

to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the tories, dashed through the fire and got safely through the line of blazing brush.

Upwards of 100,000 buffalo robes find their way into the United States and Canada every year; and besides those killed by the Indians, innumerable carcases left to rot untouched on the trail attest the wanton brutality of the crowds of emigrants to California, Columbia, and elsewhere. Still the numbers of these animals are countless; and it will probably be many years before the reckless whites accomplish the feat of stripping the boundless prairies of their ornament and pride, and depriving the traveller of a meal. We have now only room for the following masterly description of the death of a buffalo, which will serve as an appropriate tailpiece to a more faithful portrait of the trapper of the Rocky Mountains than has probably ever before been drawn.

No animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, it invariably escapes; and, even when thus mortally wounded, or even struck through the very heart, it will frequently run a considerable distance before falling to the ground, particularly if it sees the hunter after the wound is given. If, however, he keeps himself concealed after firing, the animal will remain still, if it does not immediately fall. It is a most painful sight to witness the dying struggles of the huge beast. The buffalo invariably evinces the greatest repugnance to lie down when mortally wounded, apparently conscious that, when once touching mother earth, there is no hope left him. A bull, shot through the heart or lungs, with blood streaming from his mouth, and protruding tongue, his eyes rolling, bloodshot, and glazed with death, braces himself on his legs, swaying from side to side, stamps impatiently at his growing weakness, or lifts his rugged and matted head and helplessly bellows out his conscious impotence. To the last, however, he endeavours to stand upright, and plants his limbs farther apart, but to no purpose.

As the body rolls like a ship at sea, his head turns from side to side, looking about as it were for the unseen and treacherous enemy, who has brought him, the lord of the plain, to such a pass. Gouts of purple blood spurt from his mouth and nostrils, and gradually the failing limbs refuse longer to support the ponderous carcass; more heavily rolls the body from side to side, until suddenly, for a brief instant, it becomes rigid and still; a convulsive tremor seizes it, and with a low sobbing gasp, the huge animal falls over on his side, the limbs extend stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.

From Hogg's Instructor.

ADVENTURE OF AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, when a certain western state (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with a few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old states emigrated thither and settled in the town of K—. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favour. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to come and print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was much pleased for a while with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature but he used the editorial 'we' as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as Daniel Lambert, or the Kentucky giant. Strange to say, there were at that time men in office, who were not a particle more honest than they should be—aching which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against the public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security. At length he published an article more severe and cutting, against meanness in office, than any that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no one individual in particular, it was a 'scorcher.' Some three or four days afterwards he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment, his pen was busy with a paragraph, when the door was opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked, 'Are you S., the proprietor of this paper?' Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and, pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor that it was intended for 'him.' It was in vain that S. protested he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to fever heat, and, from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the choice, either to publish a very humble recantation or take a flogging on the spot. Either alternative was wornwood, but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow would qualify him for an obituary notice. He engaged to retract; and as the visitor insisted upon writing it himself, he set down to his desk. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished. S. had hardly gone fifty yards when he encountered a man who enquired where squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he too, was on the same errand as the other suitor, he pointed to the office,

and told him he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against office holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashing fire. He rushed into the office and assailed the stranger with the epithets, 'liar—scoundrel—coward,' and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentleman supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicking on the floor—then the other—each taking it in turn pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar was tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door and exclaimed that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known; and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homewards, convinced that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt to flog an Editor.

WE ALL HAVE STORM AND SUNSHINE.

Let's laugh at those who cannot bear  
The every ill of life;  
Those brave ones when there's joy to share,  
And cowards when there's strife.  
We all have storm and sunshine,  
The needy with the rich;  
For heaven hath wisely tempered  
Life's feelings unto each.  
If there are thoughts which sadden,  
If there are acts thatadden,  
Why there are things that sadden.  
Things that should patience teach.  
Then drive we peevish cholic,  
And life's too gloomy fit;  
For, like two boys in frolic,  
Joy may with grief cry "quits!"

Clouds will return with winter's hour,  
But summer hath its sky;  
If Death's white finger touch a flower,  
Are there not fresh ones by?  
There may be some who hate us  
The while we weep the tear,  
But some are sure to love us  
When sorrow blights our cheer.  
Woe may be in our dwelling,  
Our present mirth expelling,  
But there's a whisper telling  
Of better moments near.  
Then drive we peevish cholic,  
And life's too gloomy fit;  
For, like two boys in frolic,  
Joy may with grief cry "quits!"

Lips may be false and hearts untrue,  
But all are not like these;  
Though wild winds sweep the green earth  
through  
We have the gentle breeze.  
Though touched at times by sickness,  
We find health's golden mine;  
If common drink be water,  
We now and then get wine.  
Joy is the twin of sorrow,  
Both from the heart's store borrow.  
With weather dull or fine,  
Then drive we peevish cholic,  
And life's too gloomy fit,  
For, like two boys in frolic,  
Joy may with grief cry "quits!"

From the Christian Messenger.

AN HIDING-PLACE FROM THE STORM.

The chamber in which I now write overlooks a quiet harbour in one of the islands of Southern New-England. It is landlocked on every side. The close of the day approaches. Outside the harbour the waves are running high; for the wind is in fierce action, and the roar of the tempest is heard as it rages on the great and wide sea. I looked from my window upon the scowling storm abroad, and then upon the quiet haven within. Younder roll the giant waves, and dash with fearful fury; here the sailor-boy's mimic ship may float in safety.

I love to see that bold headland run out yonder into the fierce sea, and, presenting its rocky side to old Ocean, seem to say, "Frown and roar, and dash upon me as you will, but the quiet waters of this peaceful haven you shall not disturb."

I see through the gloom of the storm one vessel after another trimming the little sail they are able to carry, and guiding the helm so as to reach this place of safety. One after another the run in through the narrow pass, furl the sail, drop the anchor, and all is safe. Here is a whole fleet, that in a few hours past, have sought refuge, and now in security seem to say, "Roar and rage to your liking, old Ocean you cannot reach us here."

While gazing on the scene, I thought of men as they are making the tempestuous voyage of life—how much, in the depraved passions of their own bosom—how much, in the temptations, excitements, trials, and disappointments of life, to toss them to and fro like the vessels I see yonder driven fiercely by the storm. Whose experience has not caused him often to compare his soul to the "troubled sea?"

But I see here and there a voyager striking out from the path of the storm, and hastening to a shelter. There is a quiet haven—one where every soul wishing for repose and safety can find it to full satisfaction.

And when I name the Saviour, the whole story is told. Sinful passions, like angry waves, toss and trouble the spirit; but the Saviour can rebuke them, as he once did the tempest, and they will die. Sore temptations and trials, like fierce storms, buffet the soul, but what a refuge from them all is the bosom of Infinite Love!

The morning has come, and I am looking once more from the window of my chamber. All the frowns, fury, and darkness of the storm are past. The quiet harbour lies stretched out before me, as smooth as a polished mirror. The beams of the now rising sun are falling upon it in their glory. One and another of the vessels that had sought shelter here are preparing to leave their refuge for the open sea. The merry sound of "Yo, heave O!" reaches me from every quarter of the harbour. sail after sail is hoisted to the favouring breeze. One anchor after another "comes home, and the smaller and the larger craft slowly take their way out of the harbour. An hour has gone, and not one of those who came here for shelter now remain. They found a quiet haven as long as one was needed, and have spread their snow-white wings to the breeze, and are hastening forth to complete their voyage.

So, amid the storms of this life—its temptations and its sorrows—the believer in Christ having found in Him a shelter from the passing tempest, goes cheerfully on again as the storm subsides, refreshed by the repose the soul had found in Him, and the better fitted thereby for all future scenes. "He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; a hiding place from the storm, a covert from the tempest." Blessed is the man that seeks such a refuge amid the perils and sorrows of life, and he shall be the man who shall make a prosperous voyage over the sea of probation, and drop his anchor at last in the peaceful heaven above.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

No! reader, no! I am not a satirical fellow, about to launch poisonous words of unfeeling levity at those who are victims to the tyranny of that cruel dame; neither am I a Stoic, and desirous of proving that the absence of pleasure is as good as its presence. In no way do I wish to 'make the worse appear the better reason;' but I should like to prove, if possible, that there is some reason in these words, 'The pleasures of poverty.' I have some title to be heard (on this subject, my dear reader, for *entre nous*) I am, and have always been, as poor as a church mouse; and therefore you may be sure that what I am about to offer to your attention is no pretty piece of speculation, or imaginary theory, formed without the slightest knowledge of the facts.

Allow me to put some preliminary questions. In the first place, 'Who are the people who can with propriety be called 'poor?' We often hear that such and such a nobleman, with only ten thousand a year, is 'very poor;' and we can also call to remembrance one or two persons who have been

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

At first sight, it seems impossible that both these statements can be true, and yet a little reflection shows that they may be. The village pastor may find forty pounds inadequate to his expenses; in such a case, the latter is, and the former is not, poor. From these and other considerations, we should define the poor as, 'All persons whose worldly wants transcend their worldly means.'

In the next place we would ask, 'Is poverty an unmixed evil?' From the earliest ages in which the opinions of the wise have been so thoroughly agreed upon any subject (and they differ considerably upon most matters as upon this one point)—that all things upon earth are composed of a mixture of good and evil; there is nothing so good that it hath no taint of evil, nothing so bad that some good may not be found in it. Hence it follows that poverty, that 'direct curse,' it is not without its redeeming points; and that though it be 'like the toad, ugly and venomous,' it

'Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.'

Since, then, we are assured that among its many pains some pleasures lie hid; and, moreover, since I pique myself upon having discovered some of the minor ones, besides perceiving important ones, discovered by wiser heads, I shall now beg leave to introduce them to the notice of the reader without further delay, giving precedence to the larger pleasures.

Nothing sharpens a man's wits like poverty; except, perhaps, love, which is one sense, a sort of poverty; for is not love the want of something felt to be necessary to the support and maintenance of the soul? Poverty will not actually convert an idiot into a Bacon or a Shakespeare, but it has a wonderful power of brightening dunces and quickening *slow-coaches*; and the brightness and the quickness are just so much pleasure added to the existence of the quondam dunces and *slow-coaches*.

Nothing is so efficacious in purifying and bracing a man's morals as poverty. Cincinnatus, Dentatus, Fabricius, and the other stern models of Roman virtue, would not have been so virtuous—perhaps they would not have been so virtuous at all (who knows?)—if they had been rich senators of the Augustan age. Some people are of opinion that temperance, fortitude, discreet silence, and other virtues, cardinal and minor, became common at Sparta in consequence of the scarcity of ready money there. In short, if we may rely on the testimony of history, men are brave, truthful, magnanimous, in proportion to their poverty; and that the best are the poorest (always supposing they have enough to keep the body and soul together). The poets, too teach us that the golden age of every nation is that in which there is no gold in circulation.

Now, if it be true that poverty, acting upon ordinary men tends to make them more intelligent by mental friction, and more virtuous by the deprivation of the means of vicious indulgence, it follows, as a general rule, that it must tend to make them happier. It would be superfluous talking, in these days, to show that the more intelligent and the more virtuous a man is the happier he must be. Such an influence, acting upon extraordinary minds, will of course produce a corresponding result; and if we search the annals of true greatness in all ages, we shall find that poverty has been the nursing-mother of genius in an overwhelming majority of cases.

It is poverty that has saved genius from wearing out in the enjoyment of mere mundane felicity, for all genius has an insatiable thirst for enjoyment; and if not forced very soon in its career, to recognise the insufficiency of earthly pleasures to satisfy its infinite longings—if not compelled to forbear and to forego, to deny itself and to endure—it would be easily led by its instinctive demands for enjoyments to accept eagerly all the pernicious pleasures of this world,—the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life,—instead of the divine joy of which it is capable, and which it can never possess; till in some way or other, by its own will alone, (which is too much to expect from a mortal,) or by the assistance of circumstances, it has learned to trample on those temptations, and standing erect above them, can fix its gaze steadily upon things above the earth. It is not unnecessary to say this, because many people who have a profound admiration for genius, have no conception of its struggles and self denials. They believe that men like Socrates, Pericles, Trajan, and Antonius, Alfred and Charlemagne, Wickliffe and Zuinglius, Descartes, and Spinoza, Shakespeare, Sydney, and Schiller, are either born superior to the temptations to vice which rise up within ordinary men, or find little difficulty in righting themselves after a temporary aberration. In this way their admirers often deprive them of their due share of praise. It is not for me to measure the merit of resistance in such men, but I am inclined to believe, that they had generally a harder task to subdue the cravings of the lower part of their nature than ordinary men; and that the hardships of poverty, acting from without, went far to assist the working of the higher faculties within, in most of the cases set down at random above. In the case of those who may be said to be 'born in the purple,' either of empire or of luxury, artificial or an accidental poverty was imposed upon them, and they they thus learn to control their appetites and their propensities, and to seek and find a joy which this world can neither give nor take away.

But to descend from these greater considerations of the bright side of poverty, let us now dwell on its little pleasures. Did you ever think, dear reader, of the pleasure of making sixpence do the work of a shilling? True, those who attempt the task generally find it difficult; but to people of spirit, difficult tasks are the only delightful ones. It is also true that many persons who have tried to perform the said task have failed in a signal manner, and pronounced it an impossibility. But there have been other adventurous poor persons, who, like Napoleon, have trampled on impossibilities, and made their sixpences do double duty.

The ingenuity and forethought that a man must exercise in order to get a dinner for sixpence, give him more appetite for the meal than any rich man can feel by merely running his eye down the *carte* at a first rate hotel, and selecting what he thinks he shall like best. The *embarras du choix*, in the one case, may be pleasing for a moment, but it can never be so thoroughly satisfactory as the fixed immovable necessity of the other; the chop or rasher, or *nothing*, cannot be a very embarrassing question to a well constituted mind, that is roused to action by an empty stomach. And when each has finished his meal, which derives the greatest amount of pleasure from it?

He who, with easy digestion, takes up his hat and hums a tune as he walks out of a coffee-house, and goes away again to counting house or workshop, or he who, having achieved the *great fact* of his day—dinner—reclines in a state of somnolent repletion, waiting till such time as his overtaxed digestive organs shall have got through their business, and will suffer him to decide how he will wile away the evening.

Again: if you have five miles to go to business every day, is not much more pleasant (and how much more needful!) to take the omnibus one way, and walk the other, than ride both ways, as those men so often do to whom shillings and sixpences are unimportant objects? Besides, you can occasionally walk both ways, and that afford to buy yourself a new pamphlet, or the baby a new toy.

Then there is the pleasure of making pre-