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TRUTH, VIRTUE AND TEMPERANCE.

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POETRY.

[For the Cadet.]
YOUNG MEN.
OSCAR LUTAN.

Young men! you who are just entering
Upon manhood's journey—whose bosoms are
Full of aspirations—pause for a time.
Ere you dash forward in your career,
And look upon the poor miserable
Rascals who are
From one of his's agencies to another
He staggers, seeking the beverage of
Ruin and death, with which to quench the burning
Thirst—the demoniac appetite which
Fashion, foul fashion, do him hath bequeathed.
Then, if you wish to follow in his
Footsteps—
Everything that is manly—everything
That is noble and everything that is
Virtuous—if you desire to—bring the life
Blood from the hearts of your parents, your
Friends and your loved ones, and to sink drowned
And disgraced into a paper's grave.
Present it, and you will your desire gain,
For in the cup which glow 'mid beeches' through,
Or leaps 'neath the dazling chandelier,
There lurks earthly and eternal ruin;
But, if all this you wish to avoid, tread
Firmly the path of TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Selected Tale.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RINGLET.

BY OITIE.

(Concluded)

One evening, as he mingled with the groups that filled the splendid drawing-rooms of the fashionable Mrs. B., one of his acquaintances came up and filling two glasses with wine that stood on the marble side-table, offered one to him. As he was raising it to his lips, a rose-bud fell over his shoulder into the glass, and a voice near him said, in low, musical tone, "Touch it not Knight of the Ringlet. I command you by this token;" and turning he saw Emma standing beside him. As she met his gaze, she passed her delicate hand through the dark curls that shaded her lovely face, and shaking her finger at him impressively, was lost in the crowd. Saville stood looking after her with a bewildered air, as if lost in thought, until the laugh of his companion brought him to himself. "Excuse me," he said, putting down the glass. "You saw the spell flung over me, I am under oath to obey the behests of beauty."
Emma watched him through the evening, but he seemed to avoid her, and appeared thoughtful and sad. They did not meet again until a late hour; she was stepping into her carriage to return home, when suddenly he appeared at her side and assisting her into it, entreated, "Fair queen, permit the humblest of your most loyal subjects the honor of escorting you to the palace." She assented, and the carriage had no sooner started than in a voice, trembling with earnestness, he added, "and permit me to ask if your command this evening was merely an exercise of power, or did a deeper meaning lie therein?"
"I did mean to warn you," said Emma, gently, "that there was poison in the glass—slow, perchance, but sure."

"Add do you think me in danger, Miss Leslie?"
"I think all in danger, who do not adopt the rule of total abstinence; and pardon me, if I say that with your excitable temperament, I imagine you to be in more than ordinary peril."
There was a long pause. When he spoke again his tones were calmer.
"I did not imagine I could ever become a slave to appetite. Often while suffering from the fatigue induced by writing, I have taken brandy, and been revived by it. Sometimes before going to speak in public, I have felt the need of artificial stimulus to invigorate my shattered nerves. Do you think that improper indulgence?"
"Do you not find," said Emma, "that this lassitude returns more frequently, and requires more stimulus to overcome it than formerly?"
"It is true," said he, thoughtfully; "I often speak with more fluency when under such excitement than I can possibly do at other times."
"Once it was not so," said Emma, kindly.
"Very true, but this kind of office wears on my system. I cannot get through with my public duties without help of this kind."
"Does not this show," replied Emma, "that you have already somewhat impaired those noble powers with which you are endowed? Would it not be better, ere it is well nigh lost, to trust solely to yourself than to depend on the wild excitement thus induced?"
"It does, indeed, fool that I have been to think myself secure. But, that is no great matter. I can control myself."
"Let me detain you one moment," said Saville, as they stood upon the steps "to ask you if you have heard others speak of this. I tell you truly," he added, as she hesitated, "Do the public know that I am not always master of myself?"
"I have heard it intimated you were injuring yourself in this way," replied Emma, in a low voice, doubtful how the intelligence would be received.
"And you," said the young man fervently, "you were the kind angel who interposed to save me from the precipice over which I have well nigh fallen. He assured the warning shall not be in vain. A thousand thanks for this well-timed caution," he added, more cheerfully, as they parted, "the Knight of the Ringlet will not forget his vow."

For a few moments the joyous excitement of his spirit continued, as he thought of the interest in him which her conversation and actions had that evening evinced. But when the door closed and shut her fairy form from his sight, a shadow fell over his heart. Other feelings arose and whispered that, after all, it was but pity that actuated her. Love—would she not rather despise his weakness that had need of such a caution? Then came a sense of wounded pride, an idea that his confession had humbled him before her, and ere he reached his home he had become so deeply desponding that he was meditating taking passage for England, and doing a thousand other desperate things, so that he never again might see the gentle mistress who, he had persuaded himself, regarded him with pity that was more akin to disgust than love.

A letter received the next morning, calling him into the country for a week, prevented his executing his rash designs, but a feeling, unaccountable even to himself, made him shun the places where he was accustomed to meet Emma, and made him miserable, till three or four weeks afterward, merely by accident, he found himself seated opposite to her at a concert. Was it fancy, or did she look sad and thoughtful, and why did her eye roam over the crowd, as if seeking some one it found not. So he thought to himself, till suddenly, in their gazing, his eyes met here; instantly she turned away, and then, in a moment after, gave him an earnest, enquiring glance, full of troubled thought. At that look, the demon which tormented him vanished and a flood of inexpressible love filled his soul. He could not

go to her, hemmed in as he was by the audience, but he did not cease looking at her through the evening. In vain, she gave no second look or sign of consciousness of his presence.
"She is offended with me," he soliloquized, as he went homeward; "and no wonder; how like a fool I have acted: I will go to her to-morrow and tell her all."
In the morning he called, but others had been before him, and the drawing room was well supplied with loungers. He staid as long as decency would permit, but Miss Leslie was not at all cordial in her manner toward him, and the dear five hundred friends kept coming and going, so that no opportunity offered for the explanation. "I will go again this evening," said he to himself, and ere he did, Emma stood at the window, beside a stand of magnificent plants, whose blossoms filled the room with fragrance. The lamps had not been lighted, and the moonlight fell in a halo of glory around her, as she stood in sad reverie that cast a pensive shade over her face, usually so brilliant in its beauty. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the door open, and was unconscious of Saville's presence till he was at her side.
"You received me coldly, fair lady, this morning, so that I came back to see if you are offended with me," said he, as she turned to receive him.
"And I, in my turn, ask you the same question, as also why have you absented yourself so had at first spoken, "but can you not understand why I have thus exiled myself? Did you not know it was that I feared you might despise me—you from whom, more than from any one else, I desired esteem, admiration—love." The last word was spoken in a lower tone, and he looked at her appealingly, as if to ask forgiveness for having uttered it. For one instant he met the gaze of Emma's dark blue eyes, and he must have read something there he did not expect to find, for the expression of his own changed into one so hopeful and earnest that Emma's sunk beneath its light. And when he drew Emma into a seat beside him, and in a few rapid words told her what, in fact, she knew before, how long and how well he had loved her, I don't know what she said, for, reader, I came away then.
But I do know that one morning, six months after, some carriages went from Mr. Leslie's mansion to the church, and came back with a party looking most auspiciously happy, and that some hours after, as Edward was conducting his Cousin Emma to a travelling carriage, which stood at the door he said, "So you and Saville have changed positions and you are henceforth to obey. What a tyrant I would be were I in his place. Pray does this morning's act cancel former obligations?"
"The contract is unbroken," said Saville, as swerving for his bride, and producing a lock containing the ringlet—"here is the token that renders the vow perpetual."

A RICH drunkard kept two monkeys for his sport. One day he looked into his dining room, where he and his guests had left some wine, and the two Jacks had mounted the table and were helping themselves generously to the wine—jabbering and gesticulating, as they had seen their master and his guests. In a little time they exhibited all the appearance of drunken men. First they were merry, and jumped about; but soon they got to fighting on the floor, and tearing one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What!" said he, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me? It so affected his mind, that he resolved he would never drink another drop, and from that day he was never known to be any other than a sober and happy man.