

vertebral column seems to have been weak and insufficient, a rigid case of buckram and whalebone being required in that region to give support to the body. But for this, the ordinary attitude would probably have been prone, like that of an insect. The most remarkable peculiarity, however, was the form and size of the head. The bonnet indicates a creature almost entirely destitute of brains. The head must have been a mere knob at the extremity of the cervical column—such an cephalon as would be represented by that of a female of our race at a very early stage of its development. In this respect the creature reminds us of the class *Aves*—above all, the *Alcidae* or *Auks*, which are recognized as amongst the most stupid of all creatures of that grade. Another peculiarity, taken in connection with the above, has induced certain of the examiners to surmise that the creature really was connected with the natorial birds. This is a vesture composed of an air-tight integument, which the creature could inflate at pleasure, as some of the cephalopodous mollusks of an earlier era could do with the air cells in their shells, so as not merely to float themselves in the water, but adjust the depth in the water at which they desired to float. Thus with so long and slender a figure, so weak a spine, so small a head, and an arrangement for floating in the ocean, the female of the past race of mankind would appear to have been altogether a singular anomaly in creation.—*Chambers' Journal*.

PLACING OF LARGE STONES BY THE ANCIENTS.—It is usually a matter of wonder to modern observers that the ancients, destitute as they were of complicated machinery, should have been able to transport, raise, and place large stones, whether standing alone or as part of such buildings as the pyramids. The late discoveries at Nineveh fully expound to us the means of transporting large blocks: it was by placing rollers beneath. As to the means of raising, all we learn from Herodotus is, that it was effected by short pieces of wood. How so?—The following suggestion in reply was made a few years ago by a gentleman named Perigal, before the British Association:—Suppose a block has to be raised up along the pyramid, in order to be placed in one of the courses of the masonry—It is first brought by rollers to the base of the building. There all the rollers are removed except one near the centre. One end of the stone being now depressed to the ground, a pile of slips of wood is placed under it, close to the centre, this pile being rather higher than the roller, and terminating in one narrow piece at the top. The stone is now tilted so as to bring the other end to the ground. It is now possible to put a similar pile of pieces of wood underneath, close beside the first. On that pile, the block is tilted back to its former position, and so on until it is raised a little above the level of the next course of masonry. By rollers it is moved on to that platform, with a low pile of blocks once more near the centre underneath. Then the process of tilting and raising is again gone through: and so on until it has been raised up to the level where it is to take its place in the masonry. By this simple process, too, says M. Perigal, a few men might have raised Stonehenge in a single night, if the requisite stones were prepared and placed in readiness near the spot.—*British Association Report, 1844*.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.—The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of rose or white satin for her pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back; but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep: she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the hapless, helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and, as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once—let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage: his blue eye distended; his lips sprang apart; a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and, with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I'm a man I'll kill you for that!"

"There was a coffin and a heap of earth" between the mother and the poor, forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward, with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot!"

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge: I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible; and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Original Essay.

The following Address, "On the expediency of the British North American Colonists' furnishing Her Majesty with Troops to aid in time of Foreign War," was delivered at the semi-annual examination of Mr. McCoy's school, last week, by MASTER G. H. BEARDSLEY. We agree in the opinion expressed by Mr. Jacob, the examiner on that occasion, that it reflects very great credit upon the youthful author:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

When we consider the many obligations which bind these Colonies to England: that it is the land to which we are indebted for our origin, and which has ever protected us from powerful enemies; that it has sanctioned those wise laws which have from time to time been enacted for our benefit, and which have defended our rights and privileges: that the Government of England has ever been of the mildest nature towards us, and the advantages which both parties have derived from this union are innumerable.—I say these favours, if nothing else, are sufficient to make every dutiful man cry, Up! let us oppose every enemy to Great Britain, and support our gracious Queen upon her throne!

It should also be remembered, that while those Colonies are aiding England they are only assisting themselves—for is not her welfare our welfare?

The tie that thus connects us is no slight link, to be severed at pleasure, but a lasting bond, which time has proved and experience strengthened. Our destiny is as closely linked with hers as the child's to the parent's.

As long as the one progresses, no matter in what capacity, the other must feel the benefit. Once allow the seeds of dissension to flourish, and our mutual confidence to filter, or even different interests to actuate us,—and all hope of prosperity and improvement must cease, and our country, instead of developing new resources, must gradually recede from her present position, and finally become an easy prey to merciless invaders.

Again, I would ask, where shall we find men who are braver, or more capable of enduring the fatigues of a campaign, than the hardy sons of New Brunswick? The descendants of men who were not daunted by the many difficulties which everywhere appeared to oppose their progress, and under which ordinary men would have sunk in despair;—difficulties which only those who experienced them can describe: but among those may be enumerated a rigorous climate, to which they were wholly unused, and a wily foe, whose fierce attacks experience alone taught them to avoid. What reason, then, have we to suppose that this unconquerable spirit, which was then so apparent, does not still exist in the breast of every true descendant of the Loyalists? Again, after the battle of the Alma, could not a colonist have easily invented a better method of conveying boards and planks, for erecting camps, than fastening them to the skirts of a dragon's saddle, thereby causing the destruction of so many lives.

And do not the calm intrepidity and unshaken fortitude displayed by General Williams, while laboring under the accumulated horrors of a desperate siege, while they elicit our highest admiration, sufficiently prove that colonial bravery is not extinct.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, in conclusion, we should return our sincere thanks to Divine Providence that our gracious Queen rules an empire on which the sun never sets, and sways her sceptre over more than one hundred and twenty millions of souls.

Let us, therefore, ever cherish that heroic and patriotic spirit which put our enemies to flight on the plains of Waterloo, mounted the heights of Alma, stood firm against the innumerable hosts at Inkerman, and made the Crimea an eternal monument to British valor.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

ENIGMA No. 8.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 8, 17, 5, 8, 11, 12, 2, 18, 15, is often heard in Courts.

My 1, 6, 3, 17, 5, 8, 15, what rogues are seldom guilty of.

My 4, 8, 13, 14, 7, 13, 18, is a native of a renowned country.

My 15, 2, 10, 12, 13, 15, is to give consent.

My 4, 18, 8, 17, 3, 5, 20, 7, 3, 11, 9, 10, 4, 8, 15, is superlative sinning.

My 9, 10, 7, 17, 8, 10, 19, is to silence.

My 14, 13, 8, 17, disagreeable, very, sometimes.

My 8, 2, 6, 5, 6, 2, 18, is likewise disagreeable sometimes.

My 8, 2, 15, 5, 8, 6, 19, 10, 4, 8, you will find at Strickland's.

My 11, 8, 7, 5, 8, 20, 13, what is generally used, and just now may be had cheap.

My 16, 11, 18, 8, 12, 6, 14, 13, 5, 19, 17, 5, a measure of sweetness.

My 9, 10, 7, 18, 8, 14, 20, is a weight.

My whole is closely identified with the British Throne.

Answer next week.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

CHARADE.

Come to my first, and see me rise,
In tow'ring height, 'neath eastern skies;
My first and second closely scan,
And lo! a Woodstock artizan;
My third—hard, rough, smooth, and square—
Varied the form and names I bear.
My whole makes Russian Czar to shake,
And foreign thrones and despots quake.

Answer next week.

GAPE.

Answer to Enigma No. 7.—HONOURABLE ROGER SHERMAN. By "O. J. E." and "ELLA."

Answer to Charade—TARTAR. By same.

FACETIE.

We heard a good story told of a rustic youth and country girl, who sat facing each other at the supper table of a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. At that time, there being no Bloomers, the girl, either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings."

A venerable old gentleman was found a few nights since by the Philadelphia police, busily engaged trying to fit his night-key in a knot-hole of a board fence.

THE LIFE OF A "GENTLEMAN."—He gets up leisurely—breakfasts comfortably—reads the papers regularly—dresses fashionably—lounges fastidiously—eats a tart gravely—tattles insipidly—dines considerably—drinks superfluously—kills time indifferently—sups elegantly—goes to bed stupidly—lives uselessly.

The Dutch are as famous for their bulls as the Irish. "I be lost two cows," said Myneer, "unt von vash a calf, unt two vash a bull."

Why is a hungry boy looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window like a wild horse? Ans.—Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

Why is the ladies' saloon the best place for a quiet smoke? Because there is no smoking aloud there.

Why is the man who never laughs like the wisest man mentioned in Biblical history? Because he is a solemn man (Solomon).

SENTIMENTAL.—A Liverpool paper furnishes the following affecting lines, accompanying the notice of the death of a young lady, in Anglesea, Wales:

"Nychoddi, nes gwywood i gyd yn gynnar,
O ganol ei bywyd,
A chillodd arwy ymchwydd,
I dy'bedd gan a do 'r byd."

"How changeable the wind is," said an old lady. "It's the changeablest thing I ever did see. When I was going up to Washington-street it was blowing in my face; and when I turned to go down, don't you think it went blowin' on my back?"

A MISAPPREHENSION.—We recollect once being very much amused at the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, and a man of middle age. Being unused, at that time, to the forms of law—though in the protracted lawsuit which followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed; and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation, "What do you think?—Sheriff Perine has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come to court you."

To square a circle—settle up your wife's bill for hoops at the dry goods store or milliner's.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

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, 1856.

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 instance 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 soothe the pain and anguish of your fellow men. Very respectfully,

W. R. P. HASKILL,

Clerk Mass. House of Reps.

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

Dr. J. B. N. GOULD: Dear Sir,—Feeling confident that there are 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. 11½ 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, BURL, FOSTER & CO., No. 90 Cornhill; BREWER, STEVENS & CUSHING, Nos. 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

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.

—We speak of M. Lane's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., which have become an indispensable Family Medicine. The frightful symptoms which arise from a diseased Liver manifest themselves, more or less, in every family: dyspepsia, sick headache, obstruction of the menses, ague and fever, pains in the side, with dry, hacking cough, all the results of hepatic derangement—and for these Dr. M. Lane's Pills, are a sovereign remedy. They have never been known to fail, and they should be kept at all times by families.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three going to bed, every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more. A slight breakfast should invariably follow their use.

The Liver Pills may also be used where purging is necessary. As an anti-bilious purgative, they are inferior to none. And in doses of two or three, they give astonishing relief to sick headache; also in slight derangement of the stomach.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr. M. Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. of Pittsburgh, Pa. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M. Lane's genuine Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores.—None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Rush of blood

to the head is often primarily caused by a bad condition of the stomach and bowels. Invigorate the stomach and regulate the excretions, and purify the fluids with this world renowned medicine, and you will be exempt from vertigo, dizziness of sight, headache, and other alarming apopleptic symptoms which frequently accompany dyspepsia and habitual constipation. The impurity of the blood, as well as an excess of it in the brain, has much to do with cerebral affections, and as Holloway's Pills operate upon the chemical agents which generate that fluid, as well as upon the circulation itself, they are infallible in this class of maladies.

WHY WILL YE DIE? when one excellent medicine is at hand, whereby all Lung Diseases are effectually cured? The great Balsam of Liverwort and Hoorhound, originally prepared by Nahmeonitah, an Indian maiden of the Oneida tribe, who after wards became Mrs. M. N. Gardiner, has saved and

CURED ITS TENS OF THOUSANDS!

and written upon thankful hearts more, than

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND REAL CERTIFICATES, and can still be obtained of Messrs. Weeks & Potter, 154 Washington Street, Boston, General Agents.

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MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

—Irregularities of living, privation and over indulgence of the appetite bring on indigestion and dyspepsia. In all such cases the Moffat medicines may be resorted to, with an entire confidence, that a complete restoration to health will follow. 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.

PHYSICIANS WHO HAVE BECOME

acquainted with the merits of G. W. Stone's Vegetable Liquid Cathartic universally acknowledged that it surpasses all other remedies in those cases for which it is recommended. As a Blood Purifier and Regulator of the Bowels it stands unrivalled. It is pleasant to the taste, produces no nausea at the Stomach and leaves the bowels free from Costiveness.