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TOWANDA:

Chureday Morning, March 5, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Evening Post.] THE BALLAD OF THE WHALE.

BY READ THORNTON The Northman lay on his iron cliff,

Outlooking the Norman sea; With his bold, blue eyes of wild emprise, Abroad o'er the wave looked he

In a restless mood of solitude, He longs in the chase to roam .

"I've conquered the bear in the Tornean wood, And the shark by the deep Maelstrom !

"My fitting foe lived long ago-The mighty mastodon! His blue eyes bravely glance below-The chief from his cliff is gone!

'Tis the whale'! von whale, that tempts his sail, Like an island he moveth on-

"By the soundless sea, I'll conquer thee, Thou ocean mastodon!

He darted his skiff from the feet of the cliff. All armed with his corded spear : Soon the barb is dyed in the sea-beast's side,

With his hempen rein, o'er the ocean plain, More fleet than the sledge they go :

With the red setting sun a race they run, In the road of its ruddy glow!

And the storm waves kept a glassy calm, And the sea gods rose the chase to charm, And shouted -- "We'll ride with thee!"

And one of their troop the Norman chose To share in his daring deed; White was her breast as the Finland snows.

Her hair like the brown sea-weed. And thus they twain o'errode the main, And the Norseman's shirt of mail, With his shield he clashed, as they landward washed

Till he stranded the maddened whale That night, on the strand of the new west land, He built for his mermaid bride A bowery hut, and the oil he cut.

For a lamp, from the monster's side And from these two there sprang a crew, The boldest to spread the sail; And on every plain of the stormy main They chase the tumbling whale!

Original Sketch.

The Old Maid-a True Sketch.

Old Maid at last! yet for years the belle and beauty of her native place; one among eight "olive branches" which graced her fathmelody. The daughter of a very wealthy far-Sarah made her selection, but chose to remain unmarried, until she should have reached the

Edward Crozier was the accepted one; a tion. Already well to-do in the world, wanting only a help meet, to render him the happiest of men. Sarah's decision was unalterable-"No!" her invariable reply to his entreaties-"Upon my twenty-fifth birth-day I am yours, not before. We shall then have both arrived at a discreet age" But alas!

> The best laid plans of mice and men. Gang aft a'gly."

says the poet. So in this instance.

A few months before entering upon her twenty-fifth year, Sarah, was stricken down by liness; severe and as the event proved of long duration. Edward came, not to marry, but to condole with the afflicted fair one-reweed his yows and protestations, bade her be of good cheer, and departed. One, two, three Fars elapsed, Sarah was a bed ridden sufferer -Edward, a most patient and devoted lover, albeit, his hearthstone was lonely, needing sadan occupant, besides himself and maid-of-all Fork. Hoping still, "e'en against hope," to tee his affianced restored to strength and aclivity, he came one evening, and she pitying is dejected appearance, said, "Edward, it is seless to hope longer. I am fated to remain a life-long sufferer-your love is to me dearer than life, but you must not wear out your exisenee, vainly hoping for my recovery. You must marry. You are still young, and may hjoy many years of happiness, while I am en now, old in suffering, if not in years .--Come and see me as a dear friend, but seek ome other for a wife. Not a word? It must

"Good bye then Sarah; God bless and re. fore you," and he left her, as a lover to return more. A few short months, and he was earried, and happily. But with him we have heart no trace of emotion was visible in family of fifteen.

her countenance. Now she was alone-brothers, sisters-all married. Katie, Margaret, Phæbe and Lucy-John, William and Joel, had all formed new ties, none but her aged parents remained at the homestead.

One, two years more dragged their weary length along, and Sarah was thirty. An old Maid! Suddenly, she regained health and strength; became a robust woman. But what a change! her beauty was gone. Suffering had dimned the lustre of her eye-wrinkled her fair brow, and soured her once amiable disposition. The name of Edward Crozier never passed her lips, for what indeed, was he

With the active duties of farm life she busied herself; became as shrewd and keen at a bargain, as any other Yankee. By her thrift aud management, she soon accumulated a considerable sum of money, which she loaned her father as he required, taking as payment farm stock. The old gentleman was, for the times the farm, with stock, etc. to his wife. The remainder, divided equally, gave each child three hundred dollars. Before the death of her father. Sarah by means of loans, became the possessor of nearly all the cattle upon the farm, and at her mother's decease, sole owner of her property. What now! a wealthy, but most unloveable person. Years pass-infirmities creep slowly it is true, but surely upon the lone woman. She feels the need of companionship. Disposing of her tarm, she invests the proceeds and resolves to visit each (living) sister and brother in succession, spending thus her remaining years. She does so, and is welcomed at each home she enters. But the spirit of unrest is upon her. Her life has been without aim. Sixty years old! She must be near the end of her course. She makes her will, giving to each friend a considerable sum at her death which she feels will be soon. But ah! she is mistaken. Seventy years old! Living yet !! She would welcome death as a friend. Eighty. What a tedious ten years have been those last. Ninety years old-and baying seen brothers and sisters, all save her youngest brother buried, she, at his residence, of mortality. Was she not truly an old maid?

E. A. L.

FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY .- The paths of life are numerous—right and wrong—pleasant and easy—intricate and bestrewn with thorns. er's board. The most levely in person, where Who journeys on through the maze of circumer's board. The most lovely in person, where all were fair; how can we describe her? In stances which infallibly present themselves to mortal view, having faith at his right hand, ern side. Biggs finally waived his objections, may succeed in gaining the open road and tra- and they crossed Beaver, and proceeded with lofty, but low, well formed and white-hair, a vel therein to the end. And he whose heart pression. Seemingly amiable in every respect, its influence, succumbs to no ordinary obsta-Sarah McGoon bore the palm from all compectes; he has a friend by his side full of might titors. The old village of Ware, boasted not courages assists, and even when one huge such another one. First at all frolics, she was mountain of trouble is overturned, eagerly atalso at the head of the village choir, and her tacks another, should it be presented-brave, soprano voice, filled the little church with its | enduring, constant to the end of life's journey. But another friend would fain lighten the heart mer, she had many admirers, some, loving her life—a sweet, consoling, sympathizing friend own sweet self, others desiring her father's whose simple name is Charity. Would that more solid charms. With rare discrimination, man listened to her precepts, and and exercised them more fully amongst his fellows! What heavenly peace surrounds and accompanies through life the mortal who acknowledges and obeys her dictates ! What bickering, jealousies, hatred, anger and strife, would not the fine young man-full of life, vigor and anima, full exercise of this heavenly virtue remove ! -Charity, fair sister! thou art the mainspring of all virtues; there is a holy influence n thy name : It is a purification to nature : it is a balm the angels use; an inexhaustable fount of peace and love, and good-will towards men. In all things, Charity, keep Faith at thy right hand; let Hope be the pole-star of thy mind. But Charity is a priceless jewel; bild her to t'y lea t with the virgin gold of love; she asks no other sustenance than tears. -Family Friend.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery, sat a colored girl with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with the commendable effort to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was to much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking toward that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep

What is that I hear?" Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the

entire congregation : "I don'no, sa, I spec' it dis here chile; but indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

Better that we should err in action than wholly refuse to refuse to perform. The storm is much better than the calm, as it declares the presence of a living principle.-Stagnation is something worse than death .-It is corruption also.

The less a man does, the more fuss he makes. A hen with one chicken does more Sarah butied this great sorrow, deep in scratching than if she were blessed with a am Captain Brady, for God's sake be quiet." as he had done during the day. So rapid was

From Graham's Magazine. Incident in the Life of Capt. Samuel Brady.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

About thirty miles from the present city of Pittsburgh, stood an ancient fort, known as Fort Mcintosh. It was built by a revolutionary gentleman of that name, in the summer of 1778. It was one of a line of forts, which was intended to guard the people who lived South of the Ohio river, from the incursions of one of the favorite resorts of the great Indian spy and hunter, Captain Samuel Brady. Although his usual headquarters was Pitsburgh, then consisting of a rude fort and a score or two of rough frontier tenements

Brady had emigrated westward, or rather had marched thither in 1778, as a Lieutenant in the distinguished Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of General Richard Broadhead, of Easton. When, in the spring of 1779, McIntosh retired from command in the West, Broadhead succeeded him, and remained at Pittsburgh until 1781. Shortly afwealthy. His will was made, giving one half ter his advent to the West, Brady was brevetted Captain.

Brady had served at the siege of Boston, fought at Long Island and White Plains, gone through the whole of the terrible campaign of Trenton and Princeton, suffered at Valley forge, distinguished himself at Germantown and Brandywine, and narrowly escaped death at But his tastes led him to the erratic mode of warfare known upon the frontier .-Indeed his early education upon the upper Susquehannah had inculcated and developed those tastes from the very earliest boyhood. an Indian with that instinctive hatred which is begotten in the bosom of the white race, by long years of contest and outrage, a bitter intensity was imparted to the feeling in this case by the murder of his father and younger brother by the Indians, under trying circum-

Having premised this much by way of introduction, it brings us to that eventful morning upon which Brady set out from fort McIntosh, for Pittsburgh. He had with him two of his trusty and well-tried followers. These were not attached to the regular army, as he was, but were scouts and spies, who had been with him upon many an expedition. They were Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs .-Brady resolved to follow the northern bank of the Ohio. Biggs objected to this, upon the ground as Brady well knew, that the woods were swarming with savages. Brady, howin the heart of Michigan, puts off the burden ever, had resolved to travel by the old Indian path, and having once made up his mind, no consideration could deter him from carrying out his determination. Bevington had such implicit faith in his ability to lead, that he never thought of questioning his will.

Quite a discussion arose between Biggs and his captain at the mouth of Beaver river, the habitual caution of woodsmen who undernoon came, the last piece of bottom land on lily of Gray upon their return. the northside of the river, just below what is known as the Narrows. Upon this bottom a pioneer, more daring than most others, had built a cabin, and opened a small spot of cleared land. He had planted it in corn, and it gave promise of a most abundant harvest.

But as they approached the edge of the clearing, just outside of the fence, Brady discovered "Indian signs," as he called them. quick as he, and at once, in low tones, communicated to each other the necessity for a keen watch. They slowly trailed them along the side of the fence toward the house, whose situation they well knew, until they stood upon the brow of the bluff bank which overlooked river. it. A sight of the most terrible description met their eyes. The cabin lay a mass of smouldering ruin; from whence a dull blue smoke arose in the clear August sunshine .-They observed closely everything about it .-Brady knew it was customary for the Indians when they had fired a settlers cabin, if there was no immediate danger, to retire to the woods close at hand, and watch for the approach of any member of the family who might happen to be absent when they made the descent. Not knowing but that they were even then lying close by, he left Bevington to watch the ruins, lying under cover, whilst he proceeded to the northward, and Biggs southward, to make discoveries. Both were to return to Bevington, if they found no Indians, If they came across the perpetrators and they were too numerous to be attacked regularly, Brady declared it to be his purpose to have one fire at them, and that should be the signal their way to the fort.

All this rapidly transpired, and with Brady to decide was to act. As he stole cautiously round to the northern side of the enclosure, he heard a voice in the distance singing. He listened keenly, and soon discovered from its passed rapidly in the direction whence the devil-may-care settler, who had built him a home miles away from the fort, where no one would dare to take a family but himself.

Brady wore, as he almost always did, the Indian garb, and had war-paint upon his face. He knew that if he showed himself upon the path, Gray would shoot, taking him to be an Indian. He therefore suffered Gray quietly to approach his lurking place. When the time came, he sprang forward ere the settler could have time to prepare, drew his tomahawk, and seizing him dragged him from his

Gray, with the instinctive feeling of one his progress, that the Indians had just kindled

vivid presence of mind which characterizes mortal foe whose presence they dreaded as those acquainted with the frontier life, ceased much as that of the small-pox, stood upon a at once to struggle. The horse had been star- huge rock looking down upon them. ted by the sudden onslaught, and sprung to one side. Ere he had time to leap forward, who was near. The Captain soothed the frigh-

tened animal into quiet. Gray now hurriedly asked Brady what the danger was. The strong, vigorous spy, turned Brady ordered them to attack success was ceraway his face unable to answer him. The set- tain. However impatient they were he rethe savages to the northward. This fort was tler's already anxious fears were thus turned turned at last. into realities. The manly form shook like an aspen leaf with emotion,—tears fell as large drops of water over his bronzed face. Brady permitted the indulgence for a moment, whilst he led the horse into a thicket close at hand and tied him. When he returned, Gray had sunk to the earth, and a great tremulous convulsion writhed over him. Brady quietly touchhim and said "Come." He at once arose, and had gone but a few yards until every trace of from their light slumbers, and he had been emotion had apparantly vanished. He was no longer the bereaved husband and father-he was the sturdy, well-trained hunter, whose ear and eye were acutely alive to every sight or the smallest twig.

He desired to proceed directly towards the house, but Brady objected to this, and they passed down toward the river bank. As they proceeded they saw from the tracks of the horses and moccasin prints upon the places where the earth was moist, that the party was quite a numerous one. After thoroughly examining every cover and possible place of concealment, they passed on to the southward and came back in that direction to the spot where Bevington stood sentry. When they reached him they found that Biggs had not returned. In a few minutes he came. He reported that the trail was large and broad; the Indians had taken no pains to conceal their tracks-they simply had struck back into the country, so as to avoid coming in contact with the spies whom they supposed to be lingering about the river.

The whole four now went down to the cabin and carefully examined the ruins. After a long and minute search, Brady discovered that none of the inmates had been consumed. This announcement at once dispelled the most harrowing fears of Gray. As soon as all that could be discovered had been ascertained, each one of the party proposed some course of action. one desired to go to Pittsburgh and obtain assistance-another thought it best to return to Mcintosh and get some volunteers there-Brady listened patiently to both these propo sitions, but arose quickly, after talking a moment apart with Biggs, and said, "Come."
Gray and Bevington obeyed at once, nor did Biggs object. Brady struck the trail and

began pursuit in that tremenduous rapid manner for which he was so famous. It was evident that if the savages were overtaken, it could only be done by the utmost exertion .-They were some hours ahead and from the number of their horses must be nearly all mounted. Brady felt that if they were not overtaken that night, pursuit would be utterly vily forward over one that had not yet been futile. It was evident that this band had been pulsates with hope; his mind fortified under stand their business. They had started early, south of the Ohio and plundered the homes of quick, his knife reached his heart and the tomand by rapid travelling they had reached, ere the settlers. They had pounced upon the fam- ahawk his brain almost at the some instant.

> Their leader kept steadily in advance. Occaonly to take it up again a mile or so in advance. the topography of the country, enabled him to anticipate what points they would make .--Thus he gained rapidly upon them by proceeding more nearly in a straight line toward the whole party. point at which they aimed to cross the Beaver

At last, convinced from the general direction in which the trail had led, that he could claimed nothing, must have slain at least six, divine with absolute certainty the syot at which they would ford that stream, he abandoned it teenth, Biggs shot. and struck boldly across the country. The accuracy of his judgment was vindicated by the fact that from the elevated crest of a long line of hills, he saw the Indians with their victims slowly filed away under the rays of the declining sun. There were thirteen warriors eight of whom were mounted-another woman besides Gray's wife was in the cavalcade, and two children besides his-in all five children.

The odds seemed fearful to Biggs and Bevington though Brady made no comments. The moment they had passed out of sight, Brady again pushed forward with unflagging energy, nor did his followers hesitate. There was not a man among them whose muscles were not as for both of his followers to make the best of tense and rigid as whip-cord, from exercise and training, from hardship and exposure. Gray's whole form seeemed to dilate into twice its natural size at the sight of his wife and chil-

dren. Terrible was the vengeance he swore. Just as the sun set, the spies forded the stream and began to ascend the ravine. It intonations, that it was a white man's. He was evident that the Indians intended to camp for the night some distance up a small creek sound came. As it approached, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a large tree.— about three miles from the location of fort Mc- losing nothing. Presently a white man riding a fine horse, Intosh, and two below the ravine. The spot came slowly down the path. The form was owing to the peninsular form of the tongue of that of Albert Gray, the stalwart, brave, the land lying west of the Beaver, at which they intended to encamp, was full ten miles from that fort. Here there was a famous spring, so deftly and cunningly situated in a deep dell, and so densely enclosed with thick mountain pines, that there was little danger of discovery. Even they might light a fire and could not be seen one hundred yards.

The proceedings of their leader which would have been totally inexplicable to all others, were partially, if not fully understood by his followers. At least they did not hesitate or question him. When dark came, Brady pushhorse. As he did so, he whispered to him: I ed forward with as much apparent certainty

who knew there was danger, and with that their fire and cooked their meal, when their

His party had been left a short distance in the rear, at a convenient spot, while he went Brady had caught him by the bridle. His forward to reconoitre. There they remained loud snorting threatened to arouse any one impatiently for three mortal hours. They discussed in low tones the extreme disparity of the force—the propriety of going to McIntosh to get assistance. But all agreed that if

He described to them how the women and children lay within the centre of a crescent formed by the savages as they slept. Their guns were stacked upon the right, and most of their tomahawks. They were not more than fifteen feet from them. He had crawled with-in fifty feet of them, when the snortings of the horses, occasioned by the approach of wild beasts, had aroused a number of the savages obliged to lie quiet for more than an hour until they slept.

He then told them that he would attack them. It was impossible to use fire-arms.sound, the waiving of a leaf or the cracking of they must depend solely upon the knife and tomahawk. The knife must be placed in the left hand and the tomahawk in the right. To Biggs he assigned the duty of securing their arms. He was to begin the work of slaughter upon the right, Gray upon the left, and Bev-

ington in the centre. After each fairly understood the duty assigned him, the slow, difficult, hazardons approach began. They continued upon their feet until they had gotten within one hundred yards of the foe, and then lay down upon their bellies and began the work of writhing themselves forward like a serpent approaching a victim. They at last reached the very verge of the line, each man was at his post, save Biggs, who had the fartherest to go. Just as he passed Brady's position, a twig cracked roughly under the weight of his body, and a huge savage, who lay within reach of Gray's tomahawk, slowly sat up as if startled into this posture by the sound. After rolling his eyes he again laid down and all was still. Full fifteen minutes passed ere Biggs moved,

then he slowly went on. When he reached his place, a very slow hissing sound indicated that he was ready, Brady in turn reiterated the sound as a signal to Gray and Bevington to begin. This they did in the most deliberate manner. No nervousness was permissable then. They slowly felt for the heart of each savage they were to stab, and then plunged the knife. The tomahawk was not to be used unless the knife proved inefficient. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night as they cantionsly felt and stabbed, unless it might be that one who was feeling would hear the stroke of the other's knife and the groan of the victim whom the other had slain. One of them had not been killed outright by the stab of Gray He sprang to his feet, but as he arose to shout reached. He started up, but Brady was too

All were slain by the spies, except one .-When the pursuit began, it must have been He started to fice but a rifle-shot by Biggs two o'clock at least, two hours had been con- rang merrily out upon the night air and closed sumed by the spies in making the necessary his career. The women and children alarmed exploration about the house, ere they ap- by the contest, fled wildly to the woods; but proached it, and in examining the ruins. Not when all had grown still and they were called, a word was spoken upon the ronte by any one. they returned, recognizing amid their fright, the tones of their own people. The whole sionally he would diverge from the track but party took up their march for McIntosh at once. About sunrise next morning the sen-His companions discovered them almost as The Captain's very intimate knowledge of tries of the fort were surprised to see a cavalcade of horses, men, women and children, approaching the fort. When they recognized Brady, they at once admitted him and the

In the relation of the circumstances afterwards, Bevington claimed to have killed three and Gray three. Thus Brady, who whilst the other two slew as many. The thir-

From that hour to this, the spring is called the "Bloody Spring," the small run is called "Brady's run." Few, even of the most curious of the people living in the neighborhood, just disappearing up a ravine on the opposite know aught of the circumstances which conside of the Beaver. He counted them as they ferred these names; names which will be preserved by tradition forever. Thus ended one of the very many hand-to-hand fights which the great spy had with the savages. His listory is fuller of daring incident, sanguinary, close hard contest, perilous explorations and adventurous escapes, than that of either of the Hetzels, or Boone, or Kenton. He saw more service than any of them, and his name was known as a bye-word of terror among the Indian tribes, from the Susquehanna to Lake

> AN ANECDOTE .- All are familiar with the story of the man who made a thousand dollars before breakfast one morning by marking what similar, that may never have seen print. A store was broken open one night, but strange to say, nothing was carried off. The propriethe next morning was making his brag of it,

"Not at all surprising,', said his neighbor the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they ?" Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them.

Too SMALL -- A Yankee, who went over to the mother country some time ago, was asked how he liked Great Britain. "Well," he said "England is a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy; but I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country was spection. so small I was afraid of walking off the edge.

A truly great man borrows no lustre.

The Smoky Chimney.

James Gray was a hard-working man, and his wife a decent woman, and each was disposed to add to the comfort of the other; but though they did all they could, they had a sad enemy to their peace, which often disturbed them-this was a smoky chimney-which so continually annoyed them, that they were frequently as peevish as though they had a delight in provoking each other. When James came home at night and would have enjoyed his meal in a clean house, and by a bright fire, he had to listen a full hour to the complaints of his wife, who declared that to sit in such a smoke as she did was unbearable. James thought it bad enough to endure the smoky chimney; but to bear, at the same time a scolding from his wife, for what he knew not how to avoid, troubled him sadly, and many a half hour did he sit brooding over his troubles and contriving how he should cure his smoky

One night when the smoke was making its way in every direction except up the chimney, and James was puzzling his brain, and trying to hit upon some plan to lessen the evil, a neighbor of his, a slater; popped his head in at the door.

"James,', said he, "you are in a pretty smother, and so you are likely to be, until you place a slate or two at the top of your chim-ney to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When the slater was gone, James determined that on the morrow he would do as he was advised, and put some tiles at the top of his chimney. By the time he had made this reso, lution, another neighbor a glazier, made his appearance.

"Master Gray !" said he, "why your chimney gets worse; I tell you what, you may try a hundred schemes, but none of them will do till you put a whirl-a-gig in your window-that is what you want, and you will have no peace till you get one."

Away went the glazier, and James began to think about having a whirl-a-gig in his window; but was a little puzzled whether to try the whirl-a-gig or the tiles.

"Holloa, James !" shouted a third neighbor, a brick-layer who was passing by, "here's a pretty smother; I suppose you mean to smother us all out !"

"No, no," said James; "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself, to wish to torment anybody else with it. Nobody knows what a trouble it is to me."

Why, now," replied his neighbor, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured directly; I was plagued just in the same manner, but a few bricks put all to rights, and now I have no trouble with the chimney at all."

This account set James Gray off a woolgathering once more; and whether to put slates at the top, to brick up closer the bottom of the chimney, or to have a whirl-a-gig in the window, he did not know. He mused on the matter before he went to bed, awoke two or his war cry, the tomahawk finished what the knife had begun. He staggered and fell healittle decided as ever. Just as he was about to set out for his work, old Allen Ingrim came by. Now Allen had the character of being a shrewd sensible old man, which character he well deserved so that he was often consulted

> in difficult cases. James Gray, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said James, "about my chimney; for it is the plague of my very

life, it smokes so sadly." "What have you done to it?" inquired old

'Why as to that," replied James, "I have done nothing but fret about it; for one tells me to do one thing, another, another ;-among three different opinions I am puzzled."

"There may be some sense in what they say." said old Allen; "and if I found it necessary I would take the opinion of all three: try them all, and see which is best."

No sooner was old Allen gone, than James went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time had put the slates on the chimney-top .-When James returned from his work at night. his wife told him that the house had not smoked quite as bad as it did before, but that still it was not cured. James went to the glazier : he put a ventilator in the window, which many people call a whirl-a-gig-this did wonders. James then went to the brick-layer, who in the morning bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draft quicker. When James returned, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire. and a good-tempered wife, and a house clear of smoke. Old Allen called again to know how matters went on, and was much pleased to hear "Now," said old Allen, "the next time

you get into a difficulty, instead of wasting your time fretting over it, listen to the advice of others, and to act on this plan will cure a thousand troubles."

ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRED .- " Dearest I will build thee a cot all covered with ivy in some secluded vale, close by a purling brook, meandering over its pearly bottom, incessantly babbling in dulcet tlnkling strains, 'love, love, love,' where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing, spicy aromas, that makes the eye languish, and the heart dissolve in liquid fires of love-where the tiny songsters that whirl in eternal space, warble nought but love. I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, cuiled from natures most ardent designs, warmest fints, and sweet smelling incense.'

"Dolphy, dear, don't forget to leave a patch for cowcumbers and onyens, the're so nice

Those who admonish their friends, says Plutarch, should use this rule, not to leave them with sharp expressions. Ill language destroys the force of reprehension, which should always be given with prudence and circum-

A want of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.