THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." VOL. XIX.—NO. 9.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 5, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

The farmer's heart was sad, his toil was vain,
His famished crops were crisping in the field,
For not one drop of life-sustaining rain
Did the red clouds of summer deign to yield.

The cattle 'neath the trees, with lolling tongue,
Gave up the search for herbage in despair,
And listless in the shade their heads they hung,
And chewed their cud with most desponding air.

The brook was dry, or stood, a muddy pool,
Whose stagnant waters none might dare to drink,
Which late, in crystal brightness, pure and cool,
Wooed with its song the thirsty to its brink.

The burning sun drank up the pearly dew
That evening, pitying, on creation shed,
And o'er the parched earth his hot beams threw—
The herbage sickened, and the flowers lay dead.

The river shimmered in his lurid rays,
The corn grew dry and withered as it stood,
The fainting birds scarce raised their tuneful lays
In dim recesses of the ancient wood.

Then man and vegetation prayed for rain—
The withered stalks, like famished hands, were raised ;
But day by day was man's petition vain,
The clouds arose and vanished as he gazed.

At length the blessed boon, so long withheld,
Came like an angel down in man's dismay,
Cheering the heart that well nigh had rebelled,
And giving joy where grief erewhile held sway.

The thirsty earth drank in with greedy tongue
The cooling flood that trickled o'er its breast ;
The trees abroad their arms enraptured flung,
And grass and flower once more upreared their crest.

The brooks again resumed their gladsome song,
And through the meadows took their cheerful way ;
Once more the corn its verdant pennons flung,
Once more the birds made merry on the spray.

The farmer's heart grew glad, and, on his knee,
His voice attuned with warm devotion's strain,
He poured his soul in gratitude to see
The blessed coming of the summer rain –

Which falls, like God's own spirit, on the dust
Of man's fallen nature, dead in sin and pain,
Till with a newer hope and holier trust,
It awakens into life and joy again.

Selected Tale.

Australian Jim Walker.

This name was avowedly an alias, but Jim always evaded any attempt to discover his real patronymic, which I have no doubt he had wilfully buried in oblivion, lest he should reflect disgrace on his family. I know that he never wrote to, nor received letters from, them. He told me once that he wished his friends to think him dead, and I have reason to believe that on more than one occasion he refused to notice advertisements in colonial papers, calling on him, by his true name, to communicate with them.

Jim's history—as I gleaned from him one night when a trifling act of kindness had opened his heart—was a sad, but common one. He was the child of very respectable parents.— The captain of the vessel in which he came out offered to take him back on credit ; but Jim's pride forbade his acceptance of this kindly offer ; he feared to be taunted with non-success ; "and," said he, "I'd have died rather than suffer that."

And, indeed, he seemed likely enough to die. A few occasional shillings were picked up by splitting wood for fuel ; but often he dined with Duke Humphrey, and slept in Nature's ante-room. At last, a settler recommended him to go up the country, and ply from station to station, in search of employment. He was sure of board and lodging, gratis ; and at any rate he might as well perish in the bush as on the banks of the Torrens. Jim followed this advice. "I had no swag, not even a blanket, to carry," said he ; "for I had parted with these long before. When I started out of Adelaide, a few pence, a plug of tobacco, an old clay pipe, a sharp knife, and a clear conscience, were all my possessions. I sunk my name forever ; I determined to forget it ; and I *have* forgotten it—except at times. The second day I got a berth at Grey's station, under Mount Lofty ; and when he asked my name, I said Jim Walker, and Jim Walker I've been ever since."

The great event in Jim's colonial career occurred when he was a shepherd on the Glen Lyon Run, situated on the borders of the Tatiara district. The blacks inhabiting that locality are justly dreaded for their untameable ferocity, which civilizing influences are apparently unable to counteract ; to the present day the Tatiara natives are noted for their savage onslaughts on defenceless Europeans. At the time of Jim's adventure these attacks were more numerous and deadly than they are now, so that the white settlers rarely stirred abroad unarmed.

Jim was appointed to one of the out-stations ; and as the country consisted principally of large open plains, he had a pretty easy time of it. The hut was snugly ensconced in a nook of the low rocky hills which formed the northern boundary of the Run. On these hills grew a few stunted she-oaks and dwarf honey suckle trees, interspersed with dense scrub, which afforded no inconsiderable screen from the hot winds. A single water-hole—the only summer vestige of winter torrents—was near at hand, and immediately in front of the hut was the nightly folding ground.

Jim's only companion in this lonely spot was Willie, the hut-keeper, a quiet Scotch body, with whose homely conversation Jim was fain to be content ; save when one of the overseers rode over from the head station, or a bullock-driver brought down stores, or a chance wanderer. The latter was, however, a very rare occurrence ; for the locality was as much out of the usual track.

One afternoon as Jim and his trusty dog Sandie followed the sheep homeward, he was surprised at not perceiving any signs of Willie. Imagining that the hot weather had overpowered that usually vigilant personage, Jim called loudly for him to "wake up," and help to fold the sheep. Receiving no answer, he hurried to the hut.

At the entrance he beheld a scene which, to quote his own expression, "made all the blood in his body run cold." There was poor Willie, lying on his face, nearly naked and bedabbled in gore. It was some time before Jim could muster courage to approach his old chum. When he did, he found that he was dead, and nearly cold, and a broken spear in his side betrayed that he had been murdered by the natives. The hut itself had evidently been rifled ; every particle of food, the store of flour, sugar, and tea, the blankets, knives, and every useful moveable, had been carried off. But what Jim mostly regretted was, that the pistol, an old-fashioned pepper-box revolver, was missing. Fortunately, he had taken his gun in the morning to shoot a few birds, if chance offered during the day ; and therewith, all the powder and shot remaining on hand. Still, six extra shots were not to be despised ; and he felt that the loss of the pistol added to his danger.

Now, all the horrors of his own position burst upon him. The head station was fully ten miles distant, and what enemies he might encounter on the road it was impossible to foretell. However, stay in the hut by himself he could not ; so he resolved to fold the flock, and then to set off through the bush, to give information of the event, and obtain assistance. In pursuance of this resolution he went out, and with the aid of the dog succeeded in folding the sheep.

Hoarse with shouting—for your true bushman can do nothing without making a great uproar—Jim went to the waterhole to drink, preparatory to starting on his perilous journey. He was just rising from the recumbent position necessary to enable him to reach the water, when Sandie gave a loud growl ; and, at the same instant, Jim saw the shadow of a human figure reflected in the water. Cautiously gazing around, he beheld several dusky forms moving through the thick undergrowth of the opposite range. His first impulse was to fly ; but aware of the necessity of concealing his alarming discovery, he mastered his emotion, and ordering the dog to follow, walked quietly back to the hut.

Barricading the door as well as circumstances would permit, Jim sat down on one of the old stumps which supplied the place of more convenient seats ; and striving to divest his mind of untimely fear, debated within himself the propriety of attempting to elude the wily savages who were in the immediate vicinity. But the more he thought of it, the more impracticable it appeared. To run the gauntlet through an unknown number of enemies was almost certain death. On the other hand, to remain quiescent presented only the prospect of prolonging torture, and final destruction. However, there was no help for it at present, and unable to form any decisive plan of escape, Jim did the very best thing he could : he made his little fortress as secure as possible, and awaited the result.

The hut was built in the ordinary bush-fashion, of huge, upright slabs of timber—the lower ends being inserted in the earth, and the upper nailed to strong beams. The interstices were filled with the fibrous coating of the stringy-bark-tree, daubed over with clay to render it wind-proof. The roof consisted of large sheets of bark, and the only window was an aperture about a foot square. This, Jim filled with an old sack, which the natives had probably overlooked. The chimney occupied nearly one side of the hut, and was built of sods, supported on the exterior by a closely-slabbed wall to the height of six feet ; the upper portion closing inward on all sides to the top, was composed of rough palings, or slips of bush timber, split to a moderate thickness. The interior formed only one room, about twelve feet long and ten feet wide, which sufficed its inmates for all purposes.

Night speedily closed in, and in darkness and silence sat Jim with the mangled corpse of the hut-keeper in one of the sleeping berths wherein he had laid it, and the dog crouching uneasily at his feet. The poor brute was with difficulty kept from howling aloud, and once or twice he ran to the door and moaned uneasily. He evidently comprehended that danger was nigh.

How long Jim remained in this state of suspense he could never be positive. It seemed like half a lifetime, he said. After a weary interval Sandie growled sullenly, and sat erect; his ears thrown back, and his eyes glistening in the darkness like balls of fire. Listening attentively, Jim heard a faint noise as of some one treading on dry twigs. Then Jim knew that the savages were coming.

Next moment the latch of the door was cautiously lifted, and a gentle pressure made against the fastenings. With a beating heart, Jim held the dog, and by gestures forbade him to move or bark. The wonderful instinct of the animal enabled him to comprehend these mute commands, and he lay down quietly on the floor.

Soon the sack, which Jim had placed in the aperture, was noiselessly withdrawn, and a dark visage appeared in its place. And now Jim could scarcely hold the excited dog, who would fain have sprung at the intruder. But the hole was too small to permit the entrance of his foes, and feeling that every grain of powder in his scantily furnished flask would be required, he even refrained from firing, and on the withdrawal of the intrusive head refilled the aperture with a block of wood.

Whilst so engaged the natives uttered a yell so unearthly that Jim shook with terror ; indeed, he afterwards acknowledged that he was near swooning. Almost simultaneously a rush was made at the crazy old door, which nearly gave way, and it appeared certain that another such shock would burst it in. To lie still, and be worried like a badger, was not in Jim's nature. With his sheath-knife he cleared a space between the slabs sufficiently large to admit the muzzle of his gun, and in such a position as to command the approaches to the door. By the clear starlight he perceived some ten or twelve naked savages grouped in front. Again yelling hideously, they rushed forward for another assault. As they came on, Jim levelled his piece, and fired both barrels. In all probability this saved the door, for two of the assailants fell screeching to the ground, and the shock was but slight. Sufficient damage, however, was inflicted to break the upper hinges, and force the door from its proper position.

Sandie, more valorous than prudent, sprang into the breach thus formed, and was thrust down by his master, just in time to escape a shower of spears which the enraged blacks hurled at the opening. The jeopardy from these weapons was now imminent ; but by a vigorous effort, Jim pushed the door into an erect position, and re-secured it with poles hastily torn from the rough bunks, or sleeping berths of the hut. Then, reloading his gun, he repaired to his impromptu loophole.

He had done mischief to his wild enemies. Their wounded had been carried into the scrub, and a small party came warily out to reconnoitre. Creeping round the side of the hut, they came on again, but this time no yell preceded the assault. Before they reached the door, Jim fired in amongst them, and again they retreated howling like wild beasts.

After this, all was quiet for nearly an hour, and Jim even began to hope that he was rid of his persecutors. To make all sure, however, he closed the little aperture more securely, shored up the door with every available piece of timber, and placed an old flour barrel in the fire-place, to give due notice of any attempt at ingress by way of the chimney.

Insensibly, sleep overpowered him, and he was drowsily nodding, when the loud and angry barking of the dog, indicated the approach of some new peril. Starting up, Jim listened with that preternaturally acute sense of hearing which nothing but the consciousness of danger can possibly induce. The only sound that reached him was the rustling of the leaves,such as would be produced by the wind sweeping through the trees. Sandie still barked. Repairing to the loophole Jim gazed out for information. Nothing met his gaze in that direction ; but the rustling wind-like sounds approach nearer and nearer. Feeling uneasy, he cautiously opened another chink at the rear of the hut, and peered forth.

For a few seconds Jim fairly doubted the evidence of his eyesight. It was as when Biruam Wood marched towards Dunsinane. Not a living soul could he perceive ; but a line of great bushes were advancing—apparently of their own accord—to the hut. Jim scraped the hole a little larger ; and, when the strange procession came within range, he discarged his gun at it. Instantly, all the bushes fell prostrate ; and the savages emerged from their leafy covert. With a shout, which blended the scream of pain and rage with the hoarse cry for vengeance, the blacks ran forward, dragging the bushes after them. In a second the latter were piled against the walls of the hut ; and a transient silence followed, during which the captive was left to speculate on the object of this manœuvre.

His doubts, (if he had any) were soon resolved. A peculiar cracking sound, succeeded by a broad glare of light, perceptible through the crannies of the frail tenement, informed him that the terrors of fire had been brought to bear against him. The natives had been into the ranges in search of dry boughs ; and with these, mingled with the inflammable resinous branches of the gum trees, they now proposed to burn him out of his shelter. Bitterly he regretted not having taken advantage of their short absence to effect his escape. It was now too late. For a short space he remained in a state of stupefication—utterly overwhelmed by the increased horrors of his situation. As the flames caught the dry combustible wall, and bark roof, he deemed himself utterly lost ; and it was only by a violent effort that he, at length, shook off the benumbing influence of the intense terror which had seized upon him.

A little reflection convinced him that in one bold effort lay his sole chance of preservation. Reconnoitering the premises, he observed that the flames were confined to the rear and roof of the hut. Through the chink in the front wall, he perceived the savages lying in wait near the door ; but occupying such a position as to be out of the reach of firearms. "They thought to smoke me out, as they do wombats," said Jim, "and to spear me as I crawled out of my den ; but I determined to have another trial for it, and if I died to die like a man, in the open air."

Seizing a small bar of tough wood, he inserted it between the blazing slabs at the rear, and found they had already yielded to his efforts. The dense smoke now filled the hut, and the burning embers from the roof fell around him in showers. But regardless of all, save life itself, he stripped off his blue serge-frock—an article which serves the bushman for shirt, vest, coat, and paletot, all in one—and carefully wrapped it around the lock of the gun. He then, by vigorous effort, detached two of the slabs from the upper fastenings, and stealthily drew them within the hut—the slight noise attending this operation being disguised by the cracking of the burning timber. Gazing through the surrounding belt of fire and smoke he discovered that none of his enemies were in view ; all of them—as he had anticipated—being collected on the opposite side of the hut. Now was a moment for escape. One danger yet remained to be obviated. How to still the furious barking of the dog he knew not ; yet this would at once acquaint the savages with his escape ; when instant pursuit and death would inevitably be the result. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to secure Sandie in the hut. "I could not bear the thoughts of this," Jim used to say, when relating the incident ; "it seemed so cruel to the poor, faithful brute." Still secrecy, and silence were indispensible ; the first great law of nature—self-preservation—crushed the generous impulses of sentiment ; and the dog was sacrificed to secure his master's safety. Desirous, however, of affording the animal at least a chance of escape, Jim tied him up with a cotton handkerchief only—in hope that his exertions would enable him to free himself before the entry of the savages.

This done, Jim took up his gun and stepped out through the flames. As he emerged one of the natives glided around the corner ; and surprised by the intended victim's unexpected appearance, stood for a moment irresolute.— Before he could speak or move, Jim felled him to the earth with a blow of his fist ; and without waiting for the result, darted off, under cover of the dense smoke, for the ranges.

He had surmounted the first tier, and was crossing the valley beyond, when the outcries of the blacks proclaimed that his flight had been discovered. The hope of yet saving life lent new wings to his feet; and at any rate he had considerably the start of his pursuers.— Before he had proceeded very far, something came dashing through the scrub behind him, and he turned to confront the expected foe. To his great delight it was the dog.

Onward sped the two fugitives, the man and the dog. Ten bush-miles lay between them and safety, and the pursuers were light of foot and fleet of limb. Jim had not tasted food since mid-day, he was fatigued with toil and nervous burns on his arms and shoulders. But hunger, thirst, weariness and pain, were all temporarily obliterated by the necessity of extreme exertion, and as mile after mile was passed without any evidence of pursuit, hope—which never deserts the brave—grew stronger in the fugitive's heart.

Although no indications of the natives were apparent, Jim was to well acquainted with their nature and habits to relax his speed.— Wily as serpents, and as noiseless too, they might be close at hand, yet invisible. Onward, therefore, they flew ; life was in front, death near behind. How far, or during what time, he continued his flight, Jim could never tell. He believed that he was approaching the head station, yet nowhere could he discern the traces of any human habitations. At length, fatigued and breathless, he was compelled to pause. Had the savages been yelling at his heels, he could not have proceeded.

He sought the shelter of a rocky mound, near at hand, and lay down in its dark shadow, intending to rest for a brief interval only.— But he unwarily sank into a deep sleep.

From that dangerous slumber, Jim Walker would probably never have awoken in this world, but for the faithful guardianship of his dog Sandie. Aroused by the barking of that vigilant companion, he opened his eyes just as the grey light of morning was spreading over the horizon. Above his head the rocks rose perpendicularly to the height of about fourteen feet. Over the margin appeared a human head, which caught his startled gaze as he awoke. Indistinctly he recognised the presence of his pursuers. The savages had tracked him to his hiding place.

Springing to his feet he darted forward with renewed velocity ; and as he did so, a spear whizzed by close to him. Jim felt that he had thrown away another chance of life by halting in the open country. Shelter there was none ; for the track of flight lay now over a treeless plain. Again and again spears glanced by him and looking around he saw that he was pursued by three savages, one of whom was considerably in advance of the other. With set teeth and strained muscles, the hunted man pressed on, desperation and agony in his soul. The savages rapidly gained upon him ; and although a stern chase is always a long chase, nothing could prevent their closing with him before many minutes.

Suddenly he turned and fired at the nearest black. The shot was fatal. With a loud screech, the savage leaped up into the air, and fell to the earth mortally wounded.

Almost immediately, thereupon, a faint sound, as of the bleating of sheep, reached the fugitive's ear. He was near assistance. He strove to shout aloud, but his voice failed. A low hill was before him, and in the valley beyond was the home station, could he but reach which his life was safe. The space between was short, but into that space were crowded unnumbered hopes and fears. The savages were fast nearing him. Once more turning round, he fired, and in the excitement of the moment, missed. It was his last shot, and now in his speed lay the last remaining chance of escape.

He scarcely dared to hope, yet mechanically continued to fly. A thousand wandering thoughts of happy days, of boyish sports beneath an English sky, fond reminiscences of home, and recollections of a mother's love—a mother too early lost—passed with wonderous rapidity before his mental vision, said he, in the brief agonizing moments of that fearful struggle for life.

He reached the hill unharmed, and had accomplished nearly half the ascent,when a spear entered his shoulder, and threw him, stunned and bleeding to the ground. The next moment the savages were upon his.

Sandie, faithful to the last, flew at the throat of the nearest foe, and forced him back to the earth. Frightened at this novel assailant, the fellow shrieked for help, and with a single blow of his tomahawk, his comrade laid the honest brute senseless and disabled. But the temporary diversion in Jim's favor saved Jim's life.

As the savages turned from the dog to their human victim, Bang ! bang ! came two shots from the summit of the hill, and several white men rushed forward to the rescue. The hunters now became the hunted ; and I need scarcely add that neither of them escaped.

The last shots fired by Jim had fortunately been heard by a shepherd employed at the head station ; apprehensive of danger, he immediately aroused the other man. Little time was lost in dressing, for the simple reason that bushmen seldom *un*dress ; and starting in the direction of the hill, they arrived just in time to deliver Jim from the hands of his enemies.

The spear wound in Jim's shoulder speedily healed ; and Sandie, although long despaired of, eventually recovered from the effects of the savage's tomahawk. A perceptible limp always remained to bear witness of his courageous attack ; and surely Jim was right in saying, that Sandie's lame leg was as honorable to the noble dog as scars to a soldier. He was of little use afterwards as a sheep dog ; but Jim would not part with him. He elevated him to the rank of a special pensioner, and never ate himself until he had fed the companion of that eventful night.

I may add, that a party sent over to the old hut, found it burnt to the ground, and all the sheep driven off. With the assistance of neighboring settlers, the greater part of the flock was ultimately recovered ; but not until after many day's hunting for them, and several sanguinary encounters with the Tatiara blacks, wherein more than one European received wounds.

Trick of a Lover.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel———, and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying "*otium cum dignitate*," without any interruption, for at least an hour ; and that considering the sex of Miss Patty, was very remarkable. The Colonel was sitting cross-legged in a great arm chair, with his spectacles on, and his pipe in one hand, and a newspaper in the other, fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire and like his master, fast asleep.— At length Colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes. Then, glancing at a very large pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said :

"I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him ?" said his sister.

Upon this, the dog got up and walked toward the door.

"Where you going Carlo ?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked in his master's face, wagged his tail, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door ; and, as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him. The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog anounced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy.— Presently the door was opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you ?" said Aunt Patty.

"Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. "Pray what has brought you home so suddenly ?"

"Oh I do not know," said Henery. "I is rather dull in town, so I thought It would just step up and see how you all come on."

"Well, I am glad to see you. Sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

"There, aunt is a bottle of first rate snuff for you ; and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel.— "Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine too," said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cork, while aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what's the news in B—— ? Anything happened ?"

"No—yes," said Henry. "I have got one of the best stories to tell you that you have ever heard in your life."

"Come, let's have it," said the filling his glass.

"Well, you must know," said Henry "that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus—do take a little more cordial."

"Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the Colonel.

"O, yes," resumed Henry. "But there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he is terribly afraid that he'd be taken in ; for it is generally understood for his uncle, though very liberal in everything else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune hunter."

"The old scamp," said the Colonel ; "why can't he let the boy have his own way ?"

"I think as much," said Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the Colonel.

"Why," said Henry," he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out ; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful besides being intelligent and accomplished.

"Beautiful ! intelligent ! accomplished !"— exclaimed the Colonel ; "pray, what objection could the fool have to her ?"

"Why, she is not a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge ?" said the Colonel : "I wish I had been in the old chap's place ; how did he get along ?"

"Why, as I said he had a picture taken and as it was about the time for collecting rents, he thought it would make the old man good natured if he went home and offered to assist him ; and so answering all inquiries he took the minature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it— telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old man was in an exstasy of delight and he declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her.

"Ha ?" shouted the Colonel, "the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard ; but was she really beautiful ?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw,"— said Henry—"but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at. Here Henry took it out of his pocket and handed it to his uncle at the same time filling his glass. Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well now," said she, "that is a beauty."

"You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel, "shoot me if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it ? why did you not get the girl yourself, Henry ? The most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on ! I would give a thousand dollars for such a neice!"

"Would you ?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would ;" replied the Colonel, "and nine thousand more on the top of it and that makes ten thousand ; shoot me if I would not."

"Then I'll introduce you to her to-morrow," said Henry.

As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy Colonel the ensuing week, and as the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

THE TROUT SEASON.—Mr. Robert L. Pell recently offered some remarks on the habits of the trout, which are of such interest to the fancier of this game fish, that we append them in this place, as follows :

"The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of the season with the deer ; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from all other fish ; after which both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insects, which appeared to suck their substance from them ; and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon ; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male ; they swim rapidly, and often leap like salmon, to a great height, when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout-pond, I placed 1,500 in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle worms, rose bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, &c., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact they are better fed, and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound and tremble all over."

TO SPOIL A DAUGHTER.—Be always telling her how very pretty she is.

Instill into her young mind an undue love for dress.

Allow her to read nothing but works of fiction

Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.

Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.

Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anthing for herself.

To strengthen the latter, let her have a lady's maid.

Teach her to think that she is better than any body else.

Make her think she is sick, when she is not and let her lie in bed taking medicine when half an hour's out of door exercise would completely cure her of her laziness.

And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a moustached *gentleman* who is a clerk with a salary of $250 a year.

☞ A wag who had been thrown from his boat into the water in the Irondequoit Bay, near Rochester, besceched his rescuers to be "careful" in hauling him in. He was so earness in his beseechings that he was asked of what he what was so anxious to "be careful." "Why," said he "be careful about wetting my shirt collar."

☞ Cartouche, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band. "Where have you served," asked Cartouche. "Two years with an attorney, and six months with an inspector of the police." "Well," answered the witty thief, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop."

☞ Dreams may be defined as the visible visions to which we are awake in our sleep ; the life of death ; the sights seen by the blind; the sounds heard by the deaf, the language of the dumb ; the sensations of the insensible.

☞ Wanted—a thin man who has been used to the business of collecting—to crawl through key holes, and find debtors who are never at home. Salary nothing the first year, to be doubled each year afterwards.

☞ An aurist was so remarkably clever, that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness the next day of hearing from her husband in California.

☞ There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice as to know how to act for one's self.