BY S. B. ROW.

"NEVER SAY FAIL."

Keep pushing—'tis wiser Than sitting aside, And dreaming and sighing And waiting the tide; They only prevail, Who daily march onward And never say fail.

With an eye ever open, A tongue that's not dumb, And a heart that will never To sorrow succomb. You'll battle and conquer, Though thousands assail; How strong and how mighty Who never say fail

Ahead, then! keep pushing, And elbow your way, Unheeding the envious, All asses that bray; All obstacles vanish. All enemies quail. In the might of their wisdom

Who never say fail. In Life's rosy morning. In manhood's fair pride, Let this be your motto. Your footsteps to guide; In storm or in sunshine. We'll onward and conquer, And never say fail!

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.] CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

John Bell, we have said, was a bachelor. From his diminutive size, he was familiarly called "little Johnny Bell," and from some he received the sobriquet of "Demi-John." He the River, now owned and occupied by Abraafterwards located from Huntingdon and intersecting the Milesburg & Le Bœuff road at Packersville, crossed. When not stimulated by drink, John was one of the mildest and most amiable of men. Occasional indulgence led him into difficulties, in which were developed traits that seemed to transform his character. He was then irritable, revengeful, prudence guided not his actions, and he feared no man and no danger. When a party of Indians had crossed the river and encamped near 'Squire McClure's, on their passage from Huntingdon westward, John, in company with which they and their visitors partook freely. One of the Indians, a large specimen of humanity, being irritated at John, struck him a blow between the eyes. This incensed John's punishment, tied him, intending to leave him in that situation until he was sobered. A little while after, John was not to be found, and the Indian was also missing. Fearing that the brink of the river, in which there was then a freshet, and to which point "little Johnny" had succeeded in dragging the bound Indian. When his companions asked him what he was key, which upon trial unlocked the chest. about, he replied that he was "going to roil the cussed red-skin in, to be sure." At their urgent solicitation, he, however, abandoned because Daniel McCracken, who was a powerhe reached the house, ordered a barrel of warm dies, soon restored his almost suspended ani-

Though eccentric in his habits, which, as he joined the party, crossed Driftwood Branch was taciturn and indisposed to take any one that evening, opposite to Shepherd's, and into his confidence, were known to but few, found upon inquiry that two men, answering he had a warm heart. Of his early history, the description of Lewis and Connelly, had nothing is known. He was supposed to have breakfasted there. The party, accompanied are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is been the son of an English nobleman, who, for by Shepherd, proceeded up the Driftwood some reason, did not acknowledge his pater- Branch about 8 miles, when, not being satisnity, but who provided the means to insure fied that they were on the right track, the mahim a superior education and maintenance. jority proposed going further down and ma-Coleman was never known to speak of his king inquiry of any one whom they might birth-place, or his parentage. He would some- meet. About five miles below, they fell in times remark, "at the place where I was rais- with a man named Brooks, who was engaged at ed, was done," and "the woman who raised gigging, and who informed them that Lewis he do it ! me, did," so and so. He practiced medicine and another man had passed that way. They for some years at Williamsport, where he ac- again ascended the Branch, in company with quired considerable reputation. As he was Brooks, until they came within hearing of the known by some of the early settlers, to whom robbers, who were then engaged shooting at a he had formed an attachment, he would occa- mark. Brooks took the party to an eminence, sionally, when his services were needed, come where, unobserved, they had a view of what up here from his home, to minister to their was going on. Finding it useless to remain wants. Not liking the practice of medicine, secreted, McGhee and his followers approach- the many improved fanning mills, and has not he removed here, and settled near the resi- ed the worthy pair, who, when asked to surdence of his friend Joseph Boone, where he render, replied, "shoot and be d-d, we will recleared out the farm now in possession of turn your fire." Lewis was shot twice, bro't instead of an open fire-place; Wny don't he do Thomas Dongherty in Penn township. He to the ground, and then secured. Connelly, it? called his farm "Grampian Hills," because of trying to effect an escape, reached the brink the resemblance which his neighborhood bore of the stream, and, when in the act of plung- worth all the other bones in his body.

known to use profane language, and invaria- buried in the Baptist cemetry at Milesburg. bly reproved the use of it by others. He led a single life, and died at the early age of forty years, on his farm, where it was his request to be buried in the middle of a large field,-habited in his best suit of clothes, including hat, boots and spurs, -without a stone to mark his resting place, and where the plow might ever after move over his remains. For a few years, there were no roads known

in the county, the River being the only source of communication. About the year 1800, an Indian path, leading from Chinchaclamoose to the settlers in closer connection with a civilized community, from whom they could get their necessary supplies. Paths served for a few years for the only means of land transportation then known-packing on the backs of horses. Travelling along this path, Mrs. Lewis, known by the later settlers as "Granny Lathers," found her way to the bank of the Susquehanna, where she settled at a place afterwards used by A. B. Reed, Esq., for a spring-house, which was destroyed by fire in commenced the clearing on the north side of 1856. Granny Lathers was probably the third or fourth settler. She is represented as a mild ham Snyder, Esq., near where the State road, and kind old lady, who had seen better days, and was respectably connected in Cumberland county, from whence she originally emigrated. She remained here until about the time of the war, when she went to Bellefonte, there and removed to the Sinnemahoning, where she died. Mrs. Lewis was the mother of one well known in the annals of crime. Her son, David Lewis, after committing many de redations, became the terror of those who traveled on the thoroughfares leading from Eastern to some others in that section, paid them a visit. | said that whilst remaining here, sheltered by The Indians were well supplied with liquor, of the paternal roof, he displayed that disposi tion, which led him on to ruin. His mother and a neighbor, Mrs. Collins, had prepared some stores of dried fruit, which were intended for winter consumption, and locked them in companions, who caught the Indian, and, as a an old-fashioned sea-chest, which had a double in the custody of Mrs. Collins. When the season had arrived, in which it was thought that the use of the fruit would add a zest to some harm might have happened to John, his the meal, the old chest was unlocked and, to ties and hardy thrifty trees, though they cost companions made search, and found him on the atter amazement of the dames, not a ghost of a plum was to be seen. How they had disis found, in the pockets of David, a wooden

The last exploit of Lewis, on the Seven

and McQuire, which led to his capture and his design. John, at one time, cut rather a death, was that of robbing the wagons of ludicrous figure. When at a review at Ben. Hammond & Page, merchants of Bellefonte. suit of Lewis and his companions, who were ful man and the 'recognized 'bully' of the then supposed to be making their way to the county, met with a first defeat at the hands of domicil of Lewis' mother, on the Sinnemaho. him in the air, and seating him upon his shoul- owner of the well known property, "McGhee's ders, carried him off the field in triumph, to Mills," headed a party, which consisted of the chagrin of our hero. On the occasion of ter Dysell and Joseph Butler, citizens of Bellethe turning of an ark, which in those days fonte. They stopped the first night at Kartcould not be done by water power alone, he hans, where they obtained as a guide, "Andy had lain down alongside of a log, and not be- Walker," the great hunter of Bald Eagle. ing missed until the next morning, the cold- | William Hanna joined them at Karthaus, and ness of the night had nearly brought to an end on starting the next morning, their company his eventful career. Fortunately there was in was increased to eleven by the accession of the neighborhood a man, well fitted for, and John Koons, Samuel Karnell and Peter Bodey. an orrament to the profession which he had | On the 29th July, McGhee's party lost its way, adopted, who, finding how matters stood, when and during the night had to encamp; or, rather, roost, as they took to the trees. The next water to be immediately prepared, into which morning, striking Trout Run, which empties Johnny was soused. This, with other reme- into Bennet's Branch, they followed it. Walker and Karnell started ahead of the rest to see if Lewis had made his appearance at his mo-Dr. Samuel Coleman was a man of ability. ther's, and finding that he had not, they re-

to those celebrated hills of Scotia; and this; ing in, was struck in the abdomen by a ball, has since given rise to the name of one of the | said to have been fired by Dysell, which causmost thriving and productive agricultural set- | ed his entrails to protrude, and resulted in his tlements in the county. Here Le labored with | death on the 2d of August, 1820, just after his hands, gaining his bread "in the sweat of the party reached the Big Island. Lewis was his face," and only visiting the sick-bed when | conveyed to Bellefonte, where, refusing to his services were deemed indispensable. In have his arm amputated, his wound mortified, the earlier part of his career, he was never and he died on the 18th of August, and was TTO BE CONTINUED.)

WOULD YOU HAVE GOOD FRUIT !

From the earliest ages there has ever been resting in the heart of mankind a desire for good fruit-indeed, the first thing that tempted our first Parents was the sight of the "forbidden" apples which loaded that beautiful tree in the garden of Eden; and although the results of that false step, on the part of her who seemed so perfect in the eyes of Adam. proved so disastrons, yet we have no evidence hat the apples themselves caused any bad effect; but the curse was rather the "fruit of disobedience." From that time it was de-Milesburg was discovered, and this brought creed that "by the sweat of his brow man should earn his daily bread," and that if he would enjoy the good things of earth, it must be by an effort-and the richer the reward, the greater that effort.

If the husbandman wishes a good crop of corn, how well he fits the ground, supplying the lack of such fertilizers as are requisite; and how diligently he stirs the soil, that no weeds may steal away the strength which the coming crop needs. Now, if we would raise a thrifty fruit tree, we must remember that nothing either vegetable or animal ever lived without something to live on. A fruit-tree needs culture very much like a hill of corn. Its energies must be derived from the soil about it, and if we would nourish a tree we must not forget that the tree is to be supplied by the fibrous roots out a little distance from it, and not by direct application of fertilizers to the collar of the tree, or in other words, the trunk where the roots join. For if we do this, the tree obtains the strength of the application too fast, which induces a rank growth, married her third husband, named Stevens, rendering the tree more tender than when the roots supply it moderately as it needs suste-

It is always better to obtain trees which have

been grafted or budded when the seedlings

were only a year old, as the stock and graft

being nearly of an age, grow equally fast, and consequently make a more durable tree .western Pennsylvania. Clearfield county was putting out trees too old, as they cannot the scene of any of his exploits; but it is not sustaina healthy growth in the nursery after a certain time. They should always be in a thriving condition when transplanted. years from graft-pears and cherries one to three-peaches one, and plums one to two. It is the universal belief of successful fruitgrowers at the present day, that trees should be invariably transplanted from a northern to a southern locality; for being more hardy than spring-lock, and the key of which was placed native trees, the sudden changes of weather affect them less unfavorably. Trees may be shipped thousands of miles with perfect safety if properly packed, and it is better by far to be at the expense of getting choice variefour times the price of a tree which after a few years fails, or produces second-rate fruit. We may wonder whether it will pay to raise appeared, remained a mystery until Mrs. Lew- fruit? Certainly it will. A farmer of Western New York, I understand, obtained last season several hundred barrels of fine Baldwin apples from a small orchard. In April last I saw them selling in Phitadelphia at one dollar Mountains, in 1820, in company with Connelly per peck. There is always a demand for good fruit. Downing states that he knew of a large family of children who were raised chiefly on apple dumplings, and I verily believe that if there was as much interest manifested in rais-Jordan's, he became somewhat obstroperous, Steps were immediately taken to go in pur | ing good fruit as there is in raising children, then those that do grow up would have ruddier cheeks, and nurses would have less to say about "squalling brats." Every farm should have two or three hundred good fruit trees on Abraham Hess, one of Johnny's friends walked | ning. James McGhee, who afterwards settled | it, and I never have known an instance where behind him, grasped him by either leg, raised near Chest creek in this county, and was the an orchard of well selected fruit, if properly cared for, did not in the course of ten years pay the owner over five hundred per cent. interest upon the money invested. Get good the no small amusement of the bystanders and | John Hammond, Wm. Armor, Paul Lebo, Pe- | trees, good varieties; set them out well; work the ground with hoed crops for the first five or

Clearfield Co., May 14th, 1859.

WHY DON'T HE DO IT! When the farmer knows that a gate is better, and, as a time and labor-saving fixture. cheaper than a set of bars, and without calling on a carpenter he can himself make one; Why don't he do it?

six years, and you will not fail to have good

When he has no other fastenings to his gates and barn doors than a stone rolled against them, and in a single evening, after supper, is able to make a better one; Why don't he do it ? Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about his premises, and

need only nailing on again; Why don't he Or if he is afraid of the expense of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin, to "save pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," and he knows that the same Dr. Franklin also said "many men not careful to think of the precept contained

in the latter ; Why don't he do it? If it is a saving of nearly half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yards, instead of running at large through most of the winter; Why don't he do it?

If he knows that many of his fields would be greatly improved by ditching, and by the removal of large stumps and stones; Why don't And when he knows that his pastures would

yield nearly double the feed if the bushes were all cut and subdued; Why don't he do il? And if he can add fifty per cent, to the product of his clover fields, and even his pastures by the use of gypsum; Why don't he do it?

If a farmer of fifty acres (as he should) have use for a good corn sheller, and one of already obtained both; Why don't he do it? And if it is cheaper, actually cheaper, to burn dry wood than green, and to use a stove

DOCTORING A PIG.

Mr. Michael Fagan is a very worthy representative from "Green Erin," residing in a small dwelling in a small village near Boston. Michael is industrious and strives hard to turn an honest penny to account, whenever, and however, there may be the slightest prospect of profit. Michael has a little patch of ground behind his house, where he supports a few ducks and chickens; and the freshest eggs in the neighborhood can always be tound on his premises, for he never allows himself to be possessed of more than a single dozen at any time before disposing of them. In addition to his stock of poultry, Michael purchased a young pig, which after four months petting ind nursing, he prided himself upon exhibiting to his friends and acquaintances, as one of the "swatest and kindest craythurs in the wurld."

But Michael's pig took sick, and from his coughing and sneezing symptoms, it was certainly evident that he had contracted a very bad cold.

Close by the residence of this honest Hiber-nian, there dwells the village physician, a kind hearted man, and very skillful, whose practice is none of the largest. As he came from his house, a short time since, Michael stood at his gate, ruminating upon the chances in favor of his favorite porker, and observing the doctor, he hailed him with: "The top uv the mornin' to ye docthur?"

"Ah, Michael, how are you?" "It's very well I am meself docthur-but erhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man what he'd e afther, doin' for his pig; ahone! ahone! he's very sick, docthur.' "Pig," exclaimed the doctor with a smile,

what pig, Michael, and what's the matter "Shure he's very bad indade, so he is. A cowld, docthur, shneezin' and barkin the head off him and divil blasht the thing I can do wid

"Well, really, Michael, I can't say, I'm not

"Shure it's myself that knows that. But it it was a gosson instead uv the darlin' craythur what would I be afther doing wid him for the

"Well," continued the doctor, consideratey, were it a child, Michael, perhaps I should ecommend a mustard poultice to his back, and his feet put in hot water."

"It's meself that's obliged to ye, docthur, be dad I am," responded Mike, as the physician passed along, and he entered his house. "Biddy!" he added, addressing his wife, "we'll care the pig, so we will." In a short time the porker was invested in a strong mus- of us. tard plaster from his tail to his ears. Notwithstanding his struggles, and his wheezings plaster, a tub of almost boiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soused above his knees. The result may be easily con-

Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at the gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appear-

"Good morning, Mike, how does the pig come on ?"

"O, be gorrale, doof or! it was mighty oncivil in ye to be truing a neighbor in that vay, so it was."

"Why, what is the matter, what has happen-"Happen'd is it, I put the powltice on the oig, so I did, an be squealed murther, an' be lad it's no wonder, for the wull roll'd off his back from head to tail."

. Didn't I put the pig's feet in hot wather as ye tolwd me, an, le jabers the hoofs tumbled

ff uv him entirely Poor Mike spoke tally. Through his ignorance he had blisten; off the bristles, and with the hot water he scalded off poor grun-ter's feet. He died under this double dose, and though Michael has never since asked the that it was "a mane thrick so it was."

MORAL SUASION ON A RAM .-- When a friend of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner of which was troubled by his dog Woif .-The cur killed his sheep, knowing perhaps, that he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment, and he could devise no means to prevent it. "I can break him of it," said Agricola," "if you will give me leave." "Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words. "There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep stealing and who stood in as much need of moral sussion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid, by his exploit; his insolence became intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went nigh him. 'I'll fix him,' said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell, when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? Aries made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from ong practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butt-

EAT UP BY THEIR OWN DOGS .-- An old story tells that Action, a famous hunter, kept many hounds, and they ended by eating him up. Action is an old name—it is Greek, besides. How many Actoons do you and I know-men ate up by their own dogs. I know men who damage their body by their business, so do Many more I know who break down their conscience, their affection, their higher manhood. Mechanics sicken of their craft,painters have the lead colic; tailors and shoemakers are pale and dyspeptic looking; printers go off in consumption, which they have caught from breathing ink and type-metal. Is that the worst? I know men whose ambition, whose vanity, whose covetousness. has wrought them worse mischief-a consumption of the mind, a numb palsy of the affect tions, gout in the conscience, a general dyspepsia of their humanities .-- Theodore Parker.

The population of the United States, it is

WONDERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo, is fifty feet; at New Orleans the difference is but twelve feet. The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased, yet immense additions are made to the quantity of water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western sides of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises, What becomes of this vast added of tea and mustin, and supports, upon the volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans, and as certainly does no evaporate; and of course, it is not confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas bottom, water is found as soon as the waterlevel of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down, the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw mill, some twenty miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine, during the late flood. When the water receded, his well went down till his hose would no longer reach the water, and finally his well was dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake, to let water into his well; the lake was drained and the well was dry again-having literally drank ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is that the whole Valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to the highlands on either side, rests on a porous substratum, which absorbs the redundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf, but for this provision of nature, to which alone her safety is attributable.

The fact is, if the alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi were like the shores of the Ohio, the vast plain from Cairo to New Orleans would to-day be part and parcel of the Gulf of Mexico, and this whole valley a fresh water arm of the sea. Were the geological character of the valley different, the construction of levees, confining the water of the Mississippi to its channel, would cause the rise in the river to become so great at the South that there no sufficient levee could be built. The current would be stronger and the accumulation of water greater as the levees are extended north of us.

Such results were reasonably enough antiipated, but the water instead of breaking the evees, permeates the porous soil, and the overflow is really beneath the surface of the swamps. Such it seems to us, are the wise provisions of natural laws for the safety and ultimate reclamation of the rich country south If a great lawyer refuses himself month after

We believe that the levee system will be successful, and that the object of its adoption tion of study, but by privation of something will be attained. The porosity of the materi- else. Under all ordinary circumstances no al used in making them, has caused most if not all of the crevasses. Men may deem it a petent is called upon to deny himself the first superhuman task to wall in the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans, but our levees are the work of pigmies when contrasted with the dykes of Holland. The flood tide of the Mississippi is but a ripple on the the surface of a glassy pool, compared with the ocean billows that dash against the artificial shores of Holland. The country to be reclaimed by our levees-all of which will not, for fifty years, cost the people as much as those of the Dutch when originally built-would make one-hundred such kingdoms as that over which Bonaparte once wielded the sceptre .- Memphis Ac-

HUGH MILLER.

Book, just published in England and Scotland,

the London Athenueum says :

Every attentive reader of this volume will the scenery of his native land. While ordinary tourists roam there in search only of the grand mountain range, or the dark defile, or the blue and hill embosomed lake, Hugh Mildoctor upon similar matters, he still insists | ler found equal interest in morasses and bogs, sand-dunes, and igneous rocks. Not a stone but had its story for him-not a stream but to him its earlier history. When wearied with bending down to the earth, he could look up and admire the cloud laden sky, whether the sun broke out with hasty glances, or darted flashing across the unlovely moors, or lit ingly the rigidity of some abrupt cliff or ironbound shore. There was no spot which did not furnish something for his fancy, or facts for his note book. Patches of brick clay and boulder clay were searched for minute shells; moist, oozing masses of black lias- and regard it with aversion. shale were lifted up for their accumulated organisms; waylaring men were questioned on anything that might illustrate his science; lonely bays and shores were trodden joyously in searching for cuttle fish, and these were dissected and described from eye to tail; the theory of the ocean's level was discussed ; black, cold marshes were probed for their numerous hazel nuts, showered down from forgotten forests; in fine those aspects of nature which to common folks most forbidding, to him were suggestive of fruitful fancies, and replete with perpetual instruction.

Such is the latest truit of Miller's labors of love, for this volume appears appears to be the topmost stone of his literary monument. As such, it is finely chiselled and elaborately ornamental. In closing the book, we cannot avoid a retrospective glance at his glorious career, and at its melancholy termination. How, we say to ourselves, could such a man turn aside into the regions of awful darkness? Richly gifted as he was by natural endowments; well sustained as he was by an adequate income (for we have learnt from one of his most intimate friends what that income was), fully supported by a religious faith in things unseen, on which he could soar as on an eagle's pinion; blessed with an amiable and accomplished wife, as the preface to the present volume proves; admired exceedingly by his countrymen; commanding most attentive audiences, and largely increasing readers-how, we say, could such a man wander into the regions of despair where no light is? This is an inscrutable mystery, but it affords a solemn lesson to writers and readers. Let literary men beware of overtasking their energies, and let readers, too often thoughtless and thankless, remember how finely strung, and how perilously fragile are those delicate instruments from which is elicited the sweetest music and ever unforgotten melodies.

A discovery has been made by a modern said, increases one million a year, or about writer, that without a mouth a man could If a man is happily married, his "rib" is two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine neither eat, drink, kiss the girls, nor chew

UNDER BRAIN-WORK. Overwork of the brain, against which we

hear so many people cry, and which we hear so many cosy-looking men deplore very complacently in their own persons, is not by a good deal so dangerous as under-work of the brain, that rare and obscure calamity from which nobody is supposed ever to suffer. The Rev. Onesimus Howl drops his chin and elevates his eyes, upsets his digestion with excess doughy face he thus acquires, a reputation for great strain on the brains caused by the outpouring of a weekly puddle of words. His friends labor to prop up his brain with added piles of musiin. Paler becomes his face and more idiotic his expression, as he lives from New Year's-day to New Year's-day rattling about in his empty head the few ideas of other men he has contrived to borrow, and tranquilly claims all the sweets of indulgence on account of the strain put upon his wits. Dr. Porpice is wheeled about from house to house in his "brougham," and prescribes his cordials and his mild aperients; treats by help of what knowledge gathered from a past generation may happen to have grown into his habit of practice, all the disease he sees; now and then turns to a book when he is puzzled, but more commonly dozes after dinner. Yet very gladly does the doctor hear the talk about immense strain on his mind, large practice, great responsibility, and the wondering that one poor head can carry all he knows. He seldom passes a day without having taken care to confide to somebody that he is overworked. Once a week, indeed, if his practice be large, he may be forced into some effort to use his brains; but that he does really exercise them once a week, I am not certain. The lawyer elevates his routine into a crush of brainwork. The author and the merchant flatter themselves, or account themselves flattered, by an application to their labors also of the same complimentary condolence. The truth is, that hard work of the brain, taken aloneapart from grief and fears, from forced or voluntary stinting of the body's need of food or sleep, and the mind's need of social intercourse-does infinitely more to prolong life and strengthen reason in the workers than to cut or fray the thread of either. Men break down under the grind of want, under the strain of a continuous denial to the body of its halfa-dozen hours a day of sleep, its few necessary pounds of wholesome food, and its occasional exercise of tongue and legs. If an author spends his whole life in his study, his mind fails under the pressure of the solitary system. month the necessary fourth part of the day for sleep, he wears his brain out, not by repleman who performs work for which he is comnecessaries of life, except during short periods of encroachment which occur to men in every occupation, and which seldom are of long duration, and can almost invariably be followed by a period of ease sufficient for recovery. Healthy men, who have bed and board assured them, while they can eat, sleep, stir, and be merry, will have sound minds, though they work their brains all day, and provide them for the other five or six hours with that light employment which is the chief toil of Dr. Porpice or the Rev. Onesimus.

A STRIKING CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE. One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome is the triumphal arch erected In reviewing Hugh Miller's Geologic Sketch to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, who, after the destruction of the temple, made a triumphal march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jews be struck with the full hearted enjoyment and the spoils, among which were the sacred which this gifted wanderer must have felt in vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the beautiful arch, which thus turnishes an illustration of the Bible no where else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the shew bread, the golden candlestick with its seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of Jubilce. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monu ment to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God in the verification of prophecy and divine history. up some bosky recess, or revealed more strik- Not one of the Jews of Rome-of whom there are about six thousand-will even to this day pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of a subjugation of their nation, which has never been retrieved,

THE TICINO .-- A name which is in every one's month should be correctly pronounced. The letters of the Italian language do not all have the same sounds which they have in English. The pronunciation of this name is Teecheeno. It is a small river, connecting the Lake of Maggiore with the Po, and has its importance from its being the boundary between Lombardy and Sardinia; therefore the Austrians become invaders the moment they pass to its western bank.

The New York Tribune of Tuesday a-week, says:-Mr. Greeley left this city by the Erie Railroad last evening, on his way to the Paci-fic States. We shall probably receive from Kansas the first letters of the series be proposes to write during his journey. After Kan sas he will visit the Pike's Peak country, Utah, Carson Valley, California, and probably Oregon, returning by way of Arizona and the Southern Overland Mail route. He will be absent about four months.

Dan Russel, the Union candidate for Auditor in Mississippi, being called on for a speech, began thus:-"Fellow-citizens! You have called on me for a few remarks. I have nonto make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be "speaker," I only want to be an "anditor."

An Irishman, says the Pittsburgh Post, working on the canal, lately walked into the water, and seeing a large turtle, with head and legs extended, retreated under great excitement, halloing to his companions that he had seen a box full of snakes.

There are three dangerous institutions in the world, viz: kicking colts, pretty calico, and

gunpowder. Politeness is like an air-cushion there may be nothing in it, but it cases your jolts wen-