

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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## Poetry.

### OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shone the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then she stepped down to the lowly field,  
To mingle with the human race;  
And part by part to men revealed  
The fullness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle altar gazing down,  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth—  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears.

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes.

—Tennyson.

### FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

Farewell to the flowers, they're fading away.  
Sweet children of Summer, for Autumn is near;  
They droop beneath the beam of the sun's cooler ray;  
The night dew drop o'er them a sorrowful tear.  
No longer the fragrance is borne on the air,  
Of rhy and rose in bright summer bowers;  
They've passed from our vision so lovely and fair—  
Farewell to the flowers, farewell to the flowers!

I love them, I love them; to me there's a voice  
In every sweet, but like a spirit of love,  
That bids the sad heart smile at ease and rejoice,  
And whispers of thee in those realms far above;  
For he who hath fashioned each delicate form,  
And nurtured the blossoms by sunshine and showers,  
Will guide us and guard us through life's roughest storm—  
Farewell to the flowers, farewell to the flowers!

## Select Tale.

### SPEAK GENTLY.

A TALE FOR PARENTS.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with the boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him all the time, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating on the window sills and making a deafening noise. "Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand. "Can't I learn you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet—Go up stairs this moment, and don't let me see your face for an hour."

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, putting sulkily. "Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in an angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm pushed him from the room, and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line, and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of coming out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made upon his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons, with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir!" she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and set it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can't walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Harry withdrew, pointing out his rosy lips to the distance of full an inch. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned.

"Go up to the third story where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I don't want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than to pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you've got plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had lifted; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

meened a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease. After one or two more reproofs, the boy was then left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled a third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears, and a storm of angry words, rewarded this feat.

"Haven't I told you over and over again, you incorrigible bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth. I declare! I am out of all manner of patience with you! Go away from that table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make, that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at once, he had no recollection of any intention on that subject, although it had been made over and over again dozens of times. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not object, therefore, to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat, "next time you see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea over upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behavior, the boy grew more headless. Mr. Burton rarely said any thing to Harry about his unruly manners, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly and yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage; at least he never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour after his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; he makes me feel unhappy all the while. I dislike to be scolding him forever—but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause a world of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," his wife said, a little petulantly. "You sit and don't say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which if you adopt, I think might do a great deal of good," Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation.—"If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him much better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproach deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now, at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feeling in a little while quieted down and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours, her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard Harry's voice, calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical—the mother's spirit subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she asked in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eyes brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can't find my stockings, mama," he said.

"There they are under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O yes, so they are," cheerfully replied Harry.

"I couldn't see them no where."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No mama," he replied cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over both her own and the heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits, and the gathering even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months, the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct

some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it, disturbed not his temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

"So it seems—stronger than any other influence that we can bring to bear upon a human being."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by—during all this time, the mother continued to strive earnestly with herself and with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even minded and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform the fair face of his young spirit.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has but one piece of advice to give, and that is to "Speak Gently."

### Discouraging Children.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it," said he, "for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten the statement is believed; the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. We know a boy who, at the age of ten years, had become depressed with fault-finding and reproach, not duly mingled with encouraging words. The world appeared dark around him, he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies. A single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents these are important considerations.

### Old Connecticut Blue-Laws.

The old Connecticut blue-laws are wonderful strict. I have thought but to presume sum on them for the benefit of future posterity who cum after us.

No man shall chaw tobacco on sunda, unless he swallows the spit.

It shan't be lawful for enny man tew set down in a harvest field to rust, unless he sets on a sharp stone.

No man shall have a rite to kiss his wife more than 3 times a day, unless his written request is in writing.

If a man finds a pease or munny in the hiway on sunda, when he is going tew meeting, it shall be lawful for him to watch it, but it shan't not be lawful for him tew pick it up till after the setting of the sun.

If a Deakin swops hosses and gets cheated, he shall be turned out of the church and pa a fine of 4 gallons of Nu England rum.

Enny man who swears out loud shall pa a fine of 10 shillings. If he swears to himself he shall pa a fine of 3 shillings and the kost of the korte.

No man shall hav a rite to vote or get married who kant eat pork and molasses and repeat the 10 kommandments.

No young woman shall hav a rite tew get married who kant maik good punkin pize without eggs into them, and who kant maik a doughnut that will keep at least one year without loozing its twist.

### Curious Calculation.

Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population living on the globe, if congregated together; and as to the vast majority, the dead, the widest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted whether such a number of human beings could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the whole earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam until now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion—that the smallest county of England would afford sitting room for all the men, women and children now alive on the earth; and that a number of human beings equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county in England.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.—Never was such devastation made in the ranks of the English nobility, titled and untitled, as during the Thirty Years' War of the White and Red Roses. In the thirteen battles fought between York and Lancaster, from that of St. Albans, in 1455, to that on Redmore Down, near Bosworth, in 1485—in nine of which struggles the Yorkists were the victors, yet they ultimately lost the great prize at Bosworth—there perished in fight, by murder, or under the axe, two kings, four princes, ten dukes, two marquises, one and twenty earls, two viscounts, and seven and twenty barons. To these may be added one lord-prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty-nine knights, all noble; four hundred and forty-one esquires, the eldest sons of knights; and a body of gentlemen, or untitled nobility, of coat armour and ancestry, the number of whom is variously stated, but which number, being incorporated with the death-roll of private soldiers, swelled the great total to nearly eighty-six thousand men. Such was the cost to the country of that country's best blood, shed in a quarrel which, after all, ended in a wedding by way of compromise.

An old soaker in Boston, being found in the gutter one rainy night, the water making a clean breach over him, was asked by a passer by, what he was doing there.

"Oh, said he, 'I agreed to meet a man here.'"

### The Heroism of Economy.

"It takes a hero to be economical," says Miss Muloch. "For will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet, than wear her old one a year behind the mode? Give a ball and stint the family dinner a month after?" take a large house, and furnish handsome reception rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow, in untidy attic bedchambers, and her servants swelter, on the shake downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner: "My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not maintain comfortably, both my family and acquaintances; therefore, excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of acquaintances. And, society, if you choose to look in upon us you must take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or you may shut the door, and—good bye!"

### The Lower Class.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artist, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are the "upper circle" in the order of nature, whatever the factitious distinction of fashionable society. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege, pleasure, for the great men and the wholesome women to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be architects of their own fortune. Some may remark the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact, the middle classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. Is there a class of beings on earth who may properly be denominated low? If so, it is composed of those who continue without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without laboring or doing anything in aid of themselves.

### Patriotic Drinking.

A "loyal" man came to town the other day, got a little heavy about the head, and fearing he might be suspected of drinking too freely, apologized to a crowd of bystanders in the following eloquent and patriotic language.

"Now I ax you fellows who's the best citizen, him as supports Government, or him as doesn't? Why him as does, in course. I supports Government, fellows—every man as drinks supports Government—that is, if he drinks taxed liquors. Every blessed drop of lickin he swallows is taxed to pay the salaries of them big officers at Washington, and support the war. 'Spose all was to quit a drinking, why the war must stop and the Government fall—it couldn't help it no how. That's the werry reason I drink. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink butter-milk, ginger pop, or soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of loyalty, virtuous self-denial to the rising generation."—Holmes County Farmer.

SCENE MATRIMONIAL.—WIFE TRIUMPHANT.—"Can you let me have money this morning, to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By-and-bye, love."

"That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I buy and buy without money?"

And that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried again the next week:

"I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress."

"Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said her husband.

"Oh, well, dear, you know that was only because you are fond of hugging."

It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying:

"It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it!"

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—Rice was introduced into South Carolina by a rice accident. In 1696 the master of a vessel from Madagascar landed about half a bushel of an excellent kind, from which small beginning sprung up an immense source of wealth both to the agriculturists and merchants of the Southern States. Within little more than half a century from that time 120,000 barrels of rice were exported in one year from South Carolina, and 15,000 from Georgia—all from the remnant of a sack stock left in the bottom of a sack.

At a late public meeting the following 'dry' toast was given (the author of which got 'battered' when he reached home)—The press, the pulpit, and petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day; the first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads considerably and indisputably.

There is a mattress-maker in New York who has hit upon an ingenious method of stuffing his mattresses. He rubs the inner side of the ticking over with bear's grease, sews it up, and so quick is the growth of hair, caused by the application of bear's grease, that in the brief space of twenty-four hours the mattresses become self-stuffed.

PARENTAL DUTIES.—The Sonce Advertiser tells the following:—The pastor of a certain church told a thousand miles from this place, a few Sabbaths ago, when about to baptise a child, reproved the dock in the following fashion—"My dear people, I fear that you are neglecting parental duties, as this is only the second child presented for baptism during my pastoral connection with this church." (Sensation among the crinoline.)

Relevance has its uses. Men like trees, must stand far apart to grow large.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

A moderate degree of disregard for public opinion is absolutely necessary for one's individual dignity, virtue, and happiness.

The stomach is the chief creditor of the appetite; he is compelled to compromise with his debtor for an ounce to the pound.

Men of genius make the best husbands; a fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of women to be easily governed.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

It is said that an ingenious chemist has invented a wash which, by daily application, will prevent the beard from growing. Bad for the barbers.

Wounded men who were engaged in the battle of the Wilderness, said that most of the wounded died from sheer want of medical attendance.

An extraordinary cloud of winged ants, which completely obscured the rays of the sun during the progress, passed over a district of France lately.

A sum of \$700 has been restored to a Hartford Insurance office, which was unjustly taken from it, through a Catholic Priest at Dubuque, Iowa, under the influence of the confessional.

A little girl in Philadelphia last week burst into a boisterous fit of laughter at the success of a childish practical joke, and died in half an hour of its effects.

A miserable old bachelor, who forgot that the present is Leap Year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

In the parish register at Glamis, there is the following curious entry, dated 1676: "Nae preaching here this Lord's day—the minister being at Gortsey, burning a witch."

There is not the slightest doubt, according to the latest accounts, that as soon as Austria and Prussia have settled matters in Schleswig Holstein, they intend to take the German Diet in hand, and remodel it upon a basis more subservient to their united interest.

An exchange says it may not be too much to say that Maine will furnish to the market this year from half a million to a million bushels of potatoes more than usual.

A portion of the Atlantic cable 326 miles long has already arrived in New York, consigned to Cyrus W. Field.

The papers that take an interest in Tom Thumb's family state that there is no truth in the story of the little Thumb.

Asiatic Cholera has made its appearance in the Lincolnshire Fens, in England.

Dan Rice, the circus man, is a candidate for State Senator in one of the districts of Pennsylvania.

The Turks have resolved to abolish the traffic in Circassian slaves.

Such has been the drought in some parts of Shropshire, England, that water was selling at sixpence a pailful.

In China all the young maids are taught chess, and it is considered a principal part of their education.

In the seventh months the declared value of British made steam-engines exported was no less than \$881,614.

A man in London has sued a photographer for making his (the man's) legs crooked in a picture.

An outraged husband shot a man dead in Seginaw, Mich., last week.

The Freeman's Journal states that there are now three hundred thousand acres of land under flax in Ireland.

At one of the London churches in which fashionable weddings are celebrated, a reporter's pew has been provided.

It is estimated that 200,000 persons visited the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens on the Prince Consort memorial day.

From Plymouth to London, about 250 miles—up and down 500 miles—can now be done by rail in a day, with time for business transactions.

A correspondent writing to the Portland Advertiser from Rockland, Me., says the Rev. Mr. Hart of that city, in his prayer on Sunday last, used language, which the correspondent reports as follows: "Rev. Mr. Hart, of the First Baptist Church, with eyes uplifted to God, prayed that he who voted the Democratic ticket might have his arm withered."

He also says that in other churches the language used by the preachers was so insulting that many took their hats and left.

The extreme length of the line occupied by the army of the Potomac is not far from sixteen miles.

Civil engineers report that the volume of water which passes over the Falls of Niagara is ninety millions of tons per hour.

The next elections are those in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, all of which elect State officers on the 11th inst.

The postage stamp system has been adopted in all parts of the world by ninety different kingdoms, states, provinces, colonies, island and free cities.

The farmers of New York State are generally abandoning the manufacture of butter, preferring to make cheese, as more profitable.

Hamilton, C. W., rejoices in a new glass factory recently constructed and put in operation by Messrs. Gatchell, Moore & Co. They have already received large orders for the manufacture of bottles of all kinds. It is the first glass factory established in Upper Canada.

Counterfeit American quarter dollars have been detected in circulation at Chatham.

A man in England recently stated that his wife had consumed 100 pounds of opium since they had been married.

Prince Alfred, the sailor, is spoken of as the future King of British North America.

A recent toilet at Niagara is described as a black grenadier dress, and a \$4,000 diamond pin.

There are over a quarter of a million of people in England bearing the name of Smith.

The largest glass painting in existence is the one ordered by the Prince of Prussia for Cologne Cathedral. It is to be placed in the principal portal, between the two towers, at the completion of the building, and its subject is to be "The Last Judgment," after Cornelia's cartoon, designed for the Berlin Camposanto.

A collision between two trains took place on the Grand Trunk Railway last week, by which an engine and five cars were smashed, and an engineer and fireman scalded so severely as to cause death in a few hours.

The White Mountains have been capped with snow several times during the last fortnight.

A gentleman of Kent, England, lately ate a plum in which a wasp had hidden, which stung him so severely in the throat that he died.

The King of Prussia has, it is stated, ordered the erection of a column to commemorate the campaign of Schleswig. It will be formed of the cannon and muskets taken from the Danes, which will be recast for the purpose.

The Crystal Palace, London, up to the end of July, had had more visitors this season than in any preceding year.

There is a talk of reproducing Punch in New York, and selling it cheaply there, and also of reprinting many of the best articles from the English daily papers, and issuing them in a cheaper form.

## General News.

WELL DONE.—The "Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick" which met at St. John a few days ago, came out boldly against Denominational Grants for the purposes of Education.

The following resolutions were adopted by the body before the session closed:—

Resolved, That the Congregational Union is in hearty sympathy with the principles enunciated by the great Congregational body of the Mother Country and the Congregationalists of Canada and other British Colonies, and that this body expresses the opinion that it is not for the true interests of the Province that this or any other denomination should receive grants of money from the Legislature for schools and colleges that are of a sectarian or denominational character.

Resolved, That the Chairman and Secretary of the Union be authorized to draft petitions to the Legislatures of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia embodying the principle now laid down.—St. Andrews Standard.

Why Gold is so HIGH.—There is but one cause of the high price of gold, and that is the excessive quantity of our paper currency. The thing that fluctuates so in value is not the incorruptible yellow metal, but the green notes that promise to pay their face in this metal at some future time.