

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 1. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, JUNE, 1880. No. 5.

## SELECT POETRY.

### I WISH I WASN'T AN EDITOR.

I wish I wasn't an Editor—  
I really do, indeed—  
We Editors have to work so hard,  
To get what "grub" we need.

We Editors study, all the day,  
Our Latin, Greek and French.  
But just as soon as even comes,  
We "set up" to that "Lunch."

As we gaze out from our window,  
And see the snowballs fly,  
We wish our work in "thunder"  
And a tear stands in our eye.

We Editors cannot stop to laugh,  
Nor have a bit of fun,  
For fear that if we do so,  
Our papers won't be done.

Our papers get the general age,  
Of fatal number, THREE.  
With this we bust, and say to you,  
"This's the last you'll see of me."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

### TWO SCENES.

TEMPERANCE, INTemperANCE.

BY JACK O'MYS.

#### TEMPERANCE.

A stone front dwelling,  
With storeys four,  
A spacious hall  
With a marble floor.

A pleasant room  
With hangings bright,  
A cheerful fire  
A cozy sight.

A happy husband,  
A contented wife,  
And children living  
A Temperate life.

#### INTemperANCE.

A wretched hotel,  
With a window and door,  
Two rooms, four chairs,  
A matless floor.

A rent in the roof  
The sun through it shed  
Its rays on a bundle  
That served for a bed.

An impoverished family,  
A wretched house,  
Caused by Intemperance  
The drinking of Rum.

### A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY CARDEL.

Long long ago, there lived in a far off land, Intyff King of the Fairies. He dwelt in a palace built by Fairy carpenters, rode in a chariot equipped with Fairy trappings, and had at this disposal a Fairy Body Guard. His was the victory in every battle fought, against the Imps, the enemies of the Fairies, and consequently he was honoured and esteemed by his people as a great warrior.

In commemoration of a great victory, lately won, he had erected a golden foun-

tain of sparkling wine, of which the Fairies were wont to drink at pleasure. It was not wine that intoxicated, for only the Imps drank that, but it was the pure unmixed that never affected the drinker.

King Intyff was accustomed to stroll, at least once a day, in the park of his palace, and one day whilst in one of his walks, he was accosted by an old wounded soldier, whom, on requesting to speak to him was at once heard, and began as follows:—O! Intyff King of the Fairies, conqueror of thine enemies and beloved of thy people, hear me, one of thy wounded soldiers. Long have I waited for this day, long has the day been coming. But it has come and now I pray thee hear this my petition,—I Pollor, once a soldier in thine invincible army, now am wounded and can fight no more. I, once rich in gold and silver, now am poor and want for bread. I have fought for thee and have helped to win thy fights, but, wounded in the last, I now ask a favour. Grant me where withall to sooth mine appetite and I will bless thee, pray for thee, and if need be, die for thee.

Intyff, a generous king, replied, "Brave Pollor, Hast thou fought for me? I will repay thee. Hast thou bled for me? I will compensate for thy blood. Though I never in my mind have seen thee, yet I will hear thy prayer. Yonder a week come to my table; I will feed thee and see thee happy." Thus having spoken he departed, but Pollor, watching with dangerous eyes, his retreating figure, shook his fist and muttered—dost thou think I am of thine, cross eyed clown that thou art, for hadst thou squinted straight, thou mightst have seen 'neath this disguise thy deadly foe, Cartell, King of the Imps. Thou hast beaten me in battle but I will conquer thee in cunning tricks, and with a muttered curse he drew from his cloths a concealed dart which hurled into the air at once brought to his side a pair of villains dark as himself; one of whom he despatched to the land of the Imps with all speed to prepare to lead into Fairyland the Impian army at once, but the other he kept by his side.

A week had flown, the world rolled on, and Pollor had dined with King Intyff, and had been dismissed with these words,— "Come hither at dawn, to-morrow is a holiday. There will be prepared a great feast and thou shalt have a seat." Greatly pleased, Pollor, or as we will call him Cartell, departed, and summoning his remain-

ing attendant, he ordered him to repair to the army of the Imps and tell them to enter Fairyland the next day, and be at the gates of the Royal Palace at midnight. Great were the preparations, greater were those of Cartell, King of the Imps.

The Fairies were gathered in from all sides to feast and make merry. The day drew to a close. Midnight was at hand, the great supper was ready. Pollor was sent to the fountain, by his own request to bring wine for the multitude.

He knew his army was outside the gates and ready for his will, for not a sentinel was placed, danger being thought out of the question. So he started, accompanied by a few attendants to procure the wine. No sooner had the astonished attendants passed through the gates than they were seized and carried away.

Pollor returned accompanied as it seemed by his fairy attendants, but really by a number of Imps disguised as Fairies, and bearing, not the pure wine from the fountain but intoxicating spirits from their own land.

The King drank lightly, the people heavier and soon the effects were seen. Confusion appeared, glasses were flying, blows were exchanged, and in the midst of it all Cartell with his army appeared. The unarmed Fairies were totally routed, although Intyff and a few of his followers had escaped. Cartell, satisfied with having humbled the power of the proud Fairies, departed, taking with him all the valuables available.

When the remnants of the Fairies again met at the Royal Palace, with greatly thinned ranks, Intyff with a few of his nobles was there and the kingdom of Fairyland was renewed. The first step that was taken was to call on the mighty Priests of the Fairies to curse all intoxicants and to subject the drinker of them to disgrace, misery, and want. Thus it is that in the end the wine "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Penmanship Art Journal" in another column. We might say that we have seen the Journal, which must be seen to be appreciated, and can pronounce it to far exceed any thing we have ever seen. The Premiums given with each subscription are very fine, and to those who desire to become good penmen we heartily recommend the paper.