

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XII.

"ABSTINENCE OF DEBILIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 44.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 16, 1850.

### THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,  
To wandering birds and bees,  
And treasured still in many a dream,  
They are no longer here;  
A huge red mound of earth is thrown  
Across the glen so wild and lone,  
The stream no cold and clear;  
And lightning speed and thundering sound,  
Pass hourly o'er the nightly mound.

Not this alone for many a mile  
Along that iron way,  
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile  
In summer's glory gay;  
Three chasms that yawn as though the earth  
Were rent in some strange mountain birth,  
Whose depths exclude the day;  
We're borne away at headlong pace,  
To win from time the weary race!

The wayside inn, the homelike air,  
No longer greets the guest;  
To taste its unpretending fare,  
Or seek its welcome rest,  
The plucking team—the merry horn—  
The cool fresh road at early morn—  
The coachman's ready jest;  
All to distant dream-land gone,  
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,  
And eyes that own no tear,  
For nothing now the space which parts  
The distant from the dear,  
The wing that to their cherished nest  
Bears him the bird's exulting breast,  
Has found its rival here,  
With speed like hers we too can haste,  
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me I care along the line  
To watch the approaching train,  
A gleam it still, 'twixt me and mine,  
A risk but welcome gain,  
To be in a world, whose ties  
I'm passing by to sever ties,  
But here may try in vain;  
To find as how many an art  
To keep the employers to keep apart.

## THE CHILD'S FAITH: OR, WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

There lived a little boy, a little child, of three years of age, of those bright creatures whose faces seem more of heaven than of earth—his eyes were of a deep blue, his hair was of a golden brown, and his cheeks were of a ruddy hue. He was a cherub in the eyes of his friends, and a little angel in the eyes of his mother. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king.

It was in autumn that the little boy was seized with an illness. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king.

It was in autumn that the little boy was seized with an illness. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king. He was a little child, but he was a little man, and he was a little king.

shook the windows, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francis's quailed at night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as he excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and wailing; then something trilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francis knew he was snug and safe himself: no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast hope, and in the morning, telling of it all, with all his marvellous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, "Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking night, when once the summer comes!"

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that had waited for so long! Living almost continually in the open air, he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as it proved that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group amusing themselves in part of the garden when some friends passed through. Francis, longing to show how much he could do, interposed hard to be taken with them "along the walk just to the holly bower." His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower, but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fugal color went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No; with a heavy sigh he admitted, "It is a very long walk, now; but Francis must not be tired; sure the summer is come." And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright promise around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francis to degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp air nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdeeds, as the cause of his sufferings. He sat down to rest: above his head, as the autumn breeze swept through them, the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play; and as little Francis looked upwards towards them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, with more thoughtful eyes, he said,

"Mamma, is the summer quite gone?"  
"Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the tool of winter for the little birds?"  
"Quite gone, mamma; and Francis not quite well?"  
His mother looked away; she could not bear the child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful face called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she felt a soft, a gentle kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again as he exclaimed, in joyous tones,

"Mamma, the summer will come again!"  
Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the care-worn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after experiment and anxious watch, until at last she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, it bravely stemmed our present trouble, whatever it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, "even as that little child!" we hold the thought, that as the retreating year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be then—when this grief or grievance will have passed away—and so will all seem nothing—when the summer comes.

The Cow-Talk.—On the parched side of a rock on the mountains of Venezuela grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower, its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time, the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens as it surfaces. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock. It is named the *palo de vaca* or cow tree.

Good Advice.—Never attempt to strike the guilty, where, by a misdirected, or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain, if your efforts in doing so are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wage a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not glad to see him. Never forget when you meet, to recognize your friend and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor. Never quarrel without a sufficient cause, but, if it be necessary to take up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly put to an end. Never betray confidence of any kind, but more particularly that of a woman.

### Adventure in a Mill.

A gentleman in New York, formerly of this section, related the following incident while we were enjoying the luxury of a cool sea breeze on a hot summer's night. The subject of conversation was the narrow escapes from death that are often experienced by mankind in the ups and downs of life.

When my father, said he, emigrated to Jefferson county, in the days of its first settlement, he located with his family in one of the southern towns. Among other improvements on his premises, there had been erected, one of the first essentials to a new settlement—a saw mill. It was one of those old fashioned concerns, common in those days, rigged with the huge undermill water-wheel, long heavy pitman, and cumbersome saw-frame. Those unyielding wheels are now quite forgotten in the improvements that have been made in these agents, but I shall never forget the one attached to my father's mill.

I was engaged in getting out lumber when an accident happened to the water-works, and I went alone the next day to repair the damage. Carelessly kneeling upon one of the float-boards of the wheel, without observing the position of the crank, I proceeded to survey the nature of the derangement. While thus occupied, I did not observe the slight motion towards a revolution which had commenced by the wheel, capped by my weight, and my attention was first called to the nature of my situation by a slow heavy pressure above my knee. At a glance I comprehended the peril that I was in, and made an effort to extricate myself, but I was too late: I was fast wedged between the floats of the wheel and the fill of the flume.

With considerable alarm I now observed that the crank of the wheel was turned up, and that my weight had slightly moved it from the perpendicular. A moment's reflection increased my alarm, as I fully comprehended that the heavy pitman and the saw frame above that, were pressing with their combined weight upon the crank.

To complete the horror of my situation, I perceived that the crank was moving almost imperceptibly, and I knew that without instant relief I should inevitably be crushed to death between the wheel and the flume. I gazed around and called loudly for help; but no human being was near; and no answer was given to my cries. My eyes fell again upon the crank; it was still moving and drawing me into the awful death. I now looked around for some object to interpose between the wheel and the flume, and saw an axe that I had brought with me lying at one end of the wheel; but the joy that was lit up within me by the sight of this object was dispelled in a moment, on finding that I could not reach it. In my desperation I then tried to wrench something from the wheel, but everything resisted my almost strength. My last hope was that somebody might pass upon the road which ran along the opposite bank of the stream; this hope died within me when I reflected how seldom it was that travellers came that way.

The crank had now reached an inclination of about thirty degrees, and I knew that its motion would soon become fearfully accelerated. My limbs had gradually benumbed, as the circulation of the blood was interrupted; and in a sort of listless despair I laid back upon the wheel, and then, in obedience to maternal instruction, I called upon heaven for help. While thus I lay, half supplicating and half complaining, my thoughts turned with sort of impious alacrity, from the Almighty to a noise on a bridge that crossed the stream below the mill, and I fairly screamed with delight as I recognized the sound to be that of a horse's tread. After crossing the bridge the horse commenced a slow trot, and I knew there must be a rider upon him although the bushes on the roadside prevented me from seeing him. When the sound came opposite the mill, I hallooed, as I supposed, loud enough to be heard forty times the distance to the road; but owing to exhaustion my voice could not have reached far, for the horse did not stop. Still the sound moved on, and as I fell back, in utter despair upon the wheel, it seemed to me that the horse and its rider, in that steady tramp—tramp—tramp, were barbarously treading upon my heart.

This disappointment was so great that, for a while I settled into a partial unconsciousness. A squeak of the pitman on the crank, however, recalled me again to the horrors of my situation. My limbs had been gradually drawn down so that the wheel would soon commence crushing my body; the crank would, in a minute or two, attain a horizontal position, after which the wheel would revolve with fearful rapidity, and I was utterly without hope. Then my heart went up to Heaven in an earnest heartfelt prayer, and I reproached myself for the selfish manner, in which I had looked up to the Great Throes, but a moment before. The scenes of my past life flitted palpably before my vision, with great humiliation, I besought forgiveness for the error of my ways. This communion gradually reconciled me to my fate; and feeling no pain, in my reverie, it seemed that I was floating in a delicious atmosphere up to the realms of bliss.

These delightful sensations were interrupted by a sound of something near me, and gradually opening my eyes, I discovered the figure of a man standing on the beam by the flume. He seemed to be an angel from Heaven. Again inspired by hope, I gave a faint cry of joy. The man turned round, and as he saw me in an instant he bounded to the crank, and endeavored to raise it with his shoulder, but could not. He then seized a plank, and placing it under the crank, secured it from lowering any further down. Then I heard him adjusting a lever, and in a short time, the unexpected felicity of feeling myself gradually elevated from my terrible situation, by the slow turning back of the wheel, caused me to faint entirely away.

When I again opened my eyes, I was lying upon the green grass, and my preserver, by chafing my limbs, had partially restored sensibility to my

half dead body. With both hands I feebly grasped one of his, not endeavoring to speak; and the pleasant but anxious smile that lit up his countenance, told me that he appreciated my acknowledgments of gratitude.

My deliverer happened to be a man with whom I was well acquainted, and he was also the man that passed the mill when I was in my perilous situation. He heard a faint noise as he rode by, but being engaged in thought he was not attracted by it. While going up a hill shortly afterward, the train of his reflections was broken, and then it occurred to him that possibly the noise might have been a cry of distress. To be perfectly sure, he turned his horse and came back, and thus was I most providentially rescued.—*Waterford Journal.*

### THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A traveller from journeying  
In countries far away,  
Repassed the threshold at the close  
Of one calm Sabbath day;  
A voice of love, a kindly face,  
A kiss of chaste delight,  
Were the first things to welcome him  
On that blessed Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,  
Before its friendly blaze,  
And conjured up mixed memories  
Of gay and gloomy days;  
Of one calm Sabbath day;  
Of one calm Sabbath day;  
Of one calm Sabbath day;  
Of one calm Sabbath day;

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,  
With eager earnest tone;  
"I long to press them and to mark  
How lovely they have grown;  
How many months have passed away  
Since I went off to sea;  
To feel how sad and lone I was  
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as his needful," said  
The fair and faithful wife,  
The while her pensive features paled  
And stirred with inward strife;  
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,  
I ask it as a boon;  
Our children are resting, lone;  
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,  
She pressed him to partake;  
He sat down humbly at the board,  
And all for her sweet sake;  
But when the fragrant feast was done,  
The thankful prayer preferred,  
Again affection's fountain flowed;  
Again his voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,  
I'm in an ardent mood;  
My soul lacks pure aliment,  
I long for other food;  
Bring forth my children to my gaze,  
Or ere I rage or weep,  
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes,  
Before the hour of sleep."

I have a question yet to ask:  
Be patient, husband dear,  
A stranger once suspicious morn,  
I'll send some jewels here;  
Until I take them from my care,  
But yesterday he came,  
And I restored them with a sigh—  
Doth thou approve or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou  
Shouldst breathe such words to me;  
Restore to man, resign to God,  
Whatever is lent to thee;  
Restore it with a willing heart,  
Be grateful for thy trust;  
Whatever may tempt us to try, wife,  
Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand,  
And up the moonlit stair,  
She led him to their bridal bed,  
With mute and mournful air;  
She turned the cover down and there  
In grave-like garments dressed,  
Lay the twin children of their love,  
In death's serene rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,  
Which God has designed to own;  
The precious caskets still remain,  
But ah, the gems are down;  
But thou didst teach me to resign  
What God alone can claim;  
He giveth and he takes away,  
Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,  
The mother dropped apart;  
We grant the woman's sorrow gushed  
From her o'erburdened heart;  
And with the striving of her grief,  
Which wrung the tears she shed,  
Were mingled loss and loving words  
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,  
He veiled each breathless face,  
And down in self-abasement bowed,  
For comfort and for grace;  
With the due elegance of woe,  
Poured forth his secret soul,  
Most fit, and sweet and calm,  
In spirit called and woe.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,  
"I learn this lesson still,  
God gives, and God can take away,  
Blest be His holy will!  
Blest be the children for they live  
From sin and sorrow free,  
And am I not joyless, lone,  
With faith, hope, love, and thee?"

The Albany Dutchman says with more truth than poetry, that the only people that hope, are the poor. The rich live in fear. Reduce a man to one pair of breeches, and his view of futurity is as buoyant as a cork. Make a millionaire of him, and he will worry from year end to year end. Every gale of wind not only sinks his vessels, but his spirit, and the same configuration that only breaks up the nap of the loser, fills the mind of the rich man with fear, and trembling for the stock he owns in some insurance company.

Reverence.—A momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Somebody says: "The devil never troubles a busy man." This we know to be false. Show a busier man than the editor, and yet he is fortunate if he has no more than one "devil" to trouble him, especially when "copy" is short.

### The Boatman's Daughter.

The following remarkable story has all the interest of a romance; yet it is true, and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year of 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris. A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pet-child of sixteen? However the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse, than he and his daughter rowed most vigorously towards the other side.

Then when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, these worthy people crossed the river with the faint hope of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been badly treated my boy," said the old guardman to him; "but here am I, who have gone further on, and come home."

The silence and fixed attitude of Lieut. S. showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on the left side, would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter.

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of another such wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been somebody by to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him carry the officer, leaving his little daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a minute or two—What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear, dear mother!" said he; "I die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father had said; she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant, quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amidst this holy operation, the sound of footsteps was heard and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up with two soldiers when he saw Lieut. S., whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes, and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child, and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when the father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised up her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words:

"You have saved my life—it belongs to you." After this she tended him, and became his nurse; nothing would he take unless it came from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile master Cupid, who is very busy in such cases, gave him another wound, and there was only one way to cure it, so very deep it was—The boatman's daughter became Madam S.—

Her husband is now, not a simple lieutenant, but a lieutenant general; and the boatman's daughter is as elegant and graceful a lady as any you see at court.—*London Journal.*

Work is for world's rise.—Richard Burke being found in reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the house of Commons by his brother, Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied: "I have been wondering how God has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family, but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior, in natural talents, to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young man, if you would rise; but work! work! work!

A FORTUNE.—There is nothing like a faithful wife; under God our real or wage for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is still full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in this world; prosperity and happiness depend chiefly on our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, "equal to either fortune," who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty; and who under all circumstances, will be truly his help-mate.

TO PARENTS.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old, for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and the reason of things, and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will himself be astonished at the progress which will be made.

The Albany Dutchman states that a gentleman of that city has invented a water-proof shirt, for which he has taken out a patent. The fronts are made of sheet iron, while the ruffles consist of a hand-saw, with the teeth set wide.

### How to Gain a Vote.

In a neighboring State there is a county which has always been divided between family parties, and elections are nowhere more hotly contested. In former years these two parties were severally headed by Major D—, and old Squire John A—, and every returning election for members of the Legislature witnessed a conflict between them, in which each found the other "worthy of his steel." Year after year the contest was kept up, and neither gained any material advantage. The majority for either never exceeded ten votes.

About the year 182—, the excitement was at the highest, and it was expected that the race would be even closer than usual. But as the canvass progressed, the major exhibited an elation of spirit, and old John a corresponding depression, which equally, though differently, affected the friends of both.

One day, about a week before the election, the Squire, and one of his warmest friends, whom we will call Jones, were at the house of the former, examining the calculations he had made—according to which the Major would be elected by one vote. There was, however, one man counted among the Major's friends, who was considered a little doubtful. To secure his vote would be to change the election, and while they were endeavoring to devise some scheme by which this could be effected, old John happened to look out and saw the man himself, whom we will call Long, not far off approaching the house. A bright thought seemed suddenly to strike him.

"I got it, Jones, but haven't time to explain: pick a quarrel with Long, and don't take offence at anything I do."

Jones believed implicitly in old John, and nodded, wondering what was to be done.

By this time Long came up, and was cordially welcomed. Pretty soon old John had occasion to leave for some purpose, and returning in about ten minutes, found his visitors engaged in a hot dispute about the election. Long made some attempt to change the subject, but Jones would not permit it, and began to use rough language. Here John interfered, and expressed surprise at the conduct of Jones. A temporary cessation followed, and the dispute was renewed with greater violence on the part of Jones. Jones had taken his cue. Again old John interposed, and threatened to drive Jones out of the house if he persisted. The calm was this time still shorter, and again the dispute was renewed. Old John rose from his seat, and marched up to Jones, seized him by the collar—Jones made a sham of resistance, but suffered himself to be led to the door, and summarily rejected. Halting when he reached the gate, he turned his wrath upon old John, swearing that he had always supported him, but that he had now been imposed on for a man that had always been against him, and he'd never get his vote again.

As soon as Jones left, old John turned to Long and seemed much affected.

"I have lost one of my best friends, Mr. Long, but—"

Long eagerly interrupted him.

"No Squire, if you've lost one, you've gained another. I'm going to vote for you!"

A glass of good old Nash soon followed, and that year old John was elected by one vote.

Jones and old John kept dark till the election was over, but after that they had many a hearty laugh over the scene we have described above.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE HONEY-BEE IN AMERICA.—The native tribes of America say that hive-bees were originally introduced among them from Europe, but when and by whom none of them could tell. The only name they have for them is the "white man's fly," and they regard their wider diffusion as indicating the encroaching progress of the white settlers. It is said that the first planters in New England water saw any bees there; that the English introduced them to Boston in 1670; and that since then they have spread over the whole continent. Washington Irving has written an account of the progress which the hive bee is making westwards in America; and about sixty years ago, when Bartram inquired how it was that westward, among the Creek Indians, he had seen no bees, he was told by a Dr. Grant that there were few or none west of the 14th degree of Florida, and but one hive in Mobile, which had been lately brought from Europe. The English suppose that there were none in the country, not finding any when they took possession after the Spanish and French. Bartram was also assured by the traders that there were no bees in West Florida, which he thought extraordinary and almost incredible, since they were so numerous all along the eastern coast, from Nova Scotia to East Florida, even in the wild forest, as to be thought by the generalities of the inhabitants aborigines of that continent. At the present time the honey-bee is abundant throughout the United States, both as a denizen of the forest and a dependant on man. Generally speaking, the settler in the backwoods prefers the precarious but luxurious supply afforded by those swarms which have deserted man, and taken up their abode in fissures of rocks or hollows of trees, to the more regular, but less abundant supply, from hives of his own.

The author of *A Tour on the Prairies*, says the Indians regard the bee as the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. The wild bee is said to be seldom met with at any great distance from the frontier. When the honey-bee first crosses the Mississippi, the Indians, with surprise, found the hives of their forests suddenly teeming with honey; and nothing can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unthought-of luxury of the wilderness. At present, the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers.—*Useful Facts and True Products*, by J. B. FENNELL.