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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, JUNE; 1854.

No. 3.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.



NEVER shall I forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort,

and my parents idolized me their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about

it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite church and state.

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he first refused. Finally thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church. I remember how well the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the

propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar, and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments, which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movements as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his friends got

up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the stranger and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a half moment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice, the

speaker continued: "Oh God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of earth. Without friends, kindred or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were, now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking

away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

(To be continued.)

A BOUNCING GIRL.

MISS Rosina Delight Richardson, according to a writer in the *Boston Journal*, is a delicate armful, belonging to the State of New Hampshire, where she resides with her father, a substantial farmer. She is thus described:

"Miss Rosina is nineteen years of age, is five feet three and a quarter inches in height, measures five feet four and a quarter inches around the waist, six feet two inches below the waist, six feet two inches around the arm below the elbow, and two feet ten inches in a straight line across the shoulders. At birth she weighed six pounds; at five years, one hundred and forty-eight pounds; at 10 years, two hundred and sixty-eight pounds; at 15 years, three hundred and sixty-five pounds; and now, at nineteen years of age, she weighs four hundred and seventy-eight pounds! On estimating the quantity of cloth in her clothing when dressed for a ride, on a winter's day, we found it to contain ninety-eight and a half yards of three-quarters wide cloth. She has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is of fair complexion, and has what phrenologists would call a well-balanced head, the perceptive organs predominating. She can knit, spin, weave, make a short, or batch of bread, is a good singer and plays the piano with taste and skill; is considered one of the best scholars in the town where she re-

sides, is courteous and affable, and lively in conversation, and evinces a general knowledge, which might raise a blush on the cheeks of some of our city belles.

FACTS FROM HISTORY.



AMONG the Anglo-Saxons, the trade of a shoemaker was somewhat comprehensive. He manufactured and supplied ankle leather, shoes, leather hose, bottles, bridle thongs, trappings, flasks, boiling vessels, leather neck pieces, halters, wallets and pouches.

The priests of the Anglo-Saxons were commanded to increase knowledge by dilligently learning some handicraft. Hence it is that so many curious pieces of inventive mechanism have been handed down as the works of early monks.

The invention of the musical scale, or gamut, occurred in 1022: it was the work of an Italian Monk, and contributed to diffuse a taste for music. The inventor, Guido Arctine, was sent for thrice to Rome, to explain and teach it to the clergy.

In the reign of Stephen, long hair was very much worn; it was a great eye-sore to the clergy, who did not like the contrast of their shaven polls with the flowing ringlets of the knights and barons. Formerly the English wore the hair upon the upper lip but this not being the Norman fashion, the Conquerer compelled them to have that part, as well as the chin, shaven.

In the reign of John, religion formed part of every exhibition. Theatrical spectacles were of a religious character, the clergy and their attendants being the actors, clothed in sacred vestments. They represented the Scripture miracles, and the sufferings of the martyrs.

The first toll we read of in England for mending the highways was imposed in the reign of Edward the Third, and was for repairing the road between St. Giles' and Temple Bar.

In the reign of Edward the Third, laws were enacted to restrain luxury of living. No man under a hundred pounds a year, was allowed to wear gold, silver, or silk, in his clothes. Servants were also prohibited eating flesh meat, or fish, above once a day. No one was allowed, either for dinner or supper, above three dishes in each course, and not above two courses.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, our ancestors spoke a language as unintelligible to us as a dead or foreign language; and in the fourteenth century they only begin to be intelligible with the help of a glossary, as may be remarked in the writings of Chaucer and Gower, who flourished at that age.

Before Cardinal Langton had divided the Old and New Testament into chapters and verses, two modes of preaching were practised. The first consisted in explaining a large portion of Scripture, sentence after sentence, in the regular order in which the words lay, making short practical reflections on each sentence. The second mode of preaching was called *declaring*, because the preacher without naming any particular text, merely declared the subject upon which he had to enlarge. When texts were first employed, the new mode was stoutly opposed as subversive of the good old custom.

In the time of Richard the Third, war was the chief pursuit of all classes, not excepting the clergy. Even the courts of the universities were frequently stained with blood, Learning was little esteemed,

Concluded from page 22.

THE ELDER SISTER.

BY ADA GREY.

“Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught,
Save woman’s quietness of thought,
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.”



OW a change came over Edith’s life, and she who had been so long alone—alone, relying only upon her own strength, and upon Heaven, shared her all, of joy and sorrow with one as noble-minded as herself, upon whose manly heart she could rely for support. Oh, how her woman’s heart joyed, exulted, gloried, in that all-absorbing devotion, binding upon her spirit fetters that she could not break, and *would* not if she could—weaving every pure fancy around a single object, yet in that singleness of affection regarding others more tenderly from this new fount of feeling gushing in her heart. But she could not feel that selfish joy without a silent self-reproach, and when he upon whom she leaned asked her to share his home, Edith turned to her duties—thought of the bright rose-buds unfolding under her care—of the young brother with no earthly hand but hers to guide him; and with calm, high heroism, that love was crucified.

“I could not leave them without gnawing remorse that would forever come between my heart and happiness. My life is pledged to their care. It *must* be so, Walter.”

“Even if your own happiness is sacrificed?”

“Even if my own happiness is sacrificed,” mechanically repeated Edith.

“Then, Edith, my own dear Edith, may God be with you!”

Thus the lovers parted.

“It is right—it is right—my own heart tells me it is right,” murmured Edith, as once more alone she bowed her head upon her clasped hands, more utterly desolate than when, unconscious of her loss, she watched beside the dead.

“Edith, sister!”

Mary wound her arms caressingly around her, and with her pleading eyes upraised, said, “Oh, Edith, how unkind it was of you not to have confided in me. Long, long before it was breathed to you, I knew of Walter Randall’s deep affection—he admired your strength and firmness of character first, and then when he found that you could be dependent like others, as the *woman* he loved you. I saw how strangely happy you had become, and I blessed him who could love and appreciate you more than even I have done. I knew that your high spirit could not bow to the senseless flattery that is such a mockery to a true woman’s heart. When Walter asked if you would share an humble artist’s home, I said that it were a proud and blessed lot for you. Together we wove bright dreams for the future.”

“You must dream no longer, Mary. His love is pledged to me—and in spirit I shall be his forever; but sister, I know of the changes of life, and I would not in selfishness ask for years of devotion from another. It is better that we both forget our wild, wild season of love, so deeply, dearly blessed. I said that we must part *forever*. Could I leave you with a happy heart? Would not my angel mo-

ther come to my dreams with a silent reproach for my neglect?"

"Oh, Edith, Edith, she could not have foreseen the future—she was all love and gentleness to you."

"And that, my sweet sister, I remember well—how softly her hand smoothed my pillow at night—how tenderly she watched over me when she had none but me to love! She gave you to my care—let me be a mother to you."

George went forth from his home, away from his sister's guiding care, among those of different minds and characters—the weak and the strong in purpose—the aimless and the ambitious—the unprincipled and the pure. She knew of this—of the waywardness and impulsiveness of youth, and of the frank nature that trusted with a boy's unsuspecting faith in others. Yet she had strong reliance in his awakening energies, and her voice still reached him in earnest, serious warning.

"You have been the child of my heart," thus wrote Edith, "you have seemed ever to me like a priceless treasure given to my care by my mother's hand. God knows how I have attempted to do right—how I have asked for patience and forbearance. He knows, too, how dear you are to me—how closely interwoven our two lives have become. I have been the protector thus far, but in the future it must be reversed. I must have your manly heart to lean upon. I look forward to all that you may be to me. Oh, George, do not *you* disappoint me!

"I have read your young heart like an open book, and know its weakness, its strength. God has given to you a pure, lofty intellect, and from you is required a life of high aims and efforts. Man too often binds with earth fetters that

God has made immortal, dragging down the free spirit to a low, degraded thing of dust. I would not have you of such. Rise above the effortless mass of humanity—joy with trembling in the fearful gift which He has given you—be true to yourself—true to Him who breathed into the soul of man a spark of his own divinity. I would bind upon your spirit this strong injunction. What I most fear is a lack of decision, a vacillating between opinions which will fetter your soul and enfeeble its glorious, god-like powers. Commence life with an aim to do good—be firm in that purpose, and the result will follow in due time.

"Man goes forth among his fellow-men with a visible influence of good or evil. His life is humbling or elevating. There is no silent resting-place for the powers of the soul; and think, my child, of the influence of *one* immortal mind! From the little seed springs up a rich harvest; from the silent thought goes forth a might that is felt in every throb of a nation's heart. The calm, deep thinker holds a world's empire in his breast—a power, given him by the Creator of all intellect, to make earth wiser, happier, better. Think of it, and for this be ambitious, but never to the sacrifice of feeling. Do not live too far away from humanity—never think it enervating or effeminate to cherish pure, soul-lifting affection; else, if your heart should become fevered and world-weary, and you would fain seek repose, and warm, loving spirits to revive and cherish it, you will find but the heat and dust that parch and oppress.

"Oh, I have so loved to think of all that you may be! Do you remember how years ago you stood by my side, a clear-eyed, proud-lipped boy, and told me of the hap-

pinness that you would give me when you should become a man? I have said that I would be forsaken, forgotten by all the world, if *you* were but true to me. Be all that I ask of you, for your own sake and for *mine*."

Years went by, and men acknowledged the might of his clear, powerful intellect, and warm, truthful heart, and throughout the land his name was blessed and honored. But there came an hour of more thrilling joy—a proud hour in the life of Edith Williston, when that son of her heart aved an admiring assemblage of the most gifted of his country, by the magic of his thought and eloquence. Others had preceded him of age and experience, but he brought to the trial the fiery strength of youth, and the high, undaunted spirit that neither cringes nor quails in the cause of the right; he had come now in his early manhood, to raise his clear voice in behalf of the trampled and the weak, and his was the triumph of a high intellect and noble heart pledged to a glorious cause.

One there was in that eager, excited crowd, who hung with rapt soul upon every word of burning eloquence, and as she watched every glance of his clear, keen eyes, the light came kindling her own dark eyes, and the rich, deep color glowing and brightening her cheeks. How that proud woman's heart thrilled with its deep, triumphant joy!

When the crowd had departed, and the young orator stood alone, she came forward, before the altar, and obeying his own heart-impulse, calmly knelt he by her side. Thus, with warm hands linked, the hearts of the sister and her young brother went up in silent, but oh how fervent, thanksgiving to God. Edith did not feel that this was the work of *her* hand. In deep humiliation

of spirit she bowed to the God of strength, who had given into her care the young soul of him who had proved himself, in real nobleness, a *man*—with the nerve and energy to sustain him, with His help, in the path of his own choice, and which her own far-reaching eye had dimly foreseen.

• • • • •
 Away in a foreign land, the young artist, Walter Randall, had for years devoted himself to his art. The influence of that firm, high-hearted girl had gone with him, and much as he had censured her for her self-denying devotion, he had the more admired the strength and decision of her character. His full heart's blessing had gone with her; he had known of her joys and sorrows, but for years they had not met. It had been Edith's wish that they should be thus separated, but the time had come when her duties were ended and she was free.

The artist was alone now, among the works of his hand. He had embodied his conceptions of woman's loveliness in many of the female characters of scripture; and these, so unlike, were invested with a something of majesty and purity that gave a family resemblance to all. They were exquisitely, beautifully feminine; but instead of girlish loveliness, alike they wore the majesty, the dignity of woman. To all had he given the serious, thoughtful grace that made to his eye the one peerless charm of Edith Williston.

The last letter of Edith lay open before him, and beside it two miniatures—one, that which for many years he had worn next his heart, the other, as yet unopened, that which had accompanied the letter. He had gazed long and earnestly at the picture he himself had painted at the happiest period

of her life, when she was joying in her new and blissful affection—his Edith, as she was at twenty-two, with the winning tenderness of her clear, soft eyes, made even more beautiful by the love-light that spread over her countenance. Then he arose and drew aside the curtain from a picture in a recess. It was like the miniature, and yet how different—a full-length figure, with the calm stateliness of a queen; but the expression which gave character to the face—how lofty, how noble, how womanly it was! It was the real Edith, and breathing through it the ideal that had been formed in the artist's soul of her firm, self-denying, elevated character.

Again and again he read Edith's letter. She had written of her child of promise—her idol, George—it was a woman's eloquent outpouring of gratitude and pride; thus had she spoken of her sisters:

“My gentle Mary, and Grace, (my bright star of beauty,) have left me for other homes—gone to hearts that may be more tenderly beloved, but can never, never be more true than their sister's has been. * * My duties, which you once censured me for considering as a mission, are ended; yet, Walter, after these many years, do not think that I bind you by a vow, made in our sad hour of parting. Look upon this semblance of myself—look into your own heart, and then decide.”

Could the cares and the trials of so many years have brought stern, harsh, unwomanly lines to her countenance? He unclasped the miniature, and saw her—his own Edith, serene, thoughtful, and with the same sweet, truthful smile as when first he knew and loved her—a face radiant with the light from a spirit that would be ever beautiful and young.

TRAGICAL SCENE.



FARMER sold a yoke of oxen to an individual in the neighborhood, and received his pay in paper money. The man who purchased the oxen, being in a hurry to start, he requested the farmer to assist him in yoking them up. He accordingly went to the yard with the man for that purpose, leaving the money lying on the table. On his return to the house, he found his little child had taken the money from the table, and was in the act of kindling the fire in the stove with it. From the impulse of the moment, he hit the child a slap on the side of the head, so hard as to knock it over, and, in the fall, it struck its head against the stove with such force as to break its skull.

The mother, who was in the act of washing a small child in a tub of water, in an adjoining room, on hearing the fracas, dropped the child, and ran to the room whence the noise proceeded—and was so much terrified at what she there beheld, that she forgot the little child in the tub for a time, and upon her return to the room found the little one drowned. The husband, after a few moments reviewing the scene before him, seeing two of his own children dead, without further reflection, took down his gun and blew his own brains out.

AN IMPROMPTU—And a good one, by a voyager; a better description of a sea voyage than volumes could give:

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas, you *ship a sea*,
And sometimes *see a ship*.

A son of the Emerald Isle having been told that the price of potatoes had risen, he exclaimed, “This is the first time I ever felt grieved at the rise of my best friend.”



NATURAL HISTORY.—Art. II.

IN our last number we presented our readers with an engraving representing the tom-tit, together with its nest, and this number we present them with an engraving representing another species of animated nature, viz: the Orang Outang.

The average height of the species is from three to four and a half feet. The body is covered with coarse red hairs. The forehead equals in height one half of the rest of the visage. The face is bluish. There are neither pouches in the cheeks, nor callosities on the posteriors. The hinder thumbs are remarkably short. This celebrated ape resembles man more nearly than any other animal, in the form of the head and the volume of the brain.

Dr. Abel thus describes one of this species: "On his arrival in Java from Batavia, it was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within

a day or two of being put on board the *Cæsar* to be conveyed to England; and whilst at large, made no attempt to escape: but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage, for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he took the rails of the cage into his hand, and shaking them violently, endeavored to break them in pieces; but finding that they did not yield generally, he tried them separately, and, having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly, till he had broken it, and made his escape. On board ship, an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind; but finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice, and threw it over his shoulder. This feat he often repeated; and

when he found it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

"After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavor to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed; but when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times, he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the mainstay, from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling; but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humor, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and, having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him."

This animal survived his transportation to England, from August, 1817, (when he arrived,) to the 1st of April, 1819, during which interval he was in the custody of Mr. Cross, at Exeter 'Change, as much caressed for the gentleness of his disposition, as he was noticed for his great rarity. There was no need of personal confinement, and little of restraint or coercion; to his keepers, especially, and to those whom he knew by their frequent visits, he displayed a decided partiality. During his last illness, and

at his death, his piteous appearance, which seemed to bespeak his entreaties to those about him for relief, did not fail to excite the feelings of all who witnessed them; an excitement evidently heightened by the recollection of human suffering under similar circumstances, which the sight of this animal so strongly brought to mind. He was shedding his teeth at the period of his death, which was probably promoted, if not caused by it.

EDITORIAL.

THE TIMES.



BUSINESS has now commenced all through the country with an energy and zeal proportioned to the exigencies of the times. A very

long and dreary winter—in Lower Canada especially—has kept the men of trade comparatively idle, and now that the summer season is come, with but a brief space available for

large commercial transactions, we may fairly expect that *gain* will be the all absorbing idea. In reference to the great principles which it is the special business of this little unpretending publication to advocate and press upon the attention of the rising generation, we may, without endamaging the Temperance cause admit that at present the operation may be regarded more as that of the silent leaven in the meal than as the

noisy revolutions of the steam driven cranks and shafts. Of one thing we are assured, and it is that the essential idea of Temperance is now better understood and better prized than ever before in the history of its struggles and progress. Ever and anon we hear unmasked admissions fully sanctioning this opinion, and we know men, who, though opposed to what they call coercive legislation, earnestly wish, nevertheless, that the *fanatics should succeed in bringing about the passage of a law similar to that of Maine*. Now, we deliberately assert, that we know such men, men who for the sake of a foolish consistency will not avow a change of opinion, men who oppose us and yet who desire our success!

We have before expressed our hope, that the men of Canada will drive the wedge to the head during the first session of the shortly to be elected Provincial Parliament, and if the duty is faithfully performed the issue cannot be doubtful.

OVERDOING POLITENESS.

THERE is such a thing as kindness running into officiousness, from an over anxiety to please. Of course, this is not good manners, because it is often very disagreeable, and causes irritation. Dean Swift was once persecuted by an over polite family in the country, and he tells the story of it in the following amusing style:—

“As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into a great chair that stood by a huge fire, and kept me

there till I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire, but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. ‘Indeed, sir,’ says the lady, ‘you must eat a wing to oblige me,’ and so put a couple on my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin’s man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved that I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent on going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what would I have for supper? I said I never eat anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me that this was the worst time in the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss; the lady went and left me to her husband, for they took especial care I should never be alone. . . . Exactly at eight o’clock the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. . . . They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, they, at last, left a bottle of

stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced, in the morning, to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison, pastry, and stale beer, I took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me a part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill-intention, but entirely from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication of its rules.

WHAT IS A FOP?

A MR. STARK, in a lecture before the Young Men's Association at Troy, N. York, thus defines a fop:—"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt; but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tailor's bill gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge that he had been dip-

ped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials, to put five dollars worth of beaver on five cents worth of brains.

PLEASURE.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child; for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a bare footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning.—The possessor came forth from his little cottage—he was a wood cutter by trade—and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaking with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver, spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feelings of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy, expressed on paper. The carnation has long since withered but now it blooms afresh.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

THE THREE PREACHERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,

Fill'd with eloquence and power.

One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite,

And he preaches every hour

With a shrill fanatic voice,

And a bigot's fiery scorn

"BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations,

Man to misery is born!

Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—

Born to labor and to pray:

Backward! ye presumptuous nations,

Back!—be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher,

Soft he talks, as if he sung,

Sleek and slothful is his look,

And his words as from a book

Issue glibly from his tongue.

With an air of self-content,

High he lifts his fair white hands:

"*Stand ye still!* ye restless nations,

And be happy all ye lands!

Fate is law, and law is perfect—

If ye meddle, ye will mar;

Change is rash, and ever was so.

We are happier as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,

Genius flashes from his eyes;

And the crowds who hear his voice,

Give him, while their souls rejoice,

Throbbing bosoms for replies.

Awed they listen, yet elated

While his stirring accents fall:—

"*Forward!* ye deluded nations,

Progress is the rule of all;

Man was made for healthful effort;

Tyranny has crushed him long;

He shall march from good to better.

And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,

Going backward is a crime;

None should patiently endure

Any ill that he can cure;

Onward! keep the march of time.

Onward! while a wrong remains

To be conquered by the right

While oppression lifts a finger

To affront us by the right;

While an error clouds the Reason

Of the universal heart,

Or a slave awaits his freedom,

Action is the wise man's part.

"Lo! the world is rich in blessing—

Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind

Have unnumbered secrets still,

To be ransacked when you will,

For the service of mankind;

Science is a child as yet,

And her power and scope shall grow,

And her triumphs in the future

Shall diminish toil and woe;

Shall extend the bounds of pleasure

With an ever-widening ken,

And of woods and wildernesses

Makes the homes of happy men.

"*Onward!*—there are ills to conquer,

Daily wickedness is wrought,

Tyranny is swoll'n with Pride,

Bigotry is deified,

Error intertwined with Thought,

Vice and Misery ramp and crawl,

Root them out, their day is passed;

Goodness is alone immortal;

Onward! and all earth shall aid us

Ere our peaceful flag be furled."

And the preaching of this preacher

Stirs the pulses of the world.

SELECTIONS.

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good.

THE "Natural" Bridge—the bridge of the nose.

THE MOST DIFFICULT ASCENT.—Getting up a subscription.

WHEN the heart is out of tune the tongue seldom goes right.

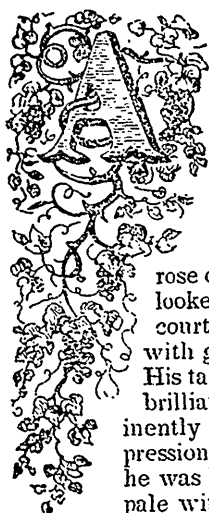
FLATTERY is a sort of bad money, to which vanity gives currency.

PERMANENT REST is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

EXCUSES are the pickpockets of of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

It is said that "Time cuts down all, both great and small." House rents, however, are an exception, for they are always going up.

A MURDERER'S PLEA.



As the court was about to commit the cause to the Jury, the prisoner was asked whether he had anything further to say. Whereupon Mr. Douglass rose deliberately, and looked around on the court and spectators with great composure. His tall, manly person, brilliant eye, and eminently intellectual expression, emaciated as he was by disease, and pale with confinement, impressed every one with his personal dignity and superiority to any who were sitting in judgment upon his life.

"May it please the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury, he said, deliberately and coolly, little did I think that I should come to this. Born of parents who were able and ambitious to give their son the best education the country affords, I had advantages above most others for reaching a widely different destiny from that to which I seem to be doomed. The affluence in which I was cradled was my ruin. I was made to believe that it was manly to take a social glass. I fell in with companions, at college and elsewhere, who nourished in me this delusion. Our potations were deep, our revels boisterous. I studied law, but left my profession to look after my father's business, which was of a nature to keep the poisoned cup ever before me. I drank till I had supplied the place of a natural repugnance to strong drink with a maddened appetite which defied control with the articles within my reach.

Your Honors, and Gentlemen of the Jury, the State would hold me responsible for the consequences of drinking, on my knowledge of them beforehand. This seems specious. Yet my experience assures me that the madness does not begin with drinking, but with the causes that lead to it. It dates from personal contact with alcohol, accompanied with the consciousness of the option to drink or not drink. My wife saw the state of the case, and advised me to remove to a country where society had not yet introduced my enemy. I listened to her advice, and brought my family to this then wilderness country. For a few years we lived here in security and peace. We prospered in the world and acquired a competence. But the State then located one of its licensed grogshops near my door. I guarded against the danger for months. My family stood sentinel around me," and, as he said this, his lips quivered, and the tears rolled down his manly face. "I fortified myself with resolutions and prayers, knowing that my life and that of my family were involved.

"But, your honors and Gentlemen of the Jury, my enemy subdued my strongholds, and led me captive in chains. I was surprised into the trap that the State had set for me—I say this in no spirit of recrimination—and the moment I was there all my motives of virtue perished. I was occupied with an inward feeling—call it what you please—reputation, life, were nothing to it. Had your gallows then presented itself in perspective, with myself hanging upon it as a consequence of drinking, it would not have deterred me. That was the beginning of my insanity in every case. The contact is the conquest of my enemy over me.

"In reference to the crime on

which you are to adjudicate, your Honors and Gentlemen of the Jury, it is due to myself and family, yea to justice and the public, to say that I had for months kept under my great enemy, till a new acquaintance, from no good motive brought into my field, from our town groggery, a bottle of brandy. That produced the madness which fired a destructive conflagration, which led to the death of our worthy pastor, and which struck my own dear son dead through a father's hand!" Here again his tears fell, and his utterance was slightly obstructed; but he soon gained his wonted composure. "On my return, I felt that I was pursued by dreadful creatures, which led me to arm myself with a lever; and, as I approached my door, I thought I saw a cluster of poisonous serpents intertwined, writhing, hissing, and darting at me, when I dealt at them a blow. A huge monster then seemed to be coming at me, of the crocodile genus, covered with great scales, with fiery eyes and open mouth, to swallow me up. A dreadful terror came over me, and, to protect myself, I struck my lever at it with all my might. I was then seized by giants, (I give my own impressions) and verily believed the hour of my doom had come. My fears and feelings overpowered me, and I recollected no more until next morning. When I came to myself I was weak, bruised and felt more dead than alive. Soon my dear wife came, and like a ministering angel, began in a quite way to soothe my feelings and alleviate my sufferings. I said to her, 'My dear, why is your head bound up?' 'Never mind,' she said, 'you are sick, and we must take care of you.' 'Call the boys to help me up,' I said. My wife stepped out, and soon returned with my elder son

George, when I asked, 'Where is Samuel?' She waived an answer, and I had not the remotest idea of our dear Samuel's death, till the Sheriff came to apprehend me.— Then I saw that the love of those to whom I had made myself most unlovely had drawn a veil over the sad event, to save me from the torments I have since endured, and which a hundred deaths on the gallows cannot equal." The court and jury were much moved by this recital, and the numerous audience were bathed in tears.

"Think not that I detail these facts to screen myself. No your Honors and Gentlemen of the Jury, it is too late for me to hope for anything this side of death. But, in justice to the State and its Legislators, in justice to the executors of the law, in justice to the mass of the people, the source of law and power, in justice to others whose misfortune it is to lose command of themselves through the drinking customs of society, yea, as a sacrifice on the altar of truth, the last I shall ever make in this public manner, I do affirm that the state of mind which produced what your laws call murder did not result, in my case, from the act of drinking, but from the previous steps taken under the authority of the State, to insure that act. It resulted from the licensed hand that held the cup to my lips. As a dying man, I leave this my true, my faithful testimony, hoping and praying that it may lead to more just views on this subject, and to a final withdrawal of the means of drinking from that unhappy class to whom it is an unfailling incentive to crime. I do it to save the State from the inhumanity of first instigating the crime, and then punishing the criminal."

FEAR only to do evil.

ENIGMAS.

NO. IV.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 2, 1, 4, 5, is the source of happiness.

My 4, 13, 8, 9, 5, 14, is a sweet spring flower.

My 2, 3, 7, 15, 14, is a blessing which the blind cannot enjoy.

My 10, 1, 4, 5, is a harmless bird.

My 6, 5, 10, is a gay color.

My 7, 5, 12, is a precious stone.

My 12, 13, 6, 14, 15, is fun and gaiety.

My 3, 6, 5, is anger.

My 5, 2, 9, is a measure.

My 15, 8, 6, 11, 5, is a most useful animal to man.

My whole is the name of a favorite English Poet.

A. D.

NO. V.

I am a word of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 6, an agreeable article much in demand at a school.

My 4, 6, 7, 11, a very useful article for the study.

My 6, 5, 5, a draper's measure.

My 5, 9, 10, 11, a canine propensity.

My 3, 6, 7, 8, a bird's habitation.

My 7, 2, 4, what we all feel on hearing bad news.

My 8, 2, 8, 6, a narrative.

My 10, 2, 3, a vessel for holding water.

My 3, 2, 9, 5, an article much in demand by carpenters.

My 5, 2, 3, 4, a sight which on being seen from the vessel gladdens the heart of every sailor.

My 11, 9, 7, 7, a polite salutation.

My 11, 9, 5, 5, a verb signifying to slaughter.

My 11, 6, 6, 5, a part of a vessel.

My 8, 6, 2, 11, a valuable tree growing in India.

My whole is a useful article of household furniture.

A. D.

NO. VI.

I am a word of 11 letters.

My 6, 8, 3, 5, 9, is a christian name.

My 1, 6, 9, 8, is used in letter writing.

My 2, 3, 10, 11, something that cannot be seen.

My 4, 6, 9, 7, an emblem of sorrow.

My whole, the name of a European country.

A. D.

QUESTION.

Suppose a light-house built on the top of a rock; the distance between the place of observation and that part of the rock level with the eye, 620 yards; the distance from the top of the rock to the place of observation, 846 yards, and from the top of the light-house 900 yards: the height of the light-house is required.

C. G. P.

AN INGENIOUS RIDDLE.—“It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do?”

Timothy Johnson courts Susan Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson.

SIR,—If space permit, please insert the following puzzle in your next issue:

“Jig vdyh wkh txhhq.”

I remain, &c.,

THOMAS D. REED.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.—No. 1, —. No. 2, Francis Kellogg. No. 3, —.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.—No. 1, a Kiss. No. 2, Mis-sis-sip-pi.

Our correspondents, when sending their puzzles, &c., would oblige us if they would send in their answers along with them, and before doing so if they would test them themselves, it would be better, as sometimes the insertion of a wrong figure precludes the possibility of finding them out.

The answers sent in by Samuel Hearle are correct.

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