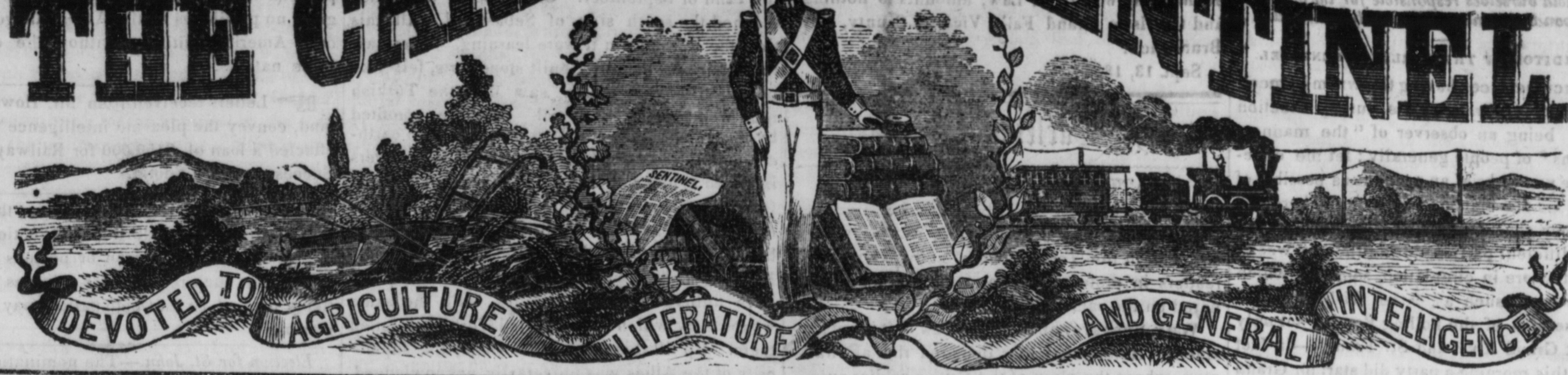


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[By JAMES McLAUCHLAN.

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## THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The priest and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than one hundred feet—and many strangers are now waiting to see the working of this clock when it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is on the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock is struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man, with a wand or sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way. The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or a little boy with a mallet, and over a dial there is a small bell. The cherub on the left side strikes the first quarter, and the one on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a large figure of time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time and then glides with a slow step, round behind Time; but comes an old man, raises his mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard round the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus. There is a high cross with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the apostles, walks out from behind comes out in front, facing the cross, bows, and walks round in his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in; so twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass off. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1500, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it was out of repair.—[Watchtower.

**MATRIMONY.**—The virgin sends prayers to God, but carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the members of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, and supported by all the strength of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity, but marriage, like the useful bees, builds a house and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys its king, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

[Jeremy Taylor.

We once heard of a rich man who was run over and badly injured. "It isn't the accident that I mind," said he; "that isn't the thing; but the being run over by an infernal swill-cart

**WHAT'LL TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES.**—Sitting on the piazza of the Catawack House, was a young foppish looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of cologne and musk. A solemn-faced, odd-looking man, after passing the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said, "Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight—just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But, I tell you, I do know what'll take out that smell—pshaw! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two.—Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk and he"—at this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment; and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and vanished up stairs.

A country chap, who was caught in the water-wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a slight dacking, says he intends to apply for a pension, on the ground that he is a survivor of the revolution.

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his young hopeful. "I've ciphered all through addition, partition, abolition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, damnation, creation and adoption." Hopeful will shine on some short line of railroad.

**COST OF RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.**—There is now at work in England a pretty resolute movement to curtail the expenses of their establishment. It may be some time before it has a final triumph but that it will be successful in the end, we cannot doubt. The preaching interest at stake is too great to be yielded without a fierce struggle, and the abuses are too enormous to be borne much longer. The members of the English Churches are about 6,600,000 and the expenses of the establishment about £9,459,565 or about \$47,000,000.—Enormous as this sum is, the parochial or working clergy are but moderately paid. The greater part goes to the higher dignitaries of the church, the Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, &c. All these church offices are filled by the aristocracy. The Church is found by the nobility to be a convenient resource for finding an establishment for their young-sons, and an advantage they had long enjoyed will not be relinquished without a struggle. The Archbishop Canterbury receives about 75,000 a year. The Bishop of London is as stated in an English paper received in three years ending 1850 an average of \$101,000 a year. The Bishop of Winchester in the same year had the comfortable income of \$140,000, and the Bishop Durham \$137,000. In England the eldest son is heir and takes by inheritance all the real estate of his father; so in this way the enormous estates of the nobility are kept from generation to generation entire, while their younger sons can be provided for at the public expense in the church, the army and the navy.

**A LARGE BELL.**—After three months' incessant labor, the Russians have replaced the great bell in the tower of San Juan, on the Kremlin, which our readers perhaps recollect, on being tolled for the late Czar, fell and broke through no less than three separate stories of vaults, killing five persons on the spot. The bell is said to be the largest in the world, weighing no less than 80,000 pounds.

A complimentary embassy is being prepared for the King of Ava.

**TO MAKE GOOD APPLE JELLY.**—Take apples of the best quality and good flavor (not sweet), cut them in quarters or slices, and stew them till soft; then strain out the juice, being very careful not to let any of the pulp go through the strainer. Boil it to the consistency of molasses, then weigh it and add as many pounds of crushed sugar, stirring it constantly till the sugar is dissolved. Add one ounce of extract of lemon to every twenty pounds of jelly, and when cold, set it away in close jars. It will keep good for years. Those who have not made jelly in this way will do well to try it; they will find it superior to currant jelly.—[Michigan Farmer.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM, IN TEA OR COFFEE.**—Beat the white of an egg to a froth, put to it a very small lump of butter, and mix well. Then turn the coffee to it gradually, so that it may not curdle. If perfectly done, it will be an excellent substitute for cream. For tea, omit the butter, using only the egg. This might be of great use at sea, as eggs can be preserved fresh in various ways.

**TO PRESERVE HAMS IN HOT WEATHER.**—The best way to preserve hams during hot weather, is to sew them up in stout cotton bags, cover them with charcoal dust in barrels, and keep in a dry cool place. We rub our hams well with good wood ashes, pack them in barrels, sprinkle ashes over them, cover them up, and have never had a ham injured yet.—[Ger. Telegraph.

1793 AND 1855.—When the war commenced in 1793 there was a great want of young efficient officers. In that year alone nearly 300 mates and midshipmen (including not a few who had been taken from before the mast) were made Lieutenants. In the following year nearly 400 were similarly advanced; and for years subsequently, until every ship was properly officered, promotion went on at the same rapid rate. Admirals and Captains had then a power now scarcely recognized—of rewarding merit on the spot, and a spirit was thereby infused into the service which lasted through the war. Young men who had everything to gain and little to lose were the object of their patronage; and a band of heroes was soon got together ready to undertake the most desperate enterprises. Promotion was not then confined within the narrow limits of any particular class; and although a number of young sons of influential persons were advanced with undue rapidity, some of whom did credit to their patrons, the door of promotion to the highest distinction was never closed against humble merit. Let the same rule prevail now. Reform the services. Put a curb upon the ruinously expensive system which has the effect of excluding those without affluent friends from the road leading to the Marshal's baton or the Admiral's flag. Beat down class interests of every kind. Give your cadets—naval and military—the advantages of a sound education and of sufficient professional training, and let merit be the only recommendation to advancement. Then may the country hope to regain all that has been lost, and to rescue from perdition that which is in jeopardy; then may England once more take her place as an arbitress; and, in safe union with France, be the happy means of restoring peace and prosperity to the world.—[United Service Gazette.

Among our telegraphic despatches this morning will be found an important one from New Orleans conveying the intelligence that Santa Anna has signed his abdication and embarkation at Vera Cruz for Havana. In the meantime, according to the despatch, a government has been formed, with

General Carrera for President for six months, and with the freedom of the Press for one of its acknowledged principles. In addition to this, the news from Acapulco, which will also be found in our columns this morning, states that Alvarez, with a constantly increasing force was making his way to the city of Mexico. All this is indeed another and a round turn to the ever revolving revolutionary wheel of the fortunes of Mexico. And it is a round turn also in Santa Anna's wheel of fortune, which has not ceased turning in opposition directions for the last thirty years—bringing him now at the top; and then whirling him to the bottom. Although a poor imitation of Louis Napoleon in ability, he rivals that President-Empereur in the mutability of fortune. He came into public life in the year 1821, when, after having expelled the royalist from Vera Cruz, he was appointed to the command of that city, but was deposed in 1822. He then raised a republican banner, fought against Iturbide, and overthrew him.—More changes followed, and republicanism not suiting his purposes, he became a leader of a Federalist party. But he was defeated and retired to his estate at Jalapa. In 1828, he again appeared on the scene, once more a republican, laboring to support Guerrero as President against Pedrazza. In 1830, he wheeled about and espoused the cause of Pedrazza, defeated the army sent against him, and Pedrazza was President until 1833. At the next election, Santa Anna himself was chosen President of Mexico, defeated Arista and D'Aran who took up arms against him. Having quelled this outbreak, he proclaimed himself dictator, which caused a number of those who rebelled against such an usurpation of power, to go to Texas and proclaim a new government. A war followed and Santa Anna ended his dictatorship by being taken prisoner. He was however, soon released, and the next we hear of him is fighting in 1838 in defence of Vera Cruz against the French.—Out of that contest he came minus one leg.—Again the wheel turned, and in 1841 he was again made President, governed until 1845, when the wheel of revolution once more whirled him from its top to its bottom. But it soon whirled him back and in 1846, there being war between the United States and Mexico, Santa Anna with seventeen thousand men, met Gen. Taylor with four thousand at Buena Vista, and was routed after two days fighting. He was again defeated at Cerro Gordo and on the 2d of February, 1848, the Mexicans having been totally overcome, a treaty was signed by which, as one of the results of victory, the United States gained the golden land of California. But Santa Anna's changes were not ended by the evacuation of the American troops from Mexico. Internal revolution again obliged him to abdicate, and he retired to Kingston, Jamaica, and then to Carthage, New Grenada, where he became a man of trade and business. But soon the wheel turned again and brought him back to the Presidential chair of Mexico, which in its turn has now sunk under him, and he now is en his way to Havana to be and to do what baffles all conjecture to determine.

And conjecture is equally at fault to determine what will be the next change in the affairs of distracted Mexico. Santa Anna has departed, but the elements of confusion are still in full play—Alvarez marching from the South, revolutionists and American Filibusterers leagued together in the North, and all eager for the spoils—what shall be the end.—N. Y. Courier.

The Steam-frigate Darien, and the floating battery Tonnant, going to the Black Sea were obliged to put into Corunna, on the 3d, on account of bad weather.