

**TERMS of the CARLETON SENTINEL.**—Per annum, \$1.80, cash payment in advance. If paid within 6 mos. Clubs of 12, \$18, and one to the sender of the club. Advertisements must be handed in on Thursday.

At or immediately before the end of each unpaid year, bills will be forwarded to subscribers, and such bills may be regarded as an intimation that unless immediately attended to the paper will be stopped, and proper steps taken to recover the amount of \$3, which is the price when not paid within the year.

## The Carleton Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

Fredericton.

That we are not alone in the opinion, expressed last week, with reference to the beauties and attractions of Fredericton, was fully evinced by the large number of strangers who congregated there last week for the purpose of attending the "bazaar" held on Judge Wilnot's grounds, to procure funds for liquidating the debt due on the Methodist Chapel, in that city, and of seeing the City generally. Truly, during Wednesday, the day of the bazaar, Fredericton was alive with strangers; it was estimated that there were no less than eight hundred visitors, from the city of St. John alone. In the evening, on the bazaar grounds there were, as near as could be ascertained, upwards of three thousand persons. To those of our readers who have seen Judge Wilnot's grounds we need not say that they are, without exception, the most tastefully laid out and most handsomely decorated of any in this Province; to those who have never had the pleasure of visiting this spot we would say, that it embraces, we should suppose, about three acres of land, one-third of which consists of a fine grove of venerable pine trees—one-third laid out in beds of every conceivable shape, their edges bordered with flowers of the most enticing loveliness and refreshing fragrance, dotted here and there with fruit trees and shrubs, with ever and anon a tiny little "fairy croquet" clinging lovingly to a noble pine for protection; a glass house containing tempting luxuries in the shape of vines burdened with hanging clusters of luscious looking grapes; nicely gravelled walks, (the main entrance, or walk in front of the house, being ornamented with statuary) and all as clean and neatly kept as a lady's parlor—the remaining third is a square grass plot, with walks running at right angles through it, a rustic, vine-enclosed summer house in the center, fruit trees of different kinds, bending under the weight of their rich harvest, in all directions, the whole surrounded by a really beautiful, evenly trimmed hedge of cedar. During the bazaar, this grassy square was the chief point of attraction, for it was here that the table containing the innumerable "fancy articles" was spread; it was here the fine band of the 15th Regt. "made music all the day"; and it was on the hedge and trees just mentioned that the thousand variegated lamps and Chinese lanterns were suspended, presenting, when lighted on the evening in question, an appearance so perfectly fairy-like and bewitching that it is impossible to describe it. Then among the grand old pines the tent, capable of holding comfortably one thousand persons, was erected, under which were tables groaning with everything to tempt and appease the appetite from a sirloin of beef down to a rich and cooling ice cream; perhaps the crowd did not indulge—we know one at least who did. But, perhaps in front of the Judge's house, forming the crown with the letters V. R. on either side, the Prince of Wales' feather, stars, &c., presenting a most dazzling and beautiful appearance. The day and evening were propitious, and the whole affair passed off pleasantly with not a single discord to mar the harmony. We are pleased to know that the receipts fully reached the expectations of our Methodist friends, the net proceeds, we understand, being about twelve hundred dollars.

Although visitors may not always be fortunate enough to see the grounds, we have attempted to describe above, under the same advantageous circumstances, still they are a "sight" at any time, and the visitor fails to see the chief attraction of Fredericton if he does not visit Judge Wilnot's garden.

### THE CEMETERY.

Turning from the joyous glare of gladness and the sounds of merriment we take a walk amid the "silent city of the dead," deriving a pleasure, although a somewhat melancholy one, from the reflections which are awakened, and the contemplations which are induced. Here sleep the "Fathers of the City"; here are gathered to their Fathers many who were, in life, the light and soul of their respective circle of friends; here many a heart once "pregnant with celestial fire" has turned to earth again. But not neglected here their buried dust. No! amid all the evidences of a refined and educated taste, which the citizens of Fredericton have put forth, there is no one which does them more honor than that displayed in the protection and adornment of their burial ground. True, these adornments; these fresh flowers blooming over graves; these monuments erected to commemorate the memory and the virtue of the departed; these shady nooks and clean, inviting walks, these, no more than formal rites or studied benedictions, can of themselves, consecrate the spot; but the existence of these prove that we regard that as

"Hallowed ground where mourned and missed,  
The lips repose who have been kissed."

This neat solemnity; this absence of what is unsightly and rude and noisy; this calm, orderly beauty, impresses the mind, somewhat as does the sombre light of the Cathedral aisles, with a feeling of reverence and awe. Fredericton has in her cemetery a place which does her honor; a place which should be seen by every visitor to that city.

We have said much of fruits and trees and flowers as being distinctive features of Fredericton. Fairness compels to what a feeling of delicacy forbids—Some forty years ago, amid the knarled roots and venerable trunks of what was known as the Pine Grove, on Maryland Hill road, the first public garden was commenced. The most close perseverance and continued industry were expended. Year after year the place continued to assume new and more striking features: care, and taste, and skill were bestowed in making a flower garden such as should invite the notice of the townspeople; then a glass house, in which exotics and rare plants might be cultivated, and made to flourish in winter as well as summer, was erected. Fruit trees of the most approved kinds were introduced, and so, in a few years, it came to pass that "Watts' Garden" became a household word all over the Province, and those who visited Fredericton were careful not to leave without paying that garden a visit; and those who in any part of the Province wished to obtain choice flowers or seeds, either for garden or house, sent their orders as a matter of course to Watts.

That garden is now in other hands, skillfully managed as we have elsewhere mentioned; but its founder, now a venerable old man, may still be found, happy in following out the very instincts of his nature, watching the development, and cultivating with assiduous care, flowers of the choicest kinds. His garden is more limited, but a rarer spot, to the visitor who has an eye to be charmed by the gorgeousness and fragrance of flowers, than the garden of Mr. Watts on Charlotte street can scarcely be found. And we venture to invite all such persons when in Fredericton to call and see for themselves.

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In conclusion let us say that a week was most pleasantly passed in rambling round, and it was almost reluctantly we stepped on board the *Gazette*, and bade good-bye to Fredericton. But not the least of the pleasures of a visit to Fredericton is that part of it that is spent on board one of our good up-river steamers; at least so we thought while returning home. On this trip the *Gazette*, certainly, proved her superior powers for running at "low water," for, almost the whole distance from Fredericton to Woodstock, the bottom of the river was distinctly visible; in many places, we should judge, not an inch of space intervening between the steamer's keel and the bed of the river. A "fair and brave" company we had, and a "jolly good" trip was experienced. Part of our journey was agreeably beguiled by an animated discussion carried on between several Woodstock ladies and an "old batch" of the press of St. John, on that most profitable of all questions, "Love"; the gentleman disputed the existence of any such passion, and maintained his position with ability but, as never, the ladies came off victors, and we doubtless are long, will learn of this gentleman's giving practical evidence that the arguments of the Woodstock ladies are producing their proper result.

What with the occasional cry of "aground" and, to use the language of the "flipping around" we arrived at Woodstock at a seasonable hour, and so ended, to us at least, a most refreshing season. Special reference has not been made to our trip to Fredericton; not because the company then enjoyed was less pleasant, or the auspices less favorable. Then, as on the upward trip, the large company enjoyed themselves, each other, and the delightful scenery on the river, vastly; while Capt. Allan of the *Tobique* did, as he always does, everything possible to make the time pass pleasantly, and the associations of the moment to be remembered favorably.

Dr. Jack and Mr. Bennett returned here, from Charlotte County, the middle of last week, and spent a day examining the Grammar School and College, with both of which the examiners expressed themselves very highly pleased. In the course of some remarks, in the Grammar School, Mr. McCoy was highly complimented for the thoroughness of the system he has so successfully in operation—this word thoroughness is so significant that of itself it exhausts the usual terms of praise, and leaves no more to be said.

aged as we have elsewhere mentioned; but its founder, now a venerable old man, may still be found, happy in following out the very instincts of his nature, watching the development, and cultivating with assiduous care, flowers of the choicest kinds. His garden is more limited, but a rarer spot, to the visitor who has an eye to be charmed by the gorgeousness and fragrance of flowers, than the garden of Mr. Watts on Charlotte street can scarcely be found. And we venture to invite all such persons when in Fredericton to call and see for themselves.

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PERSONAL.—The Rev. S. D. Rice, of the Canadian Conference, formerly of this Province, occupied the Methodist pulpit, in this town, on Sunday last. The Rev. gentleman delivered on both occasions, but particularly in the evening, sermons which, for high order of pulpit oratory—embracing the strong and vigorous thought with the most practical logic—we have seldom heard excelled anywhere.

A storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by wind and rain, passed over this County on Friday night last. A new, unfinished house, of Mr. John Risteen's, at Jackstown Corner, was struck by lightning and, in a few moments, was a mass of flames, which entirely consumed the building and its contents, including all Mr. Risteen's jointure tools.

Mr. Samuel Hemphill at Oak Mountain, had just completed his hay, having that evening put in the last load. His barn was struck and, with all his hay, some 20 tons, consumed.

Once more we are deprived of the visits of steamers to this town, owing to the lowness of the water in the river. The place will miss them very much as well as travellers. That they may soon be able to resume is the general wish. Let us avail ourselves of this opportunity of thanking the gentlemanly captains of both the *Tobique* and *Gazette* for their courtesies to ourselves and other members of the editorial fraternity during the season.

The weather since our last has been cold, and although this, of itself, is not injurious to the ripening grain, yet, attended as it has been by very dry weather, the effect is that the ground is parched and dry, and the