

master of Greek or Latin at fifty. Franklin commenced his philological researches about the fiftieth year of his age. Dryden, the most prolific of all the English poets, was not visited by the muses until he was seven and twenty, his most pleasing productions being in his old age. At sixty-eight he proposed to translate the Iliad. There is a design by Michael Angelo in extreme old age, representing an old man in a cart with an hour glass, with the inscription, *I am yet learning* Sir Christopher Wren, after he was eighty-six, spent five years in literary and scientific engagements. Necker says "the era of three score and ten is an agreeable age for writing." A French author thus opens a learned treatise.—"I should but ill return the favours God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life." Rodmer was occupied on Homer until after eighty, and Wieland on Cicero's Letters to a like age. Hobbes published his revision of the Odyssey in his eighty-seventh year, and his Iliad the next year. Adam Smith observed that "of all the amusements of age, the most grateful, is the renewal of acquaintance with the favorite studies and authors of youth." Mason wrote his most beautiful sonnet on the attainment of his seventy-second birthday. The great Chatham died in his seat in Parliament, in the midst of a speech which rivalled in brilliancy and power the most complete efforts of his earlier manhood. And so John Quincy Adams died in the Hall of Representatives with his harness on, never having exhibited more of the freshness and power of intellect, than within the last years of his eventful and useful life.

From these lessons let the old take courage, and the young draw instruction.

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT

In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labour can scarce be estimated. A late traveller saw a troop of them at work near Colombo, in the Commissariat timber yard, or civil engineers department, in removing or sowing logs and planks or rolling about heavy masses of stone for bunding purposes. I could not, (says he,) but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony. The lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe these uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunks lift it up on logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth was touched, but the difficulty was no sooner perceived, than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber placed one end of each piece on the ground, with the other resting upon the pile, so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four legged labourers rolled up the slope they had just formed, the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were placed perfectly square with the rest. The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weaknesses in the jungle bridges thrown across some of the streams of Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge, to try its strength, if that feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed, until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant, to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal, and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

THE PRINTER BOY.

WORDS BY JESSE HUCHINSON.

(Written for the ALLEGONIANS and sung by them at a Printer's Festival.)

I'll sing the song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing CAPITALS,
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who in the days that freed men's souls,
In Freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And bated for the right.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

And it was that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder clouds on high—
And brought the forked lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And trained him for the chase,
'Till now he's driven safe by Morse,
Right into the printer's Case.

Ben Franklin was that Printer Boy one of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and the sage,
Who fully justified by felth,
Was proved by every page;
His form corrected and revised,
Is now corrected and pressed;
A new edition in the shole,
A star among the best.

All honors to that Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

And now my brother Typos, take
'This reader for your guide,
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside—
Be frugal, chaste, and temperate,
Stick to the golden rule,
And you shall stand among the stars,
In the Printing Office school.

Just imitate the Printer Boy, one of the olden time.

'DOING' A DANDY.

BY G. L. BALLARD.

As the cars were about leaving a village in the interior of Massachusetts, not a long time since, a rather gawky specimen of humanity in the form of a Vermonter, was seen making big tracks for the depot, which he reached just in time to jump aboard the train as it departed. After for a moment drawing breath which he had lost in the race, Jonathan walked boldly into one of the cars, containing some twenty or thirty passengers, and pushing on with long, ungainly strides, seated himself by the stove, and after taking a long stare at the passengers around, commenced warming himself.

In the same car was a young man belonging to that class generally known as 'city dandies'. His person was small and thin, yet he was dressed in the extreme of fashion, his upper lip, as well as a portion of his face, was covered with sandy colored hair, while a stuffy starched collar, reached nearly to the top of his head. Indeed, he had a most execrable air, and whenever he spoke, his words were peculiarly mincing.

The dandy sat looking listlessly out of the window, as Jonathan entered the cars. Turning around and observing the character of the intruder, he seemed convinced that there was a rare opportunity for fun, which he determined not to let pass, and accordingly, Jonathan found himself the subject of the dandy's wit. But he could only bide the insults and jeers of the dandy, and seemed in fact unconscious of what was going on, until the latter nearly exhausted his fountain of blackguardism, when Jonathan for the first time looked towards the seat occupied by the dandy. As his eyes fell on that personage, he looked surprised—his face grew radiant, and relaxing his bronze features into a sort of a grin, he arose and strode across the car towards him.

"Wall, I s'wore" commenced the Vermonter; as he grasped the dandy's skinny hand within his own, and gave it a tremendous squeeze 'who'd a thought it didn't hardly know you at first. I say, old feller, how d'ye do? I'm really glad to see ye'.

Here a shriek from the dandy, uttered by a volley of curses, as he drew his almost crushed hand from the grasp, caused Jonathan to halt suddenly in his exclamation, and commenced apologizing for his rudeness.

I s'wore, I did not mean to hurt your hand, but it does seem good to meet old 'quandabees, especially among strangers 'praps, though, you don't remember me, but I do you, and that's just as well!

What do you mean you impudent pup? exclaimed the dandy, his pallid face crimsoned with anger.

'Oh, Mister, there's no use in flashing up, you can't deny it.'

'Deny what?' demanded the dandy emphatically. 'I say Mister,' continued Jonathan, not heeding the interruption, and with a knowing wink of the eye, 'so long since you got out?'

'Do you mean to insult a gentleman?' shouted the dandy, springing from his seat.

'Be quiet, friend,' said Jonathan, and then continued 'didn't they use you well there—give you good looks eh? or wasn't your cage large enough?'

'Begone, you scoundrel!' shouted the dandy, in kily.

'I say Mister, have you got that ring off your finger yet?' continued Jonathan, seizing hold of the dandy's starched collar of the other with such force as to start from its foundation, and cause it to hang by one ear down the dandy's back.

This was too much, the dandy could not endure. Pale and trembling with anger, he attempted to speak but words failed him.

'Look 'ere friends,' said Jonathan, addressing the amazed passengers, while he took the dandy by the collar and turned him round two or three times, so as to expose him to their view, 'praps you don't know it, but this is the very Ourang Outang that was exhibited at the Menagerie that came up to Vermont a month ago.'

The roars of laughter that rang through the car at this announcement were really alarming, every one was seized with consternation, and the conductor ran into the car to see what was the matter. At the station the dandy left the train, with bitter curses on his lips.

CURIOUS THEORY RELATIVE TO THE DELUGE.—The clergyman of Cincinnati, Rev. Mr. Stuart, has advanced a somewhat novel hypothesis respecting the account of the Deluge. He insists that it is an allegory and assumes that the ark is intended to represent a church established by Noah and his posterity, in which was incorporated every principle of doctrine and duty necessary for the salvation of man at that time. To enter the ark was to be confirmed in the life of piety which it represents. The flood of waters which is the emblem of an inundation of evil and unbelief, is alluded to various passages in Daniel, Isaiah, and the New Testament, for the purpose of showing that the encroachments, fallacious reasonings and false principles are not only compared in the scriptures to floods of waters, but are actually called floods and overflowing of rivers. This, he argues, is the real import of the flood in the time of Noah. The perdition of the millions by the Deluge is so understood, that in a spiritual sense, as the perishing of souls by the overwhelming influence of sin. In a lecture on this subject, delivered by Mr. Stuart, he advances the plausible a guments in support of his theory. A flood, like that described by Moses, the Reverend gentleman says, could not have taken place. His audience reject as an absurdity the idea of a universal deluge having occurred since the creation of the world. Geology utterly confutes this supposition. The Rev. Dr. Buckland, the orthodox Doctor Hitchcock, and many others equally worthy have abandoned the notion stand out for the literal flood except a small few who make the omnipotence of God the subject of physical impossibilities. These are Mr. Stuart's views as we find them reported in the Cincinnati papers and we give them as somewhat startling inasmuch as upon the general belief, without expressing any doubts as to their soundness.—American paper.

Infanticide prevails to a fearful extent in some parts of China. Some parents spare only one or two or five of their daughters. This inhuman practice prevails more generally among the poor, but is confined to them, the rich not unfrequently commit the same crime. The civil law seems to take no notice of it. One reason assigned for this practice, is the expense of giving the daughters a respectable education.

How grand and impressive is the scene at midnight, where "millions of suns" shower beauty on the sleeping earth in science. In each an hour, waking mind must commune with itself, with the past, and with the future. Long pen-up thoughts flash on fresh combinations with the past, the present, and the future, occupy their place. A Divinity is seen, acknowledged, above, within, and around us, the quiescent pulse of nature seems emblematic of a rest beyond the tomb.