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# THE CADET,

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DEVOTED TO THE

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INTERESTS OF THE DAUGHTERS

AND

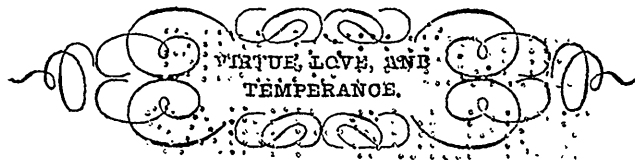
JUVENILE TEETOTALERS

OF

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

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VOLUME I.—FROM APRIL 1852 TO APRIL 1853.



MONTREAL :

PRINTED AT THE POWER-PRESS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF JOHN C. BECKET, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

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# I N D E X.

## TALES.

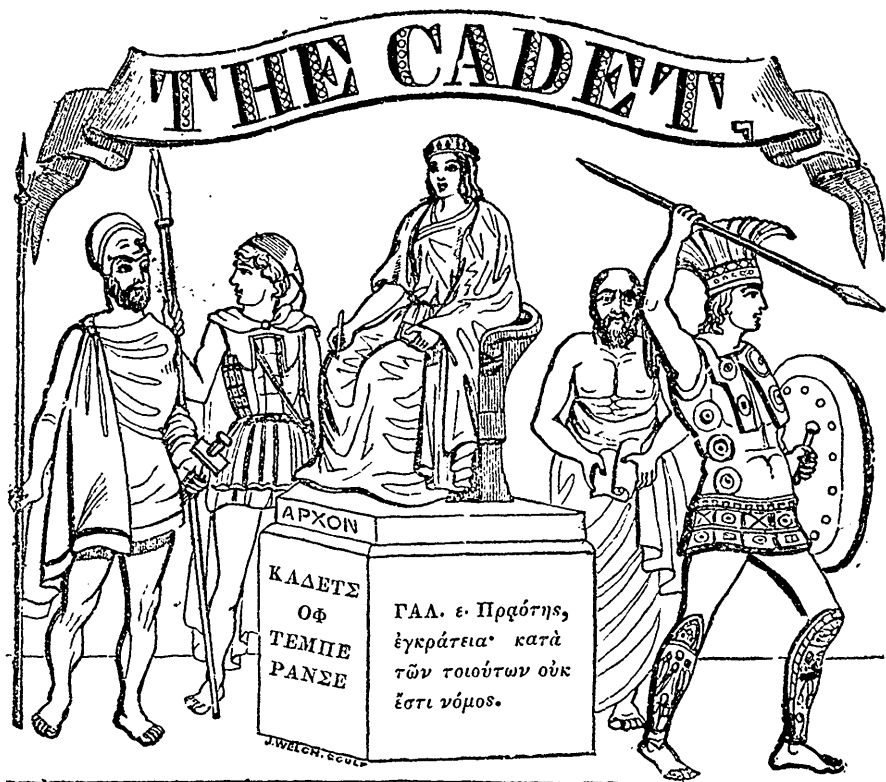
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

## Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

**VOL. I.**

**MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1852.**

**No. 1.**

### Our Frontispiece.

We have to thank our esteemed friend Mr. Dutton, for the above beautiful design, as a frontispiece; all the more acceptable from its being a free gift, as well as an evidence of the good wishes of the author for the success of the *Cadet*.

In explanation, we give the following letter, from Mr. Dutton; who, we may remark, has been 24 years a Teetotaler, and ten years a "Son," being one of the first:—

I send you herewith the Sketch I promised for a frontispiece to the *Cadet*. Permit me to explain that the centre figure is meant to represent the Archon, sitting in his character of Greek magistrate. On his right are young men to defend his person and office, allegorical of the Cadets' defence of the cause of Temperance. On his left are, a Greek philosopher, to counsel him, alluding to the counsel of the Sons of Temperance, and a Greek soldier in the act of attacking the enemy, in

reference to the Cadets' attack, under the Archon's guidance, upon the enemies of the Temperance cause, and upon the vice of Intemperance.

The costumes may be relied on as classically correct. In front of the Archon's seat is an inscription in Greek, of, "Cadets of Temperance," and at the side a quotation from the Epistle to the Galatians, "Meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." Hoping it will please, and be of service to the cause

I remain,

With best wishes for the *Cadet's* success,

Jos. T. DUTTON.

Craig Street, March 19, 1852.

Our Frontispiece thus exhibits an emblematic view of the great object of our Publication—the welfare of the rising generation, and the happiness and prosperity of our country, by the overthrow and annihilation of the invader and tyrant Alcohol. Under the emblem of Greek warriors, clad in the equipage in which

they gained the distinguished, and never-to-be-forgotten victories of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Plataea, clustering around the Archon, for the defence and support of their liberties and laws, our worthy phalanx of Cadets are represented, supporting and defending the Worthy Archon in the discharge of his duties, and furthering the great cause of Temperance. Those on the left are standing to defend, while the one on the right is aiming his well poised javelin at the fell destroyer. A Son of Temperance, under the emblem of a Greek Philosopher, is represented counselling the Archon, from the scroll in his hand, supposed to contain the laws of the Order. May a recollection of the daring deeds and devoted patriotism of the Grecian youth, animate our Cadets to braver deeds in a nobler cause than theirs!

[FOR THE CADET.

### The Return Home.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.



THE little village of Clansboro, was situated in the North of England, and famed for the beauty of its scenery; its inhabitants were not renowned for riches, but they were for health; and many independent gentlemen resided in the beautiful suburbs, in preference to having their children pent up in a town. Not far from the old church lived an excellent maiden lady, who took the orphan children of her brother to support, although her own income was limited. They were mere babies, when taken under their aunt's care, but Frank Stanley, the eldest, was now sixteen years of age, and his sister somewhat younger. Frank would long ere this have been striving to earn his own living, and lessen the burden to his aunt, but the state of his health forbade this. Now, however, the puny boy was changing into the stronger youth, and he was about to

leave home for the city, and enter a merchant's counting-house. Edward Richmond, a fine youth of his own age and rank, was to accompany him—destined to tread the same path as himself. They had been playmates even from earliest childhood, and mates alike in study and in sports. But Edward was unfortunately thrown by a restive horse, and received some internal injuries. This frustrated the plan proposed; and Stanley went alone to the desk sorely disappointed.

Two years passed over, the friends corresponded regularly, and at the end of that time Stanley returned home. Edward had passed many months in pain, many more in rigorous restraint, but he was now recovered, and eager to make up for lost time.

There was no vacancy for him, in the place where Stanley lived; it is true, a situation had been found, but it was at some distance, and he feared he should see but little of his friend. Stanley could only stay three days in the village, and on the evening before their departure, Edward was anxiously looking for his friend in the street—he had something of importance to tell him, but he feared it would prove an unpleasant subject. At last the young men met; and Edward, linking his arm in Stanley's, led him to a different part of the village.

"I have been looking for you this long time," he said.

"Oh! I have been pleasantly engaged," answered the other gaily, "Drinking a bottle of wine or two, with some of our old comrades, whom I met accidentally; and here I am, ready to drink another with you."

"Oh! no, no," cried Edward, "I want you to come in here."

They stopped, as he spoke, before a little building, that was set apart to lecture in, and was now lighted up.

"And what do you want to do in there," inquired the astonished youth?

"Stanley, by the wish of my parents, I am going this night to take the pledge: oh dear, dear Frank, come with me, and sign your name too."

"You surely are not going to make such a fool of yourself," said Stanley, hotly. "Why, you will be hoisted out of the society of all generous, open-hearted fellows; you will be laughed at, jested on, mocked, scorned; and well you will deserve it."

"Better endure all this, than wander wrong," was the firm answer.

"But how can you get wrong? take a little; do as I do. I have been enjoying myself moderately, and what worse am I?"

"More than I like to see," said Edward: "your eye speaks unnatural excitement—your cheek is flushed—and your step not steady. There are some that cannot take a little."

"I can," answered Stanley, angrily.

"But can you for long do this?" cried Edward. "Will not this habit increase on you? May you not take a little to-day and more to-morrow?"

"No, I tell you; No;" was the hot reply, as he pulled his hand from Edward, and adding, "go, if you will, and make a puppy of yourself, but do not expect me to do so."

Stanley turned angrily away. Edward was grieved but not shaken; he entered the building and found the lecture was nearly closed; along with many others, Edward signed his name.

Pass we over the parting scene; painful as it was, the coldness, the strangely altered manners of Stanley to his friend were scarcely less so. Edward strove to win back their former frank and affectionate intercourse, but in vain; Frank was reserved and almost sullen. Towards the close of the second day they arrived at the place of their destination. Stanley changed his manner somewhat as he drew nearer the end of his journey; he told his companion where his home was situated, and how far from Richmond, adding coolly, that they should see but little of each other.

"Frank, Frank," said Edward, unable longer to be silent on the subject, "Why will you speak thus? Are the bonds, cemented together by so many years, to be broken thus lightly, and because I have done what I deemed was my duty? Is our friendship to be flung to the winds of heaven?"

"No, no," answered Frank; "but I had hoped to have found you the same you ever were; and thought of the pleasant hours we should spend with a few fine generous fellows that I would have introduced you to; but now—" he stopped suddenly, and Edward, with more of strong feeling than he had yet shown, flung back his cap, and turning full to Stanley, exclaimed—

"Look on me, Frank; in what is Edward changed?"

Stanley gazed a moment on the animated, speaking countenance, and then quickly turned; for, despite anger and prejudice, he dearly loved his friend still; "You would only be laughed at," he said, at last. "You will not suit those whom I know, nor them you." Then suddenly changing his tone, he cried, "See, Edward, that is the house we shall stop at, and then we take opposite roads."

Edward's heart was warm and affectionate, he loved Stanley as a brother, and the disappointment, caused by his altered words and manner, was hard to bear; he felt that their paths were *opposite* indeed; and yielding to a sudden impulse of feeling, he threw his arm round his companion, exclaiming, faintly, "Then we had better say—good bye."

Frank turned round to him quickly, and saw by a light that flashed in his face, there were tears in his eyes; Stanley was not naturally unkind, and now his heart smote him; he grasped the hand warmly that had taken his, and exclaimed, "Oh dear Edward, break the pledge, then all will be right again."

For a minute Edward did not speak; the mental conflict was most severe. Often, in after years, he would talk of this time with his friend, and say, it was the first trial, and the worst. But the struggle was not protracted; the next minute he answered firmly, "Stanley, I cannot be; I may not break my promise."

At that moment the coach stopped, and a short time saw the young men separated, and going, in every sense of the word, *different* ways. Edward was not entirely a stranger to the city, he had occasionally accompanied his father there, and found his way without difficulty, to the house of Mr. Moreland, his future master; this gentleman, and his father, had been college companions; he had no family, and both himself and his wife gave the young stranger, a kind and cordial welcome.

The next morning, Edward entered upon his new employ with a fixed resolution to be steady and obedient, and to consider his master's interest as his own. As the youth had feared, he saw but little of his former friend. They met, indeed, several times, but with no pleasure to either. Those meetings were evidently a task to Stanley: he was becoming gradually estranged from Edward, and the companions with whom he mingled gave their efforts too to aid



the separation; and were ever jesting Stanley on his friend, the "Water drinker." They were (to do them all justice) lively, generous, and, in the main, good young men; but at times they over-stepped their bounds, and endangered thereby their situations. Edward would call for his friend on the Sunday morning, and then, together, they would proceed to church; but this soon grew irksome, and Stanley resolved altogether to shake him off. On one occasion, Frank had been compelled to stay at home, because Edward had made him promise to go with him, in preference to attending a young party who were going down the river in a boat. Frank staid, indeed, as he had promised, but he resolved it should be the last time. That Sabbath was spent most unpleasantly; and these young men parted with the understanding that, since in every point of view they were so much opposed, in tastes, feelings, principles,—all,—that they were better apart. It is probable this decision belonged to Stanley more than Richmond, but even he felt, at last, that the intercourse might do him harm, without benefiting Frank, so obstinate had he become.

After this time, the youths trod paths so dissimilar that we must bestow a separate glance on each. Frank was too sensible of the advantages of his situation, to endanger it carelessly; but when evil habits are once contracted, they grow rapidly; and Mr Stainton, though somewhat careless himself, could not but fancy that his young clerk was inordinately fond of amusements, and gay company, and rather more addicted to keeping late hours, than he liked. Still the youth kept within bounds—his master could charge him with no particular excess, only, after the evening's orgies, he seemed languid, and unfit for serious application when the morning came. His health now began to fail, and sometimes he would be compelled to ask a day's respite from work; and sometimes his master would give it without being asked, when he plainly saw he was unable to attend to his duties. Once, Mr Stainton detected a mistake in the accounts that Stanley had passed from his hands. This made him examine the youth's conduct more narrowly, and he soon found instances of carelessness or rather neglect. He now remonstrated with Frank in plain terms, telling him that this conduct, persisted in, would cost him both situation and character. Stanley felt the force of the reasoning, and promised amendment.

Alas! it was in vain! The Spirit-fiend had wound dark, dread chains around him, and he would not cast them off. A little while saw his good resolutions to be diligent, attentiv-, and careful, pass like the morning dew; and Mr Stainton, exasperated by fresh instances of culpable neglect, dismissed him from office.

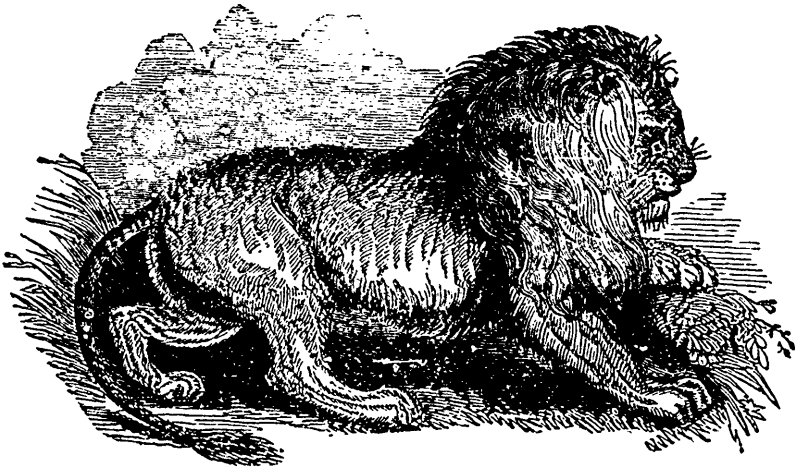
(To be Continued.)

### How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical powers to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and by its own action it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man therefore must educate himself.—His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, his mental powers into vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not him who has seen most, or read most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts.—Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because he had given to him the greatest strength to carry the largest bow, but because discipline had taught him how to use it.—*Webster.*

HE IS GONE TO POT.—A tailor of Samarcand, living near the gate that led to the burying place, had by his shop board an earthen pot hanging on a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and at the end of every evening he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the tailor died himself; and some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what was become of him, when a neighbor replied, "The tailor is gone to pot as well as the rest."

A BLACK "BULL."—At the free black settlement in Africa, a police ordonnance was lately issued, by which it is forbidden that "any person should publicly worship alligators, *thunder* or other reptiles, or they will be subject to a penalty not exceeding ten shillings."



### The Lion.

I have read a thrilling story of a poor Hottentot, who was sent to take his master's cattle to water at a pool not far off from the house. When he came to the watering-place, he perceived that a huge lion was lying there, apparently bathing himself. He immediately ran, with the greatest terror, through the midst of the herd of cattle, hoping the lion would be satisfied with one of the cattle, and allow him to escape. He was mistaken, however. The lion dashed through the herd, and made directly after the man. Throwing his eyes over his shoulder, he saw that the furious animal had singled him out. Not knowing what else to do to get clear of his enemy, he scrambled up an aloe-tree, that happened to be near. At that very moment the lion made a spring at him, but unsuccessfully, and fell to the ground. There was in the tree a cluster of nests of the bird called the sociable grosbeak; and the Hottentot hid himself among these nests, in hopes that he could get out of the lion's sight, and that the beast would leave him. So he remained silent and motionless for a great while, and then ventured to peep out of his retreat. To his surprise, he perceived that he was still watched. In this way, he was kept a prisoner for more than twenty-four hours, when, at last, the lion, parched with thirst, went to the pool to drink, and the Hottentot embraced the opportunity to come down, and run home as fast as his legs would carry him.

The strength of the lion is so prodigious, that a single stroke of his paw is sufficient to break the back of a horse; and one

sweep of his tail will throw a strong man to the ground. Kolbein says, that when he comes up to his prey, he always knocks it down dead, and seldom bites it till the mortal blow has been given. A lion at the Cape of Good Hope was once seen to take a heifer in his mouth; and though that animal's legs dragged on the ground, yet he seemed to carry her off with as much ease as a cat does a rat.

It was once customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for the sight of the wild beasts in the tower of London, to bring a dog or a cat, as a gift to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a man had brought a pretty black spaniel, which was thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, crouched, and threw himself on his back, put forth his tongue, and held up his paws, as if praying for mercy. In the mean time, the lion, instead of devouring him, turned him over with one paw, and then with the other. He smelled of him, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner. But the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the food, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very quietly together.

From this day, a strict friendship com-

menced between them, consisting of great affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paws. But finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end, at a swift and uneasy pace. He would then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard, and again lift up his head, and roar for several minutes, as the sound of distant thunder. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered, with loathing. They then put several living dogs in his cage, which he tore in pieces, but left their carcasses on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing those around him to pieces. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, lay his paws upon him, and take him to his bosom; and then utter his grief in deep and melancholy roaring, for the loss of his little play-fellow. For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head reclining on the carcass of his little friend. They were both interred together.—*Woodworth's Stories.*

### Boy's Evenings.

Many a boy ruins his character and wrecks all his hopes by misemploying the evening hours. School or business has confined him during the day, and the rebound with which his elastic nature throws these duties off, carries him often almost unawares beyond the limits both of propriety and prudence.

Besides the impetuous gush of spirits whose buoyancy has been thus confined, there are influences peculiar to the time, which render the evening a period of special temptation. Satan knows that his hours are leisure ones for the multitude,

and then, if ever, is he zealous to secure their services; warily planning that unexpected fascinations may give attractive grace to sin, and unparalleled facilities smooth the path to ruin. Its shadows are a cloak which he persuades the young will fold with certain concealment around every error, in seductive whispers telling them, "It is the black and dark night, come." How many thus solicited to come, "as a bird hasting to the snare, knowing not that it is for their lives," let the constantly recurring instances of juvenile depravity testify.

Parents acknowledge the evil here pointed out and anxiously inquire, "What is to be done; can we debar our children from every amusement?" Boys themselves confess it, but plead in reply, to the remonstrance of friends, "that evening is their only playtime, and that they must have some sport." It is certainly very proper that the young should have amusements. None better than ourselves are pleased to hear the lips of childhood eloquent with the exclamation, "Oh! we have had lots of fun!" It seems like our own voice coming back in echo to us from out a long lapsed past.

Those amusements should, however, be innocent; and innocent amusements are most easily secured and enjoyed at home. Here parental sympathy may sweeten the pleasures, and parental care check the evils of play, frequently intermingling its incidents with lessons of instruction. If parents would use half the assiduity to render an evening spent at home agreeable, that Satan employs to win to the haunts of vice, they would oftentimes escape the grief occasioned by filial misdeeds, and secure a rich reward in having their children's maturity adorned by many virtues.

A word to boys, concludes all that we would now say. Spend your evening hours, boys, at home. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when vicious companions would tempt you away, remember that God has said, "Cast not in thy lot with them; walk not thou in their way; refrain thy foot from their path. They lie in wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. But walk thou in the way of good men and keep the paths of the righteous."—*Bragor Whig.*

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

### History of Alcohol.

Alcohol was invented 940 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hagger, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers of intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have straw to lie on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the Colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the 15th century. In 1751 it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine in bottles under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it had only been kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII, brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effects induced the government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About one hundred years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English Colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness and made men fearless in the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific.

### Rum—Beggary—Death.

During the past summer there was a little girl asked by a kind Sunday-school teacher why she did not come to school.

She replied, "I have no clothes fit to go with."

The teacher kind'y furnished her with clothing. She attended school awhile, and was again missing: the teacher looked after her, and inquired of her the reason for her absence. She said again, "I have no clothes fit to go with."

"But," said the teacher, "I gave you clothes."

"Yes, I know you did," said the child; "but father took and sold them for *whisky!*"

The winter came, and this poor little girl was furnished with shoes by her teacher. Soon, however, she was again missed from Sunday school; her faithful teacher looked her out, and asked the reason for her absence from Sunday school.

She gave it,—"*Father has sold my shoes for whisky!*"

That drunken father beat and abused his family so much, that they had to seek refuge by leaving him, which they did while he was lying in a drunken stupor. A few nights since that same man fractured the skull of another by a blow, of which he died; and the drunken father is now in prison awaiting his trial for life. Reader, pity the drunkard and his family!—*Sunday School Advocate.*

### Poetry.

#### When I am Old.

When I am old—and, oh, how soon,  
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,  
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light,  
Be shrouded in the solemn night;  
Till, like a story well nigh told,  
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth  
Will lose for me its voice of mirth—  
The streams will have an undertone  
Of sadness not by right their own;  
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold  
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care  
To deck with flowers my faded hair;  
'Twill be no vain desire of mine,  
In rich and costly dress to shine;  
Bright jewels and the brightest gold  
Will charm me naught when I am old,

When I am old, my friends will be  
Old and infirm and bowed like me;  
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,  
Their spirits dwelling safe with God,  
The old church bell will long have tolled  
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I'd rather bend  
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,  
Than see them lose the earnest truth,  
That marks the friendship of our youth;  
'Twill be so sad to have them cold  
Or strange to me—when I am old!

Ere I am old—oh, let me give  
My life to learning how to live!  
Then shall I meet, with willing heart,  
An early summons to depart,  
Or find my lengthened days consoled  
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

# ODE FOR CADETS.

Arranged for "The Cadet" by G. B. Pearson, W.A.P., Royal Mount Section.

SLOW.

Your wel - come to our lov - ing band, We're

pledg'd in heart, we're join'd in hand, Our hopes e - late, our hearts are free, From

ev - ry path of vice we flee.

We seek for morals just and pure,  
That will our future good ensure ;  
For Virtue, Temperance, and Truth,  
To guard us from the sins of youth.

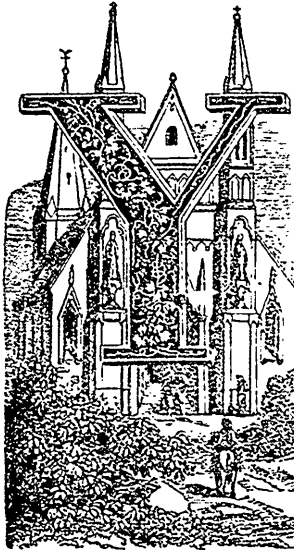
We look to God to keep and aid,  
The resolutions we have made,  
To strengthen every youthful heart,  
And unto all his grace impart.

# THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1852.

## Introductory Words.



YOU have now before you, the first number of a new monthly periodical designed to promote the improvement of the youth of Canada, and especially to be devoted to the benefit of the youthful

portion of the now increasing temperance army. It is impossible to conjecture how much depends on the right training of the rising generation; but, impressed with the solemn responsibility of our position, and feeling that our share of the work ought to be done in the way that conscience dictates, and the providence of God directs, we now commence this publication. If long experience,—the means of procuring suitable reading,—a large share of public confidence,—and a ready will to do good, are worth anything, then do we flatter ourselves that this juvenile monthly will be found every successive month to deserve the patronage it claims, and to be worthy of the cause in which our whole soul is engaged. While, by other instrumentalities, we would strive to reach all classes, by this, we shall constantly aim to benefit the young people of our country. It has been well said by a recent living author, that, "in their first journeyings, they meet

with many difficulties. Now, a fog obscures the path; here, a net is spread; there, a pit is dug; elsewhere, seductive syrens sing the bewitching songs of error; and in other places, tempting arbors invite them to slumber. Dangers lie all along the path" of youth. Scarcely any dangers are greater than those which surround our youth through the drinking customs of society. Our leading design is to guard against them in whatever form presented, and to strengthen the resolution of the youthful teetotaler, never through life to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

It is, however, our intention to furnish a variety of useful reading and valuable instruction, such as may subserve the great end of developing the mental powers, and creating a taste for the higher branches of literary and artistic effort. We would educate the mind, and store the memory with facts and principles that may be available and advantageous to the end of a long life. Our children should early be taught that happiness does not so much depend on physical causes and external things, as on the possession of correct ideas of truth and duty, and the practice of christian virtues. They will thereby be saved from many snares and temptations; and we hope to contribute to the assistance of parents and guardians in the discharge of their most important duties. We shall not, therefore, confine ourselves to the topics indicated in the original prospectus, but shall vary and enlarge on different subjects of general instruction.

Papers on *Natural History*, accompanied with woodcut illustrations, and sometimes articles of a scientific nature, also illustrated, will, at least, occasionally, appear. Carefully written sketches of actual life and character will be given. *History*, *Geography*, and *Modern Travel*, will engage the leisure hours of the friends who patronize our undertaking. "Music hath charms" for all, more particularly the young, and, therefore, our young friends

will be favored in our columns, occasionally, with the music usually sung in the meetings of the Cadets, and some, perhaps, on other occasions of interest.

We start in good earnest,—no means or money will be withheld that can render our new monthly acceptable. We shall strive to do all we promise, and mean, by industry, energy, and the co-operation of friends, to secure a circulation which, notwithstanding the extreme cheapness, will render the paper self-supporting. We invite the assistance of all parties. Our young people must have a *good* and *cheap* monthly. They need it. We are prepared to furnish what we consider to be the very thing. If it be not such as the undisciplined youth would select for himself, we design it to be such as will be of service to him, and such as every parent can confidently and approvingly introduce into the family, and say to all who look for direction, "Here is a magazine I can recommend to you. Read it all!" In a word, *The Cadet* will be a family friend and social companion, mingling instruction with amusement, and leading our young friends to "covet earnestly the best gifts" while they strive to understand the "more excellent way" of life and happiness.

### The Cadets of Ayr.

The communication and essays from Ayr, were sent to the *Temperance Advocate* for insertion, but before a place could be found for them, the prospectus of the Cadet was issued, and we received them for insertion in our first number, as the most appropriate place for their appearance. We will be glad to hear soon again from our young friends in Ayr, and we would recommend the plan they have adopted to other Sections and Juvenile Temperance Societies, who may not have introduced this or any other similar plan, as most excellent for improving the minds and spare time, as well as calling into healthy action the talents of their

youthful members; and we shall be happy to give them a share of our columns for the publication of their essays or communications, knowing well that nothing will be more interesting to our readers than perusing what has been written by boys of their own age. Come on, then, members of the Cold Water Army, and let us see what you have to say on this great Temperance question, for to you too is committed a share of the labor of this glorious work.

### Cadets in Ormstown.

We have much pleasure in giving a place to the following communication, from the active and indefatigable Patron of the Cadets, in Durham, Ormstown:—

Ormstown, March 15, 1852.

J. C. BECKET, Esq.

Worthy Brother,—

I send you an account of some of the doings among those brave little fellows, the Cadets.

On Friday last our village was taken by surprise at the sudden sound of the fife and drum, and banners flying. Said one, what is the meaning of all this? Said the other, did you hear that Archey's Cadets were to have a turn-out to-day, and that is them. And no wonder they were astonished, for the little chaps did march in *great style and order*, displaying a splendid banner, the free gift of the ladies, and another displaying in large letters, *we use no tobacco*, and the union jack. After marching through the village, they retired to their room, and were there plentifully supplied with cakes, nuts, and raisins; after which, they were addressed by the W. A., (Thomas Philips), Stephen M. Lighthall, P.W.A.; also, by the Worthy Patron, P.W.P. Winter of the Sons, the W.C., McNaughton, and by the W.P., and W.A. of the Sons, and others. At the conclusion, three cheers were given for Her Majesty the Queen, and three for the order of Cadets, and three cheers and one cheer more for the Worthy Patron. All separated well pleased with the results of the day.

A. McEACHERN.

## Essays by Cadets.

Ayr, Dec., 1851.

SIR,—We have formed a Section of Cadets here, at present numbering 32. I have been appointed chaplain, Mr. Souter, Worthy Patron, and Mr. Robert Wyllie, jr., is one of the associates. I have often thought that the little fellows should have something to do when out of the Section Room to keep their minds in motion, and thereby gain benefit to themselves, and set an example to others to go and do likewise. Accordingly, to try and encourage them, I offered a reward of a new pen-knife, for the best written essay on a given subject, to be produced in three weeks from that time. On announcing this they hailed it with such great satisfaction, that I granted them the privilege of choosing their own subject. They immediately set to work and chose out of a number proposed, the subject of "Temperance," for their first attempt. On the evening the decision was to be made, three essays were presented and examined. Our choice fell upon John Wyllie; but we were so pleased with the performances of the others as a beginning, that two of the Sons present gave them also a present to encourage them. Now, Sir, they had made a beginning, and were determined to carry on their work without prize or reward. On the same evening they made choice of "Industry" as their next subject for writing on. One of the Sons present was so pleased with their conduct in this matter, that he gave me money to buy a book as another prize to stimulate them on in their self-imposed task. They have now a third subject under consideration, viz: "Procrastination," the essays on which will be brought forward for examination and decision at next meeting of the Section.

These essays are read out before the whole Section, either by themselves or by me, after being examined. They put no name to them, and deposit them sealed

into the letter-box of the Section, and thus the writers are not known until after the decision, when each know their own and claim them.

I made a promise that I would send them to the *Advocate* for insertion, and accordingly I send you 3 on Temperance and 2 on Industry. There were four presented on Industry, but we decided on sending only two. The one we considered best on Industry was written by Joseph Kilgour, our present Worthy Archon; and the best on Temperance was by John Wyllie. The reason why I send them is, that you may give them a corner in your paper, not from the great merit they possess, but that they may be the means of stirring up other Sections to do likewise.

Yours, in Love, Purity, and Fidelity,

JOHN CURRIE.

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 TEMPERANCE.

Gentlemen,—I have been requested to lay before you my views on the subject of temperance; as I am but young in years, as well as young in experience, you need not expect any picture of fine language to electrify your feelings. The question, in my opinion, ought to be engraven on every young man's heart—how many souls and bodies of my fellowmen, since the days of Noah, up to the present day, have been ruined by the vile practice of drinking! If all men and women were sober, there would not be the twentieth part for gaols, lunatic asylums, &c.; neither would there be ragged children in our streets, nor brawls in the family circle; brother then would not go to law with brother; the pulpit would never rise as a witness against its reverend pastor. Temperance is a flower whose leaf never fadeth, neither doth its fruit decay; its shade is surrounded with brotherly love and holy feeling. If our young men continue as they have commenced, the weeds of woe to mothers and children must for ever cease. If all men were abstainers, then schools and churches would soon be filled, and the days of the millennium would be beginning to dawn. Having not had time to say more on this important subject at present, I will at some future period write more on the subject.

JOHN WYLLIE,  
Past Worthy Archon.



## TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is a cause of great importance, although many of those who linger on in their evil ways of drunkenness think that temperance is nothing but a mere word, or something worse; but still farther, if any friend were to invite them into a temperance band, and make them acquainted with the ways of temperance, they would very likely soon become different persons, and also a different opinion would rush upon their minds; they would become temperate in their drunken and unhappy life: temperate in their actions, and temperate in mind. Again, after these men had been made acquainted with the rules and orders of temperance, they would very likely become as staunch teetotallers as many who never had taken one drop of the intoxicating cup, because they know the evils of drinking the intoxicating cup, wherein the others knew nothing about it. But after all, temperance is moderation in all things.

A temperate man he will not smoke—  
 A temperate man he will not chew—  
 A temperate man he will not mock  
 The habits of a drunken crew.

JOHN PETRIE.

## TEMPERANCE.

In what country or people has not that curse of man, "Intemperance," shown its haggard, pale-faced victims. Look at our Jails, and Lunatic Asylums, and see what has brought their inmates there, and we will find out that two-thirds are by intemperance; see how many widows and orphans there are made by drinking. And look at the tombstones in our churchyards, and see how many young men, (and alas! sometimes young women) have been taken away in the prime of life, the greater part by intemperance, and who will then dare to stand up and say, that intemperance is not a curse to man! The incalculable benefits derived from temperance are numerous & astonishing, and can be seen in almost every face and around almost every hearth. How many (young and old) men have been snatched, as a brand from the fire, and are living monuments of that blessing; and how many wives and their families, have been already saved from destruction and starvation by their husbands and friends joining that noble order, the Sons of Temperance. To say that we can bring drinking

altogether to an end is absurd; but, that we can in a great measure, is shown wherever the Sons of Temperance have planted their standard, Love, Purity, and Fidelity. Then let our watchword be onward.

Then onward brothers, hand in hand,  
 With banners in the sky unfurl'd,  
 With marshalled troops united stand,  
 Your beacon "hope to save the world."

JAMES S. JACKSON.

## INDUSTRY.

Gentlemen,—Industry is a question which admits of a very great amount of consideration. If we admit that habits of industry joined with frugality are friends to fortune, it follows that indolence and sloth are enemies to fortune. It is true, there are some who seem to get along pretty well without any apparent amount of exertion, but, as a general rule, it does not hold good that an effect can be produced without the cause. Industry is the cause; and competence, wealth, and affluence are the effects accruing to the greater or lesser exercise of them. A moderate share of careful industry will ensure a tolerable competency, which, in this country, is within the reach of almost every one; others industrious to a greater degree arrived at comparative wealth; while others again, still more energetic, arrive at affluence, purely by their steady pursuit of honest industry. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." It is not by indolence that a man will get along in any situation of life, without stooping to the use of some artifice which degrades him in the eyes of his fellows, and makes him an object to be avoided by all good men; but, by industry, persevering industry, and liberal economy, he will be respected, in whatever situation of life he moves by all well thinking persons.

I shall conclude those brief remarks by repeating a few lines of the late Dr. Watts:—

How doth the little busy bee,  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gathers honey all the day,  
 From every opening flower.

JOSEPH KILGOUR,  
Worthy Archon.

## INDUSTRY.

My young friends, as I have never studied grammar, what I have to say will be very imperfect, but I will do the best

I can. Industry is diligence, assiduity. A man that is industrious always has plenty, and never wants for any thing; but a man that is not industrious, never has plenty, nor never will, as long as he goes on in his ways of sluggishness. If we look at his house, what is it? It is a hut without any chimney in it, but a hole in the roof to let the smoke pass through. The windows are partly broken, and stuffed with rags. The door is stagnated with water and mud, and his farm is overgrown with briars and thistles, and is almost unfit for any cultivation.

But, on the other hand, look to the industrious man, with his house nicely finished, and his barns and other houses convenient; his farm is in a proper state of cultivation, and laid out to advantage.

Again, look at the industry of Christopher Columbus, who discovered America at an early period; how diligently he wrought, trying to gain our shore, and would have lost his life by the mutiny of the ship's crew, but he pleaded for a few hours, which was granted to him, and before the hours were expired they discovered land, which has been a home to many a man that would have starved elsewhere. When he discovered America, it was inhabited by Indians, and appeared to be a dark gloomy forest, but by the industry of the white man since that time, it has been brought to a fertile state. Now let us all be industrious, let us try to follow after the ways of Christopher Columbus in his industry, and we will very likely come to a good end. Let us take wisdom for our guide and industry for our path, and in time, if we persevere, we may gain an independence.

Let us persevere on; although we may come to obstacles in the way, never mind, if we be diligent, we will overcome all difficulties. Although we may not arrive at so great a discovery as Christopher Columbus did, yet we may arrive at considerable.

Now let us join all hand in hand,  
And persevere in our great cause,  
And ne'er let one of us forget,  
The industry of nature's laws.

An industrious man,  
With industrious mind,  
Will be industrious at  
What he can find.

JOHN PETRIE.

## Cadets in London.

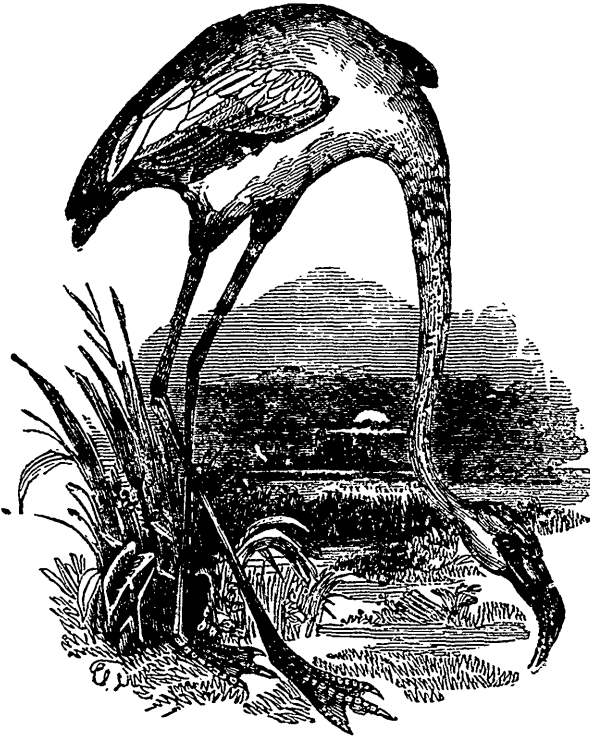
The *Middlesex Prototype*, of the 10th March, has a long report of a meeting of the Sons and Cadets, called together in the Methodist Church, 5th Con. London, C. W., to receive from the ladies and the "juvenile friends," two copies of the Holy Scriptures, as a token of gratitude and the esteem in which their labors are held by the fair daughters of London. After addresses by the Revs. Messrs. Thompson and Ames, Miss Sarah Green, a girl of ten years, and Mrs. A. M. Teire, came forward and presented the Bible to the Cadets. Miss Green read a neat and appropriate address, in the most graceful manner,—“a manner of which her parents may well be proud; no stammering, no hesitation, at the same time nothing like a lack of true childlike modesty, was for a moment perceptible; her manner and interesting appearance was the theme of universal praise.” The reply from the Cadets was read by M. Mitchell, which was also very appropriate. We are sorry that we cannot give both the address and reply to our readers, and only want of room compels us to leave them out.

## Grand Section C. of T.

We learn from the *Bulletin* that this body held its quarterly session on Tuesday, the 29th ult., at Hall No. 46 Washington Street, Boston.

The election of officers, which was postponed from the annual session took place at this meeting, and the following officers were elected:—F. A. Kingsbury, of Weymouth, G. W. P.; William E. Forster, of Lawrence, G. V. P.; W. W. Stacy, of Boston, G. S.; Daniel Baxter, of West Newton, G. T.; G. S. Merrill, of Lawrence, G. G.; G. W. Barnes, of Lawrence, G. W.; Rev. E. W. Coffin, of Annisquam, G. Chaplain. The officers were then regularly installed by P. G. W. P., Bro. W. R. Stacy.

A large amount of business was transacted, and this was one of the most important meetings this body has ever held. Several important alterations were made in the Constitution, and a circular was submitted, which was ordered to be published and sent out to the various Divisions. A new edition of the Constitution was also ordered to be published, and measures were taken, which, it is hoped, will awaken a new interest in the cause.



### The Flamingo.

Some years ago, there were several flamingoes confined within the iron fence around the Bowling Green fountain, in the city of New-York. I have seen them a great many times. Until I caught a glimpse of them, wading in the basin of the fountain, I was a little sceptical, I must confess, in respect to the length of this bird's neck and legs; for I had heard great stories on this point. But one glance satisfied me that the flamingo had not been too extravagantly described. The picture which is here introduced, gives you a pretty good idea of the appearance of the bird. There is a fine specimen of the flamingo among the curiosities of the American Museum, in the city of New-York. I noticed, the other day, while standing near it, that it exceeded me in height by several inches.

An amusing anecdote is told about a company of flamingoes being mistaken for soldiers. During the French revolutionary war, when the English were expected to attack St. Domingo, a negro, having perceived at the distance of a mile or two, a long file of flamingoes, pruning their

wings, thought they were English soldiers. Their long necks he mistook for shouldered muskets, and their scarlet plumage he took for military costume. The poor fellow accordingly started off to Gonaves, running through the streets, and shouting that the English had come! Upon this alarm, the commandant of the garrison instantly sounded the alarm, doubled the guards, and sent out a body of men to meet the invaders. But he soon found, by means of his glass, that it was only a company of red flamingoes. So the troops marched back to the garrison, not a little merry with the result of their expedition.—*Woodworth's Stories.*

A Mrs. Davy, giving evidence to character in the case of a woman charged with theft, said she was "a decent, honest, drunken creature."

An American writer says,—“Poetry is the flower of literature, prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple dumplings.”

J. C. BECKET, ESQ.,

D. G. W. Patron of the Cadets :

Sir, and Brother,—I have great pleasure in sending you the following Resolution, which was passed at last weekly meeting of Royal Mount Section, No. 2, of Cadets of Temperance.

Yours, in V. L. and T.,

JAMES BARNARD, W. Archon.

Montreal, March 19, 1852.

Moved by Bro. William J. Kelly, and seconded by Bro. Bryson :—

That in consequence of three publications being in the field, advocating the cause of the Cadets of Temperance in Canada, this Section having taken their various merits into consideration, do hereby resolve that we will do all in our power to aid in supporting "*The Cadet*," to be published by Mr Becket, and regard it as a suitable medium of communication between the Sections, and recommend it to general support ; and also that this Section do record their approbation of Mr Becket's conduct in commencing this publication.

JAMES BARNARD, W. Archon.

### Puzzles for Pastimes.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will allow a corner of your new periodical to be occupied with some little matters that may amuse your young readers, and at the same time set to work their ingenuity. Enigmas and puzzles have often even profitably employed a leisure hour.

I should like to give the boys a task, and if one of them should wish to puzzle us girls, I could not object. I have a large number of very pleasing enigmas, &c., in my possession, and offer two for solution. As I shall always give the answer to you,—the boys and girls who work at the task can make a record of their opinion as to what the answer is ; and then, when the following number arrives, they can find out whether they are right or wrong.

A DAUGHTER.

#### ORTHOGRAPHICAL ENIGMAS.

1. *Estimable qualities*.—6, 3, 26, 19, 12, 8, display my first quality ; 15, 13, 2, 1, 18, 9, exercised my second ; and our 26, 29, 18, 9, gave the best example of my third. The latter all 24, 5, 30, and 2, 12, 6, 16, 21, may

imitate without difficulty and find that much 11, 26, 10, 14, 21, 33, 4, 4, will result ; it will diminish the 4, 29, 18, 18, 12, 2, 4, of those around us, and will prove that we possess my second quality. My qualities are 31, 18, 33, 17, 28—19, 18, 33, 20, 4, 32, 18, 5, 4, to none wholly 22, 33, 8, 25, 16, 27, but which may not be 23, 2, 10, 18, 33, that they possess. My whole is a sentence of ten words, consisting of 33 letters, representing qualities which make men great, glorious and happy. Strive to discover and display them.

2. *A lesson for young people*.—Let your conduct be distinguished by 19, 2, 4, 6, 8, 14, 11 ; let all your habits be 21, 30, 19, 16, 22, 17, 25, 14, 40 ; let all your transactions be marked by 15, 12, 10, 3, 13, 17 ; be not 31, 13, 26, 6, 17, 32, 21, 9, 14, 28, 18, 13, 23, but avoid the snares of 38, 14, 24, 40, 33, 7, 19 ; cultivate 17, 6, 36, 9, 39, 33, 20, 13, 31 habits ; and shun the 21, 6, 19, 27, 14, 25, 21, 9, 35, 29, 32, of the wicked ; remember that 7, 9, 5, 34, 22, 17, 23, fear to meet 37, 40, 25, 14, 24, but that the good rejoice in the promises of 1, 12, 37. My whole is a sentence of eight words, composed of 40 letters, expressive of a truth which should be impressed upon your minds.

Mayor Dow has recently received a letter from the National Temperance Society of London, complimenting him as the originator of the Maine Law.

A petition has been sent to the Maine Legislature, praying that the use of tobacco may be prohibited in that State.

A majority of the new city government of Bangor are in favor of enforcing the liquor law.

A number of liquor dealers in Newburyport, Mass., have given up the business in anticipation of the Maine law.

#### SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that they are prepared to furnish BANNERS for Divisions and Sections of Sons and Cadets of Temperance, in the best style, at from £12 10s, to £25 currency, each. They are also manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, Cadets' Officers' Caps, Regalia, and Sashes ; Grand Division Regalia ; Deputies' Emblems for Sons and Cadets ; Sons of Temperance Emblems ; Blank Books for Divisions, &c. SEALS engraved to order. Odd-Fellows' Regalia kept constantly on hand.

P. T. WARE & Co., D. T. WARE & Co.,  
King Street, Hamilton. Dundas St., London.  
March 6, 1852.

#### CHARTERS FOR CADETS.

APPLICATIONS for CHARTERS for Sections of Cadets, in Lower Canada, to be made to

J. C. BECKET,  
D. G. W. PATRON, Montreal.

March 22, 1852.

### Things to Think About.

How often children speak unkind words, and hurt each other's feelings, and then say, "O, I did not mean any harm; I only said it in fun!" If you have had thoughts in your hearts, do not speak them; try to forget them. Many bitter tears have been shed, and many hearts have been made to ache, because hard words have been spoken in folly and fun. Let the "law of kindness" govern both your hearts and tongues.

There is generally more of true piety exhibited in the faithful observance of the minor duties of religion, than those that excite the notice and applause of men.

He is really lost who has lost the sense of shame.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Business is as much the proper relief to relaxation and pleasure, as pleasure and relaxation are to business.

Shun the company of those who think blasphemy is wit, and cannot be amused without impiety.

No human creature gives its admiration for nothing—either its eye must be charmed or its understanding gratified.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age.

Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but with uneducated women, when youth is gone, all is gone.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon; "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this apothegm, in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds "this is true: I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honor of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been diligent in business from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth and for us all!

The true artist has the planet for his pedestal; the adventurer, after years of strife has nothing broader than his own shoes.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.

Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire a very fast habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought.

Bustle is not industry; any more than imprudence is courage.

### Things to Smile at.

Smith: "I say, Brown, why do you wear that shocking bad hat?" Brown: "Because my wife declares she won't go out with me till I get a new one!"

"Can you tell me who formed that ancient encampment, the remains of which are visible on the neighboring hills?" asked a tourist of a village innkeeper in a remote part of Perthshire, not long since. "I believe, Sir," replied mine host, "it was the Romans in the time o' Charlie."

A negro, undergoing examination at Northampton, when asked if his master was a christian, replied, "No, sir, he's a member of Congress."

"Tom," said a young gent. lately to his chum, who was airing his coat tails at a blazing grate, "has that new coat of yours been wet?" "Of course it has," was the reply, "why do you ask that question?" "No particular reason," said the first, "only I thought it was *wet* or *burning* it smokes so." The owner of the coat tails leaped into the middle of the floor, and seizing the extremity of his fine garment, found six inches of it burned to a crisp. "Why didn't you tell me it was burning, you fool?" he shouted. "I did," quietly answered his cool friend.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot of rather uncommon dimensions, viz., four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now?"

**A MALICIOUS ACT.**—An "injured individual," who had been "spinning it out," and was "reeling it home," chanced to sway aside in passion along one of our thoroughfares, and rolled into a public house. He there complained that some scoundrel had maliciously greased all the footpaths, and caused him to fall three or four times! He w-ehed, he said, he could discover the perpetrator; he would have him soundly punished!

**A COLD FIRE.**—One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had partaken rather freely of flip at the tavern, started for home in his sleigh, and on his way was upset, and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing the same way, a short time after, discovered the old fellow in a sitting posture, holding his feet up towards the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "John, pile on the wood; it's a thundering cold night!"

We saw a drunken man lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.