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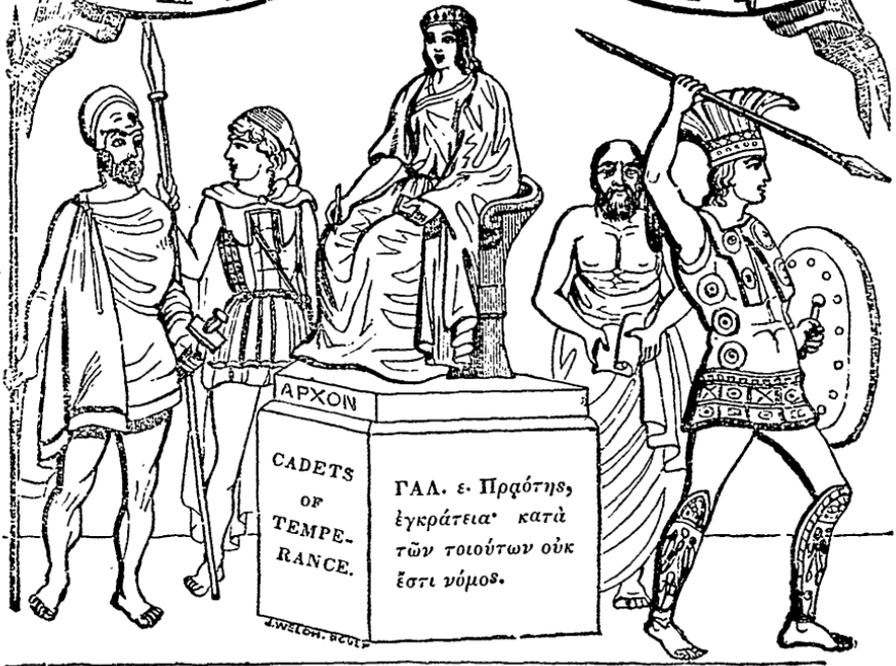
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# THE CADET



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

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1852.

No. 5.

## Silent Influence.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "poured it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit

of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that is to be done.—Selected.

## The Mother.

Despise not thy mother when she is old. When she was young, yea, middle aged, thou didst respect, and reverence, and obey her! do it as well when she is old; hold on doing it to the last. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when he goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its bloom. It may be autumn, yea, winter, with the woman; but with the mother,—as a mother,—it is always spring.

## THE TWO PICTURES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



TWO beautiful children, a boy and a girl, the oldest but six years of age, came in from school one evening, later than usual, by half an hour. Both their eyes were red with weeping, and their cheeks wet with tears. Their father, Mr. Warren, who had come home from his business earlier than usual, had been waiting some time for their return, and wondering why they staid so late. They were his only children, and he loved them most tenderly. They had, a few weeks before, been entered at a school kept by a lady in the neighborhood—not so much for what they would learn, as to give occupation to their active minds.

“Why, Anna! Willy!” exclaimed Mr. Warren, as the children came in, “what’s the matter? Why have you stayed so late?”

Anna lifted her tearful eyes to her father’s face, and her lip curled and quivered. But she could not answer his question.

Mr. Warren took the grieving child, in his arms, and as he drew her to his bosom, said to Willy,

who was the oldest—

“What has made you so late, dear?”

“Miss Roberts kept us in,” sobbed Willy.

“Kept you in!” returned Mr. Warren in surprise. “How came that?”

“Because we laughed,” answered the child, still sobbing and weeping.

“What made you laugh?”

“One of the boys made funny faces.”

“And did you laugh too, dear?” asked the father of Anna.

“Yes, papa. But I couldn’t help it. And Miss Roberts scolded us, and said she was going to whip us.”

“And was that all you did?”

“Yes, indeed, papa,” said Willy.

“I’ll see Miss Roberts about it,” fell angrily from the lips of Mr. Warren. “It’s the last time you appear in her school. A cruel-minded woman!”

And then the father soothed his grieving little ones with affectionate words and caresses.

“Dear little angels!” said Mr. Warren to his wife, shortly afterwards, “that any one could have the heart to punish them for a sudden outburst of joyous feelings? And Anna in particular, a mere babe as she is, I can’t get over it. To think of her being kept in for a half-hour under punishment, after all the other children had gone home. It was cruel. Miss Roberts shall hear from me on the subject.”

“I am sure you take this little matter too much to heart,” urged the mother. “Miss Roberts must have order in her

school, and even the youngest, must conform to this order. I do not think the punishment so severe. She had to do something to make them remember their fault, and restrain their feelings in future, and she could hardly have done less. It is not too young for them to learn obedience in any position where they are introduced.”

But the over-fond and tender father could see no reason for the punishment his little ones had received; and would not consent to let them go again to the school of Miss Roberts. To him they were earth’s most precious things. They were tender flowers; and he was troubled if ever the winds blew roughly upon them.

Seven years have passed. Let us visit the house of Mr. Warren, and look at him among his children. No; we will not enter this pleasant house—he moved away long ago. Can this be the home of Mr. Warren! Yes, small, poor, and comfortless as it is! Ah! there have been sad changes. Let us enter. Can that be Warren? That wretched-looking creature—with swollen, disfigured face, and soiled garments—who sits, half-stupid, near the window? A little flaxen-haired child is playing on the floor. It is not Anna. No, seven years have changed her from the fairy-like little creature she was, when her father became outraged at her punishment in Miss Robert’s school. Poor Anna! That was light as the thistle down, to what she has since received from the hands of her father.

The child on the floor is beautiful even

in her tattered clothes. She has been playing for some time. Now her father calls to her in a rough grumbling voice.

"Kate! You Kate, I say!"

Little Kate, not five years old, leaves her play, and goes up to where her parent is sitting.

"Go and get me a drink of water," he said in a harsh tone of authority.

Kate takes a tin cup from a table and goes to the hydrant in the yard. So pleased is she in seeing the water run, that she forgets her errand. Three or four times she fills the cup, then pours forth its contents, dipping her tiny feet in the stream that is made. In the midst of her sport, she hears an angry call, and remembering the errand upon which she has been sent, hurriedly fills her cup again, and bears it to her father. She is frightened as she comes in and sees his face; this confuses her; her foot catches in something as she approaches, and she falls over, spilling the cup of water on his clothes. Angrily he catches her up, and cruel in his passion, strikes her three or four heavy blows.

"Now take that cup and get me some water," he cries, in a loud voice, "and if you are not here with it in a minute, I'll teach you to mind when you are spoken to, I will! There! Off with you!"

Little Kate, smarting from pain, and trembling with fear, lifts the cup and hurries away to perform her errand. She drops it twice from her unsteady hands ere she is able to convey it, filled with water, to her parent, who takes it with such a threatening look from his eyes, that the child shrinks away from him, and goes from the room in fear.

An hour passes, and the light of day begins to fade. Evening comes slowly on, and at length the darkness closes in. But twice since morning, has Warren been from the house, and then it was to get something to drink. The door at length opens quietly, and a little girl enters. Her face is thin and drooping, and wears a look of patient suffering.

"You're late, Anna," says the mother kindly.

"Yes, ma'am. We had to stay later for our money. Mr. Davis was away from the store, and I was afraid I would have to come home without it. Here it is."

Mrs. Warren took the money.

"Only a dollar." There was disappointment in her tone as she said this.

"Yes, ma'am, that is all," replied Anna, in a troubled voice. "I spoiled some

work, and Mr. Davis said I should pay for it, so he took a half dollar from my wages."

"Spoiled your work!" spoke up the father, who had been listening, "That's more of your abominable carelessness!"

"Indeed, father, I couldn't help it," said Anna, "one of the girls—"

"Hush up, will you! I want none of your lying excuses. I know you! It was done on purpose, I have not the least doubt."

Anna caught her breath, like one suddenly deprived of air. Tears rushed to her eyes, and commenced falling over her cheeks, while her bosom rose and fell convulsively.

"Come, now! None of that!" said the cruel father, sternly. "Stop your crying instantly, or I will give you something to cry for. A pretty state of things, indeed, when every word must be answered by a fit of crying."

The poor child choked down her feelings as best she could, turning as she did so from her father, that he might not see the still remaining traces of grief which it was impossible at once to hide.

Not a single dollar had the idle drunken father earned during the week that he had not expended in self-indulgence; and yet, in brutality he could roughly chide this little girl, yet too young for the taskmaster, because she had lost half a dollar of her week's earning through an accident, the very nature of which he would not hear explained. So grieved was the poor child at this unkindness, that when supper was on the table she shrunk from the room.

"Come, Anna, to your supper," called the mother.

"I don't wish anything to eat," replied the child, in a faint voice.

"Oh, yes, come and get something."

"Let her alone!" growls the father. "I never humor sulky children. She doesn't deserve any supper."

The mother sighs. While the husband eats almost greedily, consuming, himself, more than is on the table, she takes but a few mouthfuls, and swallows them with difficulty.

After supper, Willy, who is just thirteen, and who has already been out as an apprentice to a trade, comes home. He has a tale of suffering to tell. For some fault, his master has beaten him until the large purple welts lie in meshes across his back from his shoulders to his hips.

Willy relates the cause, and tells it truly. He was something to blame; but his fault

needed not the correction of stripes, even lightly applied.

"Served you right!" said the father, when the story was ended. "No business to have done so. Do as you are told and mind your work and you'll escape flogging. Otherwise I don't care how often you get it. You've been spoiled at home, and it'll do you good to toe the mark. Did your master know you were coming home to night?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, with trembling lips, and choking voice.

"Then what did you come for? To get pitied? Do right, and you'll need on pity."

"Oh, James, don't speak 'so to the child!" said Mrs. Warren, unable to keep silence.

This was answered by an angry look.

"You must go back to your master, boy," said the father, after a pause. "When you wish to come home, ask his consent."

"He doesn't object to my coming home," said Willy, his voice still quivering.

"Go back, I tell you! Take your hat, there and go back. Don't come here any more with your tales."

The boy glanced towards his mother, and read pity and sympathy in her countenance, but she did not countermand the order; for she knew that if she did so, a scene of violence would follow.

"Ask to come home in the morning," said she to her boy, as she held his hand tightly in hers at the door. He gave her a look of tender thankfulness, and then went forth into the darkness, feeling so sad and wretched that he could not repress his tears.

Seven years. And was only this time required to effect such a change. Ah! rum is a demon! How quickly does it transform the tender husband and parent into a cruel beast! Look upon these two pictures, *ye who tarry long at the wine*. Look at them, but do not say they are over drawn. They have in them only the sober hues, and subdued colors of truth.

### Lightning.

Q. If a person be *abroad* in a thunder storm, what place is the *safest*?

A. Any place about twenty or thirty feet from a tall tree, building, or stream of water.

Q. Why would it be safe to stand

twenty or thirty feet from a tall tree, during a thunder storm?

A. Because the lightning would always choose the *tall tree* as a conductor; and we should not be sufficiently near the tree, for the lightning to diverge from it to us.

Q. If a person be in a *carriage* in a thunder storm, in what way can he travel most *safely*?

A. He should not lean *against* the carriage, but sit upright, without touching any of the four sides.

Q. Why should not a person lean *against* the carriage in a storm?

A. Because the electric fluid might run down the sides of the carriage; and (if a person were leaning against them) would make a choice of *him* for a conductor, and perhaps destroy life.

Q. If a person be in a *house* during a thunder storm, what place is *safest*?

A. Any room in the middle story. The centre of the room is the best; especially if you place yourself on a mattress, bed, or hearth-rug.

Q. Why is the *middle story* of a house safest in a thunder storm?

A. Because the fluid (if it struck the house at all) would be diffused among the several conductors of the *upper* part of the house, before it reached the *middle* story; in consequence of which its force would be weakened.

Q. Why is the *middle* of a room more safe than any other part of it in a thunder storm?

A. Because the lightning (if it should strike the room at all,) would come down the *chimney* or *walls* of the room; and, therefore, the further distant from these, the better.

Q. Why is a *mattress, bed, or hearth rug*, a good security against injury from lightning?

A. Because they are all *non-conductors*; and, as lightning always makes choice of the *best* conductors, it would not choose for its path such things as these.

Q. What is the *safest* thing a person can do to avoid injury from lightning?

A. He should draw his bedstead into the middle of his room, commit himself to the care of God, and go to bed; remembering that our Lord has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

No great danger need really to be apprehended from lightning, if you avoid taking your position near tall trees, spires, or other elevated objects.—From "*Familiar Science*," edited by R. E. Peterson.



### Effects of Drunkenness.

Such a scene as is represented in this picture is often witnessed in our large cities, where little children, reduced to poverty by the intemperance of parents, are compelled to beg their bread from door to door. Not long since, as a gentleman was passing along the street in one of our large cities just at the dusk of evening, his attention was attracted to a little boy who had seated himself on a stone step and was crying bitterly. The kind-hearted man went directly to the boy and inquired what was the matter. The boy replied that he wanted *two cents*, and added, that his father sent him out in the afternoon to beg, and told him he must not come back until he had got twelve cents. "I have got ten of them," said he, "and I know not where to get the other two; I have asked almost every one I have met, and no one will give them to me. I dare not go home until I get them, and it is growing dark, and I don't know what I shall do." As he uttered these words the tears flowed down his cheeks, and he looked up so sadly in the gentleman's face, that he said he could not have refused him had it been two dollars, instead of two cents, that he wanted. He gave the boy the two cents, but before they parted he inquired of him what his father wanted the twelve cents for. "Oh," said the boy, "he wants them to buy RUM with."

Kind lady! as thou hast a heart  
To bid the poor and wretched live,  
O! from thy plenty, one small part  
For our sad, starving mother give.

We left her sick, alone and weak,  
With none to hold her aching head;  
Hunger and sickness on her cheek  
Have left their pale hue for the red.

Our father is not what he was,  
In joyous days that have gone by.

Lady! if thou would'st know the cause,  
Ask of yon haughty trader why.

We begged of him to give us bread;  
He gave a cruel curse and blow;  
"Off! off! ye beggar brats," he said,  
"Back to your filthy hovel go."

I knew that we were beggar boys,  
Doomed to a life of want and woe  
By the foul poison that destroys  
All peace, but HE hath made us so.

Lady! 't is hard to beg our bread  
As we do now from door to door,  
But give, and blessings on thy head  
May Heaven in plenty pour.

[FOR THE CADET.]

### The Maine Law.

THE citizens of Maine have done themselves immortal honor by their vigorous and masterly legislation in establishing the Maine Law, and, therefore, it is no matter of surprise, that other States, seeing the ripe and salutary fruits she is reaping from it, should anxiously long for its adoption; and that all the dealers in Alcohol, and the open and secret friends of the monster should writhe and groan in all the agonies of despair, and of dying conflict.

I apprehend the citizens of Canada, and the other British Provinces, are gradually becoming convinced of its necessity, and longing for its adoption. I hope it will not be long before the voice of public feeling will, in our Legislative Halls, overcome the interested opposition of those "Gentlemen" there, who represent the people. As might have been expected, some of the "Fourth Estate" still advocate the distinctive old practice of buying, selling, and using alcohol; and object to

the "Maine Law," on account of its compulsory character, while the use of alcohol is matter of mere opinion. Of these, I perceive the *Quebec Mercury*, and *Montreal Herald*, and *Courier*, are zealously employed throwing this fine dust in the eyes of the public, to frustrate the efforts of the advocates of the Maine Law. Matter of mere opinion indeed! Do the vast number of bankrupts, and paupers, and widows, and widowers, and orphans, and broken-hearted individuals, whom the use of alcohol has bereaved, and made miserable, say, "it is a matter of mere opinion," whether the use and sale of alcohol is beneficial to the public or no? Gentlemen, who concoct at their social clubs, over champagne and brandy, those schemes which affect the public, for weal or woe, as a merchant in New York, now a Teetotaler, described them as doing; or "Gentlemen Editors," who take an occasional nip at the stimulating source of those ingenious sparrings, with their political opponents, with which they occasionally amuse and edify the public, when they screw up their editorial energies to the "stinging point," may style it an "outrage on the liberty of the subject," and may, while they bridle themselves up to the highest point of apparent sobriety and gentility, exclaim, "Drunkenness we detest; so does every gentleman; but, we sincerely and conscientiously believe that wine, beer, and spirits, are among the good and useful things which God has given us richly to enjoy"; but "facts are stubborn things"; and even the rising generation of sober Cadets can, with feelings of sorrow, shame, and dread, point to "Gentlemen," and "Gentlemen Editors," who would have been happier and better men, of greater repute, and more useful and dignified members of civil society, had there been a Maine Law in existence when they became Cadets of Intemperance. An ounce of fact is worth immensely more than one pound of the most subtle argument. The Maine Law would, as it has in Maine, accomplish in a month, all that the Temperance men have been laboring for during the last 20 years. Let the Cadets then go heart and hand for the Maine Law, and "success to them," with "more power," regardless of the taunts of the Bottle men!

A SON OF TEMPERANCE:

Montreal, July, 1852.

## The Pilgrimage of Bacchus.

(Revised for the Cadet.)

When Jupiter became a bankrupt, and broke up his establishment on Mount Olympus, the deities who composed his household descended to earth, and devoted themselves to pursuits congenial to their several dispositions. Juno became a governess in a family of unruly young ladies, and watched over their manners and morals with all that vigilance and austerity which had so often made Jove himself tremble. Minerva established a boarding school. Venus roamed over the earth attended by Cupid, and also by Vulcan, whose services were continually required to furnish arrows for the malicious youth. Mars found ample employment in the numerous wars that have been carried on from time to time, and Diana devoted herself to the especial consolation of those who prefer the prospect of 'leading apes' in Hades, to being led by them in this world. The Muses have always been in great demand, but latterly they seem to have become rather hard of hearing, if we may judge by the numerous unsuccessful appeals which have been addressed to them of late, and we are inclined to believe that they are superannuated.

Bacchus, having been accustomed to a sedentary life, and disliking exercise, partly because he was too full of himself, (Bacchi plenus) and partly by reason of his rotund figure, was loath to desert his old haunts, and accordingly established himself in a cave near Mount Olympus, into which he conveyed all the nectar and other liquors which remained on hand when the catastrophe occurred of which we have spoken. We fear that the jolly god's title was not clear; but be that as it may, he lived in this state of luxurious retirement for many years and many ages, eating, drinking, and sleeping with great satisfaction to himself. As time rolled on, and hermits began to be in fashion, he became eminently distinguished by the traditions of the adjacent inhabitants, who had before their eyes a man (apparently) who had outlived their remotest ancestors. Hence his cave was frequented by all the hermit-hunters far and near, and he was regarded with all that reverence which a belief in his great age would naturally inspire. It is true that some of the less enthusiastic pilgrims looked upon his fresh and jolly physiognomy with a degree of suspicion, but the more zealous among them viewed this idea, and its authors, with indignation: nay, they stoutly denied that he was either fresh or jolly, but insisted that his whole appearance bore testimony to his great age; and two or three of them lurked in the neighborhood of the cave for a long time, with the hope of securing some of his bones as relics in case he should die. They became discouraged, however, and realized the truth of the proverb respecting the tediousness of

waiting either for 'dead men's shoes' or bones. As for the hermit himself, he was very well pleased at first, but when the novelty of the thing wore off, he was intolerably bored by the attentions of his admirers, especially as they often interrupted him in his potations. So he withdrew himself from their sight into an inner cell, giving out that his age and infirmities demanded quiet. This plan succeeded, as far as concerned the pilgrims, but he found himself a sort of prisoner, and his life was more dull than ever. This condition he endured for a short time, when, his liquors being almost gone, he resolved one night (in the course of a 'speer' with Mercury, who used occasionally to visit him) to travel over various parts of the civilized world, both for the purpose of being within the reach of liquor, and also to indulge his curiosity to see sundry places of which he had read in the papers which Mercury often brought him. As he was ignorant of geography, he prevailed upon his brother divinity to act as guide in his travels, and also attempted to secure his services as a conveyance, but this honor Mercury declined, reminding him that in the principal countries which he intended to visit he would find more convenient and rapid modes of travelling. So they went upon their journey, and travelled nearly all the inhabitable regions of the earth. In the course of his wanderings, the jolly god tasted fluids, both simple and compound, which had never before entered into the imagination of his palate. He drank tea with the Chinese, fermented mare's milk with the Tartars, coffee with the Turks and Persians, arrack with the East Indians, decoctions of cocculus indicus with the English and Americans. But we are partly anticipating. After he had been over most of the globe, he crossed the ocean, overcoming his disgust at so much water, and entered America. We will give a slight sketch of his progress through this country, since here perhaps to a greater extent than elsewhere, he has his friends and followers.

As they landed at one of our large seaport towns, the attention of Bacchus was drawn to an army of youth, marching through the streets, and bearing banners. "Doubtless," said he, "these are the children of those who, being themselves too much overcome by their adoration of me, have sent their offspring to meet and welcome me." "Do you read the inscription on this banner?" said Mercury, pointing to one which then passed near them, inscribed "ANTI-BACCHUS." "No! my master, it is not among these happy, innocent faces that you are to look for your admirers.—Every one of these children has sworn eternal opposition to you and all your works." "Mighty enemies!" sneered Bacchus. "You will find them mighty," replied Mercury, "when these boys shall fill the places of those who are now your friends, and these girls shall sustain them by their silent and powerful

influence." Mercury was in a moralizing mood, and besides, it was cold weather, which had a depressing effect upon him. The jolly god himself felt somewhat melancholy at the prospect which his brother divinity had just showed him, but he soon regained his usual buoyancy of spirits, and was impatient to continue the investigation which he had already pursued in other parts of the world. "To tell you the truth friend Mercury," said he, "some of the worst stuff I ever tasted was called wine. Had I possessed a human stomach, I should long ago have been incapacitated either for liquor or anything else. As long as such a fluid can pass for wine among people at large, I see no use in the cultivation of the vine. Ah! how have my subjects degenerated! I can remember the time when the purple grapes were gathered and pressed amid the rejoicings of men, women, and children, and the cask of old Falernian made cheerful many a winter night. But now the cider-mill replaces the wine-press, and the grinding of logwood and the burning of sugar serve to complete the melancholy picture. They tell me that the poetry here is mostly worthless. What can be expected of an inspiration drawn from apple juice and logwood? But let me not yield to this weakness. You said, I believe, that delicious compounds, which you termed mint-juleps and gin-cock-tails, could be procured in perfection here. These shall serve me as a last resort, when my stomach is sorely tried by the number of villainous liquors which I shall doubtless be obliged to drink, in pursuance of my grand design of tasting everything drinkable on the surface of the globe. For you know, friend Mercury, that these Yankees are men of wonderful ingenuity: and surely those who can make

' Nutmegs of wood,  
And fireless gun-flints of elusive horn,'

would find no difficulty in converting ditch-water into excellent ale, or in giving cocculus indicus all the properties of the hop." "True," said Mercury, "but the imagination may do much towards reconciling the stomach to such vile compounds as you have mentioned. Were I to drink a glass of what is called wine, knowing it to be a solution of sugar of lead in cider, there would doubtless be intestinal disorders in my corporation; but should I imbibe it, firmly believing that it originated on the sunny hills of France, it would 'ascend me into the brain,' and there produce all those pleasing and beneficial effects which your old friend and disciple, Falstaff, has described. But we are losing time. If you wish to examine all the varieties of liquor which exist in this country, you had better begin at once, for this may be your only opportunity." So they improved their time, fearing that the progress of public opinion and law would be so rapid as to forestall them in the execution of their designs. But when they came to a place

called Canada in the British dominions, they breathed more freely, for they heard of the repeal of her law against the friends of Bacchus, and felt, as if they had arrived at a city of refuge. They remained here, pursuing their experiments, until Bacchus, becoming disgusted with ubiquitous and all-pervading whiskey and cider, which seemed to be the foundations of nearly all the beverages, which he investigated, concluded to return to his old haunts. But he found these uninhabitable, by reason of a stream of water which a Section of Cadets had forced into his cave, and looked as if it meant to retain possession of the premises. Bacchus, upon this, lost his spirits, and one day, wandering near the stream, he was surrounded by a company of water-nymphs, belonging to a vast Union of Daughters of Temperance. The merry god deceived by their very cheerful appearance was a little off his guard. The nymphs plunged him into the torrent, and Bacchus, too unwilling to swim, sank down and was no more seen. The nymphs joined in a dirge over the departed, as follows, (one of the ladies, it would seem, was of Milesian origin.)

1st nymph.	Take him up gingerly
2d "	Take him up tinklerly
"	" <i>Sotto voce</i> (Be easy, Bacch. Sir, 'll ye?)
Chorus.	Tumble him in.
3d nymph.	See how he puffs and blows,
4th "	O'er him the water flows,
5th "	Yet he keeps out his nose,
Chorus.	For his head swims.
6th nymph.	Once he has sunk below
7th "	Twice under he doth go—
Chorus.	No more the ripples show.
	Where he went down.

River-gods respond.

Down here we've got him,  
From the earth blot him,  
Now at last, rot him,  
Here let him drown.

### For Conscience' Sake.

A poor man, three score years old, a laborer on the Pennsylvania State railroad, having a family of ten persons dependent on the avails of his daily labor, was notified by the supervisor of the road that his services would hereafter be required on the Sabbath, and his wages proportionately increased; he pleaded for exemption, on the ground that he had never worked on the Sabbath, and could not begin now; the supervisor was inexorable, and urged the near approach of winter, and the difficulty he must find in procuring work elsewhere as an overpowering argument; but the poor fellow feared God more than man; relinquished his seven dollars a week, and blessed the Providence that soon gave him a place where he could earn four dollars and twenty cents a week, and keep a good conscience. Such a man will be blessed in his deed. Before the supervisor lies a day of high reckoning.

### A Temperance Meeting.

Question by the President—"Who goes for the Maine Law?"

"I, says George Mayence, for it destroys the old license."

"I, says James Baker, for it pours out the liquor."

"I, says Tim Minturn, for it protects all the children."

"I, says Tom Morehouse, for it empties the poorhouse."

"I, says Charles Wilson, for it clears out the prison."

"I, says Jack Naylor, for it covers the sailor."

"I, says John Bungey, for it gives a good Sunday."

"I, says John Bannard, for there'll ne'er more be a drunkard."

"Three cheers," said the President, "for the Maine Law—the vote is unanimous."

### Poetry.

[FOR THE CADET.]

#### Temperance Song.

BY ROSS ALLEY.

Oh! I love the gushing fountains,  
And their waters pure and bright,  
And their splings—sweetest music,  
Floating on the stilly night.

Oh! I hate the growing wine-cups,  
And their soul-destroying draughts;  
And the clanking of the glasses,  
At which oft the Devil laughs.

There are those who love to set them  
Where the vile inebriates pass,  
Neath the light of gas-lamp fixtures,  
Watch the gleaming of the glass.

But to me the morning sunlight,  
Has more beauty than the gas,  
And I love to watch the gleaming,  
Of the dew upon the grass.

Or, reclining by the brook-side,  
Watch the noon-day gleamings there,  
And read upon the golden wavelets,  
God's in Nature—Nature's fair.

Clean, Ripley County, Indiana, U.S.

#### Pious Wishes.

BY THOMAS ELLWOOD, 1860.

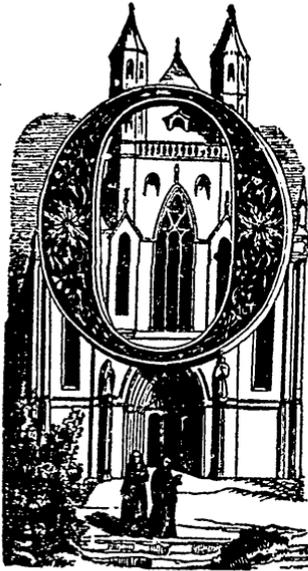
"O that mine eye might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might always tie,  
From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thought might ever rest,  
Or be conceived in my breast;  
That by each word, and deed, and thought,  
Glory may to my God be brought!  
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye  
On thee is fixed, to thee I cry;  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
And make it clean in every part;  
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,  
For that is more than I can do."

# THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, AUG. 2, 1852.

## The Man who Did not Want to Think about it.



N a fine summer's day of last year we were sitting at the parlour window of a friend, when we overheard the conversation of two men who were on the main road. One was in waggon going toward a grave-yard, the other was walking in opposite direction. The man in the waggon said "I wish you would go along with us." The reply was "No, there is no occasion for it." "O yes there is." "No, there is not; you can do without me." "Yes I can do without you; don't want you to work any, but wish you would go." "What's the use of going?" "Oh come along, get in and go with me only just because *I don't want to think about it.*" The last sentence arrested our attention, "don't want to think about it." What could it be the man wished to banish from his mind? What had disturbed his thoughts, or what painful forebodings troubled him? On looking at the man in the waggon we recognized him as a person whom we knew to be of very intemperate habits, and at the time we are speaking of he was evidently under the influence of liquor, although not as drunk as we had sometimes seen him.

He was sober enough for partial reflection, but did not desire to pursue the train of thought which some circumstance or other had awakened. What was that circumstance? We enquired of our friend, and it appeared that the evening before a female had died, who was near neighbor to the man who did not want to think. She was the mother of several children. In earlier life she had been moral, industrious and economical, but unhappily she had contracted the habit of using intoxicating drinks; became a drunkard, neglected her family—every thing about the homestead went to ruin, and she, alas! died prematurely the victim of intemperance. Her drunken neighbor was going to the place of interment to dig her grave, and he desired his acquaintance to accompany him that he might be able to banish thought, and continue his mad career without mental restraint. We may suppose that the death of this woman, hastened by intemperance, had awakened the conscience of this man, and there were several things he could not help thinking about that morning when they said *she is dead.* He thought of the days of her youth and his own, when they were both healthy and happy, and when any body, to look at them, might have been almost sure that they would live to a good old age in peace and happiness. He thought of these past days of youthful pleasure and joyous anticipation irrecoverably gone by. He knew the days of this woman were shortened by drink. Her beauty had faded, her energies were depressed, her self-control was destroyed, the fire of life was quenched by the stronger fire of alcohol; and he knew his own visage was distorted, his nerves shattered and his prospects blighted by that self-same demon, but he didn't want to think about it! He thought of death—how could he help it just then. He was going to dig a grave—the grave of a woman whose hope of future happiness was already buried. In a few short hours, if he were not over drunk, he must

aid in lowering the coffin, and then in covering up the poor dead body of a drunkard. Perhaps, with a rapidity of which conscience only is capable, he thought of cause and effect. Even he had heard and read "the wages of sin is death," and the terrible monitor said to him, "your turn next—your end is nigh," and he knew it must be so, for drink had laid *her* low and *must* lay him low—soon—very soon. But he did not want to think about it. What a sad state is this for a responsible being, made in the image of God. For a moment, too, the lightnings of future judgment flashed before him. He had heard or read "all that are in their graves shall come forth," and "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." He was guilty as she whom he must bury out of sight, and he foresaw the dreadful doom, *but he didn't want to think about it.*

Dear young friends—readers of the *Cadet*—is not that a dreadful condition for an immortal being! What an abomination is strong drink when it leads a man to desire the destruction of thought. Under its influence many have committed suicide, but here is a man who wished to murder mind—to extinguish reminiscences of the past and considerations of the future. You have taken the pledge of total abstinence—keep it to the end of life, and let us advise you never to pursue such a course as that when conscience speaks on any subject of importance you may not wish to think about it. Perhaps if the man to whom we have referred, had in early life possessed your advantages, he would not have become vicious. You should therefore be thankful and do your duty. Keep good company. Pity and pray for those who have been brought up wickedly. That poor woman mentioned above often sent her children for liquor. We have seen her daughter carry home the bottle, and the bottle did its work and made that daughter motherless. This has been the case with thousands. Pity the children of the drunkard, Strive to save them

from intemperance by your kind advices, and good example. Exert yourselves to diminish vice, and by all the means in your power combine with us to hasten the period when Canada shall be free from the curse of the liquor trade.

### The Corner Stone of the Temperance Reformation.



YOU are all aware what Art has achieved in causing the waters of a lake or a river to flow in iron arteries through the streets of our large cities, and even into the very chambers

of their citizens. Let us suppose that these waters, by some mysterious change, became insipid, and even poisonous. Confusion, disappointment, intense suffering, and even death, would be the immediate results. Amid the universal dismay of such a misfortune, two men appear before the city council, with specifics for the healing of the waters.

"I," affirms the first, "have a powder, a pinch of which will heal a gallon of the water, and render it sweet as before."

The city fathers look joyfully at each other. Water is brought. The powder is infused with eager haste: each official sips a drop or two, and pronounces it delicious. The powder is equal to the claims of the inventor. Eulogy is exhausted in its praise. They inquire the price of this great discovery, and are about to conclude a contract for its purchase, when the second man steps up, saying—

"Gentlemen, I have a specific, which, if cast into the spring of the lake or river, will heal the whole for ever!"

The city fathers are incredulous at first. But the man is in earnest, and evidently sincere. He demands a bond for an immense price, to be paid if he fulfils his promise; otherwise he asks nothing.

Now, if these city fathers were wise,

with which of these men, think you, would they conclude a contract? Judge for them, youthful friends, ought they not, at almost any cost, to purchase the specific which would entirely remove the evil at once and for ever?

The application of this will be found in the history of the Temperance Reformation. First came what was called the temperance pledge—abstinence only from ardent spirits, while wine, beer, &c, were allowed to be drunk. This was like the pinch of powder to the gallon of water. The gallon only and no more was healed, while the rest remained poisoned as before. With this first pledge, men thought they had found the real specific that would banish drunkenness from the land, and lecturers set out all over the country lauding it to the skies. But before they had fully adopted it, the teetotal pledge came and said,—“Try me; give me a chance; and I will heal the spring for ever, whence all these poisonous waters flow.” Its counsel was neither to taste, touch, nor handle the accursed thing. And it proved itself to be the real specific for banishing drunkenness from all lands. But we go farther still, for we have espoused the youth of the land, and mean to do our part in training them pure from the touch of the polluting thing. They must tell the world we never knew it, and shall never know it. “But,” says an objector, “before your young friends grow up to be the men and women of the day, a law will be the law of the land, which will banish the whole traffic in alcohol from our shores, and thus you will be freed from your task of training these young people in the principle of Temperance?” True, let the *Maine* law come to-morrow, but still it needs right principles to sustain it, and hands unpoluted with the accursed thing to urge these principles.

Silently and surely has the teetotal pledge been doing its work; it has not only cured each individual spring that it has touched, but it is silently working its

way through the crevices of the rock whence the spring bubbles out. It is stretching out its influence through every portion of community, permeating all ranks, degrees and conditions of humanity, and particularly laying its fostering arm around our youth, and garnering them for the time when a teetotal generation shall cover our land. Its moral influence is working silently and underground, and men are marking the signs of the times. Now it breaks forth in *Maine*—now in *Minnesota*; in *Canada*, too, the flag of the *Maine Law* flutters in the breeze. A moral earthquake is looked for, and when it comes, the triumph of the temperance movement will be complete. Verily, there will be a quaking, and breweries, distilleries, groggeries, and the low dens where vice is nursed, shall topple and fall, and the spirits that dwell therein shall be released by the people's hands, and run down the steep places into the *St. Lawrence*, and that noble river shall carry them into the sea, and the *Maine Law* shall be the law of *Canada*. Hurra! boys, for the Teetotal Pledge and the *Maine Law*!!

### Notices to Correspondents.

#### ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

*B. A.*—The American Edition of *Hannah More's* works are in nine volumes, including her life, which makes two of the series. They are very valuable and instructive.

*John Dix.*—Our publisher Mr. Becket issued an edition of *Anti Bacchus* some years ago, perhaps you can get a copy at the office; we have not enquired, but the work is worthy your perusal, and you had better try to get it.

*Thompson.*—The speech of the “*Town Pump*” to which you refer, was originally published many years ago in the “*New England Magazine*.” It has been republished so often that we prefer selecting matter of more recent date.

*B. T.*—The travels of *M. Huc*, the Roman Catholic Missionary in *Tartary*, *Thibet*, and *China*, you can get at *Dawson's*. We have read them, and they have afforded us much information of the men and manners of those countries.

C. E.—“*The Public good*” is published in England. It advocates peace principles and other reforms.

Mary.—Your poetry is not as good as your intention. Be not discouraged—try again.

A. G.—The line of which you enquire taken from Campbell “Like angel visits few and far between,” is said to be a palpable plagiarism from Blair, who has the following

It's visits,  
Like angel visits, short and far between.

O. K.—*Innuendo* signifies an oblique hint. Webster says it is from *innuo*, to nod, and should be spelled as above. The word is sometimes used by learned men and others, not to intimate that they were nodding, but that they were kept awake by kind friends, who feared for their safety, and saw a danger of wrecking. But our querist must know that this last is the non-natural sense.

We have to thank Mr Ross Alley, Editor of the *Genius of Youth* for his contribution to our pages, and shall be glad to hear from him again.

A CANADIAN, Walford.—Answers to Enigmas in June No. correct.

GRAND SECTION, CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—Mr. Thomas Nixon, is now grand secretary to the Cadets of Temperance. All letters relating to the Grand Section should be addressed to him, at New Market, C. W. Mr. Robert Wilson, London, C. W., is G. W. P. for the present term.

### Arrest of a Young Pickpocket.

Officer Hough, of the Sixteenth Ward, on Monday afternoon, while the Firemen's procession was passing through Broadway, arrested a youth, 16 years of age, named Henry Adams, whom he caught in the act of picking a gentleman's pocket. On searching the youngster, no less than eleven handkerchiefs were found in his possession, which were believed to have been stolen. They can be seen at the Jefferson Police Court. The accused was committed by Justice Stuart.

The above from the Tribune, is a brief exposition of the depravity, and downfall of thousands, who like Henry Adams resort from necessity to the humiliating practice of a ‘pickpocket’ for subsistence. Since the above sad occurrence, it has

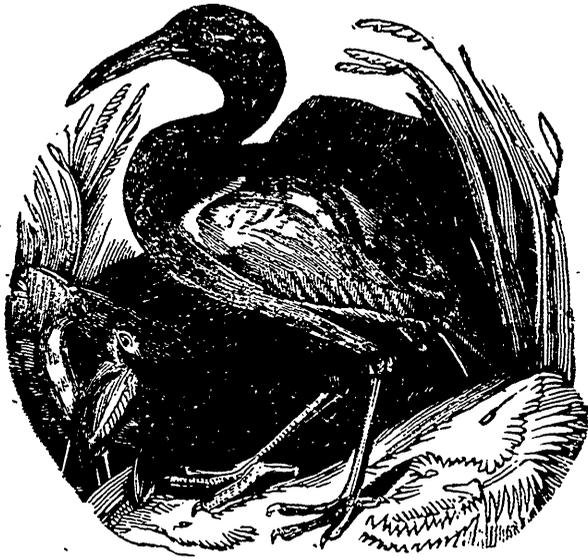
been ascertained that the parents of this youth, at one time, were wealthy and respectable, but, in consequence of rum, they have become poor and degraded.

The father and mother are now residents of a room in a cellar, without furniture, without happiness, and without friends. The cursed vice, intemperance has so brutalized their hearts, and expelled every feeling of maternal affection, as to sacrifice an only son, for Rum.

Each day Henry is obliged to leave his home with threats, “that, if he does not return in the evening with so much money, or goods to that amount, he will be flogged within an inch of his life.” Oh, could the Philanthropist, the Christian, executor of the laws, hear this poor boy pleading for a respite, how their hearts would grieve over his misfortunes, and beat with sympathy for his sufferings. He is driven from home by his parents; with commands and threats and curses, “to beg or steal;” and even while his hand may be in the very act of abstracting “a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket,” his poor little suffering heart not only condemns the act, but is ready to break with grief, at the turpitude of his crime.

Yes, many, many poor children like Henry, are daily seen in our streets, degraded outcasts, and but for drunken parents, might become ornaments to society; had their lot been different, or if even now, they were snatched from their thralldom by some friendly hands. How many young and buoyant hearts are nipped in the bud, and all their aspirations for ever dissipated by the siren voice of the charmer Wine! Ye that are wealthy and influential, and have sons, guard them well against the parent vice, by setting them a good example, in totally abstaining from all that intoxicates.—Selected.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.—The following is from “Dickens' Household Words.” “Imagine a railroad from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would get old and die without seeing the sun, for it is distant one hundred years from us. But what is this compared with Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have been there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.”



The Ibis.

The Egyptian ibis, so famous in history and mythology, is larger than the stork, measuring from thirty to forty inches in length. The bill is seven inches long, is slightly curved, and ends in a blunt point. The plumage is a reddish white, most inclining to red on the back and wings. It is found in great numbers in Lower Egypt, in places just freed from the inundations of the Nile, where it is of signal service in destroying insects, reptiles, &c. This bird is frequently found in the sepulchres along with the mummies, and was formerly held sacred by the Egyptians.

### Science answering Simple Questions.

(From Dr. Brewster's "Guide to Science.")

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it, instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; and, 2ndly, Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment, by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell, when it is collected in a rain-water

tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why, do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face, by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore, the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall, to supply the void in the

room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

If you open the lower sash of a window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this? If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a great draught inwards; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draught inwards.

By which means is a room better ventilated—by opening the upper or lower sash? A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash, because the hot vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or the lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash, because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen? Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapour from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust, or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there, which it had formerly eaten.

### Tobacco—its Growth and Manufacture.

Almost the very ugliest production of the vegetable world is Tobacco; a great rough course weed, it is alike destitute of fragrance and beauty. The seeds are very small; resembling those of the mullein; they are sown in beds, and when they have germinated and attained sufficient size, the plants are set out in hills. They require a great deal of patient and laborious culture, and are liable to be des-

troyed by a great ugly worm. To prevent this, large flocks of turkeys are turned into the tobacco fields, which devour the worms, and in turn are devoured by the planters and their families. The taste of tobacco is very perceptible in these worm-fed turkeys. I suppose the Cannibals mentioned by Lieutenant Wilkes, in his account of the 'exploring expedition' sent out some years since by our government, would not eat them, as they always reject those sailors who have used tobacco, who happen to fall into their hands.

This worm and the goat are the only animals except men and women, who eat, or use in any way tobacco.

When the plants are mature, they are cut and strung on sharp pointed sticks, as herrings sometimes are, and hung up in the tobacco house to dry or cure. It requires a great deal of experience to cure it properly, and it is necessary to handle it a great deal; being at the proper time stripped from the stalk, the leaves are tied in bunches or hands as they are called, and when fully cured, packed and sent to market.—The amount of capital and labor invested in the production and manufacture of tobacco is immense. It is bought up by the manufacturers to be prepared for chewing, or made into segars and snuff.

The process of manufacturing is disgustingly filthy, and it is considered that deception is very easily practised.

I know not why almost any vegetable would not answer to mix in, the tobacco giving taste and color to the whole. I have seen good looking segars, made of strips of felt, the trimmings of the hat shops, and cabbage leaves for the inside, and a tobacco leaf for the cover. As to snuff, how can any one tell what it is? It may be tan bark, rotten wood, dry forest leaves, old segar stumps, quids of tobacco, any thing, indeed, reduced to powder, colored and scented. From all this I think my little readers will infer that tobacco chewers, smokers and snuffers are not the most particularly nice people in the world.

Tobacco was not known or used by civilized folks until Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from his voyage to North Carolina in 1584. He had probably seen the savages smoking the calamut or pipe of peace, and thought it advisable to be as savage as they, and followed the example. At all events, when he returned home to England, he carried with him some tobacco leaves and the calamut or

pipe ; and it is said, that one day he made ready to take a smoke all to himself ; but having filled his pipe, before he lighted it, he called his servant and bade him bring him a pitcher of beer. When the servant returned with the beer, he discovered Sir Walter enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and supposing him to be on fire, did not hesitate to swash him with the contents of the pitcher, in hopes of putting him out.

I suppose Sir Walter took the beer bath good naturedly, as the servant being alarmed at so novel a spectacle, did precisely what any sensible and kind person would have done in the same situation. I don't know whether Sir Walter smoked any more, but I hope my juvenile readers never will.

UNCLE BENEDICT.

### Puzzles for Pastime.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

SIR,—I beg to send you three enigmas, to occupy the "pastime" of your young readers. The first two are original, but the third is not, and although I do not know its author, so many can testify to its truthfulness, that I am sure he will forgive me for sending it, without his permission, to your interesting little paper :—

No. 1.—I am made up of 15 letters. My 2, 3, 8, 6, 12, 9, 3, 14, is a term used by astronomers. My 5, 6, 8, is a non-favorite with mankind. My 4, 11, 8, is the name of a useful animal. My 7, 12, 13, 10, is a proof of the ingenuity of man, combined with that of the inferior animals. My 1, 6, 5, 9, 7, is the name of a city celebrated in modern history. My 8, 6, 9, 14, is a town in Scotland. My 4, 3, 5, 14, we cannot do well without. And my whole has ruined many young men.

No. 2.—I am composed of 22 letters. My 1, 18, 3, 14, 5, 10, 7, ought to be strictly observed by every Cadet. My 19, 8, 4, 15, corrupts the youthful mind. My 19, 8, 2, 3, is an animal much dreaded by the South Africans. My 13, 4, 19, 19, is the name of the founder of mutual instruction in England. My 17, 20, 6, 10, is the name of a celebrated statesman. My 11, 8, 19, 19, conferred a great boon on the inhabitants of Britain. My 5, 21, 18, 6, 16, is a celebrated literary character. My 3, 8, 21, 18, 19, 19 is an English poet. My 16, 12, 3, 21, 8, 3, is a lady celebrated for her wit. My 4, 6, 10, 22, is the name of an English painter. My 16, 8, 17, 17, 22, is a famous German General. My 13, 4, 3, 3, a victorious General who figured during the Hungarian struggle. My 3, 4, 19, 5, 2, 3, is the name of a matchless Admiral. And my whole a most excellent maxim.

No. 3.

There is a noun in the plural number,  
A foe to healthful peace and slumber,  
But add to it the letter s ;  
Behold the metamorphosis !  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet 's what bitter was before.

GEORGIUS.

SIR,—Should you not have too many enigmas on hand, by inserting the following, you will greatly oblige :—

No. 4.—I am a sentence of 12 letters. My 3, 12, 2, is a decimal numeral. My 6, 12, 9, 8, 11, 4, is the name of a renowned bishop. My 6, 4, 3, 7, 8, is the name of an apostle. My 8, 12, 6, 4, 2, 3, is what all should do. My 6, 4, 9, 8, is a good fruit. My 6, 12, 9, 11, 4, is a saying of Christ. My whole the greatest evil in the known world.

OMEGA.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN JULY NUMBER OF THE CADET.

By G. W. WEAVER, Royal Mount Section, C. of T.

When toiling is the ardent youth  
In eager search of hidden truth,  
His rugged path what renders smooth ?

The Press !

What can the heart in error bind,  
Prove a blind leader of the blind,  
And thus mislead th' inquiring mind ?

The Press !

What can a scene of vice portray  
In such a pleasant, luring way ?—  
'T is sure to lead the heart astray—

The Press !

But when in Virtue's garments drest,  
And with a BECKER'S wisdom blest,  
What speeds the cause of Temperance best ?

The Press !

What does for war and peace contend ?  
What strives all social wrongs to mend ?  
What, often borrowing, oft does lend ?

The Press !

What often does confirm your fears ?  
What often causes bitter tears ?  
And what, again, the bosom cheers ?

The Press !

What fills with hope the hearts of men,  
Both rich and poor ; and what, again,  
Inflicts them with Fear's nervous pain ?

The Press !

When tyrants rule in modern Gaul,  
And wish a nation to enthral,  
What do they fear the most of all ?

The Press !

What yet, in course of time, may be  
A means of promised blessing three,  
Namely, FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY ?

THE PRESS !

Montreal, July 9, 1852.

### Things to Think About.

A man who converses to himself has a partial audience.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.

DEATH.—There is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: old men go to death, and death comes to young men.—*Bacon*.

Human violence may make men counterfeited, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within.

A man who is so far enamoured of himself as to neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.

Some men are like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been for a short time in hot water.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.—*Locke*.

The wheels of nature are not made to roll backwards—everything presses on towards eternity—from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean.

So great is the power of conscience on every human being, that the remembrance of crimes never fails to overthrow tranquility of mind. Be assured that he who defrauds his neighbour, who has ensnared the innocent, has violated his trust, or betrayed his friend, shall never enjoy within himself undisturbed quiet.

It is a doctrine all preach, few practise, and yet everybody is content to hear.

A free government is always agitated and cannot maintain itself if it be not capable of correction by its own laws.

The powerful man has slaves: the rich man has flatterers; the man of genius has admirers; the wise only have friends.

DISPROPORTIONED PUNISHMENT.—Whenever the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigour of the penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement: and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.

### Things to Smile at.

A GOOD REASON.—'Bill,' said Bob, 'why is that tree called a weeping willow?' 'Cause one of the sneaking dratted things grew near our school house, and supplied our master with the sticks that did all the boys' licking.'

It's all very well to say 'know thyself'; but supposing you never find yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?

A young lady says, the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

Did your fall hurt you? said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. 'Not in the laste, honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me.'

POSING A PEDAGOGUE.—'Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?' 'No, thir; I can't do it.' 'Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you.' 'I think, thir, that I know a thum you can't thifer out.' 'Ha! well, Sally, let's hear it.' It ith thith, thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thider, thir? 'Miss Sally Jones, you may return to your parsing lesson.' 'Yeth, thir.'

Sheridan once fell into a coal cellar on his way home, after supping at Drury lane; and his abuse of the vendor for not keeping a light at the cellar door was warmly retorted by the man's wife. 'Confound it,' cried Sheridan (who was not hurt), 'do you think I want to pocket your coals?' 'No,' returned the woman, 'but your nose may set the coal-hole on fire.'

A gentleman lately took the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper:—Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vapourish; brightened up a little at night. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair, in the afternoon; variable till the evening; cloudy all night. Saturday, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning.

DOMESTIC COLLOQUY; OR EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.—'Ma,' said a young lady to her mother, the other day, 'What is emigrating?' 'Mother—Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia.' Daughter—'What is colonising, Ma?' Mother—'Colonising, dear, is marrying there and having a family.' Daughter—'Ma, I should like to go to Australia.'

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## SUPPLEMENT TO

# THE CADET

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE  
DAUGHTERS & JUVENILE TEETOTALERS OF B. N. AMERICA.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1852.

No. 6.

MONTREAL, June 24th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to send you the following list of officers of the Royal Mount Section, No. 115, Cadets of Temperance, for the ensuing Quarter, viz:—

Wm. Hodgson, W. P.  
J. D. Clendinnen, 1st W. A. P.  
F. J. Barnard, 2d W. A. P.  
W. Meakins, W. C.  
James Smith, W. A.  
Francis W. Campbell, V. A.  
John Montgomery, Tr.  
W. C. Boyd, As. Tr.  
Alfred T. Dutton, Sec.  
Daniel J. Fox, As. Sec.  
Lewis Levey, Guide.  
C. Dracott, Usher.  
Wm. Mearns, W.  
Robert A. Becket, J. W.  
J. Barnard, P. W. A.

Yours in V. L. and T.,

A. T. DUTTON.

MONTREAL, July 5, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of attending the meeting of the Royal Mount Section, No. 115, Cadets of Temperance, on Thursday, the 1st instant, on which occasion, the officers of the section, for the current Quarter, were installed by the D. G. W. P., Mr Becket.

The section was honored by the presence of a large number of the Daughters and Sons of Temperance of this city. This I am glad to notice, as the scanty attendance of the Sons has been a matter of complaint by the Patrons of the Section latterly.

After the withdrawal of the D.G.W.P., who was pleased to compliment the Section on its orderly and regular appearance, the meeting

was addressed by Mrs. Maxwell, Lady President of the Eastern Star Union Daughters of Temperance, and by Messrs. White and Dutton of the Howard Division, Sons of Temperance, the former of whom congratulated the Section on the presence of the ladies, and, in happy terms, conveyed to them the thanks of the meeting for their attendance.

Mr. Dutton followed, and ably pointed out the duties of the Cadet, and encouraged his youthful hearers to persevere in their good work to the end.

Mr. Clendinnen, Acting W. P., having offered a prize of "the Cadet," for a year, to the member, under 14 years, whose conduct, during the Quarter, was best, it was awarded to Master G. W. Weaver.

Mr. Clendinnen then offered another prize to be awarded, at the end of this Quarter, to the author of the best Essay on the following subject,—“In what way is the Maine Liquor Law superior to all other legal enactments for the suppression of Intemperance.” As this subject was considered by him too difficult for members of the Section, under 15 years, he offered another prize for the best essay on “Temperance,” to be competed for only by members of the Section under that age, subject to the same rules as the former prizes.

A vote of thanks was then passed to Mr. Clendinnen for the prizes he has given, and offered, and for the great interest he has taken in the Section since his connection with it.

After a few words of encouragement from Mr. Hodgson, W. P., the meeting separated.

I hope this letter will have the effect of causing the “Sons” to spend one hour per week, (on Thursday nights), with pleasure and profit, in the R. M. Section.—I am, &c.,

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

NORWICHVILLE, June 28, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I here send you a list of the officers of the Cold Water Section, No. 127, C. of T., located in this place, for the Quarter commencing July 1, and ending Sept. 30, 1852:—

John Hand, W. A.  
George Wickham, V. A.  
Hosia Stroud, T.  
Lewis F. Bingay, A. T.  
Stafford Bingham, S.  
William Campbell, G.  
Walter Hand, U.  
Hugh McKee, W.  
John Campbell, J. W.

Yours in V. L. and T.,

AMOS SWITZER, Sec.

LYN, June 28th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—You requested all the Sections now instituted to send in the names of the officers elect for the next quarter. The officers and W. Patrons of New Erie Section, No. 13, elected for the next quarter, are the following:

Peter Purvis, W.A.  
John Godkin, V.A.  
James Philp, T.  
Ezekiel Phillips, A.T.  
Moses Lang, S.  
Wm. Godkin, A.S.  
Wilson Baxter, G.  
Strader Clow, U.  
Isaac Cole, W.  
Jacob Parr, J.W.  
Elijah Stots, P.W.A.  
Wm. Thompson, W.P.

Our Section is in good standing and prosperous, and numbers 35 members.

Yours in V. L. and T.,

MOSES LANG,  
Secretary.

CHARLESVILLE,

EAST WILLIAMSBURG, 28th June, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—According to your request, I herewith enclose the names of the officers elect, Charlesville Section, No. 35, Cadets of Temperance, for the quarter commencing 1st July, for insertion in the supplement to *The Cadet*, viz.:

R. L. Whitney, W.P.  
Michael Hickey, W.A.  
Jacob I. Loucks, W.A.

Thos. Anderson, C.  
John Hickey, W.A.  
Simeon Casselman, V.A.  
John Crysler, S.  
George Hickey, A.S.  
Thaddeus Loucks, T.  
Edgar Ault, A.T.  
Francis Morgan, G.  
Vestus Casselman, U.  
George Anderson, W.  
Walter Davis, J.W.

I remain,

Yours, in V. L. and T.,

EDGAR AULT,  
Secretary.

DUNDAS, June 30th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—The Dundas Section, No. 53, is in good working order. The names of the officers for the ensuing term are as follows:—

James Lazier, W.A.  
Hervey Sturgus, V.A.  
Stephen Lazier, T.  
Wm. Camp, A.T.  
Wm. Tucker, S.  
Benjamin Spencer, A.S.  
Joseph Burns, G.  
Joseph Chambers, U.  
Wesley Leavitt, W.  
Thomas McMahon, J.W.  
Mr. B. Spencer, W.P.

W. LEAVITT,  
Secretary.

TORONTO, June 30th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—The following is the list of officers elected by St. Lawrence Section, No. 107, to serve during the ensuing term:—

— Sorley, W.A.  
D. Spry, V.A.  
S. J. Allen, T.  
A. D. Weeks, A.T.  
F. A. Rattray, S.  
C. Tyner, A.S.  
G. Belling, G.  
— McCulloch, U.  
C. Gowan, W.  
Wm. Lambert, J.W.

Yours, in V. L. and T.,

F. A. RATTRAY,  
Secy. pro tem.

QUEBEC, July 5, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure of sending you a copy of a programme of pieces recited on the occasion of the installation of officers for this present Quarter.

I dare say you must be well aware, Sir, that such efforts to induce the public to visit us on such occasions, must naturally add new members to our ranks; and I think if other sections of the Cadets could be induced to do likewise, they would find themselves amply repaid for the trouble they had taken, by not only an increase of members, but also an increase in the public estimation.

This section, I am happy to state, is in a flourishing condition. At our weekly meetings we always have either recitations or discussions, which tend to amuse, as well as instruct those present.

Wishing you success with your very interesting little paper,

I remain, Sir, yours in V. L. and T.,

JOHN G. LEITCH, W. A.

Concord Section Cadets of Temperance.

*Programme of Pieces to be Recited on the Evening of the Installation of Officers, 1st July, 1852.*

Opening address by Brother White.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—Brutus, Brother Lane. Cassius, Brother Leitch.

*Music by the Orchestra.*

TEMPERANCE REFORMER, OR EFFORTS IN A GOOD CAUSE.—Mr Jenkins, a Temperance Reformer, Brother Leitch. Squire Take-a-drop, a believer in moderation, Brother Ryan. Captain Chandler, a retailer, Brother McKinley. Joe Blubberlip, a drunkard, Brother White.

*Music by the Orchestra.*

*The Drunkards of Ephraim, by Bro. Porter.*

THE DISTILLER AND HIS CONSCIENCE.—Distiller, Brother Bailey. Conscience, Brother Lane.

*Music by the Orchestra.*

ALEXANDER AND THE THRACIAN ROBBER.—Alexander, Brother Smith. Robber, Brother Baxter.

*Dialogue on the License Question, by Brothers Fitch and Porter.*

The Drunkard's Home, by Brother Fitch.

*Music by the Orchestra.*

THE WHOLESALE DEALER AND HIS CONSCIENCE.—Wholesale Dealer, Brother Langdon. Conscience, Brother Downs.

THE RETAILER AND HIS CONSCIENCE.—Retailer, Brother Richardson. Conscience, Brother Calvert.

*Closing Address by Brother Leitch.*

*Closing Ode by the Section.*

*National Anthem by the Orchestra.*

WESTON, 7th July, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—The following is a list of the names of the officers of the Maple Branch Section of Cadets, No. 76, elected for the present quarter, which you will be kind enough to insert in your excellent little paper at your earliest convenience:—

Wm. Shuttleworth, W.P.

Wm. J. Oliver, W.A.

Thos. Parker, V.A.

John Macracken, S.

James Lever, A.S.

Jacob Bull, T.

John McDeugall, A.T.

Peter Curtis, G.

George Parker, U.

Wm. Chew, W.

Robt. Abbs, J.W., and

Michael Kempshell, C.

On the 21st June a very splendid Bible was presented to the Maple Branch Section by the young ladies of Weston.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

JOHN PIRRIE.

FARMERSVILLE, July 7th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with your request in one of the numbers of your excellent journal called *The Cadet*, I send you the names of the officers of Farmersville Section, No. 131, Cadets of Temperance, installed on Monday evening, the 5th inst., by D. G. W. P. Johnson, as follows:—

E. R. Johnson, W.P.

Joshua Wilts, W.A.

Isaac Alguire, V.A.

A. W. Landon, Secy.

Philip Slaek, A.S.

Wm. J. Clark, T.

Geo. L. Landon, A.T.

Stephen Wilts, G.

Hiram A King, U.

Malcom Vanloon, W.

Isaac Digby, J.W., and

Wm. H. Giles, Chaplain.

The W. P. appointed W. Landon and F. W. Bird Associate Patrons.

Our section is in a prosperous state. At our last meeting several propositions were presented. On Monday the 5th inst., we had an interesting meeting on the subject of the adop-

tion of the Maine Liquor Law. The Sons and Cadets of Farmersville turned out in full uniform. The house was pretty well filled, and the meeting was addressed by several speakers, among them was the Rev. J. E. Ryerson, and a vote was taken on the propriety of petitioning the Legislature on the subject, which was carried with but few dissenting voices.

In the evening the Cadets held an open meeting, for the purpose of installing the officers, which was well attended. After the ceremony was performed, the meeting was addressed by the Revd. J. E. Ryerson, A. B. Pardee, and the Rev. John Moffat, and some of the brothers of the section. After which the section was closed, and all retired to their homes, highly pleased with the meeting.

Yours truly, in V. L. and T.,

A. W. LANDON,  
Secretary.

Ayr, 9th July, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing it requested in your paper that each section should send a list of its officers, those under are the officers of Ayr section, No. 78 :—

Festus Ennis, P.W.A.

Jas. S. Jackson, W.A.

James Hay, V.A.

John McKay, S.

\_\_\_\_\_, A. S.

\_\_\_\_\_, T.

\_\_\_\_\_, A.T.

Thomas F. Dodd, G.

Lyman Rose, U.

Malcolm Stewart, W.

Alexr. McBayne, Jr. W.

Our Senior officers are:—

Jas. Gladson, W.P.

D. Krectel, Ass. P.

W. Kilborne, Ass. P.

John Currie, Chaplain.

Our Division numbers only 25 good members, although near 40 members have been initiated.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN MCKAY,  
Sec. of Ayr S. No. 78, C. of T.

INGERSOLL, July 9th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I have been requested by our W.F. of Oxford Section of Cadets, No. 100, to send you the names of the officers installed for the present quarter, for publication, viz. :

Thos. Vowers, P.W.A.

J. N. Hall, W.A.

Wm. Hearn, V.A.

Js. McDonald, S.

Wm. Berry, A.S.

John Murdock, T.

Js. Gordon, A.T.

Henry Ezard, G.

Saml. Shell, U.

Js. Canfield, W.

Wm. Venton, Jr. W.

Elisha Hall, W.P.

Alex. Gordon, A.P.

Solomon Johns, A.P.

Daniel Shell, W.C.

Yours, &c.,

WM. BERRY,

A. S.

P.S.—In accordance with your request I take the pleasure of sending you a description of our section. We are at present in *good working order*. By the assistance of the ladies of this place, (who always lend their aid in a good cause,) we have procured a splendid banner. We have a beautiful set of officers' caps, and appropriate regalia. We improve greatly in speaking and business.

Yours, in V. L. and T.

J. N. HALL,

W. A.

OSHAWA, July 15th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—According to your request, I send the names of officers of United Section of Cadets, No. 29, elected and installed for the ensuing quarter, viz. :—

John Cooper, W.A.

Edwin Farewell, V.A.

Azra Stone, P.W.A.

John Doyle, T.

James O'Brien, A.T.

John Thornton, S.

Arthur Keddy, A.S.

Samuel James, U.

Alexander Grant, G.

Henry Sewell, W.

Francis N. Doyle, J.W.

Mr. James W. Foss, W.P.

We have 30 members in good standing.

I remain,

Yours, in V. L. and T.,

JAMES O'BRIEN.