



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence, &c.,

J. S. & J. J. BRISBIN.

WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP AND DIRECTORY OF CENTRE CO. PENNSYLVANIA.

From actual measurement by Instrumental Surveys throughout the County.

By H. F. WALLING, Civil Engineer.

The undersigned proposes to publish by order of the Board of Supervisors a large and accurate Topographical Map of Centre County, from thorough and careful surveys, by H. F. Walling, Civil Engineer.

Every road has been carefully surveyed by course and distance, and the location noted, all the public roads, Dwellings, Churches, Post Offices, Hotels, Stores, School Houses, Factories, Mills, Shops, Mountains, Ponds, Streams, &c.—The names of Property holders generally—carefully including those who order the work—will be engraved upon the Map, showing the exact location of each.

Extra Maps of the Principal Villages will be engraved upon the margin of the Map; also a Table of Distances, showing the number of miles from each Post Office to every other throughout the county, together with the latest statistical information. An ornamental border will surround the Map.

The Map will be engraved by the most skillful Artists in the country, hand colored, and mounted, and will be delivered to those who order for Five dollars per copy.

We are now actively engaged in forwarding the work, and to give every property holder an opportunity of ordering a copy, and also of examining the work before its final completion; in order to make it entirely satisfactory as to accuracy.

The map will contain all the information usually found in Town maps, for each of the towns in the county, and it is obvious that the most liberal patronage, together with the latest statistical information, of so great magnitude and expense, as it is evidently of such practical utility and interest to business men and citizens generally, presenting so many and so valuable a representation of the county, that even the child may readily acquire a correct idea of each town, village, &c., and their true directions, distances from each other, we confidently solicit and expect the hearty co-operation of the intelligent and enterprising citizens of Centre County.

S. D. TILDEN, Publisher.

These maps are sold exclusively by the Publisher, and no variation in price. No more maps are printed than what are actually ordered.

We the undersigned, having examined the recent surveys and drafts of Centre County, also Topographical Maps of other counties, prepared by Mr. S. D. Tilden, take pleasure in recommending a Topographical Map of this county, which is very much needed, being of great practical value to business men and citizens generally, and from his united testimonials and recommendations, we have made a list of names of persons who have made surveys and published county maps—We feel confident they will be found to be reliable and useful Map and Directory well worthy of liberal patronage.

We hope the citizens of this county will interest themselves in this enterprise, by ordering a copy of the Publisher may engrave upon the margin of the map, extra plans of the villages in the county upon an enlarged scale.

Consent of the Board of Supervisors of the whole county, and being entirely a local work we think it is offered to the citizens on very reasonable terms.

Wm. F. Reynolds, James T. Hale, John Hoffer, Adam Hoy, Wm. A. Thomas, E. C. Humes, Ira C. Mitchell, H. N. McAllister, J. S. Barnhart, A. A. Beaver, Cyrus T. Alexander, Ed. Blanchard, H. Brookhart, Geo. W. Wilson, Geo. J. Potter, Geo. Livingston, Jacob V. Thomas, Geo. A. Fairbank, Jas. H. Rankin, James F. Riddle, John Tomber, James T. West, George W. Hill, John T. B. Wilson, James Linn, J. B. Mitchell, E. Greene, J. H. Stover, R. G. Durham, Sam'l Linn, H. P. Harris, A. S. Valentine.

Aug. 23, 1860.—H. F.

How long Maxime had wanted to offer these words of sympathy, and now it was done; he said it in a way that no one else could, and it did not offend Felicitia, but it confirmed her in the belief that Paul was very indifferent and regardless of her happiness. Felicitia would not for the world have betrayed her weakness at that moment by allowing that naughty tear to come in her eye; but her heart was too full, how could she avoid it? Maxime saw his power, and postponed further words of condolence until another time. So, turning gaily to Felicitia, he proposed a game of chess, and with a slight attempt at a whistle, he expressed a wish that Paul would come, as he wished to see him very much.

After Felicitia laid aside her sewing and became absorbed in her game, she almost forgot that Paul was absent, and in the society of one whom she liked as well as Maxime, although she dare not acknowledge it, hardly to herself, the evening passed away pleasantly.

When Paul returned it was nearly ten o'clock, and Maxime was still there. After his little matter was transacted with Paul, and he had gone, Felicitia expressed a regret that Maxime should come there so often in her husband's absence, and asked Paul if he thought it was right; and, just like any other woman, who always relates everything to her husband that she hears, she repeated what Maxime said in regard to Paul's neglecting her so much, and then, in tears, begged him to spend his evenings at home since he had no business to call him away. But Paul was tired and sleepy, and gave his wife to understand that the subject was not a pleasant one to him; and, without betraying the least part of jealousy towards Maxime, he allowed the subject to end.

Paul and Felicitia had been married but a year, and he was a rather inarticulate husband in plainness seen. The next evening and the one succeeding, and in fact every evening, Paul continued to absent himself from home, and finally Felicitia did not even ask him to remain, since she knew it was wholly useless. He came to eat and sleep, just as if he had been boarding there, and went away again, either to his office, or to some place of amusement, or elsewhere; and he appeared willing to allow her the same privilege, to go or stay, to sit all alone or have the company of Maxime, who continued his visits generally under the plea that he wished to see Paul, and would wait until his return. In this way matters went on until Felicitia, finding so much more happiness

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The story is soon told. One night, when Paul returned to his home, his wife was not to be found. Poor, erring Felicitia, had eloped with Maxime. A note addressed to Paul explained the cause of her departure. Now, for the first time, Paul saw his great folly and mistake, and only wished he could recall Felicitia to his home, and he would amend. It was too late. Maxime and Felicitia had sailed for Europe, and there they made their home. However unjustifiable such a proceeding on the part of Felicitia, can we acquit Paul of blame? Had he been less neglectful she would not have fallen.

When the celebrated Grotius was imprisoned in the castle of Louvestein, his wife followed him thither to endeavor, by her presence and affectionate attentions, to alleviate the miseries of a long captivity. While there, her tenderness suggested a singular stratagem for his escape.

Grotius was at that time occupied in writing the works which acquired for him so great a celebrity, and having occasion for a great number of books, he requested and obtained permission to borrow all that he should require. He sent a large trunk for these books, into which he likewise put his own linen with that of his wife. When he had consumed these books and was done with them, they were returned and fresh ones brought in like manner.

After about a year and a half had elapsed during which Grotius had undergone a rigorous captivity, his wife, observing that the guards, weary of finding nothing in the trunk but books and linen, no longer took the pains to search it, persuaded Grotius to place himself in it instead of the books, having previously made some holes in the part where his head would lie, to admit the air. During two days before the execution of this project, she made him stay near the fire in an arm-chair, and she pretended to be much affected at her husband's indisposition. On the day that the books were to be taken away, having put Grotius in the trunk, she drew the curtains of his bed very close, and requested the man who fetched away the box to do so as quietly as he could. With much difficulty he placed it on his shoulders and carried it out, complaining bitterly of the heaviness of the burden. In this manner was Grotius conveyed to Gorcum, to the house of one of his friends, and from thence he went to Antwerp, disguised as a miller. Immediately after their departure, Marie had dressed herself in her husband's clothes, and taken a seat by the fire, lest the jailer should come in; but when she thought her husband in safety, she went herself to inform the guards of his escape, upbraiding them with the little care they took of their prisoners. Ashamed to construe this contrivance into a crime, they permitted her to rejoin her husband.

Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through a bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend is a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood running through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such occasional demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

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Why Felicitia Fell.

BY INA CLAYTON.

"Paul, don't, please don't go away to-night," urged Felicitia Mitford, as her husband rose from the tea-table and took his hat to go.

"Why not, Felicitia?"

"There are many reasons, Paul, you know them all; but if you will persist in leaving me alone so much, I cannot, in my weakness, promise you the result."

Nevertheless, Paul took his hat and cane and left, without even an apology, a kiss, or a promise to be back early. Where he spent all of his evenings his wife knew not, for he never told her anything; and she was left in painful uncertainty as to his course.

"I hope Maxime will not come to-night; or, in fact, again at all, for I am afraid I am getting to think too much of his society, and he is fond of mine. I can see it in every word and act. Oh, if Paul would stay at home in the evening, and try to make himself agreeable, how happy I should be; he knows I am nearly a stranger in this place where he has brought me, and he ought not to leave me alone, feeling so lonely all the time."

Thus soliloquized Felicitia after Paul had left her; and, leaning her head upon the table, she wept bitterly.

At length a footstep arrested her attention on the step, then a knock, and she wiped the tear from her cheek and went to the door. It was he, Maxime Baneroff, just the one she most feared to see, and yet the one with whom she could pass the evening in such delightful converse. Must she summon all her woman's courage, and tell him at once that his visits were out of place, and uncalculated for her husband's absence? She had half-expected to do it, but once again in his presence, beneath the influence of his smiles, and his kind courteous words, she found it was not in her heart to do so.

"Have you been weeping, Mrs. Mitford?" asked Maxime, after he had divested himself of his hat and overcoat, and availed himself of a seat on the sofa.

Felicitia averted her face and said "no," at the same time pleading a headache.

"Where is Paul? Gone again, as usual? I want to see him on a matter of business; will he be home soon?"

Felicitia assured him she did not know when he would return, or where he had gone; and she looked ready to cry when she said it.

Now an opportunity presented itself that Maxime had long wished for; he would just say a word, and say it very carefully.

"It is too bad that Paul should leave you so much alone; if I had a wife I know I never could find pleasure in others company so long as I knew she was at home so lonely and sad."

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Something about Burning Mountains.

Geological theorists assert that the inequalities on the earth's surface arise from the uplifting of volcanoes, earthquakes, etc. But the minute seams in sandstone formation indicate that the whole is the effect of depositions and precipitations, while in the submergence by the sea, and the advance and retreat during perihelion periods, we have aqueous agency required for the precipitation.

About two hundred active volcanoes are reported, of which eighty-nine are in the islands. Submarine volcanoes often throw up islands. The Azores, the Lipari, the Canaries, etc., are examples.

The ashes from volcanoes often produce total darkness from thirty to fifty miles around, and are thrown three hundred miles distant. Pieces of rock are ejected with the force of a cannon ball. Copaxi once threw a piece of one hundred cubic yards, eight miles. Fish ejected from volcanoes are those of neighboring waters.

Lava is a stony substance like basalt, and may sometimes be seen at the bottom of a crater, red hot, like melted iron, bubbling as it flows. When it overflows the crater it is very fluid. At Vesuvius, a red hot current of it was from eight to ten yards deep, two hundred or three hundred yards broad, and nearly a mile long.

In Mexico, a plain was filled up with it into a mountain one thousand six hundred feet high, by an eruption in 1759. Its heat was so great that it continued to smoke for twenty years afterwards, and a place of wood took fire three years and a half after it had been ejected, at five miles from the crater. Stones of immense size rise to the height of seven hundred feet, and others, darkening the air, full one hundred miles distant.

Thirty-one great eruptions of Atna have occurred within the records of history. In an eruption in 1693, the city of Catania was overturned in a moment, and 18,000 people perished in the ruins. The crater of Atna is a quarter of a mile high, on a plain three miles across. The mouth is a mile in diameter, and shelves come, lined with salts and sulphur. The central fiery gulf varies in size, and noises arise from it with volumes of smoke. D'Oroville descended by ropes near the gulf, but was annoyed by flames and showers of effluvia. Pompeii was destroyed by showers of ashes, and Herculaneum by hot mud, over which six streams of lava have since accumulated. They had recently been destroyed by an earthquake, and were rebuilding. In the barracks of Pompeii were found the skeletons of two soldiers fastened by chains; and in the vault of a country house was a perfect cast of a woman with a child in her arms.

Alleged Facts.

Even the experienced trainers of the prize ring cannot decide what is the best food for training men up to their greatest powers of endurance. They have a prejudice in favor of mutton chops, and under-done beefsteaks; but it is by no means sure that this is best. The Roman soldiers—who conquered the world, and built roads from Lisbon to Constantinople, and who were all trained athletes, marching under a weight of armor and luggage that few men in our day could carry—lived on coarse, brown wheat or barley bread, which they dipped in water.

In our own day, the Spanish peasants are among the strongest and most agile men in the world. He will work all day in a copper mine, or at the olive press, or the wine press, under a hot sun, and then dance half the night to the music of a guitar. What does he live on? A piece of black bread, an onion, perhaps half a watermelon. You may see him dipping his piece of bread into a horn of olive oil, and then into some vinegar, made hot with pepper and garlic, and he is happy. Sometimes he gets a draught of harsh, sour wine, but not strong. All the strong wine is sent to England.

The Smyrna porter walks off with a load of eight hundredweight. His only food, day after day, is a little fruit—a handful of dates, a few figs, a bunch of grapes, some olives. He eats no beef, pork, or mutton. His whole food does not cost him a penny a day.

The Coolie, living on his rice, can out-work the negroed on bacon. The Arab, living on rice and dates, conquered half the world.

The most tremendous muscular force, and the greatest powers of endurance, may be nourished upon a very moderate diet. We eat too much. Many people eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper