DOES HE LOVE ME ?

Pretty robin at my window, Welcoming the day With thy wild and liquid piping, Read my riddle, pray; I have conned it waking, sleeping. Vexed the more for aye; Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin,

Does he love me, say

Little violet, blooming meekly By the brooklet free, Bending low thy gentle forehead, "All its grace to see, Turn thee from the listening water, Whisper low, I pray, For the winds might hear my secret;

Does he love me, say? Star, that through the silent night-time Watches over him. Write it with thy golden pencil On my easement dim. Thou art skilled in Love's Cabala-Tell me then, I pray. Now, so none but I may read it, Does he love me, say?

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

Whilst Fulton and his party were surveying, they fell in with Alexander and Thomas Reed, (sons of Alexander, whose family will be noticed hereafter,) clearing the field where Allen Mitchell's orchard is. They were assisted in their labors by Cezar Potter a colored man, who had been raised by the family, and whose good-natured face and silvery locks are familiar to the citizens of Bradford township, among whom he resides, on the land he purchased over forty years ago.

known as 'Liberty Spring' was then the home of Henry Irwin, a native of Irelard, who came to this county in 1801 or 1802 with his wife home where she has since spent many a hapand three children-John, at present acting as County Commissioner-Mary, who afterwards "flittin" three or four days afterwards, and married the Hon. Richard Shaw, and Joseph put part of his cleared land in buckwheat and Irwin. He had six children born to him in part in potatoes, and soon cleared out for himthis county-William, who now lives in Ohio self a fine farm. -Henry-Margaret, wife of Zacheus Mead-Jane Ann, married to John Spackman-James. and Nancy, who was married to Asahel Swan. Margaret, Jane Ann, and Nancy are dead. of car drawn by a steer. The road from Philtheir conveyance by Daniel Ogden. Irwin had not profited by the counsel of Solomon, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it," county-his home was afterwards sold to satiswhere his son Henry now lives. When Irwin first moved there, wolves were abundant and or hogs. For security he built a pen at the for a weapon. He returned armed with a pitch | Reed, are the husbands of his five daughters. fork, gave pursuit, and on reaching the intruder made a thrust at him and-killed the pig.

Mapes, who was originally from the eastern rothers' Bend. The River sweeps around a States. He was married to Elizabeth Ogden, high strip of land, making a circuit of about Frazer, from whom Frazer's rock derived its ceived its name from an oddity who resided name, was then living near the mouth of Wolf | near it. Carothers came here about the year | feet of their horses in the Rhine. These Run, at Joseph Jordan's place. He was a 1802 from Centre county. He was a good Scotchman; had lived at the Big Island. He | weaver, good shoemaker, and his natural inhad two sons and two daughters. Frazer fell clination made him a good hunter, which cala victim, when in 1824 the dysentery prevail- ling he followed with zest and success. ed to such an alarming extent along the river. Rough, illiterate, indolent, fond of a "spree," He was buried, at his request, in a lot he own- and the wildest adventures, he was yet a good ed in Clearfield borough, and his wife's re- and obliging neighbor. If John Carothers mains were removed from Ogden's burial was a remarkable and eccentric personage, his it the decline of the Turkish power, and the ground and deposited by his side. He had wife was no less so. Dressed in her hunting served in the Indian war, was a man of good shirt-with felt hat and moccasins on-her natural ability, lacked education, and was es- leather pouch thrown over her shoulder, and

Morgan lands up Clearfield creek to above the | gun in hand, to chase the deer or trap the mouth of Muddy Run, where they were de- wolf, with a success envied by some of the tained one day whilst Pete Young went to other sex. From one of her exploits, the bring down Dan. Turner, so that they might capture of an unusually large wolf, origi- ginia, and which is to be placed over the reascertain from him a corner. From Muddy nated the name of "Wolf Run." We have Run they took the Indian path to Phillips. said that this county was formed out of burg, staying over night with Abraham Goss. parts of Lycoming and Huntingdon. Car-And from thence Fulton, accompanied by others' hunting ground was principally in the Benj. R. Morgan of Philadelphia, proceed, by former; but the County Seat of Huntingdon way of Half Moon, to Huntingdon.

Of the men who first settled this county, few deserve more notice than Samuel Fulton. ing wolves or other wild beasts, Mrs. Caroth-Having located near Alexandria, he headed ers would take them out of the traps, load several surveying parties, which came into them in her canoe, and row them across the this county in 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805 and 1806, river near to the Huntingdon side, where John and from that time to this has industriously would stand upon the shore, and as she would followed his calling, spending much of his toss them from the boat, he would catch them time in the woods. A practical and experi- so that he might swear that he caught them in enced surveyor, energetic and industrious, he Huntingdon county, and receive the bounty of Providence, and the silver-chiming of the has become familiar with every point in the there for their scalps. This well-matched county, which contains few lines he has not couple had no children. They removed from examined or re-marked. Whilst on one of this county to near Sunbury, where, Carothhis surveying tours, he was thirty days in the ers, returning from a tavern, on a cold night, once invited by a friend to visit the theatre at the mouth of a small run, which from that was found the next morning frozen to death, doubt the propriety of sitting near those fact has received the name of Surveyor's Run,' with a jug of whiskey by his side. to which place he would resort, and after sup-

Gahagan, of Huntingdon county. He had previously purchased (in 1805) the land on who had erected a cabin and cleared about died in Curwensville about five years ago.

THE WEIGHT

Le Boeuff road, which he followed until he There being no further a road which he could travel, he placed his goods upon a raft, made of pine logs, which, as soon as the water had descend the creek in safety, was piloted out of the Creek by Abraham Litz. Mrs. Litz remembered Fulton's visit of 1802, and kindly house, wishing Mrs. Fulton to remain with her until things could be fixed up at the Scoffeld cabin; but Mr. Fulton having been accompanied thus far by her brother, who was compelled to return home as soon as possible, thinking that she had nerved herself to encounter anything that might take place, packed some articles upon her horse, and accompanied by her brother, followed the blazed path, which end to its existence. led by Chinchaelamoose, to her future home. This was in May; but the rank weeds which had grown in the clearing almost hid the lit-The place to the north of Clearfield borough the cabin from their sight. A path was tramped through them, Mrs. Fulton entered the house, sat down and "took a good cry," in the by hour. Fulton reached the cable with his

Mr. Fulton still lives at a green old age; his eye has not lost its fire, nor his step its quick and elastic tread, nor does he lack that vivacity, humor, and sociability, for which his na-Henry Irwin brought his family here in a sort tion is distinguished. His mental faculties are unimpaired, and being a great reader, he lipsburg being cut through for the passage of is still adding to that store of knowledge of persons and events, with which his memory is glled. He is somewhat impulsive, though not apt to take any important step without due refor having gone bail for a fellow countryman, flection. He has always been a decided poli-Roderick Conner, who lived in Huntingdon tician, and looking upon the exercise of the elective franchise as a duty, not a privilege, fy Conner's creditor. Irwin was obliged to he has regularly, for fifty-one years, deposited commence anew and opened out the farm his ballot when the time for voting came round. He has been appointed to, and served in several important offices; was the first Prothonorendered it almost impossible to keep sheep tary, &c., was for several years Deputy Surveyor, and also served as Treasurer and Comside of his house in which he had a shoat. On missioner, and Clerk to Commissioners. Mr. one occasion when about retiring, a wolf got | Fultor had four sons-James, Moses, Washinto the pen, captured the shoat and was mak- ington P., and Thomas-the latter of whom is ing off with it, when its squeal giving the a- dead. Archibald Shaw, Joseph Shaw, Richard larm, Irwin (having no gun) ran to the barn | Shaw, Jr., William Fullerton and Thompson In the immediate vicinity of Fulton's resi-

dence, the Susquehanna River has a remarka-Nearly opposite to Irwin's lived Thomas ble configuration. It is there known as Calived here but a few years and then with his four miles, coming back to within a quarter of wife and children removed to the Ohio. Hugh a mile from whence it started. This bend reher knife sheathed in her belt-this tall and Fulton and his party ran a line through the masculine woman would take to the woods, being easier of access than that of Lycoming, when these hunters were successful in capturwoods, during which time he was not in sight | feared to cross the creek near Mahantango, of a habitation. He had established his camp sat down at the end of the foot-log, where he

Mr. Fulton would go out occasionally with plying himself with sufficient provisions to last his adventurous neighbor to hunt, and once, for three or four days, he would resume his when near Lick Run, they came across the labors, packing his food on his back. In 1807, carcass of a deer, which Carothers, from cer-Fulton came to this county with his wife, hav- fain indications, knew had been killed by a ing married in the beginning of the year 1806 panther, and suggested that they would set a -using tails in the neck tie!

Miss Margaret Gahagan, a daughter of Thomas | trap and capture the "varmint." They went to George Wilson's for a trap, which they set, but met with no success that night, as the which he and his sons now reside. Part of panther, whitst partaking of its repast, had the land had been owned by Elisha Scofield, avoided getting into the trap. The next day Carothers arranged some poles so that the three acres. Scofield had left the place in panther could not get to the carcass of the 1805, and moved to where John Shaw lives. deer without passing over the spot where he He afterwards lived near Ben. Jordan's and placed the trap. The following morning when they came towards the run, on hearing the Crossing the mountains in a wagon, over the chains rattle, Carothers declared in a manner State road, Fulton came to the Milesburg and more expressive than polite, that they "had cotched the cussed brute." Fulton asked reached David Litz's, at the Clearfield Creek. permission to shoot it, and approached the crossed logs, whilst Carothers held back his dog "Boss." The dog breaking loose from Carothers, caused the panther to make a sudfallen to such a stage as would enable him to den spring which so alarmed Mr. Fulton that he was unable to draw the trigger, and the dog rushing past seized upon the enraged animal. Carothers seeing that the panther was getting tendered to his wife the hospitalities of her the advantage of the dog, cried: "Shoot, or he'll kill the dog," but finding that Fulton did not instantly follow his order, he leveled his own piece and shot the panther in the side. As this did not dispatch the animal, Carothers approached it, and forcing his gun down its throat, so held the chained monster until Mr. Fulton, not without some trepidation, discharged his loaded rifle at its head, and put an (TO BE CONTINUED.)

I KNEW SHE WOULD .- Deacon W. was a staid and honest Baptist Deacon in one of the interior towns of New York State, who had a vein of dry caustic humor in his composition. The Deacon had a boy of some dozen years old who was a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school, especially, John was source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the mistress punished him for some misdemeaner, and John went home crying, to enter his complaint, and told his father the mistress had whipped him. "What!" exclaimed the Des

his eyebrows, "been whipped?" "Ya-a-s," sobbed the boy.

"And did you let a woman whip ye?" shouted the Deacon.

"Ya-a-s, I could'nt help it." "Well John, you little rascal, you go to the

school tomorrow, and if Miss--undertakes to whip ye again, you jest pitch in ; don't let a woman whip ye if ye kin help it. Don't take a stick to strike with, but you may scratch, bite and kick as much as ye're a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and emboldened by the permission given by his father was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him and he did as father told him. The result was, John got a most unmerciful trouncing, and was thoroughly sublued. When he went home he went to his father crying."Well dad I got an awful bad licking to-day." "What," said the old Deacon, "have you let

that woman whip ye agin?" "Ya-a-s," whimpered John. "I kicked her and struck her, and fit all I could, but she lammed me orfully."

"Aha !" chuckled the humorous old Deacon you tarnal little fool, I knew she would, and she'll give ye a trouncing every time she undertakes it, and I would advise you to behave

John began to have some perception of his father's motive, and ever after was a wiser and

A SINGULAR PROPHECY .- The following cuous paragraph is from the Cologue corres-

ondent of the Continental Review: We may now afford to smile at the singular prophecy of the Westphalian shepherd, who lived some hundred and fifty years ago, and who predicted a terrible European war, in the course of which the Turks should cool the things-thus runs the tradition, were to come to pass when carriages run without horses, and the Prussian soldiers were dressed like the soldiers who crucified Christ. Carriages do run without horses, and the silhouette of a Prussian soldier, in his tunic and helmet, is in all respects that of a Roman legionary. But the superstitious, who speculated on this singular prophecy, could never reconcile with manifest improbability of the Sultan's troops carrying the standard of the Prophet to the banks of the Rhine. They forget that France has Algerine regiments of Spahis and Zouaves, and that many of them are as good Moslemim as ever walked in the streets of Stamboul.

IRON "TEMPLE."-A Philadelphia manufacturer has just completed an iron "temple," which was made to order for the State of Virmains of Ex-President Monroe, at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., where they were recently reinterred. The "temple" is a gothic structure, eight feet wide, eleven feet long, and having a height of twenty-one feet. The material is iron throughout, and the metal has been wrought into the most beautiful and

A DANGEROUS PREACHER .- Dr. Cross, in a etter to the Richmond Advocate, daguerreotypes a southern preacher in part, thus: "He encompasses himself with rainbows, and meteors, and earthquakes, and cataracts, and hurricanes, and water-spouts, and showers of gems, and torrents of fire, and boundless conflagrations, and marshaled philosophies, and trooping seraphim, and the stupendous, wheels spheres, and the weltering chaos of demolish-

It is related that Dr. R-, of Boston was and see a new play. The friend proposed to taking seats near the orchestra. "Oh, no," said the Doctor, "I have a slight cold, and

There is on exhibition at Augusta, Ga., a double girl, a molatto, with two heads, four arms and four legs and but one body.

An individual at Cornwall, England, has made himself a comple suit from 670 ral skins THE AWKWARD HUSBAND.

A terrific scream announced that Philemon Stagg had planted his blundering foot on one of Mrs. Stagg's corns, for the third time that morning, and so exasperated was that lady for she was a lady, notwithstanding what followed-that for the first time in her life, she raised her little foot, and gave her awkward husband a fierce kick! You might think there was a row in that family in consequence-and so it was, although Mr. Stagg was conscious of his faults, and though that kick was intended as a substitute for what was worse, a scolding. He was surprised, however; but he did not escape so easily as he imagined.

"Blundering, awkward creature! What have I done that you should be always treading on my feet? I declare I don't know what crime such suffering is intended for. I shall be a cripple one of these days, Philemon, as sure as you are born. O!"

"My dear Laura, it pains me as much as it does you, I assure you,"

"O pshaw! Sympathy is cheap. O dear!"
"There seems to be a fatality about it," said the ashamed Stagg, hanging his head, "I could almost cut off my feet to prevent such

"I'm sure my feet are not so large that they should always be in the way," she murmured, looking with vanity at the little Chinese understanding.

"I know it, love. The fact is, they are small one can hardly see them.' He thought this might put her in good

numor. Dead failure; it was a rebellious and revengeful scorn.

"And yours are so big that I tremble whenever you come within a yard of me. O, my poor feet !"

It was a melancholy fact that Mr. Stagg was a rare example of blundering awkwardness. He was one of the best-natured persons alive. Clumsy animals are generally the easiest tempered. But Mrs. Stagg did not believe this to be any atonement, for whenever Stagg moved, things animated or inanimated were in jeopardy. In-doors or out, ruin and confusion marked his presence. He loved his wife dearly, and kept so near her, that her feet bore witness and paid the penalty.

That day by way of recompense, he took her out to ride, and it would have been a very happy drive, if he had not, several times more crushed hor feet, as they were admiring the scenery. She began to cry, and her tears were only stopped by his hanging both his ponderous feet out of the vehicle. But as his peculiar fate would have it, the position was unfavorable for his driving, which at the best was miserably poor and awkward, and he began to drive agaist everything that came along; now on this side, now on that-clink, grate, jar, bang, jerk, crash! executing unheard of manœuvres, with such a want of judgment, that Mrs. Stagg at last began to implore of him:

"Take in those feet again, do, Philemon Better to have my feet amputated than break my neck."

He obeyed, but drove worse than before and after provoking the anger of drivers all along the road, he finally settled the question of life and death, by smashing against a heavy mail-coach, shattering and upsetting his own team, and remaining behind with his wife and the body, while the horse galloped ahead with the shafts. Happily they escaped with but few scratches and were glad to get home again. "I'll tell you what I'll agree to, wife," said he, after a lecture; "I'll agree to give you the most beautiful shawl you can find in the city, if I tread upon your feet again, once, within a fortnight. I'm determined to break myself of the habit."

Singular to relate, he became so watchful during that period, that Mrs. Stagg had no cause to complain, on that score, or rather half score. But a certain amount of awkwardness was doomed to be his. Though he now approached her only at arm's length-she, in view of the shawl, not caring if he approached as near as usual, and give her one crushthough he dared not to sit beside her; and thought, when they walked out, he kept continually looking down, and trembed when he felt the broadest circumference of her hoopskirt; and notwithstanding other look-outs in proportion, Stagg was Stagg in every other respect, and much anguish was the result.

"There he goes again!" shricked she, next day, "tumbling down stairs. Merciful heaven, Philemon, have you broke your neck?" she cried, rushing out into the hall.

"Not much, my dear," he replied, breathlessly, picking himself up at the foot of the staircase; "but I've nearly mashed my head." And he put his hand to that erratic magazine, which was essentially bumped, and profusely bleeding.

"O, my poor Philemon! You are almos killed! Take my arm. Here, Mary! John!" Look out for your feet, Laura," was his prudent remark. "I'd rather not plaster my wounds with a thousand dollar shawl."

Stagg was not very seriously hurt, and was able to be out and about next day. Taking a walk together, Stagg had no less than three altercations with pedestrians, against whom his clumsy way of locomotion had precipitated himself and wife, in such a manner as to make it seem intentional. He floundered along like a great, flap-eared elephant, and it was hardly possible not to mistake his walk for an impudent swagger. Yet all was innocent in him; and in one of the disputes, where he had bounced one man against another, and that other against two ladies, both of whom were thrown down in the contact, their gallant showed fight, when Stagg stepped in with the remark that,"I did it!" where upon all pitched into him, and would have made Stagg stagger, but for the interposition of the two ladies, and the explanation of Mrs. Stagg that "he was such a clumsy creature !"

Comfortable companion, he, for a promanade! Mrs. Stagg, like every sensible woman who has a just regard for her health, was partial to going abroad to snuff the fresh air, when other duties said yes; and before the first week was ended, she trusted herself with her husband, in a sail-boat—he to manage it-

he, of all men in the world! Perhaps she was thus trusting, from the which are awkward on land, are very graceful, expert and as fait upon the water, but after she was upset, by his blundering management of the sails, and arrived home dripping wet, she didn't think Stagg was a monster of that amphibious genus, at least.

should have marked how Mrs. Stagg did shake. He raised the deuce, and broke things all round generally, with the best of intentions.

Mary being sick, and John on a visit to his Aunt Betsy, Stagg undertook the management of household affairs "for one day only," Mrs. Stagg at his heels all the time, lest he should tumble the house over, and set it on fire. In his hurry, he poked the grate with the handle of the shovel, threw the ashes into the yard instead of the barrel, and flinging it against the wind; nearly put out Mrs. Stagg's Nazareth, the home of Christ during his child-eyes as well as his own. He drove a nail with the bottom of a porcelain vace, and left the pernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida of Galilee,

atoms to tell the tale. He wiped his razor on the most interesting leaf in her album-poetry written by a former lover—she vowed it was intentional. Thinking, at one time that she approached too near, with her feet, he started back, and fell into a looking glass which reached from floor to ceiling, causing a multiplication of his beautiful image, anything but satisfactory to either of them.

"Gracious heaven-Philemon-stop! Now you have done your day's work—a good many nard day's work, in half a day! Now do stop!

"Pity, Laura, but can't be-"
Helped, he was going to say, just as he was nelping himself to a glass of wine, to steady his nerves; but of course he dropped the decanter full of port, upon the carpet, a magnifi-cent Brussels with a white ground, and it was ruined forever.

This dampened his ardor in the cause of housework, and he desisted for the day, both he and his wife agreeing that he had done e-

But justice must be done to Mr. Stagg's disposition. Sad accidents did not ruffle his emper, even when others were at fault, and the scoldings of his wife made no impression upon him of an unfavorable nature. He sincerely mourned over his elephantine motions, and had charity for others. And amid all his dire blunders during that terrible fortnight of probation, to Mrs. Stagg's regret, there was one blunder he did not make—he did not step

on her feet. "So I suppose I have lost my shawl, after all," she said, pettishly, at the end of two

"I wish I hadn't made the promise," he replied, "for it was that which caused me to make half the blunders I have committed. My mind, my dear, was continually runnin on your feet. Singular anomaly. Though your feet were present, my mind was always absent."

"It is nothing to joke about. It is your huge hoofs which are to blame, not my feet-

Philemon Stagg had trodden upon her feet once more!

"Great powers! have I begun again? Will I never stop treading on your feet? I'll get a rope and hang myself. I'll get a platoon of soldiers to charge bayonets upon me-it ought to be the "awkward squad," too. O, my dear, poor wife-take care of your feet-you are a martyr to my clumsiness, a-"

"Don't you say toe-martyr!" interrupted she, quickly and fiercely, a sudden idea occurring that he was making fun of her; "O, you unfeeling creature, I only wish the world knew of my sufferings with you. You trample upon me all the time-there's no end to it. wish I could get a divorce. I wish you thought half as much of my feet, as you do Jordan, by hills that rise steeply hundreds of about tanew shawl. Awkward! I wish I was born without feet!

"I wish I had been, I solemnly declare!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg, in an outburst of desperation. "I'd have 'em sawed off now, if it would end my misery. But I suppose I should be treading on you with my stumps!"

Bad as she felt, hugging her foot, Mrs. Stagg could not control her laughter at this last remark, her husband's evident sincerity and larchrymose look, exciting her mirth the more. She laughed long and loud, and finally he joined her; and the next day she had more reason to laugh, for she got the shawl; a kindness which has ever since so impressed Mrs. Stagg, that she takes care of her feet herself.

A FLOURISHING CITY .- Denver City, Kansas, is a log city, containing about 100 log cabins. Corner lots range in price from \$50 to \$500. The inhabitants are Indians. Mexicans and white people-about equally divided-all hard cases, drinking and fighting all the whilesome one killed every week-now and then one hung. So says a Pike's Peaker, and his description is like that of "John Phænix's," speaking of San Diego, California: "All night long, in the sweet little village may be heard the soft note of the pistol, the pleasant shriek of the victim," &c.

Mrs. Perkins says she never can understand these 'ere market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively and pork can be active—that is before it is dead—and feathers can be drooping-that is, if it's rainingbut how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; nuther, hew lard can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising-'less there had been yeast put into it-some times it would not rise even then.

"When we're married, Julia, you'll see how I'll drive you to the Castle' in a carriage." "But, Dennis, where is the money to come from ?"-"Oh we don't want any money; people do things now-a-days on quite a new principle, I assure you." "Indeed!" said Julia. "Yes," replied Dennis, "and often they do them without any principle at all."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has recently purchased twenty-seven acres of land, in Westchester County. They form a part of the estate formerly known as the Trowbridge Farm, situated about a mile from Peekskill, on the road leading from Lakes Mohegan and Mahopac. The price was \$13,000.

As a proof of the little value M. de Humbolt set on personal distinctions, it may be stated that the great number of decorations which he had received from the sovereigns of all countries were found lying pell-mell in a that hereafter the business will be conducted

put into an omnibus with a dozen persons, of whom he didn't know a single one. Turning upset, "and then," said he, "I found them all perpetual prayer, as it is a perpetual hymn. a corner shortly after, however, the omnibus

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

This lake is also known in the gospels as the sea of Tiberias, and Gennesareth; and in the Old Testament as the sea of Chinnereth. It is about thirteen miles in length, and six in breadth; and is formed by the Jordon, which traverses it from north to south, and then flows

on to the Dead sea, sixty miles south. No other sheet of water in the world is endeared to the Christian by so many pleasing associations. Some ten miles to the west lay where "most of his mighty works were done;" while the other Bethsaida was but a few miles north of its northeastern shore. Around this lake a large part of the Saviour's public life was spent. More than one blind man there experienced his miraculous power, and opened his eyes to behold first of all his benefactor's face, and then the blue waters of his charming lake. Here the majority of his disciples lived; and by its side, while "sitting at the receipt of custom," or "mending their nets," they were called to become "fishers of men." It was on these waters, sitting in Simon Peter's boat, that Christ preached to a multitude on shore. Upon one of the neighboring hills he taught many thousands at once, healed their diseases, and fed them all with five loaves and two fishes. Here too, on two occasionsat the commencement of his ministry and after his resurrection-his command filled the nets of the apostles with unprecedented draughts of fishes. Somewhere on the southeast side of the same sea is the "steep place" down which the frightened Gardarenes saw their whole herd of swine plunge, and perish in the waters. The Saviour often crossed this lake in his labours of love; and twice he had occasion to allay the fears of his disciples by calming the storm-tossed waves: once waking from his quiet sleep in the hinder part of the boat, to chide them for their lack of faith; and once coming out to them by walking on the sea, in the fourth watch of the night, as they were "toiling in rowing."

Thus the whole region is rendered sacred by incidents in the life of our Lord. The traveller irresistibly feels that His footsteps and smiles have for ever hallowed these hills, that his voice yet echoes from these shores and his "Peace, be still," yet rests on these oure and peaceful waters. In many respects. however, a great change has taken place since the time of Christ. Then the shores were filled by a teeming population; towns and villages crowded the banks, and boats swarmed on the waters. Now the only remaining town is Tiberias, a city in ruins, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, and wretched and filthy to the last degree. It is a common saying, "the king of the fleas holds his court at Tiberias." Instead of a large fleet of fishing boats, only one can now be found on its waters. The round hills that come boldly down to the sea are now bare of trees; and though covered with a delightful verdure afthr the wintry rains, become parehed and desolate under the summer sun. Yet these hills are the same that our Saviour himself beheld: the main features of the scene are unchanged. The lake lies embosomed in a deep basin. more than three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and enclosed on all sides, except near the inlet and outlet of the feet in height; while in the background on the east side are mountains over a thousand feet high. The range of heights stretching around the sea itself is broken by occasional shady ravines and water courses; and here and there is seperated from the sea by a level and exceedingly fertile plain. In one of these, Capernaum used to stand, but now it has wholly disappeared. Far away in the north Mount Hermon lifts its snow-capped crown to the sky, with the majesty of a summit that has looked down on the coming and going of a

hundred generations. The region of this sea bears marks of volcanic action, and hot springs still exist on the shore south of Tiberias. The waters still swarm with fishes, as in the days of the apostolic fishermen. The whole scene is marked by a grand but serene beauty, and the Christian visitor reluctantly tears himself away from it. A recent American traveller, while out upon the sea, encountered a tempest like those described in the gospels : sudden, swift, and violent, it swept down on the sea from the upper hills, and threw it into commotion as in a moment. He was unable to make head against it, and was driven over to "the coast of the Gardarenes." The same traveller bathed several times in its clear and sweet waters, and was reminded of the words of an old Scotch friend of his boyhood, who said to him: "When ye graw up to be a mon, mayhap ye'll go wanderin' up and doon the hills of the warld. But doan ye forget that gin ye're thursty, there's the sea o' Galilee; and gin ye're hungry, there's the loaves that fed feeve thoosand there by the sea; and when ye get tired and tired out, and want to lay your head doon on any stoun and rest itbut the stouns are a'hard-there's Heem that said on the same sea, "Cume unto me, all ye that labor and are heevy-laden, and I will geeve ye rest."

Some of our cotemporaries are trying to induce people to say Teccheeno for Ticino. We might as well begin to call Paris Parec, Vienna Wien, or Brussells, Bruxelles. Let those who know nothing of foreign tongues stick to the vernacular, or a horrible Anglo-Italian pronunciation will be the result. Sensible advice, that.

LADY KILLED.-Mrs. Clark, wife of G. W. Clark, formerly a professor in Allegheny Col-lege, was instably killed by being thrown out of a carriage on Saturday evening last, at Akron, Ohio. She was a sister to Arnold Plumer, of Venango, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew her.

A NEW BUSINESS FEATURE.—A merchant in Winchester, Va., has taken into partnership his daughter, Miss Virginia, and announces under the firm of "J. Wysong and daughter."

Many fold their hands in petitions when they ought to be using them in toll. They never learn that a useful, toiling life may be a

The husband prided himself upon his adroitness in the performance of little domestic at St. Paul, Min., which will cost about \$150,- California is, by actual count, greater than it chores, and when the fit was on him, you could be completed by June 1860. It is a singular fact, that the number of em-