

Edinburgh Review; spent the next day in court practising law, and the succeeding night in the House of Commons, returned to his lodgings at three o'clock in the morning, and "retired, simply because he had nothing else to do."

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance

### IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS TO THINK ON.

Sir,—The temperance men of Canada have great reason to be proud of their past success when they look back on what they have accomplished, and behold looming up in the bright future, that glorious day when the iron heel of the law shall come down to crush that hydra-headed monster who distils throughout our loved country, nine tenths of all the misery, crime, and woe, that curse our land—and when they shall hear the united voice of an intelligent and enlightened people declare it just as they look back and behold the blasted and withered pathways it left in its once onward and devastating march. To hasten that day we have, as in days gone by, to rally our forces again—examine where we can make the widest breach—storm most effectually the enemies' citadel, and conquer old alcohol in the land of his adoption and in the home of his friends. We wage a moral warfare on the side of truth. John Bull is an impartial and truth-loving old gentleman, let us in this warfare show that we are his legitimate off-spring, imbued with the same high and noble principles, by figuring up a balance sheet in which all the blessings conferred upon consumers by the traffic in alcoholic drinks shall stand on one side, and all the evils caused by it on the other side; that as an enlightened people we may impartially decide whether it will be for the ultimate welfare of any class of community—for our happiness and prosperity as a people—for the present and future political and moral welfare of ourselves and our posterity to allow the acknowledged source of so much evil to curse our country longer. The honorable and truth-loving portion of our opponents cannot object to a proper investigation, for by it we shall have the profit and loss, the advantages and disadvantages which our country derives from the traffic, placed conspicuously before us—if it is a blessing our opponents will be pleased to see it proved—if it is an evil the honorable portion of them must, as rational beings, necessarily unite with us to banish the evil from our land.

The only way to proceed with such investigation efficiently is, by an organization spread over our whole land, the members of which shall look upon it as a patriotic and sacred duty they owe to themselves, their country, and posterity, to investigate the matter in an impartial manner. The members of which should keep a register of all general or individual blessings and advantages conferred upon communities by the use of alcoholic drinks, also a faithful account of all the evils caused by it to the best of their ability, and arrange the whole in a proper shape to lay before our Legislature at its next session, and leave them to decide whether it is for the good of our country to permit the traffic longer. The Sons of Temperance having an organization spread over our country, which can be the most readily and thoroughly brought into efficient operation to carry out the above suggestion, allow me through your columns to put such suggestion in a tangible shape, and lay down a plan or basis, by adhering to which we may possibly all unite to bring together the evidence desired.

Our starting point is, that the organization of the Sons of Temperance, is a proper one to secure such evidence.

2nd. Every member of that organization shall keep an account with day and date, and place of every circumstance coming within their knowledge, in which or by which the traffic in alcoholic drinks as a beverage has been in anywise a blessing moral, physical, or intellectual, to any person or persons using them, or an ultimate blessing to any person engaged in the traffic—also an impartial account of all the poverty, wretchedness, misery, anguish, and crime, that comes within their knowledge when caused by said traffic.

3rd. A committee of three capable men (two of which to form a quorum), shall be chosen in each Division, the members of which (including the individual members of the committee), shall lay before said committee every week, if possible, a statement verbal or written, of every circumstance which shall throw light upon or advance such investigation, which information when satisfactorily established before said committee, shall, if considered by them of sufficient importance to further the investigation, be recorded in a book kept for that purpose.

4th. One of said committee may be their own secretary, who shall keep a faithful and impartial record of all evidence satisfactorily established—each case to be numbered and afterward arranged according to a schedule herewith.

5th. When there is more than one Division of the Order in each Municipality, the evidence collected shall be received every three months, at a mutual meeting of the secretaries of all such committees in each Municipality, that any evidence recorded by more than one such committee, may be cancelled from the record of those Divisions without the limits of which, such case or circumstance did not occur—provided they have been recorded in more than one such Division.

6th. At the end of every three months an abstract of such evidence to be made out according to said schedule, and forwarded to the office of the Grand Scribe, to be there arranged or summed up—the result of such investigation to be published and a copy of said evidence, attested by the G. W. P. and G. R. S., with a petition for an efficient law to prevent the evils caused by the traffic, before our Legislature at its next session. And if the Grand Scribe is unwilling or unable to arrange such evidence for publication, means will be adopted by capable parties to have it properly done at the proper time.

7th. Such investigation to continue for one year after an efficient liquor law is put in force—that the effects of such law may be clearly established for the benefit of our own or other countries, and no case or circumstance that may occur before the first day of June next, to be taken into account, from which time such investigation shall commence.

The most important question that may arise is, will all our Divisions unite to carry out the suggestions? Prompt, energetic, action, and perseverance, will alone make the suggestions valuable. And the only question for each Division is, will the carrying out of such suggestions maturely advance the cause, and hasten the downfall of the traffic? If they believe it will, their course of action is plain, positive, and necessary. If any disapprove, let them point out a better way and we are ready to adopt it, while we emblazon on our flag, "Canada expects every man to do his duty."

And as you, Mr. Editor, have the success of the cause at heart, you will undoubtedly advance it, by sending a copy of your valuable paper with the above suggestions to the R. S. of any Divisions in which none of the members have, as yet, subscribed for it.

There are always objectors to any measure whether good or bad. I only reply to those objectors who will say that the evidence will be given by biased witnesses to unimpartial judges—that no evidence will be taken but such as can be established before honorable men capable to decide on its merits. If those persons who take a different view of the question from us, think such investigation will not be as near correct as possible, let them get up a counter organization to take down all the evidence bearing on the subject, and if our Legislature upon examination could believe such evidence the most correct, and it should appear by said evidence that sufficient good has been effected by the traffic to sufficiently counterbalance all the evils resulting from it, let those in favor of it petition for a law which will more efficiently diffuse such blessings over all our land.

A. S. T.

Burford, May 14, 1853.

### Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

#### LINES BY A WESTERN ALLIGATOR POET.

Go roll a prairie up like cloth,  
Drink Mississippi dry,  
Put Allegheny in your hat,  
A steamboat in your eye,  
And for every breakfast, buffalo,  
Some five-and-twenty fry.

Go kill the whole Comanche tribe,  
Some day before you dine;  
Pack out, to make your walking stick,  
A California pine;  
And then turn round and frown so dark  
The sun won't dare to shine.

Go whip a ten of grizzly bears,  
With nothing but a fan;  
And prove yourself, by all these feats,  
To be a Western man,  
And you can write a poem grand,  
If anybody can.

**THE BORROWED BREECHES.**—A poor scholar having borrowed a pair of breeches, was about to kneel in church at a christening. "Take care of my breeches," said the lender putting the wearer to shame. When next the borrower had an invitation to a christening, he applied in another quarter, and related how he had been treated on a former occasion. His second friend in need expressed his sympathy, and assured him that he need not fear a repetition of such scurvy treatment. As a precautionary measure however, the borrower took out his pocket-handkerchief before he knelt down, and spread it upon the dusty floor. "Oh," cried the lender aloud, "Don't trouble yourself—mend my breeches!"

**CAUSE OF GRAY HAIRS.**—Douglas Jerrold is a knowing wit, and often cracks a good joke with his literary and other friends in the social circle. At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had lost all dreams of its spring—said to Jerrold:—"I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn grey; I sometimes think it must be the 'essence of rosemary,' with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, drily, "that it is the essence of Time—(Thyme.)"

During the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with the enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it; when, seeing the action to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his watery grave.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. —, Jack? 'Yes sur.' 'and how was he?' 'Why he looked pretty well, but he's very blind.' 'Band! what do you mean?' 'Why, when I was in the room, he axed where my hat was, and it was on my head all the while.'

**LONG WINKED.**—The *Carpet Bag* tells a story of a preacher who once exchanged with a brother preacher who always delivered short sermons. At the usual hour of closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons went out quietly one by one, till the preacher was left alone with the sexton. The preacher feeling that he must do his duty, still continued to blate away, till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walked deliberately up the pulpit stairs and handing him the key requested that he should lock up when he got through, and leave the key at his house as he was going along.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk in a book store, to a homely dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble. "Yes." "Well here's an essay on the rearing of calves." "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee had better present to thy mother."

"Come sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to a hopeful son the other morning, "remember that the early bird catches the first worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the hopeful; "mother won't let me go a fishing."

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell to weeping, except one man, who begged to be excused as he belonged to another church!

**NOTA BENE.**—Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands.

### Ladies' Department.

#### COMMON THINGS

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

The sunshine is a glorious thing That comes like to all, Lighting the peasant's lowly cot The noble's painted hall	The village children brush them off, That through the meadows pass
The moonlight is a gentle thing, It through the window gleams Upon the snowy pillow where The happy infant dreams.	There are no gems in monarch's crowns More beautiful than they, And yet we scarcely notice them, But tread them off in play
It shines upon the fisher's boat (Out on the lovely sea) Or where the little lampkins lie, Beneath the old oak tree	Poor Robin on the pear tree sing, Beside the cottage door, The heath flower fills the air with sweets, Upon the pathless moor
The dew-drops on the summer morn, Sparkle upon the grass.	There are as many lovely things, As many pleasant tones, For those who sit by cottage hearths As those who sit on thrones.

#### TOM SNOOKS AND THE BUTTERMILK.

I never undertook but once, said Tom, to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream and set it down just where I could not help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold readily enough and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid.

Well, when the next churning day came, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by and by this begun to be rather irksome; I wanted she should ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it to save my life. So on we went. At last I made a resolve that I wouldn't churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing for a few minutes just to give her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors! I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as to going home on minute before dinner, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me—but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it?—she never greeted me with a sweeter smile—never had a better smile for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it, just in the old way! Splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming! I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time, "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled the buttermilk quite long enough, it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash! She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with! I never sat up for myself in household matters after that. [We copy the above from the Worcester Democrat credited E: in italics.]

**THE UNDINE—AN ITALIAN TRADITION.**—During the time of King Roger of Sicily, a nobleman of that Island went to bathe in the sea by moonlight, near Messina. While bathing he observed near him a water maiden, of a beautiful appearance, who was singing, and floating over the waves. Wherever he attempted to turn she followed; at last he laid hold of her by her long streaming hair, held her fast, and pulled her to the shore, and asked her who she was and whence she came? As she made no answer, he covered her with his cloak and conducted her to his house. Here the nobleman made every effort to induce her to speak, but in vain: suppressed sighs, tender imploring glances, and a pressure of the hands, were the only answers she made to his questions. He took her to wife and lived with her a long time happily, till one of his servants unfortunately suggested to him that his wife was an evil spirit, a mermaid, who intended to destroy him. Irritated with this thought, he went to her, taking with him her little child, and swore that if she did not immediately declare her name and her descent, he would put the child to death before her eyes. Agitated beyond measure, she attempted in every way to calm her husband's rage, but in vain. She spoke thus, with a melancholy voice:—"Alas! now that I must speak, our happiness is at an end. I am of the race of water nymphs, who love the depths of the sea; but now I can love you no longer and live with you no more, but must leave you even this hour." She threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and vanished, never more to return. And when the child was grown up and was walking one day on the sea shore, his mother suddenly rose from the waves, pulled him in with a strong arm and sunk with him to the bottom.

**A MAN WITH EIGHT WIVES.**—April 6, before Justice Telford at Gloucester. William Waddle was indicted for intermarrying with Sarah Martin, his former wife, Ellen Wormsley, being still alive. This was an extraordinary case. The prisoner having married eight wives, in different parts of the country. At the time of his committing six of them had been discovered: Ellen Wormsley, whom he married at Manchester, Sarah Martin, married at Walsall, Elizabeth Parkin, married at Birmingham, Mary King, married in the Isle of Man, and Hannah King, at