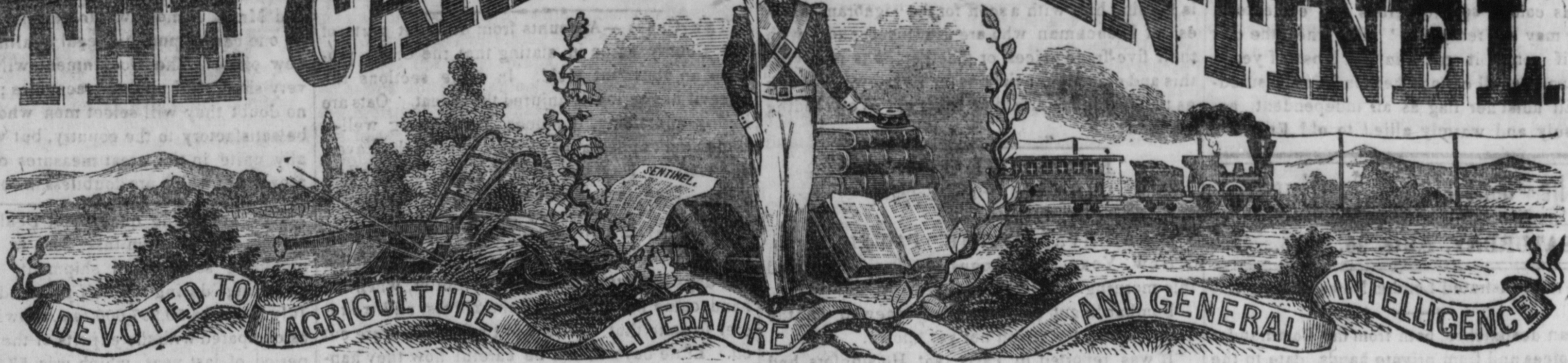


THE CARLETON SENTINEL



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By James McLaughlan

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POETRY.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL WHO ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in a corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve,
Startling eyes are casting
On your face their light.
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly tis working
On this day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! ain't it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

Dad and Mam are sleeping
In their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said.
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparking Sunday night!

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist
You squeeze her dimpled hand
Her pouting lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite:
Oh, thunder! ain't it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock I scum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents
If "that old clock is right?"
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on a Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six, you hook—
But thinking that you rob her,
Put back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night?

REMINISCENCES OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(From the Quebec Chronicle.)

The breezy deck of the good steamer Saguenay being a pleasanter lounge than any of the many sports affording beautiful prospects from the Rock City, in the latter part of the month of July, found me an occupant of a chair amidst a goodly number of passengers, many of whom showed distinctive marks of being residents of a more southern latitude than the Middle States, all looking anxiously to the eastward for the breeze that was to bring the invigorating odor of the sea. Rounding Point Levi and running down the shores of the Island of Orleans, the Quarantine Station soon hove in sight with its clean, whitewashed buildings, affording a fine contrast to the dark green foliage, and the grey rocks of Grosse Isle; then appeared successively Crane Island, Goose Island, the Pillars, on the north, and St. Thomas and L'Islet Parishes on the south, all looking none the less beautiful from the distance at which they are seen; rounding to at the pier at the latter place, where the Steamer stopped for a short time, affording an opportunity of examining the construction of one of those piers for which the Government, as well as the contractor, who, I understand, a Mr. Baby, has been frequently blamed. Without pretending to be a judge of these works, it appeared to me to be

not only substantially built, but finished, in all respects, in a masterly manner, and certainly, in my opinion infinitely superior to any of the very many piers and wharves surrounding the port of Quebec. Upon enquiry from those on board, who appeared to know the particulars of the complaints, I understood the fault to lie principally with the location. Now, certainly, that can be no fault of the contractor, and no blame can be attached to him; if the access to the Pier be difficult, that is a matter resting with others. Casting off from the Pier at L'Islet, we shortly entered the Traverse, which as the wind had freshened converse, which, as the wind had freshened considerably, proved as usual rough and unpleasant to many of the passengers, who sought that comfort in their hearths which the deck refused; and the dinner table was neither as merry nor so well filled as at the morning meal.

The River here widens considerably, and St. Pauls Bay, with the Isle aux Coudres, and the imposing heights of Les Eboulements offer scenes for contemplation as well as conversation. St. Paul's Bay perhaps affords a better opportunity for observing the primitive manners and mode of life of the French Canadian, or habitant, than any other Parish on the St. Lawrence; its isolated position—its almost total inaccessibility during eight months of the year, until a few years past, since the government established a road for postal purposes, through the Capes, as they are called, which separate it from St. Joachim, together with the few schooners either owned or employed in frequenting the Bay, rendered a trip so uncertain in its duration, that it never was undertaken from curiosity; the Parish contains but few inhabitants comparatively, and the soil, although affording a fair subsistence, cannot be said to be inviting to settlers; the banks of its River, called "Le Goffre" as may be imagined from its name, have the most imposing appearance, the channel winding its way through deep chasms, and rapids, with falls that mark the convulsions of nature, in forming its bed.

The Traverse being accomplished, the steamer wends its quiet way to the South shore, to call at the Pier in course of construction at Riviere Onelle and, although in an unfinished state, it promises to be equal to that at L'Islet, and will afford that facility to the inhabitants of the former Parish which nature certainly has most parsimoniously supplied to nearly the entire bank of the River St. Lawrence on the south side; between Quebec and Rimouski.

Crossing to the north from this, and steering for Murray Bay, with smooth water, the deck resumes its morning appearance, and is crowded again with the discomfited at the Traverse, who appeared to be ashamed of their retreat, and are endeavouring to make up for the loss of their dinner with less substantial food, and express astonishment by observing how soon the sea, as they please to term it went down.

Arrived at Murray Bay, we lose many of the passengers; some land to see friends who had taken lodgings, others, to look for lodgings, and others armed with rods and spears, intent upon ransacking the streams and proving their skill at salmon fishing, for which the river has been rendered famous by that master spirit of the art, Dr. Henry. Murray Bay is in itself a charming place to spend a few weeks of the summer at, but is rendered still more agreeable by the inhabitants who are generally disposed to mix with visitors than other places that have not the same advantages. Originally a protestant settlement, founded by the Fraizers and Nairnes, from Scotland, who came to this country, in the time of General Murray,

one of the early Governors in Canada, and followed by many of their adherents, as proved by the present inhabitants bearing the names of Blackburn, McNicol, Frazer, and many others, now professing the Roman Catholic Religion, still retain some of the Saxon spirit of enterprise, and more readily introduced the improvements in agriculture favoured also with better soil, and a milder climate than their neighbors at St. Paul's Bay. I state this as I received it, and if it be true, it affords matter for reflection to those interested in spreading the Protestant Religion, how it came about that the present inhabitants all profess the Roman Catholic Faith; and although late in the day, let us hope that the Seigneur, who it appears, is a Protestant, will interest himself, and provide a place of worship, however humble, for the many families now annually visiting his domain, and let it not be much longer said that there is neither a will nor a way to bring so desirable an event to come to pass.

As I had not reached my destination, I continued on board the steamer, and was soon steaming towards the south for River du Loup, a very pretty village, and as I am told, a thriving place, with a Protestant Missionary and a Chapel, as also a large Saw Mill, for the manufacture of deals, a cargo of which were being shipped on board a large ship then lying off the mouth of that River. Arriving at this place about sunset, and desirous of reaching Kakoua before it became late, I hastily got a caleche and drove off, leaving many of my agreeable companions on board the Steamer, who intend proceeding up the Saguenay River the following morning, which I did not then intend to visit, leaving that and what I saw and heard at Kakoua to form a subject of another reminiscence if you should think this worthy of a column in your justly appreciated journal. I must not, however, close this without doing a plain act of justice to the Captain of the good Steamer Saguenay, I feel certain that whatever errors may have crept into the narration of the above, I speak the truth when I say that, if a great desire to pay attention to all his passengers alike, as well as to the management of his vessel, can secure their good wishes, Captain Simard must feel that satisfaction which is ever the return of a manly course of conduct, and secures the respect of persons capable of distinguishing between ability and incompatibility. The Steamer is staunch, steady, and comfortable in no ordinary degree, and deserves the encouragement as well as the confidence of the public, for the service in which she is engaged.

August 6, 1855.

BROTHER JONATHAN WANTING CANADA!

It is gratifying to notice the increasing interest taken by our American neighbors in this Canada—for it shows they begin to perceive the vast resources of the land; but the cool way they talk of appropriating us to their own uses is exceedingly amusing. One highly respectable journal—the Buffalo Express—commenting on international affairs the other day, coolly observed:—

"If our country would add to its greatness and wealth by substantial and valuable acquisition it would negotiate for and obtain the Canadas by honorable purchase."

Excessively modest—buy us from Great Britain like a flock of sheep! On this the Albany Knickerbocker takes his Buffalo brother to task for ignorance of etiquette in the appropriation line. There is a delightful harmony between the pair on the main question—"obtain the Canadas"—some slight difference as to the way of going about it, but that no doubt will be amicable and satisfactorily arranged.

The Knickerbocker thinks there might possibly be some little objections to the buying-up process on the part of the people of Canada; he goes for the stroking down policy—the boa-constrictor plan, slaver 'em first and then bolt 'em. Listen to Knickerbocker.—

"Not by purchase but honorable negotiation. The Canadians possess too much pride to allow their country to become a matter of sale. Negotiation would be complimentary, while a proposal to purchase would be looked upon as an insult. We believe that the annexation of the Canadas would be a matter which would produce immense benefit to both nations."

The Buffalo annexationist does not take this rebuke meekly—he fancies he knows etiquette as well as another—he thinks Knickerbocker "is striving to create a distinction without a difference." "The Canadas," Buffalo observes, "are British colonies," and the mother must have an equivalent if she sells her child to Brother Jonathan. "How far the pride of the Canadians might be mortified by pending negotiations between the United States and Great Britain" for the proposed purchase and sale, Buffalo pretends not to know—but of this he is quite certain "such a proposition could involve no disrespect to the Colonies!"

We observe, too, that the New York Herald of Tuesday last contains an editorial article kindly condoling with the people of Canada on the "foreign control" exercised over them. The article is founded on some rumours that have reached New York that "Sir Edmund Head is not popular among his Colonial subjects," and is on the point of "being chased, and hurried, and bullied by the Canadian mobs, just as Lord Elgin was." All of which is entirely now to Canadian readers.

If the writers of these extracts really think that they correctly describe the feelings of the people of Canada, let them just come over here for a few weeks, and make inquiries for themselves; let them pass through a few of our splendid agricultural counties, and talk with our prosperous farmers; let them loiter through our stirring towns, and gather the views of our thriving mechanics and traders; and our word for it they will go back with changed ideas. It is quite true that the people of Canada, as the Herald says, have imbibed a "democratic spirit," but they fancy that democratic influence can be far more certainly and speedily brought to bear on the administration of public affairs, through the democratic constitution Canada now happily possesses, than by the complicated and corrupting political machinery of the American Republic. And a curious fact it is for the consideration of our contemporaries, that the Tory party in Canada actually urge the adoption into our constitution of a portion of the American system, for the very purpose of curbing democratic influence.

Let our American friends keep themselves cool this hot weather. The Canadians are right well satisfied—entirely satisfied—with their position; but should they ever become discontented, the last idea likely to cross their minds would be the suicidal move of the model republic. Why should they? A splendid soil, free institutions, little debt, light taxation, all the markets of the world open to them, and no slavery—what could they gain by annexation, but increased taxes and "foreign rulers?" Think you our people would like to pay 40 per cent. of taxes instead of 10, to be spent a thousand miles away, or to go hat in hand to Washington, suing to those who had no sympathy with them, for that which they may now command from their own representatives? Brother Jonathan may rest assured that all his gibes about "foreign rulers," in regard to Great Britain, tell with tenfold