BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1867. NO. 9.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners—Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors—Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannoo.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley.
Assessor Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McNINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customs and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "McHenry") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business as foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS,

Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors,

No. 135 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

PATENTS solicited—Consultations on Engineering and Patents and Machinery. Drawings and Sketches, &c., &c. Special attention given to REJECTED CASES and INTERFERENCES. Authentic Copies of all Documents from Patent Office procured.

N. B.—Save yourselves useless trouble and traveling expenses, as there is no actual need for personal interview with us. All business with these Offices can be transacted in writing. For further information direct as above, with stamp enclosed for Circular with references.

April 18, 1866.—1y.—J. W.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

formerly of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to keep a HOTEL, with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK.

Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Pipes, Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade.

☞ Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, instead sending to the cities for every article they need in purchasing of these country pedlars.

November 21, 1866.—3m.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

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WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions.....$1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	6.00	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
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Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.

☞ OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, W. H. JACOBY, Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequaled pure romance!
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth.
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth
Than any tale before or since.
Yes, they could tell of tender lays
At midnight perned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions too untimely crossed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay.
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And not them what we see them now.
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's bright visions move
Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright.
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are all earth's treasures worth.
If we at length must lose them thus—
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the catterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest books, the rose."

Middleton.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility or early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictitions of novelets and poets. My observations on human nature have taught me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that however the surface of character may be chilled or frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in the effects. Indeed, I am a believer in the blind deity, and go the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointment. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex. But I firmly believe that to wish others down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and domination over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of affections. The heart is her world; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; blast some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest."

But a woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall we look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress, that has been captured and sacked and abandoned and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim, how many soft cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate maiden is shy and silent. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise she buries it in the deep recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest injury. Look for her after a while; and you will find friendship weeping over an untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so early be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintery chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see its branches drooping to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it sails even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to collect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of woman running to waste and neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exalted to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot, as it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave, so everything we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he replied to the charges of treason against his country; the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered very deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl the daughter of a late distinguished Irish barrister. She loved him with the fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger, darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul, was occupied by his image? Let those who have the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth, who have sat at its threshold, on one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was lovely and loving had departed.

But the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored, there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene; nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desperate she had incurred her father's displeasure by the unfortunate attachment and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation for the Irish are people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and tried all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul; that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She carried within her an inward, woe that mocked all the blandishments of frendship, and "heeded not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet in such a scene. To find wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart in a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about for sometime with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occaison it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but exercise great interest in a country so remarkable for its enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his own addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He however persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted in a slow and hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

O make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep a smile from the west,
Her own loved island of sorrow.

Surratt in Prison.

One of the enterprising correspondents of the *Ledger* made his way into the jail where John Surratt is confined, a few days since, and gave to the readers of that journal not only his observations, but, as it would appear, as light evidence of his maginative powers. This has attracted the attention of Mr. T. B. Brown, the warden of the jail, who thus responds

Upon returning from New York this evening my attention was called to the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia *Ledger* concerning a visit to the jail and a conversation with John H. Surratt, which may give a very wrong impression concerning this noted prisoner. In the first place the said correspondent never would have been admitted inside the prison to converse with Surratt had he not, in my absence, persuaded the physician to accompany him in his round of duty. He speaks of the prisoner being allowed in the jail yard and no fastenings to the gates except a bar, which he thought could be easily removed, and the security for prisoners not very great. In answer to this charge I would say all the prisoners are let in the yard twice every day to get fresh air, &c. Surratt does not go out with the rest of the prisoners, but by himself, and then accompanied by a guard. The gates spoken of are both barred and locked.—In regard to his faring so well, having every delicacy sent him is no more than all the rest of the prisoners are entitled to and do receive from their friends whenever they choose to send anything. To be sure Suratt has a whole corridor to himself, because we are obliged to have him away from all other prisoners. The impression that the prisoner is not perfectly secure, and that the officers of the jail are careless are without foundation. Not a single prisoner has escaped from the jail for the last nineteen months, although a more insecure and dilapidated building for a prison can seldom be found, and the character of the prisoners, as desperate burglars, thieves, &c., is as bad as can be found anywhere in the country. The said correspondent if he should ever be unfortunate enough to be confined within its walls, would have a chance to judge correctly whether it is so easy to make his escape as he imagines. I am responsible for the prisoner, and intend to keep him safely until ready to be tried by a jury of his countrymen.

NAPOLEON IN GREEK.—A chapter of Paris gossip in the London Herald contains the following: "At the Faubourg they are just now fond of Greek and anagrams. Here is a fair sample:

Napoleon.
Apoleon.
Poleon.
Oleon.
Leon.
Eon.
On.

"They tell you that every one of these words is a Greek word, that their whole forms a Greek word, that their whole forms a Greek sentence written in this order: Napoleon on oleon leon con apoleon poleon, and that the sentence means in English: 'Napoleon, being the lion of the people, was marching on destroying the cities.'"

☞ A Rural Couple was spliced a week or two ago in a dry goods store in Springfield, Ill., permission to use the premises for the purpose having been accorded them by the proprietor on the principal that "weddings are certain, sooner or later, to produce a briskness in the dry goods business."

☞ Sally, said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, keep away from me or you will set me on fire. No danger of that replied Sally, you are too green to burn.

The Brave Shephard.

A TRUE STORY OF HIE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Some years ago two men, Charles Story and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep-station, belonging to Mr. John Hassall, a wealthy Australian squatter. The first named was the shephard, the second the hut-keeper. Their hut stood in the midst of a scene of primitive nature. Except the folds for the flocks, there were no enclosures of any description. The country was an open expanse of grass, with a few undulations dotted sparcely with evergreen trees, mostly of the stringy-bark species. The walls of the hut were built of rough stakes, with mud and reeds between them; other long poles formed the roof, which was covered with rushes. The fire-place was constructed of stones collected from the neighborhood, and in this the men baked their daily damper, composed of flour and water and salt, and boiled their kettle of tea. Their store consisted of salt beof and pork, flour and rice in casks, a chest of tea, some sugar and raisins, and a few other articles. Tin cups and plates, and two or three knives and forks, formed their dinner and tea service; a kettle and saucepan and gridiron were their chief cooking utensils; some rough slabs of the stringy-bark trees on tressels, ticking filled with wool, a couple of blankets, and a kangaroo-skin rug a-piece, formed their beds.

Such a life as they led, in spite of its sameness, its solitude, and danger, has its charms for many men. They were contented. May be, their early days had been spent in poverty and starvation in some crowded city, amid scenes of profligacy, squalor, and suffering. Here they enjoyed pure air, a bright sky, and abundance of food, and were removed from the temptations which once beset them. Those who have once occupied nearly every position in life will be found among the shepherds and hut-keepers of Australia—brought to poverty either through their own faults or the faults of others. Few like to speak of their early lives. Whatever had been the position of Storey and Ladbury, they were now steadily performing their duty. Having dispatched their early breakfast, the two men counted and examined their sheep as they came out of the fold, and picked out those requiring any particular treatment.—Storey then started with the flock to a distant pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duties. There was the folds to repair here and there, some sick sheep to doctor, the roof of the hut to patch, and a piece of garden ground which he had wisely begun to cultivate, to attend to. His dinner was quickly dispatched.—His usual companion, a favorite dog, had disappeared: he could not tell how but much feared it had been bitten by a snake and died in the bush. He lit his pipe, and smoked and thought awhile. Again he busied himself out of doors, and once more returned to the hut to prepare the evening meal for himself and his companion. He was about to hook the freshly-made dampers out of the ashes, when he heard a low moan. He listened—the sound was repeated. He hurried out and looked about him. It must have been fancy, he thought, and was about to return to the hut, when the same sound again reached his ears. It came from a cluster of bushes at a little distance off. With an anxious heart he ran to the place and there found his companion lying on the ground, bleeding from numerous wounds, and with a spear-head still sticking in the body. Lifting Storey in his arms, he carried him to the hut and laid him on his bed.

"It's the work of those black fellows," said Ladbury, looking out round the hut.—None were in sight. He came back, and warming some water, bathed poor Storey's wounds; then he carefully cut out the barbed head of the spear, and continued bathing the wound, except for a short time, when he poured some warm tea down the sufferer's throat. Every moment while thus employed he expected the natives to attack the hut. He had no longer Rover to give him warning of the approach of a foe. There was little doubt that his poor dog also had been speared. The pain being soothed, Storey at length, to Ladbury's great joy, returned to consciousness, and explained that he had been attacked early in the day by natives. He had run from them after receiving several wounds, but had been speared again half a mile or so from the hut, and had crawled the rest of the distance, till he fainted from the lost of blood and the pain he was suffering.

Sad indeed was the condition of these two poor fellows, with no white man nearer than twenty miles, and no surgeon within, probably, two hundred. Night at length came on, when, as the natives never move about in the dark, they knew they were safe. But they both felt certain the attack would be renewed by daylight, and the event proved they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overcome with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by the sound of a spear being forced through the reed-made door of the hut. Another and another followed through the slightly formed walls. "We shall be murdered, mate, if I don't put them to flight," he exclaimed, taking his pocket-knife, and bill-hook, the only weapons he possessed, the first in the left hand, and the other partly covered by his coat, so that it looked like a pistol. "All ready. We may never meet again in this world, so good bye Charley; but I'll chance it." Suddenly he sprang through the doorway, shouting to the blacks, nearly fifty of whom he saw before him, that he would shoot if they didn't run. They scarcely daring to look at what they believed to be his pistol, after exchaning a few words with each other, to his great relief began to retire, and as he shouted louder took to their heels.

"We are saved, Charlie," he exclaimed, almost breathless with excitement. "But the niggers will be back again. Do you think you could move along if I were to help you?"

"No, Ned, that I couldn't," answered Storey. "But do you get away. You'd easily reach Jennymungup before nightfall, and if you can bring help I know you will: if not—why my sand is pretty well run out as it is. God's will be done."

"Leave you, Charley!—that's not what I think of doing," said Ladbury, firmly.—"While you have life I'll stay by you, and tend you as well as I can; so that matter is settled."

The hours past slowly by. Ladbury cooked their food and nursed his mate as gently as a woman could have done. Night came, and at length they both slept. Ladbury was awoke by a call from Storey.

"Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were once on my legs," he said.

Ladbury silently made up their bedding and the few household articles they possessed into a bundle, which he hoisted on to his broad shoulders.

"Now, mate, come along," he said, lifting Storey up, and making him rest on his arm. It was two hours past midnight, and they had hoped to get a good start of the blacks. But they had not proceeded many hundred yards before Storey found he had overrated his strength, and sank to the ground.

"Now, Ned, you must go," he whispered "Save yourself; I can but die once, and you'll only lose your life if you stop to help me."

"What I've said I'll do, I hope to stick to," answered Ladbury. Still Storey urged him to continue his journey alone. Ned made no reply, but suddenly started off at a quick pace. Sad indeed must have been poor Storey's feelings when he saw him disappear in the gloom of night. Death was coming sure enough. Already he repented of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight would discover him to the blacks, and they would finish their work in revenge for the escape of his companion. Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared without his bundle

"What! did you think I really was going?" he asked, in a low voice. "You'll not beg me to leave you again, mate. Come, get on my shoulders; we'll see what I can do."

Ladbury walked on with the wounded man on his back for half a mile or more. "Now sit down here, and I'll go back for the bundle," he said, placing him under a bush. No one but a man long accustomed to the wilds of Australia could have found his way as Ladbury did. He soon again passed Storey with their bundle on his shoulders, and once more returned for him. Thus they journeyed on till the sun rose when they reached a stream which they well knew, having traveled about seven miles. Ladbury, however, was so completely exhausted by his exertions that he felt unable to crawl another mile, much less to carry his two burdens. Storey had again became so ill, and his wounds were so painful, that it seemed doubtful that he would survive if moved further. Though the danger was great, Ladbury resolved to camp where they were for some days, till Storey had partly recovered his strength. At last he bethought him, that though Storey could not walk, and he could no longer carry him on his shoulders, he might drag him along, should the blacks not have traced them out. He accordingly, with the aid of some sticks cut from the bush, and their bedding, formed a sleigh which, without much difficulty, he could drag along. On this he placed the wounded man, with such provisions as remained, and recommenced his toilsome journey over the grass. He could move but slowly, and often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any corpse or rocky ground which lay in his course. Even now, too, they were not safe, for the blacks, finding the hut empty, might pursue and overtake them. Still the brave Ladbury toiled on: his own strength was rapidly giving away. Once more he was obliged to halt near a stream.

"We must camp here to-night, mate," he said to Storey. "Perhaps to-morrow my legs will be able to move; to-day they can do no more." The night passed away in silence; the morning was ushered in with the strange sounds of the Australian bush, and the sun rose, casting a fiery heat over the plain. Storey had not moved. Ladbury looked at him, anxiously expecting to find him no longer alive. He roused up, however, and after some breakfast, again Ladbury harnessed himself to the sleigh and moved on. Often he was obliged to halt; sometimes he could only move a few hundred yards at a time; a few minutes' rest enabled him again to go on. Still the stages became shorter and the rests longer as the evening approached. He felt that he could not exist another night in the bush. The station could not now be far off. A faintness was creeping over him. On, on, he went, as if in a dream. Several times he stumbled and could scarcely recover himself. A sound reached his ears; it was a dog's bark. With the conviction that help could not be far off, his strength seemed to return. The roofs of the wood sheds and huts appeared. No one could be seen. Even then he and his friend might perish if he did not go on. It was the supper hour at the station. On he must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumbling and panting. The door of the chief hut was reached, and he sank fainting across the threshold. Every attention was paid to the two men. Ladbury soon recoved. Poor Storey was conveyed to the hospital at Albany but so great had been the shock to his system, that in a short time, he sunk under its effects.

We read of the gallant acts of our soldiers and sailors in the face of an enemy, but is there not also heroism in the character of this Australian shepherd—heroism which might never have been suspected had not circumstances occurred to draw it out?

A Conscientious Lawyer.

The Danville (N. Y.) *Express* tells a capital story connected with a prominent lawyer of that village, who has distinguished himself in the defense of criminals, as well as in connection with other trials, having frequently, through his skill, aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago, while he was attending court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing $150 in bank notes, and had got him indicted. "Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your busines," replied the accused. "They say it makes no difference with you, whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out some way. So don't talk any more about the guilty till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over, give I——(the complainant) h—l on the cross-examination, and the other fellow he has got t. Lock him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced and proved to be a somewhat exciting and protracted one.—The district attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two $50 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in $10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the Judge, retired, and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effort of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealin when you are around? Now I suppose you want your pay?"

"Yes, have you got any thing to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife and we'll see about that."

The lawyer, slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctently complied.—The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistband of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of silk described by the witnesses for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed: "There, take your pay out of that, I guess there is enough to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of trying to raise a question of conscience after twelve respectable men have given their opinion on the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

Our informant does not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his "conscience" in the premises.

MIGHTY DECEIVEN'.—The Portland *Argus* relates the following:

The new style of short dresses are "mighty deceivin." A benevolent old gentlemen, a little near sighted, came near getting into trouble over in Congress street yesterday, for remarking familiarly: "Well, sis, are your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned upon the old gentlemen, fiercely, with "insolent puppy," "brute," "old villain," &c., and he found that instead of accosting a school miss he had addressed a lady in the full bloom of womanhood.—Perhaps "sis" was right after all.

☞ A Farmer's boy was told to give the cows some cabbages, and to give the cow that yielded the most milk the largest share. He literally obeyed the order, and deposited he largest share on the pump.

☞ "Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones. "Home, sir, home, don't detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

☞ A woman fainted in a New York theater a few nights since, and water being thrown into her face, she revived, exclaiming, "Oh, my new bonnet!"

☞ Never purchase love or frendship by gifts, for when thus obtained they are lost as soon as you stop payment.