, 11, 5, 1, }
 My 7, 8, 6, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, } are birds.
 My 5, 9, 10, 10, 1, 8, }
 My 14, 12, 13, is an animal.
 My 7, 9, 5, 2, 1, 4, }
 My 8, 9, 10, } are metals.

- My 12, 3, 6, 4, }
 My 14, 12, 12, 5, 1, } are fruits.
 My 11, 4, 14, 12, 1, }
 My 6, 10, 8, is an insect.
 My 12, 1, 14, 4, 5, is a precious stone.
 My 3, 1, 5, }
 My 7, 12, 4, 14, 8, } are fishes.
 My 12, 3, 6, is a vegetable.
 And my whole is the name of a flower.

A. T. D.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS IN LAST No. :—

- 1 George Washington.
- 2 Plato.
- 3 Torquato Tasso.
- 4 Homer.
- 5 Virgil.
- 6 Pope.
- 7 Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 8 Dr. Johnson.
- 9 Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- 10 Byron.
- 11 Shakspeare.
- 12 Cowper.
- 13 Walter Scott.
- 14 Washington Irving.
- 15 Wickliffe.
- 16 Sir William Jones.
- 17 Moore.
- 18 Milton.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST No.—
 No 10, Richard Lalor Shiel. 11, Horatio
 Nelson. 12, Pay the Printer. 13, Hunt-
 ingtonshire.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM.—20 minutes past
 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

ANSWER TO AAAAAHHHNNFZTEP.—
 "Zaphnath-paaneah," to be found in 41st
 Chapter of Genesis and 45th verse.

THE answers sent in by E. C. H., Hawk-
 sbury, T. D. Reid, Montreal, H. P., Bytown,
 and S. N. Hearle, Montreal, are correct.

CONUNDRUM.

Why would it be unchristian-like for a
 woman to assume the part of a man ?—
 Because she would become a *he, then*.

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