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[Written for the SENTINEL.] Lines—To Rose. BY W. HENRIE ARATILELLI.

'Tis like a dream that I recall The happy hours we're passed, Where stands the giant hickory tall, And nods beneath the blast.

Where many a day, in weary gloom, With basket we have strayed, To our old favorite walnut tree, And "Annie" beneath its shade.

And when the meadow, ripening fast, Its pleasant odors shed, Where strawberries—a rich reward, Their carmine daintly spread;

Then next, since I bethink so well, There is a sacred spot, Where stands the gray, old apple cell, Within the orchard lot.

'Tis long ago—it seems an age, Since that bright vision fled, Tho' it hath left on memory's page, A record often read.

That youth of ours was bliss indeed, But I was unprepared To give one-half its pleasures heed, Which we might then have shared.

And now, that care's dull load I feel, I ask in wistful tone, "Whence are these thoughts which o'er me steal, For happy moments flown?"

I'm roaming, Rose, and none can know The worth of friends and home, Until from both afar they go, To have, like me, a room.

[From the Savannah Republican.] Escape of the Adriatic. The American bark Adriatic, which became famous from her disastrous collision with the French steamer Lyonaie, in November, 1856, and still more an object of interest from her recent seizures by the French authorities at Marseilles, her confinement by the Court of Admiralty, and her subsequent escape, arrived safely at this port at an early hour yesterday.

We have had a long interview with her commander, Captain Durham, and with the facts connected with her escape are matters of national interest, we proceed to state them as briefly as the nature of the subject will allow.

The circumstances attending the collision with the Lyonaie are already familiar to the public. Captain Durham is very positive that it grew out of no fault on the part of his own vessel, but resulted, as he alleges, from culpable mismanagement by the officers of the steamer.

The judgment of confiscation was rendered by the Imperial Court of Aix, in December last, and as soon as a copy was served on Captain Durham, believing that it was impossible, in the excited state of the public mind in France, to obtain justice, he resolved to make his escape if possible, and place the whole matter in the hands of his Government.

Of course he had to resort to stratagem to accomplish his purpose. Learning that the Adriatic would not be taken possession of until the full extent of loss by the Lyonaie could be ascertained, he improved the interval in devising the means of escape.

He engaged a caulker and had her caulked all round for about five feet above the water's edge, under the pretext that she was open, when the ministers should set in, she would sink right there in the harbor.

When the Adriatic got abreast of the guardship, her boat came off and demanded the fort pass of the former. Capt. D., when asked for his pass, replied "prenez garde, ja," and threw the officer a small bit of paper with two sous wrapped up in it.

As soon as the fugitive got clear of the harbor, a fine breeze sprang up from the eastward, and at daybreak she was abreast of Plainier, and three good miles off the French coast. The Adriatic then took her course for Spezia, in Sardinia, the Captain expecting to find his ship's papers there, and also some American man-of-war, who might supply him with an anchor and such other articles as he stood in need of.

Capt. D. then went ashore himself to the pratique office, where he met the American Consul, who informed him that intelligence of his escape had reached there, and that the French Government had telegraphed to all the ports in the Mediterranean to stop

the vessel in whatever port she may be found. Soon after her arrival orders came from Turin to seize the vessel, and the officers actually placed a gunboat under her stern, with two guns mounted, having received orders to fire, should any attempt be made by the captain of the Adriatic to move from the spot.

The next orders received were that the vessel should not be molested, but that none of her men were to be allowed communication with the shore, nor was anything to be sent on board of her—not even water, nor any other kind of assistance offered.

In a few days, upon further reflection, all these orders were withdrawn, and Captain Durham allowed to take whatever he desired of his vessel; or rather, as he states, whatever he was able to pay for, which was very little.

Col. Long, the United States storekeeper, at Spezia, kindly furnished the vessel with all she wanted. Just as she got her provisions and water on board, there came on a fresh blow from the northward, and the vessel was riding by the ledge and forty-five fathoms of chain, with one of the chain boxes filled with stones, to back it, and a hawser bent to the other chain box.

The day following the Adriatic boarded the ship Elizabeth Dennison, from whom she got more provisions and an anchor. She then had a beautiful passage of eleven days to Madeira, after first beating about for some time in order to put certain parties ashore who had no desire to take a trip to America.

Upon the whole, the movements of the Adriatic have been truly eventful, and it remains to be seen what effect they are to have upon the interests of her owners and the relations of the two governments, should our own sustain the vessel in her escape from the authorities of France.

A FAST FRIGATE.—David Constable says there is one advantage about off-fashioned frigates. They drag so much dead water behind, that if a man falls overboard on Monday, you need not stop till Friday to pick him up again.

THE MEANEST MAN.—The Maine Evangelist says that the meanest man in the world is he, who after enjoying the privilege with his wife and children, of reading a newspaper every week for months and years, and obtaining therefrom instruction and amusement—leaves town for no one knows where—without paying for his paper, thereby compelling the postmaster to order it stopped.

The Philosophy of Hunger. What is hunger—its cause and effect? A writer in Blackwood's Magazine answers this question in an interesting and instructive manner.

Hunger, he says, is a sensation having its seat in the stomach, but principally caused by the state of the whole system. It is therefore related to the general state of the system, and to the particular state of the stomach.

The human body is a furnace which is momentarily yielding up itself to destruction, to feed its own fires. We are all consuming, and unless we keep up the supply of fuel, the fire of life goes out in death and dissolution.

Yet man can subsist but a brief period without food. Death usually occurs on the fifth or sixth day of total abstinence from food and drink. The longest period of absolute fasting, it is thought, cannot reach beyond three months.

There are many remarkable cases on record, where persons have apparently abstained from food much longer than this. A story is now going the rounds of the press, of a Mrs. Hayes, of Warren county, New York, who is said to have existed without food or drink for more than eighteen months.

It is said to have lived eight years without taking anything except a little water on one or two occasions. But all these stories are surpassed by that of a woman who remained fifty years without food; it is added, however, that she sometimes took a little skimmed milk.

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Vingt Un. We had a friend—or, with the emphasis of the inimitable Toodles, we have a friend, who, for the nonce, we shall call "the Major," though his right to the prefix is somewhat questionable.

Now the Major has had, through life, one besetting sin, and that is an unconquerable love of a certain game of cards known as vingt un, which is French for twenty-one. This well-known game, a fat wife and a large family are about the only weaknesses that can be laid to the Major's charge.

How often he has been married the record says not, nor is it important. Suffice it that during over thirty odd years of the Major's wedded life, as his wealth increased and his hairs became gray, one after another, in regular succession, his board was honored with the presence of miniature additions of himself, until the number had reached twenty, when the Major concluded things had gone far enough, and should be stopped.

The Major became nervous, for his nomenclature was exhausted. In his desperation, he finally declared that the coming heir to his name and fortune, whether boy or girl, should be named Vingt un. In vain the old woman remonstrated.

The new comer, being the twenty-first, should wag his way through life with that appropriate title. In the ante room, the Major awaited the announcement of the little stranger's sex. The nurse appeared, and, to the Major's horror, whispered the terrible word—twins!

"Busted, by thunder!" yelled the Major, "why didst I stand on twenty?"

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