

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

Sir.—Your lenient, christian, and forbearing spirit, I commend, in fact it is a golden trait in the character of any individual, whether in private or public life, yet is there not a possibility of forbearance becoming sinful? If so, your comments upon a quotation in the *Sentinel* of 21st, are stamped with that kind of forbearance. The writer of this quotation commences with a report in circulation respecting a delegation from the several North American Colonies, shortly to meet in N. B., or N. S., in order to take into consideration the general depression of business, &c., &c. From this he immediately produces a problem, and then (very kindly, solely for the information of the very illiterate public constituting the population of N. B.) gives the solution; not as an able and impartial mathematician, but rather as a political mystifier, who had to deal with a very illiterate public, especially that part designated by the appellation Orangemen. Did he for a moment suppose that any one would believe his groundless assertions? He next usurps prophetic inspiration, without deigning to enlighten his illiterate reader upon his legitimate heirship, or even to what order he belongs. He very deliberately gives the contemplated rail-road to Shediac a designation, without ever naming what Priest, Monk, or Friar, officiated at the christening. What meaning he intends to convey by the "leven and the whole lump, I dare not pretend to divine. However, I have my opinion, which is, that the five Liberals, who constitute the overwhelming majority in the N. B. Assembly, have recently discovered their ten faces, his, or his devil's, included, make the "leven whole lump and all. Oh, that they had Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., of Yattan, to exclaim, Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o. Although I cannot expect anything I may write to be very "conclusive;" yet while I hold sacred the memory of the illustrious William Prince of Orange, does this conclusive writer, by asserting that "William was the first true reformer that ever wore the British Crown," for a moment think that the Orangemen of N. B. will believe it? Does he think, while the Orangemen sincerely respect the name of William, they have forgotten, never heard of, or that his blind sophistry and groundless reasoning will obliterate from their memories, the names of Edward, Jane, Elizabeth, James, and Charles who wore the British Crown, previous to William, some at least of whom we might, with a good degree of propriety, affirm to be martyrs for the reformed religion; (and all of whom died in that faith,) though life and what was dearer, was offered with all the insinuations that could be invented by Pope, Cardinal, Priest, Monk, &c.; and this too, in those dark days, of yore, which were stamped with bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, and yet this conclusive writer affirms, what every school-boy knows to be an absurdity, thinking, no doubt, by this eulogium, that every Orangeman will drink deep of the delusive stream; but with all politeness, I would hint that the Orangemen of N. B., for what little knowledge they obtain, drink of a deeper stream, flowing from a purer fountain, than any that might be expected to emanate from the cranium of this conclusive writer. He further endeavours to imply that William was a great politician, and although of the masculine gender, gave birth to the "innocent" Responsible Government. This, I must say, is beneath contradiction; suffice it to say, that William resolved, on accepting the Crown, to preserve as much as he was able, that share of prerogative which still was left him; but at length he became fatigued with opposing the laws which parliament every day were laying round his authority and gave up the contest; permitting the Parliament to rule the internal polity at their pleasure, provided they furnished him with supplies for humbling the power of France; and this they did with so little regard to economy, that they involved the nation in debts which they never since have been able to discharge; showing by this one act, that this parliament, and not William, gave birth to the "innocent;" caring but little for the yoke they fastened on the necks of generations yet unborn, provided they were "in power." There is another fact that this "conclusive" writer concludes, no doubt, by his writing, that Orangemen of N. B. never dreamed of; the Liberals of yore were true Protestants, and as such were tenacious of the Church being contaminated with Popery, or the wiles and damnable influence of Priestcraft; is it so now? Look at England, at Nova Scotia, at New Brunswick, yes, and if you please, look at Canada; (which he has cited, but previous to doing so, he forgot the precaution so necessary to a good marksman, of shutting one eye, and actually shut both, or he could by no means have shot so much at random,) and you have the answer, no, no, no. And while he asserts that "we" have no reason to believe that the thousands of Orangemen in New Brunswick would act in concert to destroy the Liberal Constitution, long since bestowed by their founder upon England, if he intends to imply that the Liberal Constitution recently conferred (or forced) by the present ministry upon the North American Colonies, is synonymous with the former, (economy excepted) he is about as correct as his countryman who shot the feathers off the toad with the contents of his shillelagh. Who are these that are now joined throughout England and its dependencies with not only the "Jesuits of Lower Canada," but with the Pope and all his fraternity? Thank God, even the illiterate Orangemen of New Brunswick can answer—and will the thousands of Orangemen of New Brunswick be likely to act in concert with these? I should rather think not.

J. J.

Woodstock, September 1st, 1849.

Sir.—It is a fortunate thing that there is in this County an Orange Institution, as it enables a few weak minded gents here; who are not capable of containing more than one or two ideas at a time, to blow off steam occasionally, and thus ensure the safety of their otherwise endangered craniums. Two of these water-brained worthies have lately raised their safety-valves, by appearing before the public over the signatures of "A Member" and "a Friend to Truth." The communication of "A Member" in the last *Sentinel*, is scarcely worth notice; both the

writer and his communication being looked upon with contempt, despite his futile attempt to forge a grievance in order to make room for a show of his shining talents as a writer, and of his wish to be Governor General of Woodstock. "A Friend to Truth," in the *Head Quarters* of the 29th of August, has laboured hard, and travelled a long way from the Golden path to make it appear that none but a few Orangemen and a few ragamuffin boys had anything to do with, or would sanction such a proceeding as burning the effigy of Mr. Brown. The Orangemen of Woodstock care little for "A Friend to Truth," or his remarks; they are not in the habit of hiring a *Champion* to excuse their proceedings, nor do I think they ever will deny their acts, however disgraceful they may seem to this "Friend to Truth," and his party; they have a higher aim in view, than burning the effigy of any man living; and the slanderous assertions of "A Friend to Truth" will neither injure them nor benefit himself.—If he honestly intended to correct errors, and state matters exactly as they took place, why did he not publish his Communication in the *Sentinel*? Have you, Mr. Editor ever refused to give him a place in your paper? Or was it to let the members of Government know that their pet, James Brown, had a *Champion* in Woodstock? Or was it because he knew, if he published in the *Sentinel*, too many in this County would read his mis-statements, and perhaps visit his own head with that contumely he had prepared for others? And why did he not notice the burning of the Effigies of the Hon. L. A. Wilnot, and James Brown Esq., at Victoria? Will he say that affair was also confined to a few Orangemen and boys; or is that not in his *District*? But I will now Mr. Editor, inform that seeker after notoriety that I was one of those concerned in burning the effigy of Mr. Brown, at Woodstock—that it was not confined to a few Orangemen and boys—that the materials, tar barrels, &c., were not furnished by Orangemen—that there are respectable individuals in this community, who are not Orangemen, that did sanction that proceeding—and that this feeling against Mr. Brown arose, not from the enmity of Orangemen alone, but from various causes, and is common to a large portion of the inhabitants of this County; consequently I have no hesitation in saying that many, if not all, of the statements made by him in that Communication are untrue; and if he has any doubts about the matter, or if he has the temerity to contradict any one of my statements, he can be furnished with proof of their accuracy sufficient to convince even a greater sceptic than himself; and if he is really anxious to have the whole affair laid before the members of the Government, he can be accommodated; when they, as well as the inhabitants of York generally, will learn how far they can depend upon the statements of "A Friend to Truth."

I am, Sir, Your Obedt. Servant.

ANTI-CAKLE.

Woodstock; Sept. 4th 1849.

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AND
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WOODSTOCK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1849.

REFLECTIONS ON THE INDIAN SUMMER.

ABOUT the close of the summer season in this country, we commonly have occasional frosts which help to give an autumnal tint to the hitherto green foliage of the forest, and warn us of the near approach of dead winter. The early frosts are long are followed by what is sometimes called young winter—a cold, sleety or regular snow storm of short duration, which changes the face of outward nature, hides the verdure of the earth from our view, drives the herd to the shelter which man has made for them, and shows them how much they are dependent on his providing care, for man is in one sense the God of domestic animals, about whom his flock huddle together in time of danger, and to whom the lowing herd look for food and shelter, when the winter season approaches.

This young winter, though it gives us a disagreeable foretaste of the more gloomy season from which it borrows its name, is often hailed with pleasure by many, from the association it has with the winter-evening enjoyments of some former years; but it casts a blight on all vegetation, extinguishes most of the microscopic forms of animal life, leaving the trees bare of their ornaments, and the air free from the countless myriads of floating insects, which for months past have half obscured the brightness of the sun. But this stormy time is of but few days' duration, and then succeeds that peculiar season, known under the appellation of Indian Summer. Now the sun shines forth with a mellow and chastened brightness, the air is free from the previous murmur of insect life, and all around is still and calm as a sabbath evening. None who have enjoyed this mild reminiscence of a departed summer, will be likely to forget the melancholy, but pleasing serenity which seems to pervade all nature.

The prominent features of this short-lived truce of the elements, are, we think, easily accounted for by the facts just stated; namely: the previous frosts have freed the atmosphere from the floating mites which, during the latter weeks of summer, obscure the rays of the sun, and impart an unwholesome influence to the air we breathe. The shortness of the day diminishes the intense heat which would other-

wise be caused by the unclouded sunbeams; and the stillness which seems everywhere to reign about us, is owing to the death of the almost invisible choirs which filled the air with their tiny but incessant hum; and the departure of the larger songsters, to carol again in more favoured climes.

So profound is the general silence, that any important noises which may occasionally occur, resound to an unexampled distance; the sound of the woodman's axe is echoed by the surrounding hills, and the occasional crowing of a cock is heard by the distant neighbor.

It is not to the man of sentiment alone that this season has charms, but it is also extremely useful to the man of business, whose plans for winter are yet uncompleted, and who is enabled by this short respite of cold, to set his affairs in order for the coming change; and the poor cottager can thatch his lowly habitation, or bank up his cellar to protect his hard-earned store of vegetables.

This season has other features to make it a pleasant one. If ever there is a time of plenty, this is it. The labors of a toilsome summer have, by the blessings of Providence, filled the granaries, store-rooms and pantries, with whatever can contribute to our bodily sustenance, or load our tables with a farmer's luxuries. And if a good system of economy and order has been added to habits of industry, the weary husbandman is prepared to rest from the toils of the season.

There is something near the close of the lives of many people which is analogous in many respects, to this Indian summer. This, of course, is not to be looked for in those cases which are called violent or accidental death; but when the natural body yields to the force of diseases which assail it, and ends its existence in what is called a natural way, these analogies are not unfrequent. The system is attacked by languishing illness or severe pains, which, like early frosts or autumnal storms, seems to break off the connection between the past and future. The thousands of trifling thoughts and fleeting pleasures which filled the mind in the summer-health of the body, are so broken in upon, that their constant hum is heard no more; even the more tangible affairs of the world, which engrossed our attention by their apparent importance, and the train of pleasures which warbled in our ears, are now departed from the body, which is too infirm to prolong their stay; they may still sing in the bowers of others, but our summer of worldly enjoyment is past. There should be nothing now in the mental atmosphere to interrupt the influence of the spiritual Sun; but those notes which have previously obstructed his rays being removed by corporeal sufferings, allow the heavenly beams of truth and love to enlighten the soul with a more than natural light, and give to spiritual vision a clearness, which is quite unattainable by a mind, full of sensuous thoughts and pleasures. Things of time and sense have lost their all engrossing influence over the inner man, and a serenity follows, which, perhaps, has never before been felt. The tumultuous passions are at rest, the bosom swells no more with contending emotions, and a kind of sabbath brings peace and quiet to the spirit of man.

Though the labors of life cannot all now be done, yet much which has been in progress, may now be completed, to prepare for a change which will take place, when the body reposes in the winter of death, and the spirit soars to a happier home. The calmness which now affects the mind, is peculiarly favorable to spiritual influences; and there have been many who then felt themselves near the kingdom of heaven.

Having been often at the bedside of those whose earthly existence was near its close, we have almost as often been struck by the fact that it is preceded by a peculiar state, in which those affairs and subjects, which a short time previous, exerted a very important influence, seemed to relax their hold upon the mind, and allow it to look upon the future world with a more clear, distinct vision, and more free from the shackles of temporal concerns, than it had before been able to do. In most cases, as the approach of death drew near, they were anxious to prepare to leave a world which they could no longer inhabit. Some had apparently but little to do, which this calm of the soul enabled them to effect. The spring of their lives had been spent in sowing the seeds of truth in their minds, which had germinated under the vernal warmth of a spiritual Sun; these had been ripened by the love or charity which filled their breasts during the summer of their existence; and now by the kindness of a bountiful Providence, they found the store-rooms of the inner man, filled with the virtues of a life spent in devotion to God, and the cheerful exercise of love to the neighbor. The pangs of sickness had been sufficient to dissipate the little of self and the world which still floated in their mental atmosphere, and enabled them to look with calm and clearer vision towards the world of eternal realities. They arranged the last affairs of their natural life, bade adieu to their friends and quietly passed to their future abode.

With others the case was far different. Their lives had