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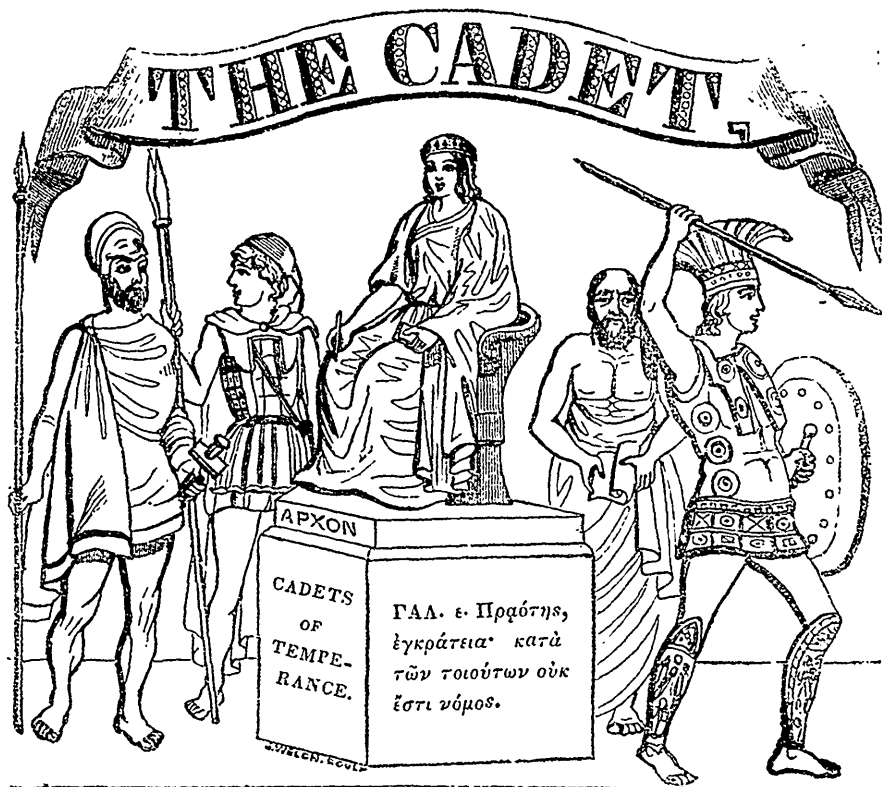
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1853.

No. 12

The Trembling Eyelid.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, that during our war of revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, and steered from the harbor with a fair, fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever braved the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbor of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cloud was terribly

severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks.— She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt or hardihood endure. But so fearful was the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together on the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

But unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny,

and madness ensued. The officers remained clearminded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved about them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. —The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the halt-frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in places surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who, they supposed, refused to do their bidding. Others there were, who, amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see; and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear.

A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attributes. At length death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of death only by the trembling of one of his eyelids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain and lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from

the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial ground at Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink.—My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew, if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious; they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings of hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water. —I toiled with a rope to drag it up; but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks, for we found that by

occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach. Then my comrade died; and I lay beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.

"Presently the violence of the tempest that had so long raged, subsided; and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead. And I was so exhausted with toil, and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again.

"They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dearest sister, save me!' Methought the last man had gone, and I besought my redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said: 'Come back, and help me out with this poor lad. One of his eyelids trembles—he lives.' Oh, the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your lesson of temperance saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said: "Praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my old age."

The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THERE IS IN THE SEED.

The "History of a Plant" begins with the changes which take place when the seed grows. And changes most wonderful they are! You put the dry, hard grains, which you had kept perhaps for several years, and had

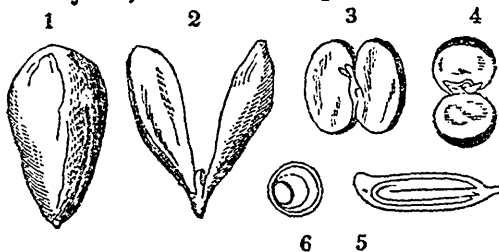
seen no alteration in all the time, unless they became harder and drier,—you put them in the ground, not very deep and watered them; and after a little time, each grain has changed into a plant, and has a root running down into the mould, and green leaves on a stem which has pushed its way up into the air? If we had never witnessed this, and some one spoke of it, as if it happened only in other countries in which he had travelled, how surprised we should be, and what questions we should ask him! And after all, perhaps, we should think he had made a mistake, and had *fincied* that tall trees tiny mosses, waving corn and sweet-scented flowers, had come from seeds.

If I were to show you *what there is in the seed*, you would soon see how it is that they can turn into plants; but you would not wonder the less at the change. It would seem more wonderful than ever, after you had looked at the preparations made *inside* the seed, for the time when it would have to grow. I cannot *show* this to you; I can only describe what is there, and give you a few little drawings, that you may know what I am speaking of; but if you will pay attention to what I say, though you cannot learn all there is to be known about seeds, you may learn enough to shew you, that, not only

"There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes God's glory known,"

but that every part of every plant and flower tells us that God made it.

Let us take an acorn, a nut, or an almond, and strip off both its shell and its skin, (for I have nothing to say to you about *them* at pre-ent,) leaving only the white part of the kernel; *that white part is a little plant.* This

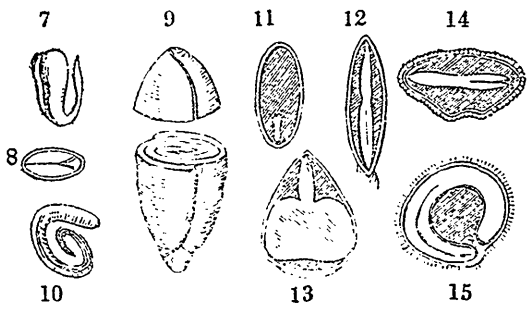


woodcut (1) represents an almond after both shell and skin are taken away; it has a crease going almost round it, by which you can split it into two parts and a little beak at the narrow end, which will not split, and which keeps those parts together. If we split it carefully, so as not to break either part off, it will look as I have represented it beside the other at (2). A part of the "beak," as I called it, stands up between the two parts of the kernel, and that is the bud out of which the stem and leaves would grow; out of the "beak" the root would thrust itself down into the ground; and these two parts, standing up like wings now, are the "seed-leaves," about which you will hear more in the next chapter. It is you see, a small plant.

But why are the "seed-leaves" so thick? They are not so much like leaves. You shall hear; For I will not make you wait till I tell you how the seed grows. When the little plant begins to grow, it wants "food," before it has either a root, or a leaf, to get any with. It would not grow at all if it had not some provided for it; and those two thick leaves are its *larder* and

store, until it is strong enough to gain from the kind earth, and the rain, and the soft air, what it needs for growth and thriving.

There is no end to the different ways in which this "little plant," and its first supply of food, are packed into the seed. There are some where the "seed-leaves" feed it, as they do in the almond, the nut, and in all like them. You will guess the drawing marked (3) to be a bean, and (4) to be a pea. The next are represented larger than they really are, that you may see the parts more distinctly; (5) shows you the seed of a small kind of wild mustard, cut down from end to end through the middle, in which the two "seed leaves" are folded back, so that the ends of them lie next the part from which the root is to grow; and (6) is the same seed cut across through the middle, so that you may see how those "seed-leaves" are wrapped round the stem of the little plant. In (7) and (8) you see how the "seed leaves" of the wall-flower lie side by side, after being doubled back upon the stem, just as those of the wild mustard were. The next (9) is the seed of the pomegranate; it



is cut in two, and one piece is lifted up a little way; the "seed leaves" here are rolled round each other very beautifully; and (10) is the "little plant" out of another kind of seed, the name of which you could not remember, if I told you; the two leaves, you see, have been rolled up differently from those of the pomegranate, and it is partly unrolled.

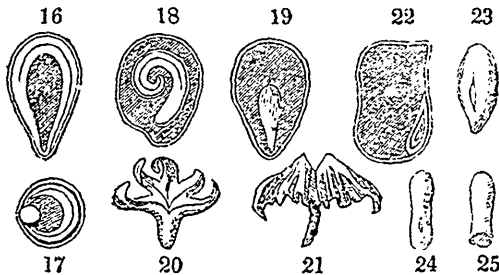
I must now show you another way in which the "food" for the young

plant is stored up, not at all like those you have seen. The woodcut marked (11) shows you a seed of the pretty little blue-bell, which grows upon heaths, cut through the middle; the young plant takes up only a little room in it,—all the rest is provision for it ready against the time when it will begin to grow. Those marked (12) and (13) are seeds of the small, sharply-stinging nettle, which I dare say you know too well, cut in two; the "little plant"

is upside down in it; and (13) shows you how broad the "seed-leaves" are. In the primrose it is laid on its side, in the midst of what it will have to live upon, as you may see in (14). Do you remember the rough seeds of that gay weed, the corn cockle? In them the "larder" is not very well supplied; but they are hardy plants, and will grow in spite of all the farmer's hoes and weeding-hooks: and (15) will show you how the little one in the seed lies all round its store, as if it were guarding it. This is more curious in the seeds of the marvel-of-Peru; it not only lies round it, as you see at (16) but, as (17), which shows the seed cut across the middle, makes very plain, it stretches the edges of its "seed-leaves" quite round its "food" the other way. The young potato plant (18) is coiled up in its well-stocked

storehouse. In most of these the two "seed-leaves" are thin and flat. In the common fir-tree (19), instead of two, there are several leaves, which lie closely together, and so there are in the lime-tree (20); and in the maple (21), instead of being flat, they are folded like a bat's wing when it is asleep.

All that I have told you about yet, are plants of the kind, which have *two* "seed-leaves," or more. I have not said a word about those which, like the grasses, have only *one*. But a few words will be enough for them now, along with the drawings. Perhaps you have grown Indian corn in your own little garden, and have not forgotten how the grains looked when they were cut open; (22) shows you. The little plant lies close in a corner, and you cannot see the stem and the leaf



part so plainly as in the other drawings; and all the rest of the seed is the "food" prepared for its days of sprouting. At (23) you see all that a grain of rice shows of the "little plant" in it—a narrow slit, for the first leaf to come through; and the slit is narrower still in the seed of the lords-and-ladies (24).

And now I think you can see what makes the wheat-grains so valuable to us, and what the flour they give us is: it is the provision got ready for the young plant. What robbers we are! The silk-worm spins itself a covering, and we unwind it all, and make it into dresses, ribbons, and velvets, and I do not know how many fine things! The bees gather honey from the flowers, and store it up in their waxen cells against the winter time; but we carry it

off, and use it ourselves! And so we take what the wheat had prepared for young plants of the next crop, and grind it well, and make bread of it, and call it our "stuff of life!"

You have seen a cocoa-nut, with its hard thick shell, and its sweet white meat, and its "milk," as the boys call it. What a large seed it is; no, it is a great "larder," with plenty of good stuff in it; the young plant is so small, like what I have drawn at (25).

This is but a very little about what there is in the seed. I have not said anything about ferns, and mushrooms, and mosses, because their seeds are like fine dust; and it would be of no use to tell you what you cannot go and look at for yourselves, until you are old enough to read the large books which

have been written about plants, and to understand more than I could put into these short chapters. But you can imagine what marvels there must be in those tiny seeds, from what I have shown you of the larger ones.

I promised you that these dear flowers should teach you something new about God; and they have done so at the very first step. We have cut open a few seeds to see what was in them; and we have found what only God's great wisdom could contrive, and only His power perform;—we have found what He alone, who made all these things, would care for them enough to do! We surely may hope that all the way through we shall see most plainly that we are studying the works of God.

Chained to a Ball.

I was a boy once; I would be happy, indeed, could I say that, as I became a man, I put away childish things, and that I have now entered upon my duties and my responsibilities as only a man may. But I have one boyish thing about me yet, and it is in this wise:—I was once passing the barrackyard in the city of Quebec, and hearing the sound as of soldiers marching, I climbed up the wall and peeped over. There was a company of soldiers, and a short distance in advance of them, a single private with a large cannon-hall chained to his foot. He had been guilty of some *misdemeanor*, and was condemned to the task of parading a certain number of hours each day, with this irksome companion. And as I have grown older and learned to think for myself, I have applied its moral in some cases which have come under my observation.

When I see a young man, just on the threshold of life, loitering away his time in unprofitable amusements and unworthy associations, which consume his precious seed-time, and burden him with evil influences which will probably go with him, and form a thorny pillow when he lies in the silent grave, I think that *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man cuts off the restraints of early impressions, and enters the bar-room, there to spend his evenings, and perhaps his nights, in dissipation and companionship with the vile, whose god is Bacchus, and whose oblations are pro-

fane jests and godless sneers and licentious songs, I turn aside and weep, that he will madly forge and weld the links with which *he is chaining himself to a ball*.

When I see a young man elastic with hope, whose path points to certain success, or to undying fame, seeking relaxation from the fatigues of business or the application of a student's life, at the gaming-table or the theatre, or on the bosom of unhallowed delights, I do verily feel assured that *that man is chaining himself to a ball* which will roll with its victim into a premature grave.

When I see a man suffering important engagements to slip by without fulfillment, from a habit of carelessness or a want of energy, I feel assured that experience will ere long prove to him that *he has been chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man runs into debt, and is negligent in paying his obligations when due, or lets his business take care of itself while he is attending to trifling employments, he will find to his sorrow, that *he has been chaining himself to a ball*.

When a young man forms a habit of extravagance and of living beyond his means, and thus squanders the bounties put into his hand for a virtuous and faithful stewardship, he will find that he is wasting the uncreated capital of a future which is not his, and is, moreover, *chaining himself to a ball* which will grow more rusty and burdensome every day.

And I have seen young women, too, who bound themselves by a gilded chain to a ponderous ball.

When I see a young woman, bright in all the loveliness of virgin prime, spending her time and consuming her intellect in chasing the fictions of the novel or the follies of the romance, O how gladly would I break the chain which binds her to such a ball!

When I see a young woman neglecting the duties of the fireside, which should be a little paradise of bliss, and threading the mazy walks of the gossip and the tale-bearer, or walking through the highway, 'that she may be seen of men,' I say to myself, '*She is chaining herself to a ball.*'

When that fair young maiden looks into her mirror and admires the beauty pictured there, and sets her heart on its outward adornment, I think *she, too, is chaining herself to a ball*.

When, in short, I see a young woman spending her time in that which profiteth not, under the teachings an' allurements of vanity or fashion, I cannot avoid saying

to myself, 'She is chaining herself to a ball.'

Reader! old or young—man or woman, —take those chains off your aching limbs, and be free!—From 'Little Silverstring and other Stories.'

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME OF

THE CADET.

Experience and success in the undertaking have satisfied the Undersigned that he was right when, a year ago, he projected and resolved to publish a Monthly Periodical, devoted to the interests of the young, especially for those who were associated together in Temperance Societies. He, therefore, now announces that *The Cadet* will be continued as a

Juvenile Temperance Magazine Monthly,
Of a size suitable for Binding,

1s. 3d. per year, or 1s. when ten or more Copies are ordered, with the cash in advance.

The Cadet will contain, every Month, suitable Editorial Articles, Original, or carefully selected Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., &c., always prepared with reference to the cultivation of sound morality and Total Abstinence.

Considering the vast importance of rightly training the youth of our country, we invite the co-operation of the parents and guardians. Every family could easily afford to have a copy of *The Cadet*. It will be the ceaseless endeavor of the Undersigned to promote the proper education of those who must soon fill the prominent and responsible positions in our country.

By means of *The Cadet* much good may be effected, and he confidently again appeals to the good sense and intelligence of the public for support in a wise and generous undertaking.

The first number of the Second Volume will be published on the 1st day of April next, and the Subscriber trusts that new orders will be sent in immediately.

J. C. BECKET,
Publisher.

Montreal, Feb. 1, 1853.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1853.

To the Readers of the Cadet.

As you have now before you the last number of the first volume of this juvenile monthly, you can judge whether we have fulfilled the promises we made when on the first day of April last we presented you with our first number. It was our determination to make a useful magazine, which parents could safely put into your hands, saying "Here—you may read this through—all that it contains will convey a valuable lesson on the several subjects on which it professes to treat." Chiefly have we endeavoured to keep before your minds the benefits of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks? because we are persuaded that your happiness, peace and prosperity much depends on your persevering maintenance of this principle. There is no novelty now in the temperance reformation; there may be some who despise it, and you may be required to bear a little reproach, but that will do you no harm. Our duties have been pleasant and agreeable, from a persuasion that every month, what we have written and selected was adapted to secure your mental improvement and moral advancement. At the close of the volume we think our engagements have been fulfilled, a suitable variety of instructive reading has been furnished at a very cheap rate. *The Cadet* has attained a large circulation. Our experiment has succeeded and to all who have aided the enterprise we return our sincere thanks, and solicit their co-operation for another year. We beg to call your attention to the Prospectus in another column. We shall endeavour on our part to make the Second volume of *The Cadet* increasingly entertaining and instructive. Renew your subscription—delay not—and make an effort to place this Juvenile Magazine in every family in British America.

Shocking end of two Criminals.

The New-York papers a few weeks ago, gave an account of the execution of two young men, one named Saul, aged nineteen, and the other Howlett who was only a little more than twenty. They were found guilty of murder, and for this awful crime were hanged by the neck until dead. The New-York *Organ* says there was not "any satisfactory evidence that they repented truly and unfeignedly before the execution. Some think their words and manner at the scaffold, as well as their plot only a few days before, to kill two of the prison watchmen, and effect their escape, look very little like a proper state of mind, even in the last hours of their lives."

The causes which led to so dreadful an end may be learned from the following remarks of the *Organ*:—

"The lives of these boys, and their dreadful end, stand out in strong relief, to warn the multitudes of youth in this city who are pursuing precisely the same path. Boys by thousands here, have commenced as Saul and Howlett did, by casting off all regard for parental counsel and control, and placing themselves under the influence of rowdyish, rum-drinking youth, and running their rounds among the grog shops and dens of prostitution by night and by day, brutifying their natures, and blotting out all remains of conscience, engaging in petty crimes first, and then launching out into the open sea of daring iniquity, plundering where chance offers in their midnight maraudings, and soon will be prepared to strike the murderous blow to save themselves from detection and arrest."

Bad company and drinking habits were their ruin. What a warning does the fate of these youths convey! "We have no words" says our excellent contemporary, "to express the feelings which have been awakened in our breast by the history and fate of the boys who were hanged in this city last week. When we think how rapidly they ran their course, the number and enormity of their crimes, the deep grief and shame they brought upon relatives and friends, we feel as if we could go from door to door at the homes of these youths who are following in their steps, and beg them to stop now and mark out a new course for themselves. What a scene was that when mother and sisters took

their last leave of the guilty son and brother. And oh, the agony of that house, when the strangled, lifeless, corpse was received back for burial at the home of his childhood. Heaven spare all other mothers and sisters such a bitter fate. Thoughtless, sin-loving, reckless youth of New-York, pause and think."

Not to the youth of New-York alone is such a warning necessary, but to the youth of our own land. "Enter not into the way of the wicked," and if you know of any young people who drink and keep bad company, try to save them, and let your good example especially betoken your firmness in the way that is good.

General Pierce's only Son Killed.

Mr. Pierce was elected President of the United States last November, and will enter on his term of office on the 4th of March next. He had a fine little boy who was accidentally killed by the breaking of a wheel or axle of a railroad car. In the *Well Spring*, of Feb. 11, we find a short account of young Pierce, which we copy, as we believe it will be interesting and useful to our young friends:—

There has seldom been a death (says the *Well Spring*) more sad or painful, or which has awakened a more heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved, than this. This lad was about 12 years of age, and the only surviving child of his parents. In his sudden death, all their fond "purposes are cut off," and their cherished hopes in regard to him, instantly crushed, and they are "written childless."

A few months since, this dear boy listened with very noticeable and interested attention, while we preached to the young, and addressed the Sabbath school of which he is a member, in Concord, N. H.; and, on reaching home,—as the father informed us on Monday,—he repeated, with an animated countenance, to his beloved mother, much that he had heard.

This mysterious providence should teach us, young and old, children and parents, that in no condition in life, however promising, are we secure against the destroyer; and it should lead us to be ever ready for our own summons hence.

Of the many other persons who were injured by this disaster, some have since

died in consequence. The following incident connected with the accident, is very touching:—

“One brave little girl, ten years of age, whose ankle was so badly broken as to render amputation necessary, never shed a tear, but kept saying, ‘Don’t cry, mother, you see I don’t.’”

THE POWER OF THE SUN.

Professor Youmans delivered a lecture a short time ago in New-York on the “Chemistry of organized bodies.” The first enquired how it is that the gases of the air are transformed into the solid fabric of vegetable structures of plants, he shows how each requires certain earthy minerals to sustain health and growth. He then speaks on the power of solar light and heat.

We now, said the lecturer, inquire what is the motive power which, as it were, drives the vegetable machine? We shall find it in the radiations which proceed from the Sun. Every one is aware of the powerful control of solar light over vegetable growth. Healthful growth cannot be made to take place in darkness. In the shade also, plants are feeble and sickly; it is only in strong light that they are sound and vigorous. But the agent which we commonly term light, as it comes from the Sun, is very complex. It contains several different forces and produces a variety of effects. One of these forces effects the animal eye, and is distinctly the illuminating force; another acts upon the thermometer, it is heat, or the calorific force; another force exists in the solar beam, known as the actinic or thionic force, which produces chemical decompositions, such as those of the iodized or chlorinized silver plate in the Daguerreotype process. The lecturer here called attention to a diagram, showing how these forces are separated by the refracting power of the prism forming three spectra, the colored or illuminating spectrum, the calorific spectrum, and the chemical spectrum. The calorific force was the least refracted, and the chemical force most. The illuminating principle we observe to be split up into several colors, and there is reason to believe that the calorific and chemical forces are modified in a corresponding way. There is another force emanating from the Sun which has charge of the orbs and masses of the solar system. Those which we are now considering have charge of atoms. The heating force drives all atoms further apart and thus expands bodies. The chemical force controls the affinities and combinations of different kinds of atoms, and there can be little doubt that the illuminating force is connected with peculiar decompositions which

take place within the retina of the eye. It is not yet certainly established to which of these forces the changes which occur in the leaf may be ascribed. Dr. Draper has proved that the force which decomposes carbonic acid lies in the yellow region of the colored spectrum. But we can hardly attribute this change to the illuminating principle. All our knowledge of the difference among these forces depends upon the different classes of effects which we see produced; and certainly there is sufficient difference between the oxidations and constructions which characterize the vegetable leaf, and the changes which occur in animal organisms to justify us in attributing them to different forces. However this may be, it is under the influence of a chemical power from the Sun, that combustible and nutritive compounds are constantly elaborated in plants. Here we have the grand compensation of the organized world—oxygen gas antagonized by solar radiations. This gas burns, destroys, and consumes forever, and is hence the perpetual foe of life and organization. The solar force does the opposite thing. It collects the poisonous products of combustion, rearranges them into new combinations and re-endsows them with the properties of vitality or life. The atmosphere is the scene of these conflicts—the gases are the substances chiefly engaged, and the organized world is the product of their reaction.

The Chemistry of Food and Digestion was to be the subject of another lecture. Being a very important and useful topic we shall take note of it for the benefit of our readers and to incite them to useful study and reflection.

Eastern Star Union Daughters of Temperance, No 1.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

It gives us great pleasure to have to state to you the progress of this Division since our commencement. Although much distracted by the late fire, and many of our Members left homeless, yet we have been much encouraged by that regular attendance, and close attachment to the order, that even in the worst of times we have been progressing beyond our expectations. Amongst us the greatest harmony exists, and we would desire to cultivate that love to others, which we ourselves enjoy, and thus we are prepared to say—

Daughters of Temperance, hail the day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold,
And may each female heart and hand,
Unite, to drive intemperance from the land.

And in conclusion, we would beg to report our debt of gratitude to our many friends who have aided us in sustaining this glorious cause, viz. To the Jonadab Division, Sons of Temperance, for their liberal support and kind attention in granting us the free use of their rooms, furnished, lighted and heated, all ready for our accommodation, without expense. To Messrs. G. Pearson and Hodgson, for their unwearied attention, and valuable instructions for our better conducting the Order. To Mr. F. Carlisle, for his donation, of a beautiful gilt frame for our Charter. To the Cadets for their very kind invitations, and the warm reception shown to us when visiting their rooms. To all friendly to the cause we tender our sincere wishes.

REBECCA MAXWELL,
Pre. Sister.

Music hath Charms.

Perhaps some of our readers are cultivating a taste for the science of music, and wish to attain a creditable proficiency therein. If so, we recommend them to send to B. Dawson, Bookseller, Montreal, and order "The Musical World and New York Musical Times." It is published weekly, at \$3 a-year—sixteen pages large quarto. In addition to the music, there are many pages of first-rate reading matter, chiefly musical, and altogether in harmony with the title. Dyer & Willis, Publishers, 257, Broadway, New York.

Notices to Correspondents.

B. C. The Book you refer to was republished in New York, and can be had at Dawson's

Epsilon. Of course we think your opinion best. If your young friend chooses to give half a dollar for a similar article let him do so.

Liberty. We wish all the boys and girls of Canada to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They cannot be too deeply impressed respecting the horrors of the slave system.

Enquirer. The New York Crystal Palace will be opened, we understand, in the month of May next.

W. E. S. The National Magazine, published by Carlton & Philips, New York, we have no hesitation in recommending as a sound, sensible, Christian family Magazine. You can order it of E. Pickup, Montreal.

A Mother's Love.

The strength of maternal affection has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than in the following incident:—

A writer in *The Springfield Republican*, from the Worcester Insane Retreat, says:—
There is a small pond in the garden. Just opposite the pond, I saw a woman, humbly dressed, looking in the water.

'That poor woman,' said the Doctor, 'has been here for several years. She assists in the kitchen, and is perfectly harmless, although incurable. She is the wife of an industrious man, living in an adjoining town. They had a family of three boys, two of which died suddenly, of the scarlet fever. Within a week of their burial, the mother proceeded to a pond near by for some water. As she was dipping her pail, she saw something just beneath the surface which attracted her attention, and taking a wooden rake, she pulled it to the bank, it proved to be the body of her remaining child. A walnut-shell, with a piece of paper stuck in the centre, was floating upon the water, which, no doubt, sailing from the reach of the child, caused him to stretch for it, lose his balance, and be drowned. Before sunset she was mad—raving mad—and was brought here. It is her daily custom to watch that water for a few moments, just at the hour she discovered the body of her child, and then to return quietly to her work. But if she was not allowed to do so, which, by way of experiment, has been tried, violent fits and convulsions would follow.'

'You say she is incurable,' said I.

'Quite so, we think. Under superintendence' continued the doctor, 'she is quiet and useful here; but without it she would be even dangerous.'

While he was speaking, the mother, whose bereavement of her children had driven her mad forever, turned upon her heel, and with her face turned to the earth, walked slowly toward the house. As she approached, the doctor called to her, and dropping a low courtesy, she stood looking at us.

I have seen faces whose melancholy expressions might chill the blood like the keen east wind, and the power of sympathising with them be very limited. But, of all that I have seen, not any have approached the one I now looked upon, in utter absence of all life's sunshine. Pale, ashy pale were her features; her lips were hueless, and her eyes sunken; her lower jaw dropped almost upon her breast, and looked like grief personified.

'Poor creature,' exclaimed the doctor, 'what wretchedness of mind is there depicted!'

'I never saw it equalled,' said I.

'No wonder,' replied he. 'For five years a smile has not played upon her features, and in my opinion, never will.'

Dear reader, if you are young and

blessed with a Mother's love, be thankful and let your mother know that you love her.

Influence of a Newspaper.

A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:—

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places and nations, and their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesmen, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness, in their use of language.

The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:—

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil,

taking its morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

The Child and the Queen.

Refurcht (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little daughter, with whose religious instructor he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Sonhausen, and was so much pleased

with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and the page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, and gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which everything was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice, the words:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendor of thy throne."

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration and piety, in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"

My Little Girl.

I have a bonnie little girl
Who often climbs upon my knee,
And turns her blue and sparkling eye
In loving glances unto me.

She twines her arms around my neck,
And clasps me in her fond embrace;
And now her fingers catch the pen
With which these simple lines I trace.

Her pattering step I love to hear—
The tripping of those little feet—
They bid my heart with love awake,
And quicker with affection beat.

She talks, and laughs, and sits, and runs,
All other children do the same;
But then, of all the world, I know
I still love best her cherished name.

Her gentle heart is full of love,
Her voice is music to my ear—
Her ringing laugh, joy's golden sound,
More than fine gold to me is dear.

There never was her like. I'm sure!
Whoever had so blue an eye?
No little girl has ever spoke
Such loving words—I scarce know why!

Somehow, a strong and lasting chord
Has bound my soul—it ne'er can break!
It binds her close and closer still,
Whene'er I sleep—whene'er I wake!

And oft I ask with earnest prayer
That grace may all her soul subdue;
May make her spirit pure and fair,
And all her inmost heart renew.

And then, when she and I have passed
Life's changing road with trusting heart,
May we unite in heaven above,
There never, never more to part!

Puzzles for Pastime.

SIR,—Should your space permit, by inserting the following in your next, you will greatly oblige:—

No. 1.—I am composed of 22 letters.

My 21, 13, 3, 14, 17, 20, is an idle fellow.

My 2, 4, 20, is to mistake.

My 14, 10, 17, is to recompense.

My 14, 2, 8, is a marsh.

My 9, 2, 3, 8, is the second dignitary of a diocese.

My 22, 10, 3, 11, is costly.

My 9, 2, 3, 9, is motionless.

My 14, 17, 8, 22, is to keep off.

My 22, 17, 3, 21, is a great part.

My 9, 10, 15, 17, 20, is to discourage.

My 22, 17, 15, 10, 1, 15, is to abhor.

My 10, 5, 15, 3, 15, 17, is general interest.

My 14, 3, 8, is to ventilate.

My 21, 7, 4, 22, is a nobleman.

My 13, 3, 14, is an idiot.

My 8, 10, 15, is no more.

My 8, 21, 18, is at this time.

My 7, 4, 3, 15, 19, 11, is a man of eloquence.

My 4, 3, 11, 17, is scarce.

My 11, 10, 3, 22, is to discover.

My 5, 7, is in like manner.

My 2, 8, 22, is conclusion.

My whole the title of a celebrated book.

BROCK ROSE.

Wolford, Feb. 12, 1853.

No. 2.

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,

My age did hers as far exceed,

As three times three does three;

But when ten years, and half ten years,

We man and wife had been,

Her age came then as near to mine,

As eight does to sixteen.

Ques. What was each of our ages when we were married?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Uncle Tom's Cabin,

2. Obey your Parents.

The answers sent by M. A. Walling, and Typho, to Puzzle No. 1 in February number are correct.