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Our Queen and Constitution.

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Poetry.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I.
Almight, hear us, while we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
That Thou hast given the human race
So bright, so fair a dwelling place.

II.
That when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in Thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of Heaven upon its breast.

III.
Then towered the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between.
Then stretched the plain to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

IV.
And stately groves beneath thy smile
Arose on continent and isle;
And fruits came forth and blossoms glowed,
And fountains gushed and rivers flowed.

V.
Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun, and set
Night's crescents in her arch of jet.

VI.
Lord, teach us, while the unstarred gaze,
Deleighted, on thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

Select Tale.

THE HOLY FIRE.

A correspondent of the London Times thus describes the Great Ceremonial of the Holy Fire, which took place in Jerusalem on the 11th of April:

Our old friend the colonel was there, wheeking about him with his instrument of torture, and every whack sounding like an explosion. The illuminations, of course were not there, and the dirt, ruin and desolation came but stronger by comparison. Though there was as yet no artificial light, every arm held not one single, thin candle, as on the evening before, but 33 long candles and one small one unit, all bound up into a jagged about as thick as your fist. The number 33 1/2 corresponds to the age of our Saviour at the period of his death. As time drew on, the noise and excitement became tenfold that of yesterday; men seemed to go out of their mind with excitement. The refrain would be taken by the Armenians, "Jesus Christ shed his blood for us, for us, for us." The Greeks and the Copts would continue it in the same words, the staves would get louder and louder—each would dwell on the last "for us" as if he meant for us alone, when one of an opposing sect would shriek out, "That's a lie—it was not for you;" then a fight and a general scrimmage of all who were near the combatants till the whack, whack, of the colonel brought half a dozen broken heads and sobered minds to reason. Half a dozen of these fights occurred during three quarters of an hour preceding the ceremonial. They are almost always accompanied by assassination, and to-day was no exception to the rule, for a man was stabbed, and died. At last, at half past two, the bell sounded, and the pageant began. Preceded by his clergy, the Greek Patriarch came forth in gorgeous apparel of white, followed by the Armenian Bishop, in the absence of the clergy sang the special hymn of prayer and praise, he moved slowly three times round the Holy Sepulchre, and then followed by the Armenian Bishop, and by him alone, he opened and entered the sacred door and passed within. As the door closed on them the excitement of the populace was beyond all belief—shrieks, arms tossed on high, hair and dresses tore, were the external proofs of a tempest that raged within. It was exactly seven minutes that this frenzy lasted before it was gratified by the sight of the Heaven-sent Flame.

The theory is that the Armenian Patriarch stays in the antechapel, where is the stone on which sat the angel at the door of the sepulchre, and that the Greek Patriarch goes into the sepulchre itself, which is only large enough to hold three or four persons, and after prayer receives the flame direct from heaven, which ought then to be carried to the altar in the Greek Holy of Holies and afterwards communicated to the faithful. During the seven minutes that the Patriarch was closeted with the Angel, who many say, brings the flame, I observed a number of men in white aprons and dresses, and white skull caps, exactly like cooks. These I learnt were ardent devotees, anxious to be the first to seize the living fire, and that the object of their dress was to prevent the burning of their hair and their persons. They crowded around a little low apert were communicating with the Angel's anteroom. All of a sudden one of these men gave a most unearthly howl, and springing to his feet, rushed forth with a flambeau, the flame of which was certainly as big as a Guardsman's bearskin. The fortunate possessor of the light was immediately knocked down, and a half dozen flambeaux lit from the holy one, when he was allowed to proceed and not daring to come up the main passage, he went round to the altar by another way, and in less time than I can write, the flame was communicated from hand to hand, it was spread from circle to circle, it rose from tier to tier, it sprang from mass to mass, it swept from gallery to gallery up to the roof and in exactly two and a half minutes from its first appearance the entire building was one mass of flame. Then the delight of all was at its highest. Everybody wallowed in the divine ornament. Men bared their arms, and necks, and breasts, and bathed themselves all over. The women washed their faces and arms in liquid flame, and passed it round and under their children till the children shrieked again. They said the fire would not hurt though it would burn, and they acted as if their words were true. That it would burn was proved next day by a woman who produced her child to the authorities with both her eyes out. Messengers were laid on from the door of the church who carried the sacred fire to all the villages around. When any man wanted to carry his flambeau to another part, or to leave the church he raised himself on the shoulder of those near him, and he actually ran rather than walked over the heads of all. Numbers were constantly running about in this way. Hair was on fire, beards were

on fire, dresses on fire. The only wonder is the whole place was not burned down. The heat was intense, the smoke and dirt was fearful, the shrieking and the noise the most horrible I have ever heard. It is the Saturnalia revived—a Pandemonium in the name of God. The two Patriarchs skulked out with two flambeaux apiece a quarter of an hour after, and were evidently anxious to get to their altars unseen. The rage was at the highest and they were unnoticed. After about forty minutes, and just as those who possessed sensitive organs began to appreciate the smell of roast human flesh, the fires began to pale. Every one put out the flame of their thirty-three candles with a cloth, which is kept to be wrapped around them when dead. It was refreshing to find that the Latins, though they gave up their part of the building for the purposes of the show, have no faith in the holy fire.

Inconsistencies of Misers.

Even amongst misers, however, there are exceptions to the rule of uniform parsimoniousness. Elwes, who added to his own fortune another inherited from his uncle, both amounting to half a million sterling, would dine off a hard boiled egg, or a piece of panache which he had kept for two months in his pocket. But he would lose thousands at play to men of fashion, pay his debts and never ask for his winnings, which he thought would be ungentlemanly. He would not lay out a penny on the education of his two sons. He thought that "putting things into their heads was taking money out of their pockets." But when Lord Abingdon had made a name for seven thousand pounds, Elwes, who knew he had not the money, offered to lend it to him. He would walk from one end of London to another in the rain to avoid paying a shilling for a coach: would eat his meat putrid rather than order a fresh joint; and sit in wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them, were a cast off wig which he had picked out of a ditch; and having torn his only coat, took one from the family chest which had belonged to an ancestor, with slash sleeves made of green velvet. But to a merchant who conciliated him with a present of wine he lent seven hundred pounds: a trifling present, or work done for him for nothing, was tolerably sure to be followed by a loan of money. He would let a poor man starve before he would aid him; yet in bonds to peers and others, and on some American property, he is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. There were occasional touches of humor in him. At a shooting party, a dead shot firing carelessly wounded him in the cheek. "I give you joy," he said, "of your improvement; I knew you would by-and-by hit something." At another time, having cut both his legs deeply, he was with difficulty persuaded to employ a surgeon. But he would only incur this expense in favor of one leg. He would manage the other himself, and offered to bet that it would get well first: and it did.

Thomas Guy was another exception—His wealth was enormous; and at one time he had promised to marry his maid, the only servant he kept. He had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended up to a particular spot. The lady observing a broken stone beyond this point, told the workmen to mend it also. "Tell Mr. Guy," she said, "I bade you do it, and he will not be angry." The marriage was to have taken place two days afterwards, and the lady reasonably presumed she might exercise this little piece of authority. But she soon discovered her mistake. Guy was so angry at the additional expense in which she had involved him that he broke off the match. Yet he built three wards on the north side of St. Thomas' Hospital; endowed them with a hundred pounds a year for eleven years; and afterwards built and endowed the hospital which bears his name, at a cost of £210,000.

The Age of the Patriarchs.

Some have not hesitated to ascribe to our forefather Adam, the height of nine hundred years, and the age of almost a thousand years. But the accurate and rational investigation of modern philosophy, has converted the supposed bones of giants found in different parts of the earth, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and acute theologians have shown that the chronology of the early ages was not the same as that used at present. Some, particularly Hensler, have proved, with the highest probability, that the year till the time of Abraham, consisted of only three months; that it was not till the time of Joseph that it was made to consist of twelve. These assertions are, in a certain degree, confirmed by some of the Eastern nations, who will reckon only three months in the year, and besides, it would be altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened one-half, immediately after the flood. It would be equally inexplicable why the patriarchs did not marry till their sixtieth, seventieth, and even hundredth year; but this difficulty vanishes when we reckon these ages according to the above mentioned standard, which will give the twentieth or thirtieth year; and consequently the same periods at which people marry at present. The whole theory, according to this explanation, assumes a different appearance. The sixteen hundred years before the flood, will become four hundred and fourteen, and the nine hundred years, the highest recorded, which Methuselah lived, will be reduced to two hundred; an age which is not impossible, and to which some men in modern times have nearly approached.

A POEM HAVING ONLY ONE VOWEL.—In the following only one vowel is used, and a very peculiar verse we have in consequence. We do not know who took the trouble to write the lines, but they are curious now they are done:

No monk too good to rob, or plot
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot,
From Donjon top no Orinoko rolls,
Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls,
Troops of old toastsports off to set consort,
Box tows schoolboys, too, do flug for sport,
No cool moonsons blow off on Oxford dons,
Orthodox, jug-trot, book-worm Solomon!
Beld Ostrogths of ghosts no borrow show,
On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow,
To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food,
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood,
Long storm-tost sloops forlorn work to port,
Rooks do not roost on spoons, no woodcocks snort
Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot roots
Nor common frog coo-coos long protocols.

Industrious John Chinaman.

What a truly industrious people the Chinese are! At work, cheerfully and brisk, till ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under-clothing are disposed in baskets around the room, near the different ironers. Those at work damping and ironing—peculiar processes, both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently. Instead of dipping the fingers in the water and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head into the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes out of his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape pipe, at the same time so directing his head that the mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron. The invention for ironing beats the Yankees all to bits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metallic basin, having a highly polished flat bottom, and a fire of charcoal continually burning in it. Thus they keep the iron hot without running to the fire every five minutes, and spitting out to it to ascertain by the "sizzle" if it is ready for use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the "ironing rag." Ladies who use the ordinary flat-iron will appreciate the improvements.

Death of a Sultana.

A Sekh woman, the widow of the late Maharajah Runjeet Singh and once the most powerful Sultana in Asia, died recently in the suburbs of London. Her son, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, is a Christian, and has settled down, leading the life of an English gentleman. The deceased Sultana kept to her old faith down to the time of her death, and was so particular about everything relating to caste that she steadfastly refused to eat when her Christian son happened to be on the same carpet with herself, and had a separate establishment of Indians who attended to her table and everything connected with it. She was the woman whom the English robbed of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond. Two of her retainers, in a letter which appeared in the London Times of the 16th inst., asked the privilege of burning her body, agreeably to the Hindoo faith. Her son objected to that mode of disposing of the body, and hence the Sultana's immediate attendants appealed to the protection of the English people.

About Ginger.

This is the root, or rather the under ground stem, of a plant which is a native of the East Indies, but is now grown in many other tropical countries. The stem grows two or three feet high and is reed like; the flowers are borne on a separate stalk, they are of a dark purple color, and appear from between broad leaves. Our supply comes from both the East and West Indies, and is imported in the root, which differs much in appearance and quality. When scalded as soon as it is taken up and dried in the sun, it has a dark brown color, but if the root is scraped before it is dried, it is much lighter colored. Some of the finer kinds are not only scraped but bleached, and are known as white ginger. The root is retailed in powder, and in the grinding is frequently adulterated with meal and similar substances, and several grades of ground ginger are kept at the wholesale stores at prices corresponding to the amount of adulteration. The preserved ginger, which is brought in jars from China, is prepared from the young and tender roots, before they have become stringy or have acquired a very powerful pungency. The fresh root is imported from the West Indies, and is frequently sold in cities for the purpose of flavoring citron mels, and other preserves. These fresh roots are usually brought in the Fall, may be planted in a pot and kept through the winter, and in summer be turned out into a warm place in the garden where they will flourish during hot weather.

We applaud, says Webster, the artist whose skill and genius presents the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements to the highest and fairest in all the departments of art in comparison with the great vocation of mothers. They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to be plastic throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

The cedars of Lebanon, it is stated, do not exceed four hundred. There are none of recent growth, as the goats browse on the twigs. Of their age, Hooker, the eminent botanist, says none of them are over five hundred years, but this is refuted by another who professes to know, who says that several of them have been identified as the very ones described by the Old Testament.

A Dutchman, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter word, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Houty said, "They must have very hot wedder here in New York. I reads an account of a meeting where all de peoples had melted away."

"Jemie," said one Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, "what is that snorting beast?" "Shure I don't know," was the reply, "unless its a steamboat splurging to get to wather."

The celebrated Whiston, dining with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Sumers, asked him why woman was made out of a rib? He replied, "Indeed, my lady, I don't know, except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

REAL HEROES.—Men who succeed in removing wants from the creation, falsehoods from our memory, and disgraces from our nature, are to the realms of truth what the heroes of mythology are to the primitive world—they lessen the number of monsters on earth.

John complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble.

General News.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a description of his arrival at the Depot in Paris, thus writes:—

"It is not often that I gather as much pleasure from a half-hour as I did from this midnight scene in a Paris depot. Three gentlemen supremely blessed with tongues, whose whole life-work was carried on by talking, and here they were, cooped up in a corner, helpless and useless for the want of a few words! My tongue lay dead in my mouth, like an old sword hung up for a sheathe in times of peace! I could not avoid sitting down to a burst of laughter, so hearty that all the officials sympathized. Indeed, laughter is alike in all languages. I laughed in French as much as in English—and found that good-nature and laughter did more for me than all my vain guesses and conjectures and guttural abominations called French words. They showed me things long unexamined, and only demanded the fee of a few sous for the porters.

Arithmetic in French is worse than any other part of the language. I drew out a whole handful of silver, and reaching out my open palm said in plain English, "There, do your own reckoning, and take what you want." At this they roared—some were old friends in a minute. They partook very moderately, taking no advantage, I am sure, and each one became eager to take a trunk, to secure a cab, and in general to get us off in good style. So we triumphed by good nature, in spite of French and the custom house.

Our first Sabbath in Paris was a bewildering. It was not so much a variation in the mode of keeping Sunday as a total destruction of all our ideas of Sabbath-keeping. Business goes on; the streets are thronged with people bent on pleasure, and the very air is filled, not with peace, but with social exhilaration, with pleasure and bustle, in short, not with any suggestion of another world, but with every phase of the enjoyment of this world. In our land it may be that the cheerful and social elements are too much excluded from religion; but here it is religion that seems to be shut out from the Sabbath and all its worldly enjoyments."

RETALIATORY PROCEEDINGS.—The Richmond Examiner of the 25th ult., contains the following:—"Mrs. Sawyer, wife of Capt. Henry W. Sawyer of New Jersey, one of the prisoners held for retaliatory execution, on arriving at City Point, on the flag of truce boat, made application to the Confederates to be permitted to visit Richmond for the purpose of having an interview with her husband before his execution; but the authorities denied her permission, and she returned on the same boat. Courtesy of this kind have been so invariably denied residents of the Confederacy, desiring to visit the North to look after friends and property, that the Government was influenced to the degree of denying the courtesy in this instance, as it will in all others of a like nature that may arise. When the Yankees conduct themselves like Christians in their intercourse with us, they may expect a like return; but we cannot afford to treat graciously our enemies, who disregard themselves every principle of right and justice."

There is nothing in Mr. McGee's invasion story. The Hon. gentleman himself has purchased the bag and it turns out to be a bladder of wind. We shall allow Mr. McGee to tell his own story, as reported in the "debate on the address," and published in the Quebec Mercury of Friday last. He stated it when he was in the Government of the Province Minister, Mr. Hulton—"communicated to him (Mr. McGee) the fact that his friend, Mr. Theodore Hart, a well known citizen of Montreal, being in the city of New York, obtained an introduction to the Hon. Moses Grinnell, and through him, to Mr. Seward the Secretary of State for the United States, with whom he spent an evening. During the evening, Mr. Seward made a statement to this effect, that the people of the United States would not make the mistake again that they had made before when they marched against Canada, but when they next attacked this country they would not attempt to stretch their arms along the line of the frontier, but that they would march 100,000 or more troops up to the district of Montreal, cut the connection, and abide the issue of events.—Globe.

FROM RICHMOND.—A trustworthy gentleman at Washington from Richmond, where he has resided for many years, says the rebel conscription is enforced without mercy. Men are now taken where they can be found, and given a day in which to arrange their affairs. None escape, no substitutes being allowed. Those who are lame or have lost a limb, are seized with the rich and poor alike, and sent to do some duty not purely military, so that an able-bodied man can be spared from that sphere. Nothing could be more unpopular, even if the Federal victories had not covered the South with gloom, than this universal conscription. It is creating a wide spread dissatisfaction that must eventually lead to a feeling everywhere like that throughout North Carolina. The defenses of Richmond have been greatly strengthened.

MILITARY PUNISHMENT.—We have only recently been aware of the fact, that the barbarous and utterly worthless (in a reformatory sense) punishment of whipping, was revived in the British Army. We are credibly informed that there have been quite a number of such disgraceful scenes enacted in St. John very recently, and it is rumored that we are to have a case of the same kind in a few days; and as a reinforcement of heathenism, the young drummers are daily practised in the art of winking the lash, and are themselves subject to punishment if they fail to lay it on with sufficient energy.—Furrow.

A lady, who witnessed the two incidents described by her, thus records, in a London newspaper, the appearance of Lord Brougham and "Harry of Exeter" a few nights ago in the House of Peers:—"A noble and learned lord, whose name is historic, and which will live with the language, spoke a few of that vigor which shook that House during the memorable trial of Queen Caroline, and afterwards at the still memorable epoch of the Reform Bill.—The painfulness of the incident consisted in the almost decrepit weakness the noble and learned lord exhibited, a weakness which was made the more painfully manifest when he stopped in the middle of his speech and in order to render his articulation easier to himself and clearer to his auditors, removed the artificial adjuncts to his mouth. It was with no little difficulty that he could do so, and when he had accomplished it, his articulation was worse than it was before. He stood upon the floor of the House the wreck of a great man indeed. He is now 84 years of age. Another Legislative Nestor that same evening, displayed the infirmity that must, of necessity, attend extreme old age. An ecclesiastical question was brought on—something in connection with the burial service, and the Bishop of Exeter, who is, I believe, nearly ninety years of age came down to speak upon the subject. It was a painful sight. The old man attired in his full canonicals, as all the Bishops are when in the House of Lords, rose from his seat, and tottering to the table, addressed himself to the subject under consideration, but he had not proceeded far when it was seen that he could not battle with his infirmities, and he tottered back to his seat, and was allowed to conclude his observations while seated.

In the town of Andover, Essex Co., Mass., 77 men were drafted; of these 72 were exempted by physical disability, and the other 5 paid the commutation fee.

Carleton Co. Agricultural Society. Exhibition of 1863.

PREMIUM LIST AND REGULATIONS. The "Carleton County Agricultural Society" purposes holding an Exhibition of Stock, Grain, Domestic Manufactures, &c., at the County Court House, on TUESDAY, October 13th, 1863. The following prizes are offered for Competition:—

CLASS I—Live Stock.

Best Stallion, 4 years	24	do	1
Best 3 yr old Steers	24	do	1
Best 3 yr old Cows	24	do	1
Best Fat Ox or Steer	24	do	2
Best Fat Cow or Heifer	24	do	2
Best 3 year old Colt	24	do	2
Best 2 year old Colt	24	do	2
Best 2 year old Mare	24	do	2
Best 1 year old Colt	24	do	1
Best 1 year old Mare	24	do	1
Best pr Horses, m'ch'd	24	do	2
Best Bull, 3 years old	24	do	2
or upwards	30	24	2
Best Bull, 2 years old	24	do	2
Best Bull, 1 year old	24	do	2
Best yearling Bull	24	do	2
Best Bull calf of 1863	24	do	2
age to be stated	24	do	2
Best Miltch Cow	24	do	2
24	do	do	2
Best working Oxen, 5	24	do	2
years old and upwards	24	do	2
24	do	do	2
Best Fat Ox or Steers	24	do	2