

Mountaineer

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES 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, if paid 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 arrearages are paid. A notice to discontinue 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.

From the Irish Penny Journal.
THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

"Continental Fleming wrote merely, TIME."
D'ISRAEL THE YOUNGER.
The solemn shadow that bears in his hands
The conqueror's sceptre and the glass of sands,
Faded once in his light where sunrise shone
On a warlike city's tower of stone;
And he asked of a panoplied soldier near,
"How long has this fortress city been here?"
And the man looked up, man's pride on his brow,
"The city stands here from the ages of old;
And as it was then, and as it is now,
So will it endure the funeral knell,
Of the world be knelled,
As eternity's annals shall tell."

And after a thousand years were o'er,
The shadow passed over the spot once more.
And vestige none of a city there,
But lakes lay blue and plains lay bare,
And the marshalled corn stood high and pale,
And a shepherd piped of love in a vale.
"How!" spoke the shadow, "can temple and tower
And fact like mine from the morning hour?"
But the shepherd shook the long locks from his brow—
"The world is filled with sheep and corn;
Thus was it of old, thus is it now,
Thus too will it be while moon and sun
Rule night and morn,
For nature and life are one."

And after a thousand years were o'er,
The shadow paused over the spot once more.
And lo! in the room of the meadow lands,
A sea foamed far over salt-pun sands,
And dashed in the moon like the bright and dark;
And a fisher cast his net from a bark,
And marvelled the shadow! "Where then is the
plain?
And where be the acres of golden grain?"
But the fisher dashed off the salt spray from his brow—
"The waters begirdle the earth away,
The sea ebbeth as it rolleth now,
What babble'st thou about grain and fields?
By night and day,
Man rooks for what the ocean yields."

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Vanderbilt's Pleasure Excursion to Europe.
The announcement, some months since, that one of the wealthiest citizens of New York, contemplated making a pleasure excursion in a steam yacht, to the principal cities of Europe, awoke many conjectures as to its scope and the person. From the New York Herald, of Friday we condense the following account of the plan of the proposed excursion. The Herald, after commenting upon the rapid extension of our commerce in the last twenty-five years, and the superiority of our ships, says:
The sovereigns of Europe have but little idea of the refinement of a republic, and associate it with all that is rough, coarse and unpolished, and that it is only by personal observation, that the Czar of Russia, and other crowned heads of Europe, can obtain a true knowledge of the facts in the case. He will, in a very few months, have an opportunity of seeing one of our most distinguished and wealthy citizens in his own capital. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., generally known by the title of "Commodore," has had as long as the season of Greece, Constantinople, and other places of note, we understand, will also have the honor of a visit. Wherever they go they will be the "observed of all observers." The grave and dignified Turks will gaze with astonishment at this evidence of the greatness of our country, and admit that even Oriental magnificence cannot surpass that of a wealthy but simple citizen of the great republic.

Mr. Vanderbilt expects to be absent about six months altogether, returning to this city sometime in November or December. In this voyage he does not intend to make a trial of the speed of his vessel, so that it must not be regarded as a test of her sailing qualities. He will take his time, reaching Southampton in about twelve days and a half, which he can do with the greatest ease.

LAST DAYS AT MT. VERNON.

The year 1799 was in its last month: Washington had nearly completed his sixty-eighth year; the century was fast drawing to a close, and with it this great man's life. Yet the "winter" of his age had shed its snows "so kindly" upon him as to mellow without impairing his faculties, both physical and mental, and to give fair promise of an additional length of days.

Nor was Washington unmindful of the sure progress of time, and of his inability to be called at any moment to "that bourne from which no traveller returns." He had for years kept a will by him, and, after mature reflection, had so disposed of his large property as to be satisfactory to himself and to the many who were so fortunate and happy as to share in his testamentary remembrance.

The last days, like those that preceded them, were devoted to constant employment. After the active exercises of the morning, he attended to the post-bag, loaded with letters, papers and pamphlets. His correspondence at home and abroad was immense, yet was it promptly and fully replied to. No letter was unanswered. One of the best bred men of his time, Washington deemed it a grave offence against the rules of good manners and propriety to leave letters unanswered. He wrote with great facility, and it would be a difficult matter to find another who had written so much, who has written so well. His epistolary writings will descend to posterity as models of good taste, as well as developing superior powers of mind. General Henry Lee once observed to the chief, "We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work that you accomplish." Washington replied, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others are asleep."

So punctual a man delighted in always having about him a good time keeper. In Philadelphia the first President regularly walked up to his watchmaker's (Clarke, in Second street,) to compare his watch with the regulator. At Mount Vernon the active, yet always punctual farmer, invariably consulted the dial when returning from his morning ride, and before entering his house.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time. Even the fisherman on the river watched for the cook's signal when to pull in shore, so as to deliver his scaly products in time for dinner.

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a perfect army of servants; yet to each was assigned certain special duties, and these were required to be strictly performed. Upon the extensive estate there was rigid discipline, without severity. There could be no confusion where all was order; and the affairs of this vast concern, embracing thousands of acres, and hundreds of dependants, were conducted with as much ease, method and regularity as the affairs of an ordinary household.

Mrs. Washington, an accomplished Virginia housewife of the olden time, gave her constant attention to all matters of her domestic household, and by her skill and superior management, greatly contributed to the comfortable reception and entertainment of the crowds of guests always to be found in the hospitable mansion of Mount Vernon.

made to Mr. Vanderbilt for permission to go with him; but, as we have said, none, but the members of his own family, his relatives, his physician, and Rev. Mr. Choules, will accompany him, so that the honor of an introduction to the crowned heads of Europe and the nobility will be reserved for his own family.
After a few weeks stay at St. Petersburg, the company will set out for Moscow, and spend several days in looking up its plains of note, the great belief is one of the most attractive. Leaving Moscow our travellers will retrace their steps to St. Petersburg, and enquiring, will steam through the Gulf of Finland, the Baltic, and out through its narrow gates, the Cattegat, the Skager Rack into the North Sea, with as little delay as possible, directing their course for the Straits of Gibraltar, they will then sail up the Mediterranean, probably visiting on the route Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Rome, Milan, Naples, and sweeping up the Archipelago, touch Athens, the Mother of Arts, and other places of note of the season of Greece. Constantinople, we understand, will also have the honor of a visit. Wherever they go they will be the "observed of all observers." The grave and dignified Turks will gaze with astonishment at this evidence of the greatness of our country, and admit that even Oriental magnificence cannot surpass that of a wealthy but simple citizen of the great republic.

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by Major Lewis, Mr. Peake, (a gentleman residing in the neighborhood,) the author of the "Recollections," and a groom, were returning from Alexandria to Mount Vernon. Having hit for a few moments, the General dismounted, and upon rising in his stirrup again, the Narragansett, alarmed at the glare from a fire near the road-side, sprang from under his rider, who came heavily to the ground. Our saddles were empty in an instant, and we rushed up to give our assistance, fearing he was hurt; it was unnecessary. The vigorous old man was upon his feet again, brushing the dust from his clothes; and, after thanking us for our prompt assistance, observed that he was not hurt, that he had had a very complete tumble, and that it was owing to a cause that no horseman could well avoid or control; that he was only poised in his stirrup, and had not yet gained his saddle when the scary animal sprang from under him. Meantime all of our horses had gone off at full speed. It was night, and over four miles were to be won ere we could reach our destination. The chief observed that, as our horses had disappeared, it only remained for us to take it on foot, and, with manly strides, led the way. We had proceeded but a short distance on our march, as dismounted cavaliers, when our horses were in sight. Happily for us, some of the servants of Mr. Peake, whose plantation was hard by, in returning home from their labour, encountered our flying steeds, captured them, and brought them to us. We were speedily remounted, and soon the lights at Mount Vernon were seen glimmering in the distance.

It pleased Providence to permit the beloved Washington to live to witness the fruition of his mighty labours in the cause of his country and mankind, while his success in the calm and honored pursuit of agriculture and rural affairs was grateful to his heart, and shed the most benign and happy influences upon the last days at Mount Vernon.—*Quint's Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.*

The Hippodrome.

Mr. Franconi last night gave a full dress rehearsal to the members of the Press and other invited guests, in anticipation of the opening of his establishment to the public on Monday next. There were several hundred gentlemen present, who seemed to be highly pleased with the performances. The Hippodrome is at the junction of Broadway and Twenty-third street, covering several acres of ground with its amphitheatre of seats and enormous tent-like roofing of canvas. The race course occupies about thirty feet in width, nearest the boxes, and the centre is laid out like a park, with grass paths, broad paths, fountains, &c. Five large pyramids of gas burners, in the centre, with rows of lamps light them in agreeable to the eye.

The seats are very comfortable, and the place is well ventilated, so that it can hardly fail to be a cool and pleasant resort on summer nights. We don't know how many persons and animals the company comprises, but they must number hundreds. The performances last night consisted mainly of equestrian exercises. First was a race by five female riders; then equestrian exercises by Maria and Sylvester; then a race with riders standing. A company of monkeys and ponies took the course, creating much merriment. Mr. Franconi's dancing horse—a magnificent animal—performed his part to great satisfaction, and kept time and tune wonderfully for a horse. The ostrich race was not properly done, owing to some unavoidable defects, though the comical appearance of the birds—a species of three story Shanghaes—kept the audience in constant laughter.

After a spirited chariot race in Roman style, came the Tournament, a princely pageant, got up with much care, and bringing back most vivid recollections of Sir Walter Scott's description of the field of Ashby de la Zouche. After this came posturing; a steeple chase by five ladies, very exciting; the wonderful, but rather too startling balancing act of the Siegrist brothers; a chariot race by four horses abreast; the ostrich race; a race of a dozen thorough bred horses without riders. The great extent of the course makes a race here something like a matter of fact, as was amply testified by the excitement with which the riders were hailed as they flew along the end where most of the audience were located.

At the close of the exhibition, Mr. Franconi returned to the Hippodrome, and briefly returned his thanks for the attendance and interest manifested. The resources of this immense establishment will permit a great variety of performances beyond those above indicated, and there can be little doubt that the Hippodrome will be a prominent feature in the amusements of the Metropolis during the summer season—perhaps permanently.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Second William Tell.

About a month ago, as we learn from the Courrier des Etats Unis, a case was brought before the Correctional Police of Spire, a city of Baden, which is certainly without a parallel in the annals of justice. A weaver of Spire, who had been much extolled as a marksman, undertook, by a desperate experiment, to establish his reputation beyond dispute. To this end, he loaded his pistol and repaired to his garden, accompanied by his son, a lad about 11 years old. He ordered the child to stand at fifteen paces from him, with a potato upon his head.—The boy obeyed, without making any resistance; and the father, preserving the utmost coolness, fired his pistol and dislodged the potato, the ball piercing it through the very centre. The weaver's neighbors, to whom the fact was related, refused to believe it, and would only be convinced by a repetition of the fool-hardy exploit.

It was now night; but the intrepid marksman insisted upon an immediate repetition. Instead of the potato, he placed upon his boy's head a lighted lantern, as which he discharged his pistol with the same success as before. The ball pistol with the same success as before. The weaver's neighbors, to whom the fact was related, refused to believe it, and would only be convinced by a repetition of the fool-hardy exploit.

From the Home Journal.

Advertisements in the Last Century.

Advertising has become to be a prodigious institution; but its origin was humble. A lady who has lately written a history of the fine old English town of Norwich gives some amusing specimens of the advertisements, published in the journals of that place a hundred years ago. In the year 1798 a new book was advertised thus:
"An authentic History of the Ancient City of Norwich," by one Thomas Eldridge, who also could provide his customers with "neat Jamaica rum, fine brandy, Geneva and cordial waters."

About the same date appeared the announcement of a new arrival from London:
"This is to give notice to all persons in the city, that right over against the Three Feathers in St. Peter's, of Regate, there is one lately come from London, who teaches all sorts of pastry and cookery; all sorts of jellies, creams and pickles; and all sorts of collaring and potting, and to make rich cakes of all sorts, and everything of that nature. She teaches for a crown down, and a crown when they are fully learned, that her teaching so cheap may encourage very many to learn."
In June, 1708, a dealer in the national commodity of malt sets forth his kind intentions to his customers as follows:
"Mr. Augustus de Clerc, of Norwich Thorpe, have now very good malt for retail as he formerly had; if any of his customers have a mind to take of him again, they shall be kindly used with good malt, and as cheap as any body can sell, you may leave your orders with Mr. John de Clerc, hotpresser, living right over the Ducking Stool, in St. Martins, of the palace of Norwich."

The mention of the Ducking Stool in the above revives historical reminiscences not a few. Ducking those days was a part of the regular and irregular administration of the law, applicable to witches, beggars, vagrants, and other undesirable and to-be-get-rid-of persons. The advertisement annexed is of a somewhat later date:
"Notice is hereby given that on Thursday and Friday next, being sixth and seventh June 1784, a coach and horses will set out for London, from Mr. Thomas Bateman's, St. Giles, and perform the same in three days. Note.—The coach will go either by Newmarket or Ipswich, as the passengers shall agree."
The distance from Norwich to London is, we believe, scarcely a hundred miles. A very curious specimen in the Norwich Courant opens thus:
"Whereas, Mr. Cook, at the pastry shop near the three steps, has charged Mrs. Havers with embezzling to the quantity of two yards of packthread, out of her suit of clothes, turning upside down two years since, and this at first for a much less person; the clothes having been viewed by several mantua-makers, the same appears to be a most malicious slander, &c."

These advertisements afford another illustration of the remark, that for historical purposes the advertising columns of newspapers are more serviceable than those more pretentious ones which are devoted to the editor's "able leaders," or our "our own correspondent's" circumstantial narratives. We venture to assert that a better insight into the life of England, in the eighteenth century, could be obtained from a judicious collection of one hundred advertisements in old newspapers, than can be gleaned from the whole of Smollet's tedious history of kings and cabinets.

The Search of Kossuth's House.

In the Commons, on Thursday, 14th, a debate occurred respecting the search instigated by order of the Secretary of State, in premises occupied for Gov. Kossuth. The debate was brief.
Sir J. Walsley referred to a statement in one of the morning-papers of Friday, and asked whether there was any, and what foundation for the report that a large quantity of warlike implements had been seized, supposed to belong to M. Kossuth, and he inquired also whether Government had given any assurance to Austria, or any other foreign power, that political refugees should be placed under surveillance?

Lord Palmerston said that information had been received that there was in a house near Rotherhithe, but not occupied by M. Kossuth, a quantity of war-like stores and gunpowder, and that the house was consequently seized; the house was entered, and seventy cases, containing several thousands of war rockets, were found. There were also found a number of rockets in various stages of preparation, 2,000 shells un-loaded, and 500 pounds of gunpowder. These were seized. Who they belong to the House would not expect him to say. No assurances respecting political refugees had been given to any foreign power beyond that which had already been stated in Parliament, that they would not be allowed to abuse the hospitality of this country by hostile proceedings against foreign powers.

Mr. T. Duncombe said the place where these things were found was a rocket manufactory, and that the whole statement with regard to M. Kossuth was a fabrication. The noble lord well knew that the rockets had been offered for sale to the Government.
Mr. Bright asked the noble lord whether M. Kossuth was in any way more compromised than any member of the Orleans party by this transaction.
Lord Palmerston said he cast no imputation upon M. Kossuth; it would be a subject for future inquiry to whom the arms belonged.

Lord D. Stuart charged the Government with having laid an allegation, and declined to substantiate it. M. Kossuth denied all knowledge of the transaction.
Mr. Aglionby complained that the charge had been brought forward by the Times as if it had been satisfactorily proved, whereas it appeared, from the statement of the noble lord, that such was not the case.—*London Times.*

We find the following among the Recollections of Foot the Actor:—"Foot was one day invited to dinner at a Merchant Tailor's Hall; and so well pleased was he with the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length, rising, he said, 'Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night.' Both exclaimed one of the company; 'why you must be cozy, Foot; here are twenty of us—'I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right—I wish you both very good night.'"

THE ERICSSON.—This ship is now lying at her dock in Williamsburg, New York. The Tribune says that important alterations are now going on in her machinery, at the foundry there, which the owners are confident will considerably increase her speed. She is to be ready to sail for London, on her first passenger trip, soon after the first of July, at which time the improvements now going on will be completed, and she will be in order throughout. Capt. Ericsson and some of the principal owners will go out in her to Europe. She can accommodate about two hundred passengers. The ship is now open to public inspection.

IRISH WR.—Not long ago, a destitute daughter of Erin walked into an office on Wall street, and in a very insinuating tone, begged for a little aid to support her starving family.
"Why my good woman," said the comfortable looking gentleman to whom she addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor house, instead of begging about the streets, in this way."
"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be aisy to go to a poorer house than my own."
The rich man could not answer this clincher with any thing less than two shillings, and Nora went out with a smiling face.

SENSIBLE DOCTOR.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.
"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."
"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"
"Fie! Doctor, I have the blue devils—What shall I take for that?"
"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband to take—the newspaper."
Sensible doctor, that.

SMART GIRL.—A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milkmaid near the Parade, said:
"What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?"
"Yourself and a gold ring, sir," replied the girl.
"That was good, but the answer of the girl at the boarding house was better:
A gentleman called in and was shown over a suit of rooms by a very pretty girl.
"You are to be let with the rooms?" inquired the gallant.
"No sir; I am to be let alone."

A female teacher of a school, that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. She was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed:
"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me; would you not, even without seeing it yourselves?"
"Yes ma'am," replied the children:
"Well, that is faith."
The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson she inquired:
"What is faith?"
"A leg of mutton in a boat?" was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school room.

COL. KEMYS, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studious pomposity of his diction. One day, observing a careless man in the ranks had a peculiarly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a breach of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take the man and lave him in the waters of the Gudianna." After some time the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. "Up flew the corporal's right hand to the peak of his cap. "Sure, an't please yer honor, didn't yer honor tell me to lave him in the river? and there he is now, according to yer honor's orders."

INTERNAL COMMERCE.—The Providence Journal, in common with most other city newspapers, seems to think that in recent appointments for mercantile stations, those "from the country" have been too often preferred. The Journal tells the following story to hit those who have but little experience in commercial affairs:
A man once applied to be shipped before the mast. "Are you an able seaman or a green hand?" asked the shipping master. "Why not an able seaman, but yet not exactly a green hand. I have some knowledge of the water."
"Ever been a voyage?" "No." "Ever been on the river craft?" "No." "What then do you know about the sea?" "Why, I have tended saw mill."

Classical Quotations.
Multum in parvo. Much in little.
No plus ultra. Nothing beyond the utmost point.
Nota Bene (N. B.) Mark well.
O tempora, O mores! Oh the times, oh the manners!
Per se. By itself.
Prima facie. On the first view, or appearance.
Pro bono publico. For the public good.
Pro et con. For and against.
Quid nunc? What now?—applied to a news-hunter.
Summum bonum. The chief good.
Veni, vidi, vici. I came, I saw, I conquered.

The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are the same; Name on one man; so also the following; Snug and raw was I ere I saw raw and guna. These are instances of curiosities in Literature which I've read has forgotten to notice.