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Che Carleton Place Gerald. S PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNIN JAMES POOLE.

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Only One Dollar a Year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the Six lines and under first insertion, 75 cents and 20 cents each subsequent insertion; six to ten lines first insertion; \$1,00, and 30 cents each subsequent insertion; above fen lines, 10 cents per line for the first insertion; and 3 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. The number of lines in an advertisement to be ascertained by the space which it occupies in a column. Advertisements without specific directions inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Oh, had I the gift of the poet, I'd try To embalm all the music of labor in song ; To spread its enchantment before every eye,

Oh, then I would sing with a warmth and a glow. Of the grandeur of labor in numbers sublime, And my beart in an ecstesy then should o'erflow, And should thrill with delights which no word

When day o'er the hilltops his chariot has rolled, And Aurora comes forth in her beauty sublime ; When the sky is bespangled with amber and gold, And all beings rejoice in the 'sweet hour of prime, Then away we would hie; the fresh breeze from the

Our spirits should buoy and should hasten our pace With our thoughts undisturbed by pride or commotion We would hie to our labor in morning's first rays

And when weary, repose in our own fairy bowers,

Reclining at noon 'neath the tall sycamore. The cup of pure crystal we would thankfully drain; We would study the volume of nature's deep lore. Thus improving the heast, and the hand, and the

All evil from earth we would try to expel, And our aim it should be to elevate man; In the battle of truth we would strive to excel; In compating error we'd be in the van!

From spring until autumn, from autumn till spring, Of the pleasures of life when our labor is o'er.

netime, I shall return, dear mother, aid the affectionate son, "and then, believe

ere like the bitterness of death to Mrs. omaine, for they seemed to contradict her usband's assurance that she should not be

tle sewing of the coarsest kind; but it would She would not apply for work from those who had known her in her prosperous days, and she dreaded going to the shop, where a hard and unfeeling man was grinding the faces of the poor for a few miserable pence. She would not send Willie, for her mind revolted at exposing him to the danger and ntamination of the streets.

She wore the coarsest clothes herself, and yet, so neatly were they made and put ou, that there was something almost elegant in

those whom she had known in better days; and then she would start aside and turn away her head, forgetting, for a moment that they could never discover the elegant Catherine Romaine in the poor, haggard woman that was bearing her bundle of cheap

work from a shop.
One person only had known her when her thus, and that one did not dare to approach her, because he saw that she avoided him. This was a Mr. Russell, who had known, and loved her husband as a trying to subdue the fever which hal fas- private than Addie, who was strong and brother. He followed her at a distance until he saw her enter the poor dwelling in which she lived—took the number of the a friend. Never, in the days of Catherine's house and the name of the street, and then returned to tell his wife what he had seen. All Mrs. Russell's womanly tenderness rose

not do; you may write her that you will visit her if she wishes it, but you must go no farther until you know how she would

answer obtained, and the generous couple were obliged to give up all thoughts of help-

inhabited partly by an Irish family, whose good feelings were all excited by the evident to his father. poverty of their neighbor.

her to herself in the dimmed and broken

These were not beautiful remembrances for Catherine to indulge in. They made her harder and more unquiet in her present situation; and there were times when her good angel seemed almost to foresake her.

O, these depths of poverty and desolation!
They are hurd to bear. Truly we have need to remember that the sacred head of Him who loved us, was once destitute of shelter, to reconcile us to these hard experiences of life.

But not always did Catherine's heart sink into these states of unrest. There were times when her sorrow seemed uplifted into serener skies, and the anguish of her daily let turned into divinest neace, when her poor

lot turned into divinest peace, when her poor apartment seemed like the habitation of mas in which we found he and her helpless angels, from the presence of those who had little ones. The scars had faded from Willot turned into divinest peace, when her poor apartment seemed like the habitation of

brightest prosperity, did she value any service so much as this poor woman's heartfelt and willing sacrifices for her sake. She up at his recital, and she begged to go and see her.

the services for which she could not have hat, of which one half the brim was gone.-Day after day, Mr. Russell met her, with her two children, each carrying a package. The sight melted him to pity; and yet her step was so proud that he could not stop her, as he wanted to do, and offer her assistance.

The house in which she could not have paid. Those were anxious nights when the two women sat up with the little sufferer, whose reason gave way under his disease. It was touching enough to hear him call for his moti-r, not knowing that it was her hand that bathed his burning forehead. The house in which Catherine lived was Then he would fancy that Addie was dead,

One night, he seemed near death. His Norah Dolan was a kind-hearted woman, mother had been watching Norah's face,

vices went only to pay for

dispensing to his motherless boy all the kindliest offices of maternal care, if not the perfect fulness of maternal love. Then came thronging in the memory of that blessed time when two children, fair and beautiful as angels, were in her luxurious home aressed and waited on by formal care, and all cares and all cares and all cares and services and an angels, were in her luxurious home aressed and waited on by formal cares. ed time when two children, fair and beautiful as angels, were in her luxurious home, caressed and waited on by friends and dependents, and the pride and joy of a father's loving heart.

These were not beautiful remembrances for Catherine to indulge in. They made her harder and more unquiet in her present situation; and there were times when her good angel seemed almost to foresake her.

Of these depths of poverty and desolation!

lie's face, leaving it pale and haggard, and

And now, indeed, came a trial. Willie his eyes had that unnatural brightness so painful in a child. He suffered more from

children. She bent over them, and saw Willie's pallid look with dismay.

'Must I lose him after all?' she exclaimed 'Was he saved from that cruel disease, only

to waste away with hunger?',
At that mom it, a loud knock was heard
at the door, and she hastily dried her tears room—for her practised eye told her that it was the dreaded small pox—and leaving her and Maggie together, she devoted herself to the sick boy and his mother. Norah's whole family had experienced it, so that there was bag fell inward, marked with her own name no danger to be apprehended except for Mrs. Romaine and Addie. Her neighbor's experience proved invaluable indeed to Catherine, and saved her the trial of asking She called after him, to know if he saw any

one leave the bag.
"Faith, and how could I, whin I've jis come out of the house? But I'll be afther asking Norah—perhaps she saw the thafe

Catherine opened the bag, and found everything for a Christmas revel, as she said to Norah, which she wanted to share with her. But Norah had a bag, too, inscribed, in the same writing as Catherine's, "To Mrs. Norah Delea" and her husband told her that he

she turned pale and red by turns.

She recovered herself by a strong effort, and whispered:

"O, if pour dear father could have lived to know this!"

"He does know it," said Herbert, rever ntially. "It cannot be that justice or in-ustice can walk the earth, and the spirits

above the earth ignore their existence. I believe in this, dear mother, and so do you. Now I will leave you, and come again tohich contained an advertis

which would take place the day after Christ-mas, of a house and furniture next to Mr.

would prefer it to having all new. You know

et them enter until his mother had introduced him to the Dolans, to whom he left all that had belonged to his mother, and a

whin yees are a great lady?" asked Dolan, as she put out her hand to bid him good-by. 'Never-never, my good friend," she veepingly uttered; and she kept her word.

I have come home to live with you, mother, said Herbert, as he showed her the

shall have you always, -always, at least, un-

til you break your re o'utions."
Who can describe the delight of the

THE LONDON TIMES ON SECES- the United States is associated with it feder-SION AND DISUNION. all constitution. It is not the demonstrations WHAT EUROPE WILL THINK OF A

(From the Times of November 23.) Democratic institutions are now on their ial in America. It would be a strange sincidence if the same year should witness onal Monarchy and the disruption of a far mightier Union under the dislocating agency of Federal Republicanism.— Washington, like Alexander, was troubled in his last days by misgivings as to the soli-dity of his own workmanship. He had orave in a good cause the armies of George III., but would it be proof against the sel fishness of prosperity, the meanness of party and personal interests, the fierceness of pro-vincial jealousies? Could the dignified and statesmanlike moderation of the founders of erty be transmitted to their successors or

The proud traditions of the great western republic, the ties of laws, language, religion and national character, the dictates of a higher and more comprehensive self-interest, and appointed them to come that evening, he would like them to appear as became their position.

Before they were all dressed, a close carriage stood at the door. Herbert would not be the would be the word of the great western republic, the ties of laws, language, religion and national character, the dictates of a higher and more comprehensive self-interest, and the respect of European powers are to be cast to the wind when they conflict with local prejudices and the salaries of a class of an illegal and hostile confederation.

The proud traditions of the great western republic, the ties of laws, language, religion and national character, the dictates of a will carry with him the support of all those who, however tolerant of slavery, will not tamely acquiesce in its becoming the basis of an illegal and hostile confederation.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MASONIC CRAFT THE WORLD AROUND. democracy have always asserted that it cannot rise to the conception of a great national idea, and that for want of this vivifying "And wont yees forget Norah and me, whin yees are a great lady?" asked Dolan, even denied the assumed liberality of the commercial spirit, and retorted that, if ciror selfishness than farmers and landlords. It has been reserved for the "fire-eating" slave-owners of South Carolina and Georgia never marry, and your new wealth will have to verify this taunt, and to seek for precedents of party warfare, not in the history of the United States, but in the continental "Thank God!" said Catherine, "then I system of Napoleon, in the Berlin Decree,

and the English Orders in Council. The second control of We are far from considering the procee children? They were so happy that the as irreversible, or taking it for granted that pale, anxious look had left their mother's they will be imitated by other cotton-productions of faith, its promises of hope, and its face, and that she need no longer worry a- ing states, much less by those which, though

of Southern ruffianism in Congress, or the filibustering aggrandizement of the South from the Mexican annexations downwards, a centary that has commanded the sympathy and admiration of Europe. We have judged of these things leniently, as the actions of great men and great nations ought to be judged, because we knew the perilous condi-tions under which so mighty an enterprise and American patriotism strong enough to as the civilization of America must of neces sity be carried out, and have confidence in the practical good sense of the American character. A certain hectoring tone, arisin from the exuberent conscience of health as

and vulgar qualities which too often appear in the Angio-Saxon character? We dare not say that the experiment is yet complete. Two generations have amply sufficed to con-The people were assembling for the sale. I stopped my horse, and went in with the air of a man determined to purchase, and there was not a bid made against me. I have come now to take you all home once more."

He now produced from the sleigh a basket of nice clothing for them all; for, he remarked, that as be had.

One of the ancient formulas of Freema-

sonry, long since obsolete, ran as follows "What do you come here to do? Not to do my own proper will,
But to sub ue my passions still;
The rules of Masonry in hand to take
And daily progress therein to make."
This may well be adopted as the motto for

series of papers intended as a delineation of the designs, successes, failures, and progress of the ancient craft the world around. To take the "rules of Masonry" in one hand and its current record in the other, and to show the readers of this journal how nearly theory and practice coincides, is the part we have laid out for ourselves in this colum-

A young but clear-eyed writer upon the of religion we shall see that Masonry coin-