

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE POINT THE WAY—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX.

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TERMS.
The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.
All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEEY.

[We do not know when we have seen as beautiful a poem as the following, in the pages of our magazine literature. It is undoubtedly the prettiest poem that "Ellen Louise" has written, and she has written many fine ones. It is so full of feeling, and clothed with such splendid imagery, yet simple and natural, that no one can fail to admire it. Miss Chandler is young, but her name is loved and cherished by many who admire pure and lofty breathings of poetry that oftentimes gush so freely from that warm, deep font of feeling—the human heart.]

From Peterson's Magazine for April.

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

There are two graves, far, far apart,
And the deep sea rolls between;
O'er one they've piled the marble high,
O'er one the grass grows green.

In the one, within a gorgeous lane,
Lies she whom I called my bride;
Before whose feet I knelt of old,
In her father's halls of pride.

In the one behind the village church,
Where wild flowers nod in prayer,
Lies resting the shade of the pure dream
That brightened my life of care!

The one was a maiden proud and high,
And the waves of her jetty hair
All braided up with jewels rich,
And pearls and diamonds rare.

The other had curls of sunny light,
And a smile as faint and mild
As those which the olden artists paint,
In their dreams of the young Christ child.

One awed my heart with the prideful glance
From her darkening orbs that fell,
The eyes of the other were purely blue
As the home where the angels dwell.

One brought me a title proud and high,
And pearls, and gold, and lands,
With serfs to bow at my light word,
And go at my first commands—

The other brought but the earnest love
That glowed in her star-like eyes,
And blest my heart like the downward rays
From the distant Paradise!

I wedded the one with stately pomp,
In a proud cathedral aisle,
And bells were ringing in high church towers,
A sounding chime the while.

I wedded the other as Quakers wed,
In the forest still and deep,
When hush'd were the sounds of noisy life,
And the flowers had gone to sleep.

Oh! blithe was my night-haired love, and fair,
And proud was her darkening eye,
But dearer far was my cottage girl
With her angel purity.

But demons wandering over earth,
For the one upon a shroud,
And they laid her low where wax lights glow,
In the old cathedral proud.

The other, when holy stars shine down,
Was hearing the angels sing,
And a truant seraph folded her
In the clasp of his valeswing!

They told me the one was lying dead,
And a tear came to mine eye—
But joy-demons chased the gloom away,
And a smile went flitting by.

They told me the other had gone to sleep,
And I sought the battle's strife,
For I hated the light of the rosy day,
And I cursed the light of life.

The one lies still in her far-off tomb,
Where the tall wax tapers glow,
And their rays fall down on the marble shrine,
With a fixed and ruddy beam.

But over the other the night-stars swing,
When the light of day has fled,
And the wild winds sigh her gentle name
Till I wish that I were dead.

In Kidd's Own Journal we find some interesting facts about eating. Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep; and sleeps but to eat; and not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats it over again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its own weight before it lies down to raise a butterfly. The mite and maggot eat the very world in which they live; they nestle and build in their roasts beef; and the hyena, for want of better fare, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor do we ever hear that an Esquimaux is troubled with the whooping cough, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat.

How are they getting on in Oregon?

Famously! We have been rummaging again in our exchange receptacle, and brought to light a few numbers of the Oregonian—a weekly paper, published at "Portland, O. T.," edited (and very well, too) by T. J. Dryer. It is a handsome sheet, nearly as large as our own and the price is seven dollars and a half per annum. The first number we take in hand is the fiftieth of the second volume, dated November 13, 1852. In contains one hundred and forty-one advertisements. Think of that! ye late subscribers to the Indian Missions; and ye still later readers of the patriotic and many messages of Geo. Abernethy, the first Governor of Oregon.

And the more we examine these advertisements, the higher rises our astonishment. One would naturally expect, that in a country situated at the "utmost parts of the earth," a country just beginning to cut its way out of the woods, material interests would quite absorb the attention of its inhabitants. But this is very far indeed from being the case in Oregon. We find long advertisements, with such headings as these: "Portland Academy." "The fourth quarter will commence," etc. "Tualatin Academy; Principal, J. M. Keeler." "This institution is located in the town of Forest Grove, Tualatin Plains," etc. "Cheap Books by the Cartload." "Prince and Co's improved patent Melodeons." "Glastop County Bible Society." "The annual meeting will be held," etc. "To the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the Territory of Oregon, Greeting." "First Grand Ball of the Season, by the Sons of Temperance." "Public School Notice." "Sunday School Books." In these advertisements, we discern all the elements of our own civilization—a family likeness indisputable. Turning to the business advertisements, we observe six announcements, setting forth the attractions of the Washington, the Lafayette, the Cowitz, the Willamette, the St. Helens and the Main street Hotels. Four steamboats, we perceive, ply between Portland and other places in the territory. There is a whole column of "Business cards," containing the addresses of twenty-seven firms. From the style of a large number of the advertisements, we infer that there is already a keen competition among the business men of Portland, and that it is no easy matter to attract attention. For example:—

"THE COFFIN QUESTION SETTLED!—Pillow and Drew, having procured the services of a jeweller, from San Francisco, are now prepared to manufacture all kinds of jewelry adapted to this market—rings, pins, etc., etc. They have on hand some specimens of work which they think will please the most fastidious. Ladies rings in neat and tasty style; gent's do., weighing from 1 oz. to \$4."

Here is another in the same strain:—

"A HOESER'S LOOKS.—Just received by the Oregon Route, via Great Salt Lake City, a large and well-assorted stock of Groceries, Hardware, boots and shoes, men's, women's and children's shoes of all sizes, coffee, tea, sugar, syrups, candles, soap, dried apples and peaches, from a pound to a thousand pounds, and *Hu Texas* lotus too numerous to mention, which will be sold extremely low, at his store in Olympia, Puget's Sound."

One most heterogeneous dealer exclaims:—

"Gentlemen, now is your time! Gold watches, watches plated on silver, silver watches, gold and plated vest and fob chains, gold pens and pencils, breast-pins, superior French calf boots, patent leather shoes, fine Monterey gaiters; Bee-bee and Co's superior black beaver hats, white fur hats, Manilla, Leghorn, Panama, Mexican and brush hats; also 100 gross of superior matches."

A hotel-keeper lays open the state of his affairs in the following manner:—

"Owing to our pressing necessities and the cheap rates of our fare, we are compelled to say To all, high or low,
Please down with your dust,
For let's be friends of ours,
That could ask us to trust.
Moss & Tine Widow."

A grocer begins an animated account of his establishment with "War! war! war!" Another declares his to be "The True New York Store;" a third, we regret to see, offers "Four thousand gallons of old rye whiskey, forty per cent. above proof;" and a fourth informs us, as a piece of "Extraordinary News," that if we "buy where we can buy cheapest, we shall not stop short of John Wayne's store." A marriage announcement states that the "favors distributed to the company, consisted of golden nuggets, found in the creek opposite the residence of the happy pair." Portland, we observe boasts a livery stable, a dentist, a bakery, two or three lawyers, and an express company. We conclude our extracts from the advertising columns with the following modest, patriotic and very comical "card":—

"Mr. Editor.—Having been requested to allow my name to be used as a candidate to fill the place of the Hon. C. Lancaster, I am induced to say to all, in this public manner, that in case the voters of this council district wish me to fill that station, for which I will not pretend I am at all qualified, it is their privilege to vote for me or any other candidate. Should I obtain their suffrage, I have but one pledge to make, to wit: to serve them to the utmost of my judgment and ability, and look after the entire interests of this district as I would those of my best friend or my own—to follow and obey their instructions. Yours respectfully, W. H. GRAY."

If we were Oregonians, our vote should certainly be cast for Mr. Gray.

In looking over the selected matter of the Oregonian, we are again struck with, if not alarmed at, the responsibility attached to the editorial vocation. Here we find, reproduced, the items, the paragraphs, the anecdotes, the articles, which went the rounds of the press, in this part of the world, six or seven months ago.—

Here again is that famous paragraph about brandy being bought in Maine, for "mechanical purposes," and that account of two mice being sent by mail, and of some one sending Hugh Maxwell sixty dollars for duties, of which the conscience-stricken sender had defrauded the government. Then there are divers filibusterous articles, and some reflections upon the death of the Duke of Wellington, the news of which had just arrived. We find also four or five paragraphs from the *Home Journal*, that confront us with a sort of day-of-judgement aspect. The spoken word has sometimes mighty and lasting power, but the printed word, there is no calculating its possible effects. It may go round and round the world—millions of men may read it—and it leaves no man of them all quite the same being that it found him!

But what has the editor of the Oregonian to say for himself. "Two years ago," he remarks in an article entitled "Ourselves," "we began to issue the Oregonian without a single subscriber, and with a very limited acquaintance in the territory; with no party pledged to our support, nor friends to canvass their neighborhoods, or interest themselves, to get subscribers for us.— But now, he goes on to show, he is a very prosperous editor. In the same article, occurs the following passage:—

"Rapid changes have taken place since the Oregonian made its first appearance. The country has greatly advanced in population and in wealth; cities and towns have sprung up and grown into importance; forests have disappeared before the woodman's axe, and the plains have become fruitful fields. The church-going bell now invites the worshippers to the house of prayer; seminaries and free schools have multiplied all around us; steamers and sail-vessels are crowding our rivers; mills and manufacturing establishments are being erected throughout the country, and the hum of industry gives evidence of increasing prosperity among all classes of our inhabitants."

It appears that the editors of Oregon exercise to the full, the editorial privilege of quarrelling furiously with one another; and the editor of the Oregonian thus hurls defiance at all his enemies:—

"The constant efforts which have been made by the Durham organs, backed up by a platoon of scribblers, to injure us, have only injured to our benefit, and materially aided in placing our circulation far in advance of any other paper in the territory; for which we would feel particularly grateful, had the motive corresponded with the result. We consider it our duty, and it will continue to be our practice, to unmask and condemn the policy of designing men, who endeavor to exalt themselves to office and power at the sacrifice of the peace and interests of the country. We cannot be overawed or silenced by the yelping of the whole Durham pack at our heels; their falsehood and abuse so conspicuously shown upon our head, has thus far proved, and, we trust, will continue, as harmless as the dew of heaven."

From an article upon gambling we extract a few sentences. The editor says:—

"We are informed that our city is, at this time, infested with several professed blacklegs, who are in the habit of inveigling into their den, and swindling, persons who can be induced to risk money upon the turn of a card. A few days in the *black house*, on bread and water, would have a tendency to purge our city from these bejewelled wretches, and save many dollars to the pockets of the inexperienced and venturesome, whose cupidity overcomes their better judgment. Two years ago, it will be remembered, there was a general stampede among the gamblers then here, produced by public opinion being directed against them. Shall we not repeat the dose? We wait for a response."

From an editorial paragraph, we learn that vast numbers of people are pushing their way to the Pacific:—

"The immigration have nearly, or quite, all arrived in the settlements. The number who crossed the plains into Oregon, is variously estimated from ten to twenty thousand."

In the same number appears the following:—

"S. J. McCormick gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$25 from a gentleman in Oregon City, whose name he is not at liberty to publish, towards defraying the expenses of the immigrant hospital, and relieving destitute immigrants.

There is an article upon "Oregon fruit," which is highly interesting. The writer says:—

"The specimens we examined were selected from an immense orchard of two hundred thousand trees. We are not at liberty to state the location of this magnificent fruitery at present, but shall in a few weeks be able to lay before our readers some interesting particulars respecting the horticultural treasures of Oregon and California. The fruit shown us yesterday, comprised the rare varieties of the 'Hambau apple,' (a most luscious-looking fruit, and of tempting fragrance, the 'Smith cider,' the 'winter green,' the 'white pearmain,' and the celebrated 'maiden's blush.' Among others was a huge quince, very fragrant, which quite carries one home to the magnificent quince orchards of the east."

We were about to close our extracts, when we lighted upon this, which can, by no means, be omitted:—

"The citizens voted at a recent school meeting, to raise a tax of sixteen hundred dollars, upon the property of this school district, to support a free school. The sum, together with the amount derived from the county, was supposed to be sufficient to employ two teachers, one male and one female, for ten months in the year.—

his is all it should be. Free schools, where all the rising generation can obtain an education, is a sure guarantee of the safety of American liberty."

Yes, Mr. Editor, this is as it should be; and we take leave of you.

New Member of Congress.
The *Knickerbocker* alludes to one of the members of the new Congress in the following terms:—

"Among the new representatives of the people who will enter the House for the first time at the next term of our National Congress, will be Mr. Michael Walsh, of this city. Some idea of his importance may be gathered from the following passage taken from an impromptu speech delivered some ten years ago at Tammany Hall. It is an illustration of the speaker's argument for down-trodden man, who lacks, not the merit but the opportunity to rise:—

"When a man is placed in a false position, the very traits of his character that would be virtues in a true one, are looked upon as faults or denunciated as vices, by those who attempt to judge of his character, without possessing instruments to take the altitude of his mind. When the temple of Minerva was finished, athen, two rival sculptors of that city were employed to decorate its summit with a statue of the goddess. Each labored in secret, and followed the conceptions of his own mind, with a view to the productions of a masterpiece of art. On the day that the merits of the statues were to be decided upon, and the hour for so doing had arrived, a few of the spectators, seated in the front, while thousands remained behind, who could see nothing. Those in front passed judgment upon the production, like the leaders of our party, and the thousands who could see nothing hurrahd and responded to the decision. One statue was of the size of life—finely sculptured and of most exquisite workmanship; the features beautifully chiselled, the outline seemed starting from the marble. The other was of colossal size, with huge and ungainly limbs, and features that looked to the immediate observer more like unmeaning protruberances than anything else. When the judge gave a decision in favor of the small but beautiful statue, it was gradually raised amid the shouts of the multitude, and became dimmer and fainter as it receded from their view; and when it finally reached the pedestal, it resembled nothing human or divine, but seemed to have dwindled to a mere point. The applause went to the ears of the disappointed sculptor, and it was then lowered, to make room for its rejected rival, which was very reluctantly hoisted in stead. As it receded from the earth, its deformities lessened, and gave way to an appearance of symmetry and beauty, which increased with its distance from the earth; and when it finally reached the pinnacle from which the sculptor, from his knowledge of perspective and proportion, designed it should be viewed, then it looked as if the divinity herself, so beautiful was its aspect, had descended to receive the homage of her worshippers. So is it with men. God Almighty moulded the characters of men according to the station which he intended they should ultimately fill; and when a man is placed by circumstances in a position lower than that in which he was created to move, his virtues become vices in the eyes of those whose vision is too short to view him as a whole, and who therefore reject him as unfit for elevation."

We know not how this may strike others, but to our sense it is one of the most beautiful and truly classical similes ever encountered, expressed in language of the utmost purity and simplicity."

George Washington.

In my boyhood, but old enough to consider and remember, I saw George Washington; in his coach going to church, and at other times when drawn by six horses, with several servants in showy liveries; in his graceful and commanding seat on horseback; in a court dress, small sword, and hair in a bag, delivering his farewell address to Congress; in his drawing-room, with his secretaries, Pickens, Hamilton, and Knox, smoking the pipe of peace with a tribe of Indians, all solemn as he was; and once, as a school-fellow and a playmate of his wife's grandson, Mr. Custis, I had the casual honor of dining with him in the grave and nearly taciturn dignity of his family circle, with several servants in attendance, and a secretary, Mr. Dandridge, officiating as carver. General Washington's Revolutionary camp-table chest, presented to Congress on the eighteenth of April, 1844, as a relic to be preserved, is one of many proofs that he not only loved good cheer, but as governor or manager of men, promoted conviviality as an affair of state and convenience for business. Almost all accounts represent him as grave and stately.— But I have known, intimately, ladies who dined with him; I have heard companies of his pastime hours describe his enjoyment of not only the pleasures of the table, but those of meriment. I had an officer of his military family entertain Lafayette with a recital of some of the expressions which General Washington uttered with passionate outbreak, when disobeyed and disappointed in battle; I have seen his minute, written directions for the lives of his servants, and concerning the chafe and rent of a house; I spent some days with him at Mount Vernon, when no longer on his guard, that the once reserved and solemn statesman chatted freely on all subjects.—*Ingersoll's History.*

Oats and Carrots.

Why is it that our farmers do not pay more attention to the cultivation of the carrot? It has been demonstrated again and again that it is a highly nutritious vegetable,—that stock of all kinds, particularly milk cows, do well on it,—that it increases the quantity of the milk, adds to the flesh, and in a given bulk contains much more nutriment, and is, therefore, bushel for bushel, worth more than oats. In the transactions of the Worcester (Mass.) Agricultural Society, recently published, we find an estimate showing the relative value of oats and carrots, from which it appears that the cost of raising an acre of carrots is about \$25 more than for an acre of oats. It is estimated that 500 bushels of carrots may be raised on an acre, and 40 bushels of oats. This is the basis of calculation.— Now as a matter of profit see the result. Calling the oats worth 35 cents per bushel we realize for the acre \$14. Estimating the carrots at half that, or 17 cents per bushel, we have \$87.50 worth of carrots per acre against \$14 worth of oats.

The calculation may possibly be extravagant as to the yield of carrots—but if half that quantity can be raised, (and we have no warrant for fixing so low a figure) there is still no comparison in the relative value of the profit.

Think of this farmers! Do more,—try it, and our word for it you will have no cause to regret the experiment.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A Family Scene.

A gentleman deeply engaged in study—and a lady, pretending to knit, perplexing him with her questions. Lady (in the drawing, affectionate style).—Ma-deah! correctly speaking, what is a dentist?—Gentleman (short, sharp, and rather cross).—Dentist is derived from *dent*, French for teeth. Dentist is a man who pulls teeth out. Lady (after knitting once round, in order to give the gentleman time to become immersed in his book again).—Ma Deah! you said this morning that Professor Musty was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin *lingua*; a tongue?—Gentleman, (turtly).—Yes, Lady.—Well, then, is a linguist a man who pulls tongues out?—Gentleman (very decidedly).—No, madam; but I wish to heaven he did!—Exit lady, in a huff!

A Singular Fellow.
We extract the following from a New Orleans letter:—

"Yet with all this, the fair sex is outdone by one of ours. There is a man, a day laborer in the Custom House, who receives \$30 a month, which he spends the most of it in decorating his person. He has his own peculiar notions of taste, and on Sunday he attires himself in his singular costume, and exhibits himself in the most frequented thoroughfares and public places. Yesterday, at the request of a gentleman, he came to the drawing-room of the St. Charles to gratify the anxiety of some ladies whom he time that they might have the honor of seeing him. He wore modern shaped coat and pants, but his hat is so remarkable for its broad brim, which is ten inches in width, on one side of which he wears a massive eagle of pure gold, his shoes are silver, and are jointed, to permit him to walk the more easily. His coat and pants are profusely decorated with gold. A long string of \$20 and \$30 gold pieces reach from his neck to the point of his vest, and around his neck to the point of his vest, and around his waist is a girdle from which depend bunches of gold fishes, each of which is seven or eight inches long. His hands, however, exceed the rest in novelty—the fingers are covered with rings, one of which weighs one pound and a half; he wore three on Sunday, the fields of which were decorated with engravings on gold, of which flight into Egypt, Adam and Eve, and the Crucifixion; he has also a massive seal, on which is engraved a portrait of himself.

His rings attached to heavy bracelets, and sundry very large gold chains, weigh heavy upon his broad shoulders. This expensive costume is kept in bank during the six days of the week in which he assiduously toils for more money to buy decorations, which must always be of the finest gold. This renowned individual is always willing to answer questions concerning the cost of his golden armor, and expatiating very loudly upon the exquisite skill and workmanship of his rings, seals, fishes, &c. A gentleman in the Custom House informs me that his Sunday dress is valued at from three to four hundred dollars.

A Question for Lawyers.

The following extract from the Paris correspondence of the *Republic*, is decidedly French. It starts an interesting question for lawyers:— "To whom does a broken pane of glass belong? If you can decide, under the circumstances of the case I am going to relate, you will set a vexed question at rest. The other night a carriage, badly guided, dashed upon the sidewalk, and the pole passed through the window-pane of a shoemaker's shop. It went through as clean as a bullet, making a round O in the pane—and letting in a streak of cold air as smooth as a musket-barrel. If the pane had been cut up by cracks like the rays of the sun, or the spokes of a wheel, it would have possessed no earthly value, or course; but as it was, sundry amateurs of curiosities who passed by declared it to be worth ten thousand francs at least. The shoemaker thought he had made his evening fortune, and, naturally enough, claimed the broken pane. But he had counted without his host, or, as I should say, without his proprietor. The owner of the house claimed the smashed window-glass as his own by right of possession. The shoemaker was only his tenant. It was in vain that the latter reminded his landlord that he had never offered before to replace the window-panes that he had the misfortune to break. The landlord insisted. The shoemaker presented a certain difficulty. The insurance company that had insured his house, not only against fire, but against tumbling to pieces, against earthquakes, and against window-breakage, claimed in its turn the right to mend the pane and take the old one. But the insurance company had forgotten a slight circumstance in their way. The glazier claimed the broken pane as one of his traditional, immemorial perquisites; never, he said, had any one yet made any objection to his removing the splinters and the old patty, and doing what he pleased with them. So here are four claimants, and I am not sure that the adroit driver will not put in his claim, too, as the original cause of the breakage and the lawsuits which threaten to grow out of it."

Office Seeking.
The *New-York Commercial Advertiser* draws the following picture of hundreds of cases that will be realities in Washington within the next month:—"A cool, unconcerned observer might, during this and the next week or two, find an exhaustive assessment at Washington. Let him keep his eye upon John Smith, for instance, who is one of the competitors for an office in the gift of the administration. He will find John at early morning, carefully consulting the register of the hotel that profits by his presence at the capital, to see whether among the new arrivals there be any whose errand may by possibility be the same as his own. If the register bears the name of no unwelcome additional guest, John proceeds next to make further investigation at the breakfast-table, and though his stealthy glance up and down the table takes no rival, yet does he look nervously towards the door as the late comers enter. Satisfied at length as to his own hotel, he visits the others with the joint intent of keeping an eye upon all competitors or discovering any potent politician whose signatures to his papers will increase the prospects of success. These are followed up, solicited, bored, until their signatures are obtained only John Smith himself knows at what cost. Finally, his papers being completed, he waits long in lobbies and ante-chambers for an opportunity to present them personally to whomsoever has the office in his gift, solicits the boon, leaves his papers to be put on file, and becomes an anxious hanger-on about the government offices for probably three weeks or a month. We speak now, of course, of the habitual office-seeker—the man that goes in for something anyhow; the man to whom both President and Secretaries would give the direct denial if they dare in the face of his known political influence in the neighborhood honored by his residence."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

PETTIBONE TUNNEL.—We see it stated in the Baltimore Sun that the tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which since the opening of the road to Wheeling, has been passed by a series of Y's, will be ready for the laying of the rails about the first of this week. Upon its completion, the transportation of heavy tonnage will set in over the road in earnest.

WHERE IOWA CAME FROM.—From the census tables, we gather the following interesting information as to the sources of population in this State:—

The total number of foreign citizens is 21,232; of these 3,785 are English; 4,885 Irish; 712 Scotch; 352 Welch; 7,151 Germans; 382 French; 175 Swiss; 1,756 Canadians; 16 Mexicans, and about 1,900 of all other countries with a good proportion of Norwegian. The native population is 170, 620.

We probably take for granted that *Coals to Newcastle* is a thoroughly English expression of the absurdity of sending to a place that which already abounds there, water to the sea, faggots to the wood; and English, of course, it is; the outward garment which it wears; but in the innermost being it belongs to the whole world and to all times. Thus, the Greeks said: *Oule to Athens*, Attica abounding with these birds; the Rabbits: *Enchantments to Egypt*, Egypt being of old esteemed the headquarters of all magic; the Orientals: *Pepper to Hindostan*; and in the middle ages they had this proverb: *Indulgences to Rome*, Rome being the centre and source of this spiritual traffic—and these by no means exhaust the list.—*Studia in Proverbis.*

"Wall, said a soft headed, blubbering Jonathan, the other day.

"Suke has gin me the sack, by gravy, I've lost her!"

"Lost her who?" inquired his sympathizing friend.

"I laid the soft soap on hers so thick, that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

SECRET'S SORE.—"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Suet, to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am sorry for that."

"Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer?" "You surprise me; what, sir, did they go out?" "No, sir, no; they burnt shorter."

Some patriotic manufacturer has lately produced cards having Washington, Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette for the four kings; Venus, Fortune, Ceres and Minerva for the four queens; and four Indian chiefs for the four knaves;—a curious family party as one may meet in a long summer's day.

An officer put a man out of a theatre in New Orleans for stamping his feet and blissing. He received a blow while removing the offender, and presented him for the assault. The court decided that blissing and stamping was allowable in the theatres, and a part of a privilege for which the fee of admission was paid.

CURIOUSITIES.—A boat to fit old Roger's last. A portrait of the man who blowed the hour-glass of time. A lock of hair from the tail of a wagon. The stem from the last rose of summer. A glass of the milk of human kindness. A chip hewn from an Epilogue. The lathe in which a man turned an honest penny.

An old maid, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"Ma," said a young lady to her mother the other day, "what is emigrating?" "Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia."

"What is colonizing, ma?" "Colonizing, dear, is marrying there and having a family."

"Ma, I should like to go to Australia."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned grey, replied with great earnestness—"Oh, no; I'll dye first."

A little girl, ten years of age, seated beside her grandmother, aged eighty, looked up to her face and said:—"Grandma, at what age do ladies lose their relish for gallantry?" The grandma replied:—"Indeed, my dear, I do not know, you must ask some one older than I am."

I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian; "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window, and was killed, in less than a week after."