

In the spring, men and boys have great sport fishing there. Each has his spear, with a handle ten or fifteen feet long, and a cord attached; and, perching himself upon some projecting rock, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five feet above the water, he watches till he sees a good sized pickerel, cat-fish or sturgeon turn up on the water; then, quick as a hawk upon his prey, he darts his spear at his victim, and deliberately draws back, by his cord, spear, fish and all. One part of this operation is of vast importance to those engaged in it—that is, to make sure their footing, so that they shall not draw themselves in, instead of drawing the sturgeon out.

A short distance from the Dells, to the north-east, is a very high hill, from the top of which the whole country, for twenty miles around, may be seen. We think when our rail-road shall be completed, that from this and perhaps some other hills in the region, the cars may be seen to pass for twenty-five or thirty, and possibly forty miles. In the vicinity of the Dells the ground is covered with winter-greens; and huckle-berries, walnuts, butter-nuts, &c., abound. We conclude that all these attractions, especially the wild romantic scenery of the Dells will always make them a place of resort for seekers of pleasure.—*Newport Mirror*.