

There is no time to be lost; and, in the words of Goldsmith—
"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

From the "Californian and Oregon Trail."

A BUFFALO HUNT.

A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my wrist; I swung it into the air, and lashed my horse's flank with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, stretching close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew that it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffaloes. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust, and stunned by the trampling of a flying herd; but I was drunk with the chase, and cared for nothing but the buffalo. Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming through the dust; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs lying out beneath, the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly, to my utter amazement, the hoofs were jerked upward, the tails flourished in the air, and amid the cloud of dust the buffalo seemed to sink into the earth before me. One vivid impression of that instant remains upon my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffaloes dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it about twelve feet deep, and not quite twice as wide at the bottom. It was impossible to stop; I would have done so gladly if I could; so, half-sliding, half-plunging, down went the little mare. I believe she came down on her knees on the loose sand at the bottom; I was pitched forward violently against her neck, and nearly thrown over her head among the buffalo, who, amid dust and confusion, came tumbling in all around. The mare was on her feet in an instant, and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment that she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered up and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back I saw the huge head of a bull clinging as it were by the fore feet at the edge of the dusty gulf. At length I was fairly among the buffalo. They were less densely crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of a herd. As I passed amid them, they would lower their heads, and, turning as they ran, attempt to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed, there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows amid the throng. One just in front of me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack, and I lost sight of the wounded animal amid the tumultuous crowd. Immediately after, I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in succession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed onward. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie, far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo, galloping heavily. For a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My firearms were all empty, and I had in my pouch nothing but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols, and too small for the gun. I loaded the latter, however, but as often as I leveled it to fire, the little bullets would roll out of the muzzle, and the gun would return a faint report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly exploded. I galloped in front of the buffalo, and attempted to turn her back; but her eyes glared, her main bristled, and lowering her head, she rushed at me with astonishing fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element. She dodged her enemy at every rush, until at length the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts; she panted, and her tongue hung lolling from her jaws. Riding to a little distance, I alighted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve the purpose of wadding, and load the gun at my leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground than the buffalo came bounding in such a rage toward me that I jumped back again into the saddle with all possible despatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife; but the experiment proved such as no wise man would repeat. At length, bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buckskin pantaloons, I jerked off a few of them, and reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place; then approaching, shot the buffalo through the heart. Sinking to her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that instead of a fat cow I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer wondering at the fierceness he had shown, I opened his throat, and cutting out his tongue, tied it at the back of my saddle. My mistake was one which a more experienced eye than mine might easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

One day at the table of the late Dr. Pease, Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was removed, and the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among law-

yers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than six eminent barristers in as many months.' The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, gave the customary grace—'For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised.'

From the London People's Journal.

CHARMS.

BY THE REV. J. B. TALBOT, F.R.S.

- There's a charm in the soft and gentle wind,
As it carols its onward way;
'Tis like the first call of the infant mind,
As it seeks the sunniest spots to find,
Or the child at its guileless play.
- There's a charm in the sweet expanding flower,
As it sheds its fragrance round;
'Tis like young thought in its lovelest hour,
Or a maiden chaste in her woodbine bower,
Her heart nor fettered nor bound.
- There's a charm in the sea's wild rolling wave,
As it heaves its white-crested foam;
'Tis like the generous career of the brave,
As he toils the weak and helpless to save,
Or leads the poor wanderer home.
- There's a charm in the mountain's frosted brow,
As it lifts its broad bosom on high,
'Tis like the firm grasp of the mind's o'erthrow,
As it beams with a rich and radiant glow,
And bounds to its source in the sky.
- There's a charm in the pencilled evening sky,
As all nature sinks to her rest;
'Tis like the full heart, with its breathing sigh,
As it wings its flight to the throne on high,
In prayer for the loved and the best.
- There's a charm in the rainbow's blended hue,
As it circles the lofty sky;
'Tis like the soul that is noble and true,
O'erflowing with love and sympathy too,
While it lists to the mourner's cry.
- There's a charm in the cool sequestered grove,
With its peaceful and holy grace;
'Tis like a sweet refuge to wounded love,
Akin to the happiness felt above,
Or the rest that succeeds the race.
- There's a charm in the lively speaking star,
As it sparkles in azure blue;
'Tis like the bright spot when seen from afar,
Though darkness and gloom may the prospect mar,
And joys be but scanty and few.
- There's a charm in the bright sun's golden ray,
As it shines o'er the field and flood;
'Tis like the heart's hope as it soars away,
Above the range of life's transient day,
To the home of the just and good.
- There's a charm in the vivid lightning's flash,
And the thunder's pealing roar;
'Tis like the soul's moving resistless crash,
Or the booming tide with its heaving dash,
As it laves the "iron-bound" shore.
- There's a charm in the great and glorious earth,
With its beauteous gems and flowers;
'Tis like some king in the fulness of mirth,
Fallen and prostrate, though noble of birth,
And wielding a monarch's powers.
- There's a charm in the step of a rosy boy,
As he gambols with freedom gay;
'Tis like the splendour of a gilded toy,
Which gives the promise of a lengthened joy,
Through many a looked-for day.
- There's a charm in the thought of a happy home,
Where the loved ones cluster in glee;
'Tis like peaceful sleep after rage and foam,
Or the calm that succeeds the wild wind's moan,
As it spreads o'er the bounding sea.
- There's a charm in the mother's sparkling eye,
As she looks on her sleeping child;
'Tis like the soft scene in the summer's sky,
Or the soothing sounds of a lullaby,
Attuned by the meek and the mild.
- There's a charm when the mariner's voice is heard,
As he welcomes the home of his youth;
'Tis like the sweet note of the evening bird,
As in the dell it is joyfully heard,
Or the strains of heavenly truth.
- There's a charm in the city's crowded street,
With its noise, its pleasure, its strife;
'Tis like young friendship's generous greet,
Or the bustling sound of a thousand feet,
As they tread the pathway of life.
- There's a charm in my own, my native land,
With its loves and its friendships true;
'Tis like the soft chain with its silken band,
That binds each heart and secures each hand,
And opens glad scenes to the view.

There's a charm in the humble saint of God,
As he moves in his onward course;
'Tis like the heart bending beneath the rod,
Or the slumbering child on the green grass sod,
Refreshed from nature's own source.

There's a charm in the sacred place of prayer,
Whether palace, or cottage, or plain;
'Tis like the breath of the ambient air;
Or the Christian's prospect bright and fair,
Where the ransomed for ever reign.

But a brighter charm in the Truth is found,
As it gilds the path of the just;
'Tis like liberty's voice to the heart that's bound,
Or smiling flower as it springs from the ground,
Inspiring a heavenly trust.

If Truth charms my soul in this mortal life,
And guides me as onward I rove;
My days will be marked by no wearisome strife,
And nature's bad passions will never be rife,
While my heart will be filled with love.

Come, Truth, then, and shed thy peace-giving beam,
Enlighten my heart and my soul;
Now give me to drink from thine own blessed stream,
Then the troubles of time will only seem
Like moments, as swiftly they roll.

The scenes of this world will soon pass away,
And hasten my spirit to rest;
With Truth on my side I'll welcome each day,
Regardless of time, whether gloomy or gay,
Till I enter the realms of the blest'd.

By Jean Paul Richter.

CHILDREN'S JOYS AND SORROWS

I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold, think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore? The first cause has been already given; the child, like the beast, only knows present (though shortest) sorrow; one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without, the dreamer from himself into his aesthetic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt but of innocence. Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and, indeed both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life, the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return; the dream this mockson of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul. The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after stage; whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents consider, then, that every childhood's Rupert (the name given in Germany to the fictitious being employed to frighten children into obedience), even though it has lain chained for tens of years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man so soon as it finds him on a sick bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens; as the man grows older he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.

EQUAL TERMS.

A Southern paper tells the following duelling anecdote:
Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great honor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground when Colonel D. was asked if he was ready.
'No,' he replied.
'What are you waiting for?' inquired Judge T.'s second.
'Why, sir,' said Colonel D., 'I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg.'
The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight.

SEEK AND FIND.

Dr B— was walking down Fifth street the other day, when he saw two boys on the sidewalk, apparently searching for something. One of the boys remarked just as he reached them—'Well five dollars is worth hunting after.' So the doctor stopped, and searched

awhile. Finally he got tired and said to the boys, 'Have you lost a five dollar bill?'
'No sir,' said they, 'but we did not know but we should find one.'
The doctor sloped.

CONDUCT TO A WIFE

Then cherish her dearly,
And love her sincerely,
Be faithful, indulgent and kind;
Make not a slight failing
A pretext for railing,
If such you should happen to find.

O! do not misuse her,
And never refuse her,
When proper her wishes may be,
And thy cost, care and trouble,
She'll recompense double,
By the kindness she'll lavash on thee.

SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

At a large ball in this city, says the Baltimore Sun, a gentleman having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities asked, on leading her to a seat, if he might have the pleasure of seeing her on the following day.

'Why, no, sir,' replied the fair one, 'I shall be engaged to-morrow evening, but I'll tell you when you can see me.'

'I shall be most happy,' exclaimed the stricken swain.

'Well, on Saturday night,' resumed the lady, 'you can see me at the foot of Marsh Market selling cabbages'

If the young man is wise, he will be there for certain—for that girl will make him a good wife.

RICH.

The following anecdote, told by the Times, of a 'Down East' light keeper, recently appointed, is one of the richest things we have read for ten days, and as many nights:—

Immediately after he had taken possession, complaints were made that the lights went out by twelve o'clock. The proper officer was at once sent to look into the matter, and he was told that complaints were made against him.

'For what?' was the inquiry.

'Why,' replied the officer, 'they say that our lights do not burn after twelve o'clock at night.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'I know they don't, for I put 'em out myself, then, for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the ink.'

Two young Princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less person than the first emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other,
'You are the greatest ass in Venice.'
Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying with indignation:
'Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present.'

SKETCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

M. Victor Hugo is a born actor. His writings have the florid varnish of an acted style. The high gifts with which he has been endowed by Providence have been perverted into a sleight-of-hand dealing with language. Where he might have soared, he has stooped to pick up odd discoveries, and make the queerest contrasts. His mind has become a kaleidoscope, and his tongue can only utter puerile conceits. He believes that he has discovered the antithesis, or that, at least, he has revealed its power; and he thinks speaks and acts by a sort of double key—a new found harmony created from a forced consonance of things, the highest with things, the most mean. He stoops from an Alpine attitude to pick up a bauble; and although he may display agility, he is no longer the eagle looking unblenching at the sun.

In the Chamber of Peers, the Vicomte Victor Hugo acted with an overstrained, deferential courtesy. In the Assembly he tried to put on the air of a great champion, at one moment of the Republic, at another of endangered society. His large, prominent, fair, and remarkable brow, would seem charged with frown; his voice would issue like avenging thunder, and his gestures perform their fitting accompaniments of extravagance. Yet he failed. With a good appearance, good voice, commanding action, and high frame, Victor Hugo utterly failed. More than once has he been driven from the Tribune by clamorous impatience—Why? Because he is an actor, because he is artificial, vain, and inconstant; because he thinks more of himself than of his cause; because he is not animated by a lofty, self-sacrificing sincerity.

INDUSTRY.

Boys should be industrious busy and active, ever desiring and aiming at improvement. Happiness and success in life depend upon this; usefulness in the world—an object worth living for—is greatly promoted by an economical appropriation of our time. Spare moments—the golden sands of life—should all be turned to good account. Much is to be learned and more, if possible, to be accomplished. Time, even if lengthened beyond our reasonable expectation, is not too long to be apportioned to those virtuous wishes which the Great Dispenser of all our blessings requires of our hands.