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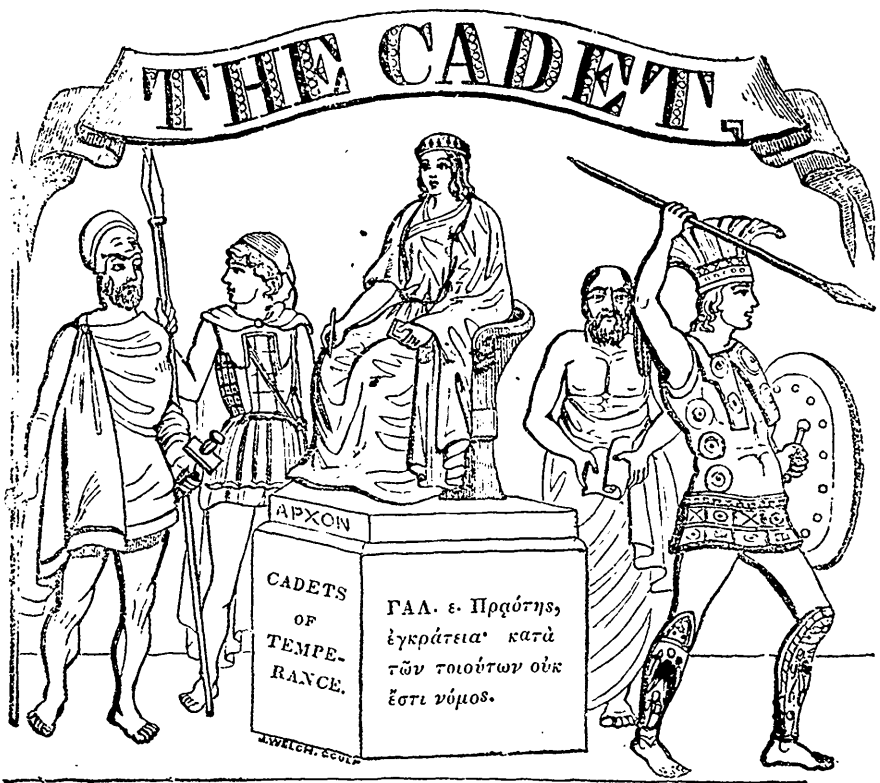
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1852.

No. 8

**Why the Father began to Drink,
 And why he left off Drinking.**

BY MARY IRVING.

PART I.

"What is the matter, Charley, boy?" said a young lady to a little curly three-year old, who came crying into the parlor, where she sat sewing, holding his two chubby hands against his head. "What is the matter? There, be a little man! Don't cry so! Hush up, and tell sister what hurt Charley."

"Charley fall down—bump head!" sobbed the little fellow, leaning the "bumped head" on his sister's lap.

"Oh, Charley must n't mind that! See, Charley is sister Margaret's brave boy, and brave boys don't cry when they hurt

their heads! There, let sister kiss it, and make it well! Now, isn't it better?"

She wiped his tear sprinkled face with her handkerchief, after she had given the healing kiss, and shaking her finger at Charley, surprised him into a laugh. He slid down, and ran off to his play. But he did not play long. He grew tired of his marbles, and rolled them away from him into the farthest corner of the nursery. Then he lay down on the floor and shut his eyes. His nurse, seeing that he was very sleepy, took him up and laid him on his crib-bed.

Margaret sat in the parlor, sewing very happily. She was thinking what a sweet little brother she had—what a "well-spring of pleasure" in the great house, the dear laughing boy was.—Her mother had

died when Charley was a very little baby, and Margaret had ever since taken a mother's care of him. She did not, however, love him so very much as his father did. He could scarcely bear to have Charley out of his sight for a moment, when he was in the house. The boy seemed to be the only thing that comforted him after the loss of his dearly-loved wife. He had three affectionate girls; but he did not love them, all together, so much as he loved his idol Charley's little finger. They were not envious of their brother, for they, too, loved him. Who does not pet a pretty baby—especially a *motherless* baby?

The alabaster clock on the marble mantel-piece rung for twelve, just as two girls came skipping in, fresh from school. They peeped in upon their sister, and ran away to hang up their white sun-bonnets.

"Where's 'babby,' sister?" said the oldest one, who was about nine years old.

"Hush! you musn't make a noise, or you'll wake him up. He has just gone to sleep."

A quick, impatient ring at the door announced their father, who always came home from his store to an early dinner with his children.

"Where's Charley?" was his first question, too, when he came into the parlor.

"He is taking a little nap, father," said Margaret cheerfully.

"Whew! what did you let him go to sleep, just now, for? You know I always want him to frolic with, when I come in from my business! Is he sick?" he added, with a suddenly changed tone.

"Oh, no, father; he was only sleepy a little earlier than usual, and I thought I wouldn't try to keep him awake."

"I don't like it at all," said the father, throwing a discontented glance on his two little girls, who had drawn as near him as they dared, and were looking lovingly into his face.

"Go and get ready for dinner, children," he said, noticing that their curly heads were tumbled.

When he sat down at the dinner table, the sight of the little plate at his right hand, with a spoon in it, a mug before it, and a high chair behind it, seemed to take away all his appetite.

"Margaret, I'm going to wake up that boy!" he said, rising from his seat.

"Oh, why, father? I wouldn't!"

"It is nonsense to have him going to sleep this hour—the only one, between morning and night, in which I can see him! Besides I am afraid he is sick."

So the father went into the nursery, and Margaret followed him, half amused, half provoked, at what she thought his needless anxiety.

The blinds had been shut, so that the large room was almost dark. The father lifted up a lace fly-net, which fell in graceful folds around the crib, and looked at the child silently for a moment. He had not the roses on his cheeks that had been in bloom there an hour before; he lay, with one arm over his head, still and pale, with heavy, dark purple circles around his half-shut eyes.

"This child is sick, Margaret!" said her father tremulously.

"He was well half an hour ago," whispered Margaret, doubtfully.

"Charley, my darling! wake up!" said his father, gently kissing his hot forehead.

Charley did not move, nor open his eyes. He breathed quickly and strangely.

"Charley, my boy! Charley!" cried the father, shaking him, to arouse him.

The child just moved his eyelids, with a murmur of pain, and then settled back into that strange stupor of sleep.

"Send for Dr. H——, Margaret!" exclaimed the father, huskily, catching up the child in his arms.

Rose and Abby, the two little sisters, ran all the way to the office of Dr. H——, and told him as well as their crying would let them, to "*make haste, and come that minute, for sweet little brother was very sick!*"

Dr. H—— came immediately, and shook his head with sad surprise, when he saw the little sleeper.

"He has had some fall!" he said.

"He has never had a hard fall!" answered Margaret. "This morning, he just tripped his foot and fell over on the floor; *that* could not have hurt him, could it, doctor?"

"That is the cause!" said the doctor, seriously.

"But, doctor, he was at his play again in five minutes!"

"The fall has produced congestion of the brain, I fear," said the physician, in a low tone, as he turned, with a sigh, to the almost useless task of writing a prescription. He had known the dear child

from his birth, and saw very well how the happiness of the family was bound up in his life.

Medicines were brought and tried, to no purpose. Other doctors were called; but none of them could waken the boy from that lethargy, although they had done all that human skill could do. Sweet Charley never woke in this world again. He lay several days in this stupor, never reviving so far as to know his father's face, which bent over him every hour, haggard and wild with agony. Then he fell into a deeper sleep—a sleep from which no physician ever tries to waken any one—a calmer, paler, colder sleep than the other had been. Charley, my dear children, was dead.

His dear little body was strewn with roses, as it lay in its small rosewood coffin, and sprinkled with the saddest tears of Margaret and the other sisters. The father did not shed any tears over it. He was too much agonized to weep. He would not look on his dead boy's face, but shut himself into his chamber, and spoke bitterly against the almighty, irresistible Power which had taken, a second time, his dearest treasure on the earth. Oh, if he had but thought, as Margaret thought, when she leaned over the sweet, still face, half blinded by her tears, to take a last look, that Charley was not there, to be shut away from their sight, and laid in the ground—that he had gone to be with his dear, blessed mamma in heaven—if he had thought thus, perhaps he would have bowed his head, and prayed, "God's will be done!"

But he did not pray thus. He was not willing that God's will should be done. His own will would have been, to have kept his precious Charley with him; to have frolicked with him, petted him, and perhaps spoiled him for that happy world. He felt as though the great father in heaven was his enemy, and had done him all the evil in His power. He said, bitterly—

"I care for nothing now. There is nothing worth living for! Fate—you may call it 'Providence' if you will, Margaret—has done its worst! I have nothing more to hope for or fear in this life!"

Poor man! his heart threw away, as it seemed, all his dear girls, who loved him so much, and would so willingly have comforted him! He would not stay to be comforted by them. He could not find comfort anywhere, with his rebellious heart. So he tried to forget his sorrows.

He began to drink a great deal of wine, and sometimes even stronger drink; until, in less than a year, the once highly respected, the talented Mr. L.—bore the name of a drunkard. He was not yet a common sot, wallowing about the streets and gutters; but he seemed on the high road to that state. He still kept up some appearance of respectability, and did not beat his children—only scolded them when he was intoxicated. But even the youngest of them soon saw that a great change had come over their papa and their dear home.

(To be continued.)

Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never last for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something s'erling, that will stay
When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A

boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;

A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

A Remarkable Sermon.

A story is told of Dr Beecher, of Cincinnati, that is worth recording, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister in exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And, when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, fa-

miliarly calling him by name. 'I do not remember you,' said the doctor. 'I suppose not,' said the stranger; 'but we spent two hours together in a house alone once in a storm.' 'I do not recall it, sir,' added the old man; 'pray, when was it?' 'Do you remember preaching twenty years ago in such a place, to a single person?' 'Yes yes,' said the doctor, grasping his hand, 'I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.' 'I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio.—Hogg's *Instructor*.

Character for Integrity.

We have somewhere seen a notice of a Rotterdam thread merchant, who had accumulated fifty thousand dollars by his own industry, punctuality and integrity, and it was remarked of him that he never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and would never take more than a reasonable profit. By these means he acquired such entire public confidence, that his customers would as willingly send a blind man or a child to buy for them as go themselves. We refer to the case not to intimate that we have no such instances among ourselves, but for the purpose of suggesting the great value to any business man of such a character, and the exceeding agreeableness to dealers with him of the confidence he inspires. And we affirm nothing extravagant in saying that the character for strict integrity acquired is of as much real worth to its possessor as the pecuniary savings of his industry. Let such a man lose by any misfortune all his money, he is still a man of capital, of weight, of influence, and is the superior, on more business calculations, of many a man of large monied means. But the beauty of the thing is this, that any man, however small his business and limited his capital, has just as good an opportunity of winning confidence as the millionaire. Integrity in small things is even more impressive than integrity in great things. And after all that men may say in praise of the enterprise, skill, shrewdness, and tact of particular business men, there is one character towards which all minds instinctively render their reverence—and that is, the man who would rather be honest than wealthy, and who prefers integrity to gain.



The Serpent's bite.

There are many kinds of serpents in the world. They are to be found of all sizes, from a few inches to thirty or forty feet long. They are of different colors also, black, yellow, green, striped, and so on. Some of them are very fierce and venomous, whilst others are quite harmless; and of those which are poisonous, the bite or sting of some is much more dangerous and deadly than that of others. It is chiefly in warm climates that serpents are to be found, especially the largest and most poisonous ones. The boa constrictor, the cobra capella, and the rattle-snake, are the most formidable and dangerous of them all. The first of these is so large that it will twine itself round the body of a full grown deer, crush its bones to pieces, and swallow it at one meal.

It is not, however, about any of these serpents that I intend to speak to you farther at present. It is not, in fact, a *real serpent* at all, but to something far more terrible and dangerous than the most noxious creature that ever crawled upon the earth, that I now wish to call your attention.

Intoxicating drink is the great monster to which I refer, and I speak of it as a serpent, because I find it said in the Bible, that holy book of God, that it "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;" and as serpents are generally cunning and fierce, as well as venomous, so I find it also written in the book of God, that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and I think I shall be able, before I have done, to convince you all,

my dear young friends, that intoxicating drink is infinitely worse than any serpent that was ever seen, and that you ought to fear and avoid it, as you would the most noxious and dangerous reptile.

To prove this, there is one thing I may mention first, and it is this, that the very worst the most venomous serpent can do, is to occasion pain, and it may be death itself to the *body*; but the serpent alcohol not only poisons the *body*, but also the *soul*, often bringing the one to an untimely grave, and the other to everlasting misery. Some do indeed recover from the wounds which this serpent inflicts, but many, very many, are fatally stung, never to be cured. In Britain alone there are, as you have often heard, not far from a million of persons so grievously bitten by this raging monster, as to render their recovery all but hopeless, and of these about sixty thousand actually die every year—die not merely as other men die, but die miserably, die eternally! For God has said that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

And what is very sad, and very strange the oftener men are bitten by this fiery serpent alcohol, the more do they seek to be bitten again, so infatuating is the power of this great destroyer. It is also a lamentable fact, that good men are sometimes grievously bitten by it, and such is the unhappy effect it produces upon the mind, that even persons eminent for piety have sometimes been known, under its influence, to commit the most wicked and abominable actions. You will read in the Bible how that great and good man Noah,

society of escaping the deluge, disgraced and dishonored himself by drunkenness, and how righteous Lot did the same when just newly rescued from destruction with the wicked inhabitants of Sodom. Look at their history, and you will see what a bad business it was for them to allow themselves to be bitten by the cunning serpent alcohol. I could tell you of many others besides them, both in old times and in our own day, who have taken this viper into their bosoms, and found it to be a deceiver. I could point to many in our towns and villages, and all over the country, staggering under the maddening influence of its poisonous sting; but I have not room at present to do this, and shall therefore conclude by exhorting you above all things to beware of this arch-deceiver, this subtle serpent alcohol. You need never be bitten by it unless you please. Only abstain from intoxicating drink, and you will never feel its raging poison in your bodies or in your souls. Other serpents cannot always be avoided. In countries where they abound they often creep into houses, and use their poisoned fangs with deadly effect, in spite of every precaution. Not so with the serpent alcohol. Touch it not, dear young friends, and it will never harm you. Avoid it, flee from it, pass it by, make war against it as the enemy of man, as a deceiver and destroyer of souls. It may seem at first safe and gentle, but at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—*From Tracts for the Young.*

The Good Abstainer.

To be an abstainer is good. To be a good abstainer is better. This is what we wish every reader of the *Cadet* to be, and therefore proceed to show what a good abstainer is.

1. *A good abstainer understands his principles well, and is always endeavoring to understand them better.* Though his knowledge is very creditable for his years, he is not puffed up with it. He feels that he needs more; and the more he gets the more he desires to get. And therefore he reads, thinks, converses with his companions, asks questions at his teachers, looks about him and makes observations, gathers facts and reasons from them, punctually attends the meetings and lectures for the young; and thus, by these and all other means in his power, seeks to be constantly adding to his knowledge.

2. *A good abstainer has become such*

from good motives. His own safety, and that of his friends and neighbors; the removal of intemperance, Canada's greatest curse, and in its removal, the physical, social, moral and religious improvement of his country; that he may be instrumental not only in introducing, but in upholding and transmitting new and better domestic and social customs, and thus be a blessing not only to his own age, but to generations yet unborn—these are his motives for becoming an abstainer. And are they not worthy, all of them?

3. *A good abstainer is prepared to defend his principles.* He does not seek for or delight in controversy. When his principles, however, are attacked, he stands up for them manfully, and defends them ably. But while his reasonings are strong, his manner is mild. He thinks too highly of the cause, and is too much in earnest, to banter or jeer, or call bad names, or say anything fitted merely to wound or irritate an opponent. 'Soft words and hard arguments'—that is his motto.

4. *A good abstainer does what he can to spread his principles.* Here is what he says, — 'What is good and safe for me, will be safe and good for others; and I must not keep the good to myself. I have little brother and sisters; I must try to get them to join me. I have some school-fellows that I love very much; I must try to get them along with me to our meetings and lectures. I know some little boys that are in very great danger; I must try by all means to get them to become abstainers, for if they do not, they will certainly become drunkards.' This is what he says and does. And what I say to you, little abstainer, is, Go, and do likewise, and you will be a good abstainer too.

5. *A good abstainer adorns his principles by his practice.* Everywhere he honestly and honorably adheres to his principles. Through good report and bad report, amidst smiles and sneers alike, he acts up to his principles. Look to him surrounded by temptations. He stands firm and fast, like a rock. Mark him amidst the jests and jeers of would-be wiser associates. How mild, and calm, and noble his bearing! Does it not seem to say, 'Laugh on, my boys? The truth is mine—safety is mine—health and happiness are mine. And let them laugh that win.'

6. *A good abstainer endeavors in all other things to be good.* 'Yes,' says he, 'I must remember what my kind teachers

tell me, and strive, not in one thing only, but in everything to be better than others. I must keep away not only from intoxicating drinks, which are bad, but from bad places, bad people, bad books, bad companions, bad customs—from everything bad, I must keep away. And I must strive to be intelligent, kind, and courteous; everywhere and in everything well-disposed and well-behaved; if possible, the best in the family, the best in the school, the best in the play-ground—among all of my years, whether for learning, or morals, or manners, the best. Above all, I must remember that though abstinence is a very needful thing, it is not *the one thing needful*. No; Religion is the one thing needful. And this must be first, and above all things minded, for

'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.*

Well, then, my little reader, having now told you what a good abstainer is, I have two questions to ask. 1. *Are you an abstainer?* If not, why? My advice to you is, the sooner the better; and for every reason that you can bring for not becoming an abstainer, I promise to give you ten for becoming one. 2. *If one, are you a good abstainer?* Do you think that you have all the six properties that have been mentioned? If not all, how many have you? Try and find out, and resolve that you will never rest till you can say *all are mine*. That will make you safe and happy; and I shall be happy too.

Poetry.

The Valley Nis.*

BY E. A. POE.

Far away, far away,
Far away—as far at least
Lies that valley, as the day
Dawn within the golden East;
All things lovely—are not they,
One and all, too far away.

It is called the Valley Nis,
And a Syriac tale there is
Thereabouts, which time hath said
Shall not be interpreted :

* In this number, which contains a rapid sketch of a deceased man of genius,—slain by alcohol,—we judge it proper to present our readers with a specimen of his poetic talent. We have read much of Poe's writings. His prose is superior in our opinion to his poetry, but in both there is abundant evidence of high literary attainments, artistic skill, and great mental brilliancy. Ed. *Cadet*.—[See Editorial.]

Something about Satan's dart—
Something about angel's wings—
Much about a broken heart—
All about unhappy things;
But "the valley Nis" at best
Means "the valley of unrest."

Once it smiled a silent dell:
Thrice the people did not dwell,
Having gone into the wars,
And the sly, mysterious stars,
With a visage full of meaning,
O'er th' unguarded flowers were leaning,
Or the sun ray dripp'd all red
Through tall tulips overhead,
Then grew paler, as it fell
On the quiet aephdell.

Now each visitor shall confess
Nothing there is motionless,—
Nothing, save the airs that brood
O'er the enchanted solitude—
Save the airs with pinions furled
That slumber o'er that valley world.
No wind in Heaven! and lo! the trees
Do roll like seas, in Northern breeze,
Around the stormy Hebrides.
No wind in Heaven! and clouds do fly,
Rustling everlastingly
Through the terror-stricken sky,
Rolling, like a waterfall,
O'er th' horizon's fiery wall.
And Helen, like thy human eye,
Low crouched on Earth, some violets lie,
And, nearer Heaven, some lilies wave,
All banner like, above a grave.
And one by one, from out their tops,
Eternal dews come down in drops;
Ah! one by one, from off their stems,
Eternal dews come down in gems!

* To Mary Ann.

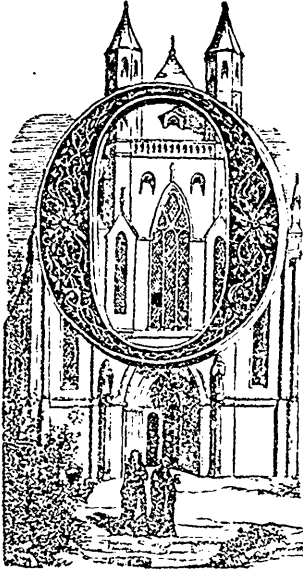
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
So fair	So sweet	So sharp
First bent	Then drew	Then hit
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
To like	To learn	To love
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
Doth lead	Doth teach	Doth move
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
With beams	With art	With sound
Doth blind	Doth charm	Doth rule
Mine eye	Mine ear	Mine heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	Mine heart
With life	With hope	With skill
Your face	Your tongue	Your heart
Doth feed	Doth feast	Doth fill
O face	O tongue	O wit
With frowns	With cheek	With smart
Wrong not	Vex not	Wound not
Mine eye	Mine ear	Mine heart
This eye	This ear	This heart
Shall joy	Shall bend	Shall swear
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
To serve	To trust	To fear

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, NOV. 1, 1852.

Edgar Allan Poe.



UR young friends will recollect, that in our last number we gave an article on *Genius*, and showed what sad work intoxicating liquors often made with minds of the highest order. Poor *Rogey*

Payne was the particular case then noticed; but in our concluding remarks, another name was mentioned, which is repeated at the head of this article. Since the time of writing our last editorial, we have become acquainted with additional particulars concerning Mr. Poe. It is a painful task for us to write about this young man, because we had some acquaintance with him, when he was Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a monthly magazine of sterling value. Nevertheless to fortify the minds of our young people against the seductions of strong drink, we must delineate as briefly as we can the character and downfall of E. A. Poe, as we find them in the pages of the *National Magazine*.

The subject of this notice was born in the United States, sometime in the year 1811. His parents were actors in the theatres. They died within a short time of each other, leaving three children des-

titute. The oldest was Edgar, who when about six years of age was adopted by a rich merchant of New York. The boy was remarkably quick, active and intelligent. After a time the merchant and his wife went to Europe, and took with them their adopted boy. They placed him under the care and teaching of a clergyman, near London. He came back to finish his education in America, and was sent to the college of Charlottesville amply provided with money. He had shown great aptness for learning, and promised a brilliant future. But it is said, we fear with too much truth, that in those days dissipation among the students of colleges, was unhappily but too common, and none went further into the vices of drinking and gambling than Edgar. He was remonstrated with and advised, promised amendment, but failed to fulfil his promises, and was expelled from the Institution.

Soon after this he left his country, with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks in their struggles for freedom against the Turks. He did not reach the proposed scene of enterprise, and nothing was heard of him for more than a year. One morning he was found at St. Petersburg, by the American Minister, who was summoned to save him from the penalties of a debauch, and through whose influence he was saved from imprisonment, and enabled to reach the United States. His old patron and friend was the first to greet him on his arrival. Edgar expressed a wish to become a soldier, and he was entered as a scholar in the Military Academy, at West Point. For some time the young cadet assiduously pursued his studies, and was a great favorite with the officers. But his old habits got the mastery over him, and in ten months from the time of his matriculation he was cashiered.

Although thus disgraced, his old friend received him to his home and family. This time, however, so great were the offence, and profligacy of Edgar, that he forfeited all claim to friendship and aid. Just as

the sun of happiness was again about to shine upon him, a quarrel of a serious nature took place; he was excluded, and when his old patron died, he left Edgar no portion of his wealth. It was after this event, that the young prodigal began to think of writing for the press. He did so, and was successful, but his habits of dissipation disqualified him for protracted writing and close thought, and he gave up the idea of living by the productions of his pen. He enlisted as a private soldier in the army, but just when his talents were recognized and promotion awaited him—he deserted, and nothing was heard of him for more than two years.

However, in 1833, he was the successful competitor for a literary prize. His appearance when he called to claim his prize, is thus described: "He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want, and illness. A well worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots, discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman nevertheless; for his face and hands, though haggard and attenuated, were clean and spotless, his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing those of a scholar." No wonder he awakened an interest and a desire to save him, and bring out the stores of thought that were in him. He was employed as second editor of a magazine, and everything for a time again promised well. He was successful; married a young and beautiful girl; found a cottage, which the care, economy and gentle temper of his wife, made a *home*. But alas! for good resolutions without prayer to God, the young husband fell again, *through his devotion to the accursed bottle*. It would be difficult and sad to follow him for the next few years. He repented and was forgiven. He changed places and employers, in rapid succession. He wandered from state to state, from city to city, a hard working,

aspiring, sanguine, talented man, never constant, but to the dangerous besetment of drink. Efforts of friends were apparently successful in reclaiming him, but he had no firmness. He was a confirmed drunkard. His young wife died broken-hearted. His mother-in-law remained constant to his falling fortunes, and what he wrote, she disposed of as best she could. For a little while, he again shook off the lethargy of intoxication, and was caressed with congratulations. He was engaged to be married, but he returned to his pernicious habits, and the engagement was broken off.

The last portion of this melancholy tragedy may soon be told. Mr. Poe partly recovered from his excesses, and was engaged in delivering lectures, in various places. They were well received, and brought him a competence. He was distinguished at this period by extreme sobriety, was received into the houses of friends, and was again engaged to be married. The dawn of a better day appeared, but it never came. On a sunny afternoon, in October, in the year 1849, he set out for New York, to fulfill a literary engagement and prepare for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions to convey it to the Railroad station. In an hour he would set out for Philadelphia. But he would just take a glass before he started—for refreshment's sake, that was all. Fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, bride, honor were forgotten; and, ere the night had well set in, he was in a state of filthy intoxication. *Insanity ensued*; he was carried to a public hospital; and, on the 7th of October, *he died a raving madman.* He was only thirty-eight years old, when this last dreadful scene of his life's tragedy was enacted.

There is no fiction here. Thus actual-

ly lived and died Edgar Allan Poe. His life, a death—his death a dismal end of life on earth. But in the spirit world he still exists, and who can think of that great soul in presence of unsullied purity and justice, all stained with complicated guilt, and not shed tears of lamentation. Thus we see how finished sin, most surely brings forth death. Young friend, or reader, shun the path of sin, and never touch the cup of wine or woe producing drink.

Notices to Correspondents.

Hephisba need not disturb herself. Exercise patience. Your poetry will appear if we deem it good enough.

L.S.—Like yourself we deem the "German Legend" to which you refer decidedly unsuitable for a juvenile magazine. The subject is too high and holy for legendary fiction. A refined mind would revolt at it, and a Christian Editor would write upon it "rejected."

A.T.—You must get a copy of the "Advocate," if you wish our answers to the "True Witness." We cannot admit lengthy discussions into the columns of the "Cadet."

P.—"Early Days" is published in England. You can order it of E. Pickup, Montreal, or A. Green, Toronto.

Aliquis.—You'll find your portrait in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," chap. 26.

Sarah.—If you will be less reserved, and give us your name and age, we will endeavor to answer your questions.

Henry.—Why, my dear fellow, you need not have been surprised at all at what you heard him say; little people think themselves qualified to do great things.

Enquirer.—Yes, the Queen has sanctioned the New Brunswick Anti-Liquor Bill, and it will soon be proclaimed as law.

Officers for Current Quarter.

Union, October 6th, 1852.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I send the following list of officers of Union Section, Cadets of Temperance, No. 150, for the ensuing Quarter, viz.:—

Walter Green, W. P.

William Beattie, W. A.

George Drummond, V. A.

Cyrus Thayer, T.

John Doan, A. T.

Thomas Moore, S.

Charles Gimons, A. S.

Joseph Ellison, Guide.

Isaac Brock Thayer, U.

Alonzo Ellison, W.

Archelus Willis, J. W.

This section was organized in the County of Elgin, on the 28th April, 1852, with 18 members, and, at present numbers 27 members. We have to thank our Worthy Patron, Walker Green, for his interest in the Cadets—Yours in V., L., and T.,

THOMAS MOORE, Sec.

Montreal, Oct. 15th, 1852.

Sir,—I beg to submit to you a list of the Officers elected in the Royal Mount Section, No. 115, Cadets of Temperance, for the present Quarter, commencing Oct. 1, which is as follows, viz.:—

Henry Ruse, W. P.

F. W. Campbell, W. A.

R. A. Becket, V. A.

Geo. S. Munday, S.

Wm. Mearns, A. S.

W. Miller, T.

D. J. Fox, A. T.

A. Ascher, G.

T. Robinson, U.

L. Levey, W.

W. E. Boyd, Jr. W.

By order,

GEO. S. MUNDAY, Sec.

R. M. S., 115, C. of T.

Quebec, October, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to send you a list of the Officers of Concord Section, No. 116, Cadets of Temperance, viz.:—

B. Cole, jr., W. P.

Malcolm McEachern, 1st W. A.

Wm. White, W. A.

V. McKinley, V. A.

Wm. Richardson, S.

Thomas Ryan, A. S.

Thomas Fitch, T.

J. G. Thomas, A. T.

John Smith, G.

R. Falls, U.

A. Calvin, W.

Wm. Benson, J. W.
 C. Brodie, C.
 J. G. Leitch, P. W. A.
 Yours in V., L., and T.,
 Wm. RICHARDSON, Sec.

Charlottesville, 11th Oct., 1852.

Dear Sir,—The following are the names of the Officers elect, Charlottesville Section, No. 135, Cadets of Temperance, to serve for the Quarter, commencing 1st October, 1852:—

Geo. Richmire, W. P.
 Jacob J. Loucks, W. A.
 H. L. Cook, W. A.
 E. Barnhart, C.
 A. Govo, W. A.
 Albert Whitney, V. A.
 Martin Erysler, S.
 R. McDonald, A. S.
 Geo. Anderson, T.
 Pliny Whitney, A. T.
 Geo. Moor, G.
 Charles Loucks, W.
 Frederick Loucks, W.
 J. McDonald, J. W.
 John Hickey, P. W. A.

Our Section is in a prosperous state, and numbers 58 contributing members.

I remain, yours, in V., L., and T.,
 EDGAR AULT.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

Dear Sir,—As I neglected to send you a Report of Mount Pleasant Section, No. 63, Cadets of Temperance, for the last Quarter, permit me to send you a Report for the present Quarter. Our Section was organized with twelve members, April 30th, 1851, and although we have not made as much progress in numbers, as some Sections have done, yet, I think we can say that our members are firm total abstinents from all that can intoxicate. This is the great object we have in view—and if we can save the rising generation from the pernicious habits of intemperance, we have gained a great victory. May our cause go onward, till the Demon, intemperance, is swept from our land.

The Officers of our Section, for the present Quarter, stand as follows:—

William King, W. A.
 George Kane, V. A.
 William Best, T.
 Thomas Best, A. T.

Thomas H. Best, S.
 William Thompson, A. S.
 William Sadlor, G.
 Abraham Best, U.
 Valentine Best, W.
 Jacob Best, J. W.
 James McLean, D. G. W. P.
 Thomas Bell, P. W. P.
 Joseph Robinson, A. P.
 Thomas Sheren, A. P.
 William Moor, C.
 Yours, in V., L., and T.,
 SAMUEL J. BEST, W. P.

Mount Pleasant, Cavan, }
 Oct. 18th, 1852. }

[For the Cadet.]

PAINFUL AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

As Michael Collins and William Burket, two of the Cadets of the Richmond Hill Section Cadets of Temperance, were taking sand from a bank in the neighborhood, on Friday afternoon, Sept. 3, a large bank gave way, and buried them, and before help could be obtained, they were both suffocated.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed by the Sons and Cadets the same evening:—

At a special meeting of the Sons and Cadets of Temperance, at Richmond Hill, called on the occasion of the sudden and accidental death of Michael Collins, and Wm. Burkett, members of their Order, to take into consideration the painful and afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, in their untimely removal, by the falling in of a sand bank.

Resolutions:—

Resolved, that the members of this Order, in view of the late afflictive and painful bereavement, deeply sympathize with the afflicted friends on this occasion.

Resolved, that the sum of £1 be drawn from the Treasurer of this Division, and presented to Mrs. Collins, mother of one of the deceased.

Resolved, that as many of the Sons and Cadets as possibly can, do attend the funeral, with suitable badges on the occasion.

Resolved, (by the Cadets), that 10s. be drawn from the W. P. of this Section, and given to Mrs. Collins as a funeral benefit.

Resolved, that a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the Toronto Watchman, Son of Temperance, and Montreal Cadet.

E. DYER,
 Chairman of Committee.

Farmersville, Oct. 23, 1852.

SIR,—In accordance with your request in one of the numbers of your excellent journal called the *Cadet*, I send you the names of the Officers of Farmersville Section, No. 131, Cadets of Temperance, installed on Monday evening, the 4th inst., by D. G. W. P. E. R. Johnson, as follows:—

James Dixon, W. P.
 Joel Clark, W. A.
 Willard Wiltse, V. A.
 Joseph Gilliland, T.
 Justis Smith, A. T.
 W. J. Clark, S.
 Isaac Algire, A. S.
 Isaac Digby, G.
 M. Vanloon, U.
 Samuel Blanchard, W.
 Harvey Smith, J. W.
 W. H. Giles, C.

The W. P. appointed W. Landon, first A. P. and James Denning, second A. P.

Our Section is in as prosperous a condition as ever, as regards its numbers and influence; the members are improving mentally, and I hope morally. On the night of installation we listened to several addresses from members of this Section, as well as Sons of Temperance. The following resolution, explanatory of the conduct of Past Worthy Patron, E. R. Johnson, who has governed this Section for six months past, was put and carried unanimously.

Moved and seconded—"That we tender a vote of thanks to Br. E. R. Johnson, Past Worthy Patron, for his conduct in governing this Section for the last six months, and also, for his activity in helping to found this Section; and that we highly appreciate his kindness to us in assisting to maintain the Section. And we also attribute its prosperity partly to his conduct in regularly attending the Meetings, and also, for his promptness in instructing the Officers in the discharge of their duties. We also regret that his term of office has expired, and would most earnestly solicit his frequent attendance at our meetings."—Carried.

Moved and seconded—"That the Secy. of this Section, present a copy of the above Motion to Br. Johnson, Past Worthy Patron."—Carried.

Moved and seconded—"That the above Motion be sent to the Editor of the *Montreal Cadet* for publication."—Carried.

WM. J. CLARK, SECY.

TRUE SOCIAL DIGNITY.

To be ashamed of their origin, is just now in American society, the weakness of the little mines that compose it. The man who rides in his carriage shrinks from the acknowledgment that the money whice enabled him to buy that carriage was earned by his father, dollar by dollar, with toil and patience, in a tan yard, behind the counter of a shoemaker's or tailor's shop, or by honest industry in some other useful occupation below (so called) the grade of the merchant or professional man; as if the man did not honor the work, and not the work the man.

To such let Daniel Webster speak.—Hear him: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist—I make it an annual visit—I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war, shunk from no toil no sacrifice, to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind."

And we will add, that he who is ashamed of the poor father and mother, whose honest labor supported him in childhood, and whose daily toil was taxed to give

him the education by which he has been enabled to rise to a condition above the one they occupied, is unworthy to be the associate of wise and good men. All such will despise him; and no matter how loftily he may carry his head, he is nothing in the estimation of America's true nobleman.—*Home Gazette.*



Pigeons, Wild and Tame.

Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History," gives the following testimony to the affection of the common domestic dove: "A man," he says, "set to watch a field of peas which had been much injured by pigeons, shot an old male pigeon who had long been a pensioner on the farm. His mate immediately flew down upon the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most affecting manner. The man took up the dead bird, and tied it to a stake, thinking the sight of it would frighten away the other pigeons. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly around the stick from which the dead bird was suspended. The kind-hearted wife of the man who cultivated the farm, at length heard of the affair, and immediately went to the field, to afford what relief she could to the poor widowed bird. She told me, that, on arriving at the spot, she found the hen much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track around the dead pigeon. It was not until her loved mate was removed, that the mourning widow returned to the dove-cote."

Audubon, in his biography of birds, tells a very interesting tale about a pirate who was reformed by the agency of this bird. I must give the story in the words of the naturalist: "A man who had been a pirate, assured me that several times,

while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sand of a well known key, which must here be nameless, the soft melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness within him with the happiness of former innocence can truly feel. He never left the place without increased fears of fury, associated as he was, I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of the dove, the only soothing sound he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooing of the dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what Pope declared to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amid difficulties and danger; but no danger seemed to be comparable with that of living in violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in the midst of his friends."

THE CHURCH VS. TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three when Louis the sixteenth was beheaded and the French revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical.—With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence and landed at New York in June 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my faineer stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day." I arrived at New York on Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at 9 A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they enquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the sabbath day'" and, had I no respect for the fourth commandment, I have not yet forgotten his advice."

They went to the fields; I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate at morning, afternoon and night service—total, threepence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig at two dollars a day, wine, cake and ice cream, on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock P. M., half drunk, and having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose next morning at 9 o'clock, with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and angry conscience, besides 12 dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at 5 A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet and commenced the labours of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn 12 dollars a week. My business, that

of a wrought nail maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year my Sabbath-riding ship-mates had fine coats, fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Potter's or some other fields; while I having received from my Maker a good constitution, and common sense to take care of it, I'm as sound in my mind, body and spirit as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governors wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch,) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness during all that period.

A PRESBYTERY ON TEMPERANCE.—The Catskill Presbytery, at its last meeting, echoed the universal sentiment of clergy and church, in the following righteous resolve:

Resolved—That this Presbytery most heartily approve of the principles of the law for the suppression of intemperance, recently adopted by the Legislature of the State of Maine, and also by the legislatures of several other States, and would hereby earnestly recommend to the churches and congregations under our care to adopt such a course of practice as may secure, as speedily as possible, its adoption by the Legislature of our own State.

MAINE LAW IN VIRGINIA.—A convention has been called to meet at Stanton, Va., August 4th, the principal topic of which is to be the necessity of the Maine Law in the Old Dominion. The Sons of Temperance, and indeed, all temperance organizations favor the enactment of such a law. With their powerful advocacy, its success is promising.

A CLOSER—A country surgeon, who was bald, was visiting at a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said 'you see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig.' To which the servant replied: 'True, Sir, but an empty barn needs no thatch.'

Several lists of officers of Sections have been received, but not a sufficient number to warrant the issue of a Supplement. We publish those on hand at the date of going to press, and hope that at another quarter the officers of Sections will be more punctual, and let us have the lists in time.

Puzzles for Pastime.

No. 1.

SIR,—By inserting my first attempt at anything of this nature, you will oblige—

My 8, 3, 5, is extensively imported.

My 6, 7, 5, 1, 2, from which we are not free.

My 2, 3, 5, 6, what we could not well dispense with.

My 6, 5, 1, 3, a fruit.

My 4, 5, 1, a small animal.

My 8, 7, 3, 1, 2, we use in health every day.

My 8, 2, 3, something definite.

My 3, 1, 4, a contraction.

My 2, 7, 5, 8, experienced generally in summer.

My 2, 3, 7, 6, caution.

My 6, 7, 3, a river in Scotland.

My 7, 5, 4, 2, individually.

My whole has been found extremely useful to the Canadian public.

M. N. V.

No. 2.

SIR,—The insertion of the following will oblige—

The most instructive of the works of God ;

The noblest beast that e'er the forest trod.

A mighty general in the time of need ;

The name of one who for God's cause did bleed.

The brightest picture which the eye can wish,
Except it be sweet Eden's loveliness.

The greatest evil that our world does know,
Excepting that which in our nature flow.

A mighty river in the eastern world,
Renowned for much that is in history found.

The cause that made famed Tell to fight,
And struggle with such deadly might.

Now if, in leisure time,

You add a *proper noun* to every line,

The initial letters soon will show

The name of one who reign'd supreme below.

GEORGIUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

No. 1.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

H A R L E Q U I N.

No. 2.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

S P A R R O W.

No. 3.—MONEY LETTER.

No. 4.

What can art boast more noble than the
Press ?

What scene more fair than Eden's loveliness ?
Rejoicings are well known in time of peace ;
The nature's essential to the tenant's lease.
The ploughman's solace while he holds the
plough,

Is evening joys around the happy hearth.

The soldier's duty, perilous ; the lover's vow

Is oft the vilest perjury on earth.

Opulence and office never yet were won

By merit ; Luna's seen betwixt the earth and
sun.

The idol by the miser most adored

Is the rich ingot in strong coffers stored ;

The same, or infidelity, we choose,

As the distinctive badge of Jews.

Sovereignty is every loving wife's ambition ;

Salary or stipend's due to clerical tuition.

Now, if the initials of these words of mine,

Which correspond, I hope, to every line,

Be put together, you will find the whole is

That much famed ancient city—PERSEPOLIS.

The answers sent to Enigmas 1 and 2, by
George William Verrall, Chatham, are, as he
will perceive, correct.

AN ACROSTIC.

T ruth hath a little champion raised

H igh in the sober world's opinion ;

E ager to be with justice praised—

C autious it enters Rum's dominion.

A challenge is to Alcohol hurl'd—

D espair hath seized a drunken world !

E rror, affrighted, sees advance,

T he Maine Law—Soul of Temperance !

T. DOE.

Things to Think about.

CHANGE.—Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

See that your experience is not like the light of a ship hung astern, illuminating only the track it has passed.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow—keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

In the early and best days of Greece and Rome, it was either valor, justice, virtue or ability that raised men from the common throng above their fellows. Wealth had no share in the advancement.

I am much afraid that he who at the first sight treats me as a friend of twenty years, will, at the end of twenty years, treat me as a stranger, if I have some important service to ask of him.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portion should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed—'That in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty.'

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in the city of Williamsburg, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'do you descend so far as to salute a slave?' 'Why, yes,' said the governor, 'I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.'

EDUCATION.—Man, though born with a capability for much that is great and exalted, would have scarcely any idea beyond the pleasures of sense, were he left by others to follow his natural inclinations. Education calls forth the latent capability, and creates a taste for refined enjoyments.

He is not a free man, who, convinced that it is right to adopt a certain course of conduct, adopts a contrary one for expediency's sake, whether to gratify the vanity of another, to suit his own temporary interest, or to avoid the censure and punishment of a stranger.—He is not a free man, and he will never conquer. The votaries of fashion and mere custom are slaves.

BEAUTIFUL SAYING OF A DYING MAN.—The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows:—"You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening or in the dark night. These are not times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Things to Smile at.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Shropshire girl, she blushes like a new blown rose, and says smartly, "You daren't do that twice more."

Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheel-barrow, and undertake to wheel himself!

A person who was in delicate health being asked by a friend, "Will you venture on an orange?" replied, "No, thank you—I should roll off."

"Hallo, watchman, are we in space?" cried a trio of wanderers in the granite city. "No, you're in Skene Terrace," was the reply of Charle.

BAD SIGNS.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post. It is also a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter, supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor innocent dog all sorts of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

A GOOD JOKE.—Decidedly the best joke we have heard for a week was played off on a relentless, sharp-nosed constable, in the western part of the State. He started out to arrest a person who had often escaped pursuit, but who, he was informed, was at that time in a neighboring corn field. The constable, wishing to take him by surprise, took a roundabout direction, scaling the sheds and fences opposite, when, "squatting," he crawled stealthily along, and at length pounced upon his victim, clenching him firmly around the waist, exclaiming, "you're my prisoner." He had nabbed—a scarecrow.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A MR. WILDER.

There was a couple *wild* with joy,
In courtship while progressing;
All other pleasures seemed alloy,
And hardly worth possessing.
'Twas hoped that Hy-men's silken band
Might make this couple milder;
But ah! how vain are dreams of man,
Alas! they both are *Wilder*,

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

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