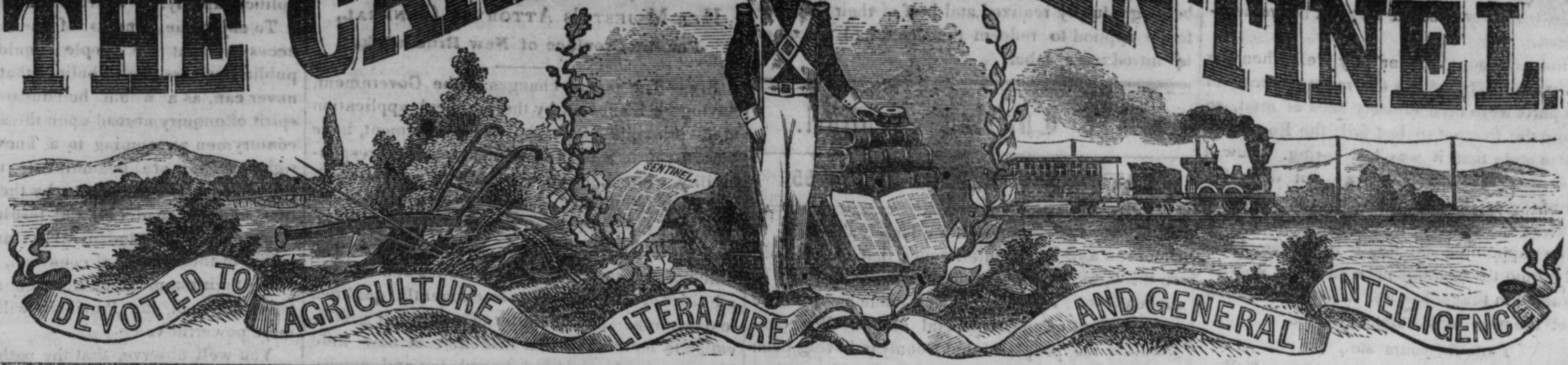


THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



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By James McLaughlan.

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Select Story.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

A TRUE STORY.

'Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?' said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

'He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night,' answered his mother, 'and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky, thy father's to be the last up.'

'Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help them to give a shout before he comes down,' said Tom.

'And then,' continued his mother, 'if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country and take our dinners, and spend all day amongst the woods.'

'Hurrah,' cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and bread in the other. His mother stood at the door, watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and when she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in then her heart found its refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.'

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him to his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, his father, and a number of other workmen had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns almost supply the place of other architectural beauty—This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the rays of the slanting sun looked up in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles.—Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked a l around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound; a cry of alarm and horror from above!—'The rope! the rope!' The men looked round, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without their remembering to take the ropes up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope high enough to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silence and dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was

always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was white as ashes; and he could hardly get his words out.

'Mother! Mother, he canna get down.'

'Who, lad?' asked the mother.

'They've forgotten to leave him the rope,' answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the horrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

'He says he'll throw himself down.'

'Thee munna do that lad!' cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice; 'thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down a thread with a bit of mortar—do ye hear me Jem?'

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak! and taking off his stocking unravelled the worsted thread, row after row.

The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

'Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other,' cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. 'Now pull it up slowly,' cried she, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted gently drew it up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. 'Now the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. Thank God! Thank God! exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer and tremblingly rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right, but would her husband be able to make use of them?—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety! She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.' She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. 'He's safe, mother, he's,' cried little Tom. 'Thou'st saved me Mary,' said her husband, folding her to his arms. 'But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it.' But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground,—the

sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her. 'Tom,' said his father, 'let thy mother lean on thy shoulders, and we will take her home.— And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?—*Eng. S. S. Magazine.*

UNION OF THE PROVINCES.

One of the alleged causes of Lord Elgin's prolonged stay in Quebec was connected with a consideration of the Union of the British American Provinces under a Confederative Government and Legislature. As we observed on a preceding occasion, the site of the future Capital of Canada, that is the site of the General as well as of the Provincial Government and Legislative bodies, with the requisite Public Officers must mainly depend on the determination arrived at. It has been generally admitted in Canada even by rival claimants under the present system, that in event of a Confederative Union, Quebec is undoubtedly the most appropriate City, and for many reasons the best entitled to the distinction. Her central position, so easy of access during the open months by land and water from both extremities of the British Provinces, is daily becoming more accessible all the year round by the extension of Railroads. Some of these will for a year or two progress more slowly than could have been reasonably anticipated; but who can control the money market or the madness of despotic ambition by ordinary means of foresight? The North shore Line must go ahead, and it will be a vast advantage to Canada East and West with its prolongations and junctions extending and connecting not merely the trade and transit but the military defences and capabilities of the whole country. On the Southside of the St. Lawrence it is much to be regretted, notwithstanding the alleged prudential motives, that the extension of the Grand Trunk eastward should be deferred even for a season. It is of immense consequence to Quebec that her connection with the Lower Provinces by Railroad should be completed as quickly as possible; and the happy project of a Union of the Provinces would have been much facilitated and the requisite arrangements greatly simplified by such a consummation. We do not envy Portland her good fortune; but charity begins at home, and the early construction of an entire line within the British territory should have been secured, not relinquished for an indefinite period, even though Portland had become according to Lord Elgin's declaration in a manner a Canadian City. But we must not grumble at Portland's good fortune; we have cause to rejoice as we do indeed rejoice at being drawn so much closer in every way with our enterprising neighbors. Who can foretell where all this growing intimacy and connecting links may lead? To the same or similar parties who promoted the making of a Railroad between Portland and Canada, or at least to their cooperation we may be indebted for an extension of our Lower Canadian Eastern Lines. To stop at St. Thomas, even for a limited time is an absurdity; no Railroad can expect to succeed as a mere Cul-de-Sac. The prolongation to Trois Pistoles should be immediately proceeded with a consummation which might easily be effected by a combination of capitalists of this district aided by our neighbours of Maine, Vermont, New-Hampshire, &c. It is not beyond the bounds of reasonable probability to contemplate these States and other portions of New England as forming at ne

distant period with the British Provinces a powerful dominion united together as an effectual counterpoise to the slave-holding South. We have many interests, associations and objects in common. We could supply each others wants and essentially assist one another in many respects. The Brit Province would impart to their nearly allied neighbors, and share with them the blessings of a free soil, on which no slave can tread, for its touch gives the fugitive freedom, on which no kidnapping pursuer dare avow his vocation, much less pursue his iniquitous claims in the public Courts. When the Railroads to Trois Pistoles is completed and met there by the proposed lines from St. John New Brunswick, and Halifax, the whole of the said North Eastern nook of North America will be connected together by an interlaced network of Railways, as closely united artificially as they are naturally, and as they may be politically. The importance at this crisis to Quebec that the Railroad to Trois Pistoles should be completed is greater then will be conceived; and we deeply regret that a mistaken policy should have sacrificed to western predilections the immediate accomplishment of an object pregnant with the greatest consequences to the future prosperity of Quebec and Eastern Canada but of the whole of North British America and the friendly neighboring States. We trust that the active and influential among our citizens will consider how much depends on the energetic prosecution of this great object, and that they will not cease to agitate and agitate the matter until they get it into a fair train. It is all very well to interlace the surface of Upper Canada with Railway communications; but surely it is of more paramount importance to connect together in these eventful times the different British Provinces on this continent with a chain of iron links, which may extend to the shores of the Atlantic and penetrate through the frontier and the territories of the United States. We have thrown out some useful hints; and we doubt not that when the State of Maine takes them into consideration, she will renounce her unnatural and illiberal legislation against the rational use of nature's bounties, and be prepared to pledge us in a cup of good fellowship to the future happiness of the United Provinces of (British) America.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

Communications.

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

SIR,—From what I have heard of late, I am inclined to think that the majority of the people both in Richmond and Woodstock, are very much dissatisfied with the present Road Supervisor, Mr. Beardsley.

The work performed on the Houlton Road for some time past has not been commensurate with the large sums of money expended; for which many reasons might justly be assigned, a few of which I will state. First, the selling the Road at an unusually early hour and thereby preventing many from being present at the time of sale who intended bidding for the road. Secondly, the Road was sold in only two portions to two persons one of whom had Mr. Beardsley in his employ at high wages, and the other took Mr. Beardsley's little son as partner or assistant in the work which was virtually the same as if it had been Mr. Beardsley himself. Thirdly, that instead of selling the Road in portions to persons who would have thoroughly repaired it so as to be permanently good it was let on the condition that it was to be kept in repair for a certain number of months during the summer and fall, in consequence of which there was not any part of it made sub-