

clearly defined the policy of Great Britain in this matter; and of having declared to Europe and the world that the Treaty of March 30 should be fulfilled in the spirit, and to the letter, without abatement or compromise. It remains to be seen whether France will follow the lead. It will answer no purpose for the organs of the French Government to say that difficulties like these are of no importance, and need not interfere with the alliance of the two nations. The differences, both as regards Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents, are vital. If Russia be allowed to retain either, the fight has been fought in vain: we have lost one hundred millions of money in the pursuit of a shadow; our brave soldiers and sailors have been wickedly and uselessly sacrificed; and every hard-working, struggling, and striving man in these realms, who is liable to the Property and Income Tax, has been mercilessly robbed. To be merciful to Russia to the extent of allowing her to retain the command of the Danube is a folly and a crime. At the present moment—as we learn from our own Correspondents, who have had ample opportunities of observing and judging—Russia is vigorously preparing herself for all the contingencies of a renewed war. Never were her arsenals in greater activity; never were greater exertions made to create and store up arms and ammunition, to strengthen and re-fortify the strong places on her frontiers, and to form a fleet in the Black Sea—ostensibly for the purposes of commerce, but in reality, when time and opportunity shall serve to pounce upon Constantinople as Siope was pounced upon, but with greater slaughter and more fearful results.

The French Government must speak out. Russia—with a view to create further mischief and dissension—offers, through her bribed agents of the press in Germany and Belgium, and through the feelers put forth by her multitudinous army of diplomatic intriguers, and male and female spies—to split the difference, by yielding the Isle of Serpents, if she be allowed to retain the two Bolgrads; or, if not the two, the particular Bolgrad which commands the Danube. Great Britain, we know from the mouth of the Prime Minister, will not listen to such a compromise. Austria, in her own interest—of which she has a very acute sense—dare not listen to it; and Turkey, the party most concerned, would seal her own doom if she acceded to it. We believe France will ultimately act in perfect and hearty accord with Great Britain, and reject the proposition in a manner befitting an honorable and a wise Government. But is it not time that the Emperor, or a responsible Minister of the French Government, should say so? Russia knows by this time, that she will not induce the capitalists of England—gullible as they are when the glittering bait of a six per cent profit is held out to them—to make, or help to make, her military railroads through unprofitable and almost tenantless deserts; but if she can retain a hold of the Danube it will make amends for the disappointment, and give her a water-way cheaper and better in itself, and more available for her aggressive purposes, than a railway.

The Emperor Napoleon can speak to the purpose when he likes. Let him speak now, if he would consolidate the peace which he helped to conquer.—*Illustrated London News.*

Doctors of Divinity are so called, it is sometimes said, because they are in the habit of doctoring divinity, or their divinity needed doctoring; but more likely the title was derived from the former habit some of them had of uniting the practice of physic with that of preaching, thus aiming at the cure of bodies as well as of souls. We remember, firstly, the case of a man who tried all three of the learned professions in the pursuit of money. He said that he first became a preacher; for as the soul was worth more than the body, he thought people would rather pay a man who would tell them what they must do to save it. But he soon found that they thought more of their health than they did of their morals, and he left the pulpit and took to pills and blisters. Not long did he stick to them before he learned that men cared more for property than they do for their souls and bodies both. Accordingly he renounced the practice of medicine for that of the law, and realized his own idea of the chief end of man—to make money.

Secondly: In older times it was not unusual for the itinerating Methodist ministers in the newer settlements to dabble a little in physic, as doctors were "few and far between," in this respect making their visits just like angels. At the Annual Conference one of the Bishops, who had a holy horror of quackery, called a physicking preacher to account, and when his name was before the body, the Bishop began:

"Brother Hibbard, did you ever study the science of medicine?"

To which Brother Hibbard replied, with much modesty, "I cannot say, Sir, that I ever did."

"How then can you, as a Christian man, venture to prescribe for them that are sick?"

"Why, Bishop," answered the humble preacher, "I don't do much in that way, though I confess that I sometimes give advice in difficult cases."

"Those," returned the venerable Bishop, "are the very cases in which it seems to me that you should give no advice at all."

"Allow me to explain, sir. I mean to say," said the offending brother, "that when I am called to a case in which I don't know what to do, I give my advice—and that is, to get somebody that does."

The Bishop was silent, the brethren smiled placidly, and Brother Hibbard was allowed to preach and practice too.

In the next place: A few years ago a celebrated female preacher was drawing crowds of hearers in this city, but for the want of "a place of worship" she and her admirers were compelled to meet in halls that were profaned by daily and secular assemblies. They applied to a popular minister of a fashionable church for the use of his house for the female orator to preach in. His reply was short and decisive: "If the Angel Gabriel should descend from heaven, I would not allow him to preach in my pulpit in petticoats."

The lady-speaker who adopted the Bloomer costume would not come under this clerical interdiction; but we would rather have the Angel Gabriel, with or without petticoats, than to see a woman in breeches.

Finally: We have a very refreshing anecdote of an old-time parson, one of the Puritan stock, and the scene of the story is laid in Old Salem, in Massachusetts, where the witches lived and died.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the Old School—a good man in his way, but a little queer—came to Salem to preach, on exchange with one of the city ministers. On going to the house of his brother minister to spend the noon intermission, he desired to lie down, and not to be interrupted while he should refresh himself with a grateful snooze. To guard against being intruded upon, he said to his friend's daughter,

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner to make his friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he enquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I must see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a must was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was designated. With no gentle voice, and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, but was rather taken aback when Mr. Bently said to him:

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, Brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell our friend's daughter you was not to be disturbed even if St. Paul called? yet you appear very glad to see me."

"No, no, Brother Bently, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."

This gentle intimation that Brother Bently was not quite so sure of heaven as Paul, or even as Brother Williams, is very rich, and will serve to conclude the present discourse on pulpits and preachers.—*Harper's Magazine.*

COURTING IN THE RIGHT STYLE.—"Git out, you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma," cried out Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I ain't techin' on you, Sal," responded Mr. Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuther, do yer?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause you are too tarmal scary, you long-legged lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, ganglion-kneed owl, you—you ain't got a tarmal bit of sense; get along home wid ye."

"Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and ef you don't let me set and court you, my daddy will sue your'n for that cow what he sold him t'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—ef you want for to court, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not sit off thar as ef you thort I was pizen."

"Heed on aith is that, Sal?"

"Why, sidle right up here, and hug and kiss

me, as if you had some of the bone and sinner of a man in you. Do s'pose that a woman's only made to look at, you fool, you? No; they're made for practical results, as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss and such like kinder things."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must, for I do love you, Sal," and Jake commenced sidling up to her like a maple poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that is acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "ef this ain't better than any appleberry sass marm made, a darn'd sight. Criky! buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks, with elephant soup and 'lasses, aint nowhar 'longside of you, Sal! How I love you?"

Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoofs out of the mire.

FELT HATS.—The editor of the Central Presbyterian, in speaking of felt hats, discourses in the following style of good sense:—"Indeed, this is the only sensible hat now worn. Instead of the shiny hard and stiff fur or silk hat, so lately universal—a perpetual annoyance to the owner; in his way in every conveyance, and in every crowd; never protecting him from sun or rain, but keeping him anxiously trying to protect it; very much in the shape of, and about as pleasant to the head as a section of a stove pipe would be; always getting blown off, or mashed, or weather-stained—

instead of all this, we now have the broad brimmed, flexible-bodied, easy fitting hat, without fur on it, or stiffening in it; never binding the brow, or causing headache; never injured by rough handling; always in shape, if shape it might be called, which shape has none; always shading the face from the sun, and sheltering it from storm; and last though least, the prettiest hat, if beauty is associated with utility, and the fitness of things: this is one of the hats which constitutes one of the most-to-be-lauded inventions of the present day, one which should universally supplant its abused predecessor, and be worn by all classes, clergymen included.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

ENIGMA No. 9.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 3, 9, 14, 15, 16, 17, 15, is a town in Alabama.

My 2, 10, 11, 14, 18, 12, is a town in New Hampshire.

My 3, 18, 16, 17, 13, 4, 12, 11, 6, 16, is a town in the United States.

My 4, 2, 10, 17, 2, 5, 11, 15, 14, is a town in Kentucky.

My 5, 2, 3, 15, 8, is a town in a Western State.

My 6, 17, 9, 16, 2, is a town in Peru.

My 7, 15, 14, 11, 13, 4, is a town in Europe.

My 8, 2, 14, 18, 13, 10, is a town in a Southern State.

My 9, 15, 18, 14, 2, 5, is a town in Brazil.

My 18, 5, 8, 2, 18, 4, is a town in Russia.

My 14, 13, 5, 15, 11, 11, 2, is a town in Africa.

My 11, 2, 18, 10, is a town in Scotland.

My 17, 9, 5, 3, 18, 10, is a town in Germany.

My 10, 2, 18, 14, 16, is a town in Great Britain.

My whole is the name of something formidable in Canada.

M. A. E.

Answer next week.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

CHARADE.

On many an ancient Christmas day,

My first bedecked the "old oak hall;"

My second flowed when hearts were gay,

And passed the social glass to all.

My whole, with tall and stately grace,

Within the garden claims a place.

M. A. E.

Answer next week.

Answer to Enigma No. 8.—HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. By "M. A. C." and "ELIA."

Answer to Charade.—PALMERSTON.

FACETIE.

Once, at a table, Pitt was expatiating on the superiority of the Latin over the English language, and cited as an instance, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative could do.

"Then your father and mother," said Lord Thurlow, "must have been themselves two negatives to have produced such a positive fellow as you are."

A banner sign in New Orleans bears the following inscription:—"Dr.—, Surgeon Dentist, is ready to hold any one's jaw but his own."

A "foine" young gentleman, turning swiftly on his heel, ran his head against a young lady. He instantly put himself in a position to apologize.—"Not a word," said the quick-witted maiden; "it isn't hard enough to hurt anybody." The coxcomb frowned and sloped.

A housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth brush. "Well is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant entered. "Yes, ma'am directly," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

Special Notices.

WORLD'S BLESSING!

DR. J. B. N. GOULD,
Rheumatic, Neuralgia and Spinal Balm.

Cures from 12 to 48 hours, removes Rheumatic and Neuralgia Pains in fifteen minutes.

We would call the attention of our readers to the above wonderful preparation, used only as an external application. The following is sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of its virtues:

Boston, April 9th, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since this session of the Legislature commenced, I have been severely afflicted with inflammatory Rheumatism. I expended much money without obtaining any relief, when one of our Representatives brought me a bottle of your "Rheumatic Balm," and from its first application the pain began to decrease, and I am now almost entirely free from the affliction. You are aware that I ordered six bottles more, which I distributed among suffering friends and in every instant it has afforded immediate relief. I give you this testimony of the worth of your medicine, unsolicited, as a slight token of my appreciation of your endeavors to sooth the pain and anguish of your fellow men. Very respectfully

W. E. P. HASKELL,

Clerk Mass. House of Reps.

Dr. J. B. N. Gould, East Abington, Mass.

Dr. J. B. N. GOULD: Dear Sir,—Feeling confident that hereafter thousands of persons in the world that suffer with Neuralgia, I feel it a duty I owe to you and to the public to make the following statement known. I have been suffering from Neuralgia in the face and head, once or twice a month, for fourteen years. It was so severe, I have been obliged to leave my business, and confine myself to my room, one or two days at a time, suffering all the time the most intense pain. I have tried for years all the remedies that were advertised, also all the prescriptions given by physicians, and had experienced no particular benefit; and had made up my mind there was not anything that would give relief, and supposed I must suffer for the remainder of my days with this unwelcome disease. I saw the advertisement, last spring, of your Rheumatic and Neuralgia Balm, and, as it was highly recommended, I concluded to try it; but I had no confidence in its virtues. I applied it according to the directions, and in a few hours was relieved. That was three months since, and I have not had the slightest attack; and I feel thankful to you, sir, for so great a blessing.

CHAS. T. BARRY,

24 Washington-street.

OFFICE AND LABORATORY, No. 11 1/2 SCHOOL STREET BOSTON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.)

Wholesale Agents, BURR, FOSTER & CO., No. 90 & 92 Washington-street; WEEKS & POTTER, No. 154 Washington-street, Boston. H. H. HAY, Wholesale Agent for Maine. And retailed throughout the United States and British Provinces by Druggists generally. 7y

ON SUCH SUBJECTS THE TESTIMONY OF WOMAN SHOULD BE CONCLUSIVE.

—New York, Aug. 2 1852.—Mrs. Clute, of No. 272 Second street, believing her child, about three years old, to be troubled with worms, purchased one bottle of Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros. Pittsburgh, Pa., and gave it two-teaspoonful, which had the effect of causing the child to discharge a large number of worms.

The child is now enjoying good health. We would advise all parents who may suspect their children to be troubled with worms to lose no time, but immediately purchase and administer Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge. It will cure. The money will be refunded in all cases where it does not give satisfaction.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. of PITTSBURG, PA. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr. M'Lane's genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug stores. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING Bros.

13

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS

—Glandular swelling in the throat, neuralgia, the dolorous, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and other diseases affecting the glands, muscles, and nerves of sensation, are permanently eradicated by the persevering applications of healing, anti-febrile, pain destroying preparation. Irritating eruptions, running sores, open wounds, burns, scalds, the bites of venomous insects or reptiles, and in short all the varieties of superficial inflammation, soon lose their angry and painful character when treated with Holloway's Ointment. The Pills have never yet been administered in dyspepsia, liver complaint, or disorders of the bowels, without producing the desired results.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!!!

The Election times tax the Lungs, "out o' nights," Young America gets shocking Colds; he should therefore be armed with a balm for every ill that can befall Throat and Lungs, Mrs. M. N. Garder's Indian

BALSAM OF DIVERWORT AND HOARHOUTND.

It can be relied upon!!!

It never fails!!!

It is purely vegetable!!!!

It is for sale by Messrs. Weeks & Potter, 154 Washington Street, Boston.

W. T. BAIRD, Agent for Woodstock.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.—Yellow jaundice is a precursor of very serious chronic disorders in the system, and if not attended in the earliest stages, bilious fevers, inflammation of the kidneys, and pleurisy will follow. In such cases one dose of the Moffat medicines has been known to effect a cure. Sold by the Proprietor, W. B. Moffat, 335 Broadway New York.

W. T. BAIRD, Agent for the County of Carleton.

A. P. HAYWOOD, Agent for Houlton.

READER!—When you are in need of a remedy to purify your blood, cleanse your Stomach from Bile, remove habitual Costiveness, cure the Piles, promote a healthy action of the Liver, improve the Appetite or Strengthen the System, procure a bottle of G. W. Stone's Vegetable Liquid Cathartic, and your wishes for improved health will be more than realized.

For the Coming Season.

A N assortment of Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods, for sale at

Dec. 30.