The Bradford Reporter.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL *INSURANCE AGENCY*, may23'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

BARTLETT & TRACY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS AND REAL ESTATE BROKERS, TOWANDA, PA. Oct. 29, 1870.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.

J. E. FLEMMING, Box 511, Towanda, Pa. Oct5'71

W. W. KINGSBURY, REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY. Office, corner of Main and State Streets, March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

SASH, DOORS, AND BLINDS. I am prepared to furnish Kiln-dried Doors, Sash and Blinds of any style, size, or thickness, on short notice. Hand in your orders ten days before you want to use the articles, and be sure that you will get doors that will not shrink or swell. Terms cash on delivery. Towanda, July 19, 1871 GEO. P. CASH.

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and FIRE TRIED Companies represented. LANCASHIRE. PHENIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. Mar 19 '74-tf. O. A. BLACK.

G. W. HEATH Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of EDGE TOOLS, MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA. Jan14, '74-3m.

TO OUR PATRONS.

GEO. H. WOOD & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOWANDA, PA.

Grateful for the generous patronage of the past year, would inform all wanting Pictures that we are still adding to our establishment NEW AND IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS, And adopting tried and approved modes of printing and retouching in order to secure FINER PHOTOGRAPHS THAN HERETOFORE made outside of the cities, and that we make it a specialty to enlarge all kinds of Pictures to any size desired, and finish in Water Colors, India Ink, or in Oil, in the BEST STYLE AND VERY LOW PRICES.

We also endeavor to take all the time possible in making children's pictures, so as to secure the best results.

We are constantly adding to our stock of FRAMES All new patterns and the latest styles, and furnish them at a small advance from cost prices. May 14, 1874.

SUSQUEHANNA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

The Fall term of the twentieth year of this Institution will open AUGUST 24, 1874, with the following list of instructors:

REVIN E. QUINLAN, Principal, And all Language and Normal Branches.
E. L. HILLIS, A.B. Classical, Mathematical and Scientific Branches.
Commercial and Mathematical Branches.
Miss MARY E. MERRILL, Preceptress. Common and Higher English.
Mademoiselle J. LEQUIN, French Language, Drawing and Painting.
Mrs. L. A. BALDWIN, Vocal Music.
Instrumental Music.

A Class will be organized at commencement of the term. The Principal will conduct the Classes of this class chiefly, and aid all teachers who prove the greatest worthy and competent to occupy positions. Effort will be made by devoting more time and using the increased facilities of apparatus, to make the instruction in this class more profitable than ever before.

At a considerable additional expense, instruction in Drawing and Vocal Music has been made free to members of the school. These two studies, if paid for as extras, as is usually the case, would nearly cover the cost of tuition. Provision is also made for individual instruction in vocal music. Mrs. Baldwin's ability to teach vocal music is too well known to need comment.

A new laboratory is being fitted up and the collection of Philosophical apparatus enlarged. The grounds are being graded, fine croquet grounds are prepared and effort made to meet the physical as well as the intellectual wants of the students.

Tuition from $14 $10 per term. Board, including furnished rooms, lights, washing, &c., $4 per week. Expenses per year in English studies, $192; in classical, $224.

For circular or further information, address the Principal, E. E. QUINLAN, Towanda, Pa.

MILLER FOX, Pres't Board Trustees. July 23.

GO TO JACOBS' TEMPLE OF FASHION MAIN STREET, FOR LATEST STYLES IN SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING. GOODS RECEIVED EVERY DAY. Towanda, April 3, 1874.

STAMPING DONE AT MRS. HENRY KINGSBURY'S DRESS-MAKING ROOMS, No. 2, ARCADE BLOCK. Towanda, Dec. 17, 1873.

FOR SALE.—A Farm containing 101 acres, situate in Fakeyard, Bradford Co., Comes under improvement; Framed House and Barn, orchard of 150 trees, besides Cherries, Peaches, Pears, and choice Grapevines thereon. Underpinned with Stone, Painted with Paint, Oil, Chestnut and Hemlock. Terms $25 per acre. For further particulars call on or address W. O. WOOSTER. Leilaysville June 3, 1874.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office over Dr. H. C. Porter Son & Co.'s Drug Store.

DR. C. M. STANLEY, DENTIST, successor to Dr. Weston. Office in Patton's Block, up stairs, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of plate work a specialty. Jan.15'73

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-1y*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their care. Orphans' Court business a specialty. W. FOYLE. [may21'73] I. McPHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, '66.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to the Express Office, Towanda, Pa. t July17,1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

WOOD & SANDERSON, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oc23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. H. J. MADILL, J. N. CALIFF. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan.8,73-1y

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphans' and Register's Courts. ap1'4'70 E. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. Special attention given to claims against Insurance Companies, Office, North side of Public Square. Dec 18'73.

MR. D. L. DODSON, OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, North Maine-st., opposite Episcopal Church, Towanda, Pa. All dental operations a specialty. Jan 14.

PECK & STREETER, *LAW OFFICE*, TOWANDA, PA. W. A. PECK. [Jan.15'74] H. STREETER.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan14, '69.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. H. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT LAW, MERCUR'S BLOCK, Apr 1' 4. Towanda, Pa.

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street, March 26, 1874.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SUGAR RUN, PA. Office at Store of J. Stowell. March 26, 1874-3m*.

Hotels.

DINING ROOMS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY, Near the Court House. We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons. March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. JOHN C. WILSON Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call. North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL. PETER LANDMESSER, Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Nov. 29, 1871—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS. The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge. A superior quality of Old English Bass Ale, just received. T. R. JORDAN, Towanda, Jan. 14, '71. Proprietor.

MANSION HOUSE, LERAYSVILLE, PA. W. W. BROWNING, Proprietor. This House is conducted on strictly Temperance Principles. Every effort will be made to make guests comfortable. Good rooms and the table will always be supplied with the best the market affords. Nov. 1, 1871.

BETHLEHEM, PA. "OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN," BUILT 1758. Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and travelling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents. C. T. SMITH, Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE FIRST WARD BAKERY. MRS. MARY E. KITTREDGE Having purchased the stock and fixtures of H. A. Cowles' Bakery, has refitted the establishment and purchased an entirely NEW STOCK OF GOODS, Suited to the trade, such as GROCERIES, TEAS, COFFEE, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES, CONFECTIONERY, FRESH BREAD, BISCUITS, RUSK, ROLLS, &c., DAILY. A neat and attractive ICE CREAM SALOON will be opened in connection with the establishment, where ladies and gentlemen can always find the best cream and other delicacies of the season. THE DINING ROOM Has been refurnished, and will at all times be supplied with substantial eatables, which will be served at reasonable rates. Farmers and others visiting town will find this a convenient place to supply the wants of the inner man. MARY E. KITTREDGE. Towanda, April 23, '74-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A desirable House and Lot on Fourth street, fifth house north of O. D. Bartlett's, convenient to Institute or Graded School. Enquire on premises. WM. F. MOSCRIP. Towanda, March 12, '74-tf.

Selected Poetry.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, with joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

Miscellaneous.

SWAPPING OFF.

I was only a boy, but I can't forget it, if I live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

It was before the days of steamships, thirty years ago, when they were very scarce at any rate. I was before the mast in the ship Jennie Hartwell, Captain Harry Quackenbush, running from Boston to New Orleans.

We had an assorted cargo and a cabin full of passengers, more than half of them ladies, and some of them so young and pretty that I used to look at them, as I've looked at pictures many a time, wondering how they could be made so pretty.

We had a full crew, all Yankees, and as smart as smart could be, and the captain was as keen as a new harpoon, too. He was a young man, —that was his first voyage as captain, but both the mates were older men and had grown gray at sea. But Captain Harry was no novice. He knew every rope and timber in the ship, and how they got there, and could handle her in a gale as easy as one of your fast men can handle a team of horses.

The owner was on board with his family—his wife and three daughters —one of them, the prettiest in the lot, was the one the ship was named after; and more than once I saw her and the young captain, talking with their heads very close together. But I was too young then to take any sense out of that.

To shorten in—for I don't like to carry useless canvas in a yarn like this—we made a quick run out as far as the Bahamas, sighting Abaco on the fifth day out. Then hauling up to the south of Cuba we ran along smooth and pleasant, till we were abreast of the Isle of Pines, and then a calm fell on us and we lay like a log on the glassy water, without wind enough to lift the sails on the main truck.

It was hot, too—hot enough to stew the rosin out of the seams, but we got awnings up and made all as comfortable as we could. There we lay all of one night, the next day, and another night, and by drift and all I don't believe we made five miles in that time. But on the morning of the second day, when the sun rose, we saw a schooner in shore of us, not more than four or five miles, which had found wind enough to get that close in the night without our seeing her before.

I saw Captain Harry look at her long and earnestly with a glass as soon as he came on deck, and then I heard him say in a low tone to the first mate:

"Tom Barnes, go quietly below, and get every man on deck, while I see to the arms and ammunition. We've got a fight on our hands. Don't alarm the women—keep all from them. Don't even tell the men yet what they'll know soon enough. That chap is a pirate. He has crept out with sweeps in the night, and would be using them now, only he sees a breeze coming, and thinks he can get alongside without making us suspicious!"

Jumping Moses! How my heart beat! A pirate? I reckon I was white in the face, for the captain saw my look, and he knew that I had heard him.

"Garnet," said he, "keep your lip buttoned. Don't lisp a word. We've forty-one aboard, crew and passengers, well armed, and we'll beat that chap off if we can't outsail him!"

He spoke so confidently, that I cheered up at once, and asked him if I should bring up the powder for the one gun, a long twenty-four, which we had carried since the ship was built.

"Yes, sir," he said, "you shall be powder-monkey." And then he looked towards the schooner.

His lips twitched and a sigh broke from them.

There was a little breeze coming off from landward, and we could see the sails of the schooner fill, though we didn't feel it yet. But we knew it was coming, and the captain sent men and boys, too, aloft to loosen out everything in the shape of canvas, and we soon had her under all, from royal down to course, with starboard studding sails set.

So when the breeze did reach us, we felt it at once, and got steerage way right off.

Long before this the crew knew what the stranger was, for they had been armed, and the gun was got ready. Moreover the schooner had crept up within a couple of miles before we got a start.

She had an immense square-sail forward, boomed out, and a flying topsail aloft, and her bows looked as sharp as a wedge.

As the breeze freshened, I began to think we would get away from her, and so thought the captain, I think, for his eyes looked bright and cheerful, but all at once I saw a ring of smoke over her bows, and the next second a shot came like a shriek over our heads, making a clean hole thro' our three topsails, without hitting anything else.

There was no use in mincing matters now. We knew it was fight. So we dragged our twenty-four pounder aft and double-shotted it, while we cut away a part of the after-rail that was in the way of the muzzle.

By this time all the ladies knew the danger, and some of them fainted, while others prayed. But I hadn't time to notice much, only the captain made there a bit of a speech, and told them to stay below, while he put arms in the hands of the men passengers, and told them the ship might sink, but she should never be given up to a pirate.

One passenger, an old Jew, who had a lot of stuff on board, wanted him to give up, so that their lives would be spared, but he got one word and a look from the captain, and he shrunk almost into the deck, both were so fierce. He did n't talk any more, but went below and hid.

A second shot from the schooner tore through our sail before we were ready with the long gun, and then we let her know what we could do.

We sent two twenty-four pound balls right through her big foresail, for she was within a mile of us now.

Then, all of a sudden, she rounded broadside to, showing a deck full of men, and then come—oh, it was awful—a shower of iron shot from a full broadside of guns.

It cut away stays and braces, tore through our canvas, let the mizzen topsail down by the run, cutting the halyard just above the slings, and killed the man at the wheel, and two more.

Captain Harry himself sprang to the wheel to keep the ship from broaching to, for the breeze was now fresh; and he shouted to the gunners to double-shot our gun again and let the pirate have it, while he held the ship on her course.

They did let her have it, and I saw a row of men go down as the shot plowed over her deck from our gun; but before another minute she gave us another terrible broadside, and I thought Captain Harry was hurt, for he turned as pale as if death was at his heart.

But it was n't him; it was what he saw that hurt him. All three of our top-masts went as if they had been cut down with axes, and there was canvas and rigging all hanging and flapping; while, to make it worse, a tiller-rope was cut and parted, and the ship came up in the wind, helpless and all aback.

Now, yelling like so many devils, the pirates came sweeping on in their schooner, and they looked as if they were ten to our one.

"Aft here, every man, to repel boarders!" shouted Captain Harry.

Then I saw him run below with a lighted match in hand.

He came up in a moment, and he brought all the women and made them crouch down in a heap under the shelter of the high bulwarks aft.

Then he stood, with his naked cutlasss in his hand, looking as if he feared nothing on earth, while the pirate came bowling on under full sail, her forecastle crowded with men.

"Haul down your gridiron and surrender, or we'll not leave a man alive!" shouted a big mulatto-colored wretch, with a sword in his hand and a belt full of pistols.

"Come and haul it down yourself!" cried Captain Harry, his voice clear as a bugle-peal.

"We will!" cried the pirate, and he gave an order to his helmsman to luff and lay alongside.

We saw men ready with ropes to make fast; and then, as she closed, I saw our captain look toward the women and say, in a low tone:

"Remember my order—more than your lives depends on it!"

Then crash came the vessels together, and over her bows into ours the pirates poured, in one yelling, mingled mass.

Just as they reached our deck, the long gun, which had been swung around so it bore forward, was fired right into them, and then our captain shouted, "Now! Now!"

He and the men and passengers fired a terrible volley right into the pirates, and then I saw all our women scrambling over our bulwarks on to the deck of the pirate vessel, their actions veiled by the smoke from our great gun and small arms.

We men and boys were not half a minute later in doing the same; and when the pirates, or what were left of them, rushed in frenzied fury aft to sweep our quarter deck, they found it empty, and the schooner, with all fastenings cut, forging ahead and clear of her.

But that was not the worst. A dense column of smoke rising from the ship's hatches told them that she was on fire, while we on board the schooner were now sailing beyond their reach, having slain the dozen men who yet remained in the schooner.

It was no longer fearful to us to hear them, but we saw them rushing to and fro to get out the boats.

Captain Harry laughed when he saw this, and he laughed louder yet when he saw the Jew who had talked of surrender, run up the rigging, chased by a half dozen pirates, for he knew what must come in a few minutes.

It came in a blinding flash—a shock which made the very ocean tremble, and then all we could see of our good ship was a mass of spars, planks, and bodies, flying through the air.

The fire had reached her magazine, and that was the end of her and all on board.

On searching the schooner we found plenty of provisions, and enough money and jewels not only to reimburse Mr. Hartwell for the loss of his ship, but to give all hands a handsome lot of prize money, of which I got my share.

We made a quick passage into New Orleans, for that was the best port to run to, and Captain Harry Quackenbush was the lion of the day while he staid there. Mr. Hartwell bought a new ship for him, and as Jennie wanted to be his first mate for life, the old gentleman consented.

We were all at the wedding.

[From the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*]

THE GRAYLING.

SPORT IN MICHIGAN—FISHING AS IS FISHING—SOME VERY INTERESTING FACTS.

Through you I present to my brethren of the rod and fly a few facts regarding the grayling, obtained in thirteen days' fishing in the Hersey river, in central Michigan—the nature of the country—the streams where found—the condition of the water it inhabits and flourishes so perfectly in—their natural habits—game qualities—why they remain in the few streams they are now found in—the fly and size of hook most killing—the streams that may be artificially stocked with them most successfully, etc., etc.

THE HERSEY RIVER

is a tributary to the Muskegan, coming in from the north and west of that river and uniting with it four miles below Reed City by railroad and eight miles by river. The Grand Rapids and Indiana and the Flint and Pere Marquette railroads cross each other at Reed City, ninety miles by rail west of Saginaw and sixty-eight miles north of Grand Rapids, with two or three trains daily each way on each road. A village two and a half years old with 400 buildings and 611 inhabitants and three good sized hotels. At the National we were cared for, with moderate charges. The Hersey partly encircles the village, distant from a quarter to a half a mile on the north and east of it. The land is cleared on both sides of the river for one mile opposite the village, so that the angler has a nice chance to cast his fly from either bank, when the water is too high to wade—giving a mile at all times of good, clear fishing. The river is from two to four rods wide, from its mouth as far up as I fished, ten miles above by steam. There is also a clearing one and a half miles above Reed City, by rail, of a half mile along the river, giving fine fishing, and another clearing two and one half miles below, of about a mile in length, making in all two and one-half miles of clear, open fishing, easily reached from the village. With good fishing in the woods, in low water, when the river can be waded. The river, as far as I saw or could learn, is made by springs flowing into it all the way from its source to its mouth, of pure, cold water of 48 degrees temperature, the whole year round. The river flows with a gentle, steady current, covering at all times nearly the whole bed of the river, from bank to bank, ranging in July and August from six inches to three feet deep. The current is then swift on the shoals and still in the pools. The bottom is composed of coarse, white sand, but little gravel or stone to be seen. The banks are but two or three feet above the water in its lowest stage, and level-full or overflowed in high water. The water when high is the color of weak lye, but when low, as clear as crystal, and said to be too cold to bathe in with comfort, coming down nearly to the temperature of the springs, 48 degrees, and never freezes in winter, remaining warm and open all winter, like the Caledonia, springs brook, usually ranging from 38 to 48 degrees. The surface of the land is generally level and dry, and composed of light sand to a great depth. Along the Hersey there is an interval of from twenty to forty rods wide on a level with the low banks of the river, cut up more or less with the old beds of the river in a former day, filled in part with vegetable matter, and water in a high time, which together with the swamps away up to the head of the river gives this dark color to the water when high. From this interval the land rises on an angle of about 40 degrees, fifteen or twenty feet high, and then runs off quite level for miles, till another stream is reached. The timber in the vicinity of Reed City is hard maple and rock elm of monstrous size and height. As I have said before, the soil is a loose, coarse sand, so that all the water that falls soaks right down into the ground as fast as it falls, never running on the surface. This water comes out in springs all along the bottom of the banks, on the edge of the interval, and boils up in places near the river in the interval, forming little spring brooks that flow into the main river, sometimes but a few rods apart, and again a quarter of a mile or more apart, so that the river is constantly supplied with these cold spring brooks, keeping its temperature down lower in low water than in high water. There is no surface water flowing into the river, except what falls in the swamps and on the intervals, which at times increases the water three or four fold, taking several days if not weeks, for it to run down again—giving the water at such times its red appearance. The grayling never runs up these spring brooks like the trout, to spawn or to lie; even the young fry all stick to the river the year round. That is their home summer and winter, year in and year out, and has evidently been so since placed there by the Creator, and they will ever remain there if left to follow their own natural instincts. I examined the stomachs of a large number of them, and found them all filled to repletion with the larvæ of the Caddis fly, wood encasing it and all. Nothing else in any of them, but barely two flies, found in one fish. This larvæ is abundant in all the spring brooks and main rivers, affording nutritious food for untold numbers of them, summer and winter. There is also a great amount of crustacea in the streams, and larvæ of various flies and water bugs.

Do not these facts account clearly for their sticking to this and to a few other rivers in this vicinity, in which they are found so tenaciously? All of which, as I am informed, have the same peculiarities of soil, springs, food and water, as the Hersey—some of which empty their waters into Lake Michigan and others into Lake Huron, but all having their rise near each other, with the above peculiar characteristics common to all of them. It seems they have ever been entirely satisfied with their homes in these rivers, without the least desire to migrate to other streams, or to stock other waters or rivers of easy access, in all directions through the lakes, as the trout, bass, pickerel, etc., would have done. There are but few rivers in the world that I know of out of Michigan that have this fish in their waters. Four in England, one in Scotland, stocked from England. The Mackenzie river of the north, and a branch of the Yellow Stone river. All rivers and large creeks, like the Caledonia spring creek, and others all over the country of a similar nature, may be stocked with them artificially, and in which they will live, propagate themselves and flourish, and in a few years fully stock them. But to what extent other and less similar streams may be stocked with success, experiment and time must decide the question. I cannot with my present knowledge but hope they may be forced to live and do well in quite dissimilar waters.

I arrived at Reed City on Monday evening, May 18, 1874, via Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, and stopped at the National Hotel, where wife and self found good rooms and board at very reasonable prices, and where all fishermen will find a comfortable home, and a very pleasant landlord and wife that will do all possible for their comfort and happiness.

The forest was just putting forth its leaves, showing that spring had finally reached there, and was just luring all vegetation into life, though the air was still cold—48 degs., and the water in the Hersey 49 degrees, one degree warmer than the air.

I presented my letters of introduction from Gov. J. J. Bagley, of Michigan, and Hon. George H. Jerome, secretary of the fish commission of Michigan, to Mr. Adams the landlord, and he handed them to J. M. Reed, the resident proprietor of Reed City, a gentleman of wealth and leisure and a first-class fly fisherman for the grayling, having had as much experience with them and their habits as any man in the country. To him I am much indebted for his kindness and attention during the fifteen days we were there, as well as for the valuable information he gave me regarding the grayling.

Mr. Reed informed me that the river was too high to fish with comfort, or for sport, but we would go down in the morning and try them the best we could.

The morning was cold—48 degs.—the same as the evening before; the water the same as yesterday, 49 degs. —too cold for flies or to fish with comfort; but about ten o'clock we went to the upper end of the clearing above described—the warmest part of the clearing—Mr. Reed acting as pilot, but without his rod. They soon commenced to rise to the fly, and the first one that struck it I hooked, weighing about six ounces, and measuring ten and a half inches long. I handled him just as I would a brook trout with my six ounce bamboo rod, light line, leader and reel, the same as for fine trout fishing. I soon found he was amazing smart, as quick as a flash and as strong as a young Samson. As soon as hooked he darted down stream for some roots by the side of the bank in the water, but the spring of the elastic bamboo, tightly held, was too much for his great strength and speed, and he turned up and across the stream for a bush in the water on the opposite shore. Foiled in reaching that, he shot up two or three feet right out of the water with the snap of the tail and great fins like the pigeon's wings. After trying this two or three times without effect, he dove his head and mouth into the white sand in the bottom of the creek, standing upon his head and working his mouth and head in the loose sand to disengage the hook from his mouth. Discovering his object, a little tighter line changed his tactics, and away he went up and down and across the current, till in time I netted him, and then took my first grayling, that I had traveled 600 miles to fish for, and to investigate his merits and habits, with the cheers and congratulations of Mr. Reed, who looked on with great interest, as well as fear that I would lose my first fish, knowing how uncertain they are, after being hooked, to be landed, owing to their tender mouth and great strength and skill to break hooks. After taking eight others of from 3 to 6½ inches long, and each with about the same experience as with the first one, we went to the hotel for dinner.

In the afternoon Mr. Reed took his rod and the flies he usually fished with, and we fished together from when I left off in the forenoon, down the stream, till about six o'clock; both fishing faithfully right along together. The result was Mr. Reed did not get a single grayling, while I filled my basket with them. His failure was owing to his not having the right fly, as mentioned above. He is a first class fisherman, and knows the habits and nation of the grayling perfectly, so it could not be owing to his lack of skill in handling the fly, or presenting it to them naturally. His leading fly was of a yellow color, to which they paid no attention. I took nearly all of mine on the red hackel, with scarlet body draped with gold tinsel, and that red hackel, with the top end of the hackel left out three-eighths of an inch, coming over the bend of the hook nearly marked on a number eight Limerick hook. I took more than nine tenths of all the grayling I caught in the thirteen days fishing for them, on this red hackel.

The next day I furnished Mr. Reed with one, and he took three more fish than I did, each of us filling our baskets twice, fishing only about three hours each half day.

I tried them with perhaps a 100 different flies while there, but found none in my book that took as freely as this form of the red hackel. I used the Queen of the Waters for the middle fly, made on a number nine hook, and a black fly made on a number ten hook for the upper drop, strung on an eight feet leader three feet apart. I had at times took two fish at a cast, never three; but often had three jumps the instant the flies struck the water, some one, if not all of them, missing the hooks. Before I left the water warmed up to from 55 to 60 deg. in the creek. The fish improved fast in condition, and, if possible, became quicker and stronger. As the water increased in warmth they came to the flies more freely, with lightning speed, but generally missed them nine times out of ten. So at best I could hook only one fish out of ten jumps, unless I happened to hook them foul, as I often did, being in the practice of striking at every break while fishing for brook trout all my life. I practiced the same with the grayling, hence it was strike, strike, nine times out of ten, without the fish touching the hook. I could see their silvery sides start from the bottom and come like a dart to within one inch of the fly, detecting the deception, and then turning instantly back, throwing flies and water in all directions. At other times they would miss the fly, coming with such velocity as to shoot out of the water two feet or more, with a splash back again. These fish that seemed to detect the deception, would not come a second to the fly; so at times I could only get about ten fish out of 100 different fishes jumping. One day I counted fifty fine rises before one struck the fly. Besides this you are not sure of him when he does strike the fly, and you have hooked him by any means, with all your skill and wisdom, he may break loose and let your fly whiz by you like a dart. Their mouths are so tender, and they are so quick and powerful, with their great fins, (some of them nearly four times larger than a trout's of the same weight) all set against you like the sails of a ship against the wind. With all the grit, pluck and endurance of the brook trout when in its finest condition, with its strategy before mentioned combined, makes him a very difficult fish to handle and to land. Hence more or less must be lost in bushy streams, but in cleared streams nearly every one may be saved with a limber, pliable rod, care and time.

Mr. Reed informed me that they were in much better condition in July and August, and were also quicker and stronger, and took the fly much better than in May or the first part of June, when I was there. The Hersey is full of them now, but I think they will become scarce in a few years, as the number of fishermen is increasing fast.

My largest fish was thirteen inches long and weighed eleven ounces. I hooked one of about one pound weight, but he was among the floodwood where I could not play with him, and had to pull him right out by main force, but his mouth was too tender to hold him. They were in size from two to twelve ounces generally, in the Hersey. They are slimmer than the trout, very round and muscular, handsomely marked with small black dots along the sides with a round well-shaped head, and very large, bright, prominent eyes—making a very handsome fish, as well as a very powerful and gamey one. Fred. Mather, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., had given a very good description of this fish during spawning time, in "forest and stream," in one of the April or May numbers, to which I would refer the reader for a fuller description. Those taken in a warm day have a very peculiar, pungent smell, said to resemble the thyme, which with their three colors, I suppose, gives them their scientific name of Thymalus Tricolor. Their flesh is white, fine-grained and tender, like the white fish, and about the same in quality, not quite equal to the brook trout. Their bones are like the trout their ribs and back bones clearing from the flesh, leaving their white, tender flesh very free from bones, and easily prepared for the mouth. My friend Seth Green, the great fish man of America, saw them, ate them, and described their quality just after their spawning time, (the fore part of April), when out of season, and very likely not fit for the palate. It is well known that brook trout are worthless right after spawning in November. They are poor, flabbs and coarse lousy—in such condition that he nor I would think of making a meal of them, but in June we could feast on them with a relish. The grayling, as I was informed, are very plenty and of larger size in the Pese Marquette river, at the village of Baldwin, twenty-two miles west of Reed City, now reached by stage every other day, fare $1.50. The railroad is all ready for the rails there now, and will likely be laid this summer. Other streams having them are mentioned by Messrs Mather and Green, so I need not refer to them.

In conclusion I will say should the Grayling strike the fly in July and August, on the average once, in from two to four times, jumping for it, it will be great sport for the angler who casts his fly for him, and lands him, with a limber six or eight ounce rod, as a true disciple of Sir Isaak, would and we may be certain of being kept constantly busy from morning till night, in playing with them and reeling them into his net, when fully exhausted, and they will tax the skill of his steady eye, brain and aim, to their utmost capacity, to handle and land them safely, requiring more skill and steady nerve than to handle and land brook trout of a much larger size.

STEPHEN H. AINSWORTH,
West Bloomfield, N. Y., July, 1874.

THERE are three degrees of folly—to censure actions from which we are not exempt; to discover faults in others which we are prone to overlook in ourselves; to solicit a useless favor.

Many men know how to flatter few how to praise.

THE SKY LARKS.

In an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, entitled "Mellow England," John Burroughs thus gives his impressions of the far-famed English singing bird, the sky-lark:

"Before I had got fifty yards from the station I began to hear the larks, and being unprepared for them I was a little puzzled at first, but was not long in discovering what luck I was in. The song disappointed me at first, being less sweet and melodious than I had expected to hear; indeed, I thought it a little sharp and harsh, —a little stubbley—but in other respects, in strength and gladness and continuity, it was wonderful. And the more I heard it the better I liked it, until I would gladly have given any of my songsters at home for a bird that could shower down such notes, even in autumn. Up, up went the bird, climbing the silver spiral of his song, until he attained an altitude of three or four hundred feet, when, spread out against the sky for a space of six or eight minutes, he poured forth his delight, filling all the vault with sound. The song is of the sparrow kind, and, in its best parts, perpetually suggested the notes of our vesper sparrow; but the wonder of it is its copiousness and sustained strength. There is no theme, no beginning, middle, or end, like most of our bird songs, but a perfect swarm of notes puring out like bees from a hive and resembling each other nearly as closely, and only ceasing as the bird nears the earth again. We have many more melodious songsters—the bobolink in the meadows, for instance; the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood-wagtail, whose air song is of a similar