

Miscellaneous.

GO FORWARD!

Go forward!—'tis folly behind to be glancing,
 We cannot recover the days that are past;
 The future our joys will, perchance, be enhancing,
 Tho' dark clouds of care o'er the present are cast.
 There is never a night but there comes a to-morrow,
 There is never a cloud but a sunbeam succeeds;
 We should feel not the helm, if we knew not the sorrow—
 Go forward!—the RIGHT PATH to happiness leads.

Go forward!—the future MUST yield to the power
 That justice, and goodness, and truth can convey;
 The base and the false may succeed for the hour,
 But reason, at last, will but honour obey!
 True courage consists but in facing a danger:
 Ne'er harbour injustice by word or in deed;
 As you'd be to a friend, be the same to a stranger—
 Go forward and HOPE,—you'll be sure to succeed!

A SLEEPY FARMER.

A worthy Northumberland farmer left home the other Saturday for Newcastle market, on the day of the rent dinner; and Peggy the maid, who was also coming, received strict orders from her mistress to see him in the train at night.—Peggy was true to her trust; she saw her master into a second-class carriage, and then got into a third-class carriage herself. On her arrival at the station she alighted, and proceeded on foot to the farm. "Well, Peggy, where's your master?" asked the dame; "did you see him into the train?" "Yes, Ma'am," replied Peggy. "Then where is he?" continued her mistress; "did you see him get out?" "No, Ma'am," rejoined the literal maid; "you didn't tell me to do that." "Stupid!" exclaimed the farmer's wife; "he'll have gone on with the train." And so he had! He went forward to the next station, and would have gone on to the very terminus of the line, but the guard, popping his lantern into the carriage, saw him snoozing in a corner, and rousing him up, cried,— "Hollo! Mr. —? where are you going to?" "To —," said the farmer. "To —!" echoed the guard; "why, you've got to —!" Our hero started at the announcement; and his friend of the lantern, assisting him to descend, transferred him to the mail train, which just then came up from the opposite direction. Manful was the struggle which he made to keep awake until the train arrived at —; but his potent enemy, sleep, came off conqueror. He awoke no more until a voice resounded in his ear, "Hollo! Mr. —, what's brought you back to Newcastle?" He thought it was a dream; it must be the reverberation of the cry which awoke him at —. But no! it was a waking reality. He had got back to Newcastle again, and the news of his return reached his brother tenants before they had broken up from the rent dinner! He made no further trial that night of the rail, but came to the resolution that he would not go home till morning.—*Gateshead Observer*.

KILLING A BUFFALO.—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 slowly turns from side to side, looking about as it were,

for the unseen and treacherous enemy who has brought him, the lord of the plains, 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 extended stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.—*Adventures in the Rocky Mountains*.

FUNGI IN SILK.—A manufacturer of silks, having received from his dyer a large quantity of goods in a spotty condition, threatened him with an action, unless he was compensated for the loss he was likely to sustain, owing, as it appeared, to the dyer's carelessness. This being resisted, chemists were employed to detect the cause of the accident; but they were at fault, until at length one gentleman to whom the damaged silk had been committed for analysis, thought of submitting it to a microscopic examination, which was undertaken by an eminent naturalist, who at once discovered that the spots were owing to a peculiar fungus, having all the characters of that variety which was detected in the potato disease. The result was, the discovery that all the damage had been effected by the manufacturer and not the dyer, he having employed in the process of manufacture a starch size which had been prepared from diseased potatoes.—*Art Union Journal*.

A YOUNG GOOSE.—A market girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out to be unmanageably tough. The next day the gentleman said to the market girl, "That goose which you sold me for a young one was very old." "Certainly not," said the girl; "don't you call me young?" "Yes." "Well, I am but nineteen, and I have heard mother say often that the goose was six weeks younger than me."—*Boston paper*.

FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A RATTLE SNAKE.—The N. Y. *Herald* records the death of Dr. A. F. Wainwright, of 41, Crosby-street, of that city, occasioned by the bite of a rattle-snake. The snake was sent him by a friend in Mobile, Alabama. It was a large animal, about five feet in length, having 12 rattles; it was contained in a box with spars over the top. The doctor was on his way home from the ship with the present, but stopped at the Broadway-house to show the curiosity. The company present seemed to enjoy the sight of teasing and irritating the snake, while the reptile kept whizzing its rattle at a furious rate. The box was opened, and now there being a fair field the reptile kept coiling and rearing itself in fierce defiance to its enemies; this display lasted for some time, when Dr. Wainwright touched it a few inches below the head, expecting that it could not bend its body sufficiently to bite. In a moment it snapped, and inflicted a wound on the first joint of the middle finger of the right hand. This occurred at half-past six o'clock P. M. on Thursday. Dr. Smith made a superficial incision of the part, and also cauterized it with nitrate of sulphur. He also applied a ligature immediately above the wrist. The hand commenced to swell immediately after the occurrence of the accident. An application of turpentine to the wound was then ordered, as also the internal administration of diffusible stimulants. Although the disease progressed rapidly in its course to the forearm and arm, no constitutional symptoms seem to have made their appearance until it reached the "axilla," or armpit, when immediately the pulse began to flag, and notwithstanding the continued application of stimulants by the mouth, and also in other forms, the pulse never rallied until about 12 o'clock p. m., when death put a period to his existence. Dr. Wainwright was a physician of eminent standing, of high professional reputation in medical, literary, and scientific acquirements; he was once a captain in the 50th Regt. of Foot, British service.

When the oak puts forth its leaf before the ash, a dry summer may be expected; but when the ash precedes the oak, then a wet one.—*Old Proverb*.