

VAST HERD OF ANTELOPES.

On the 28th I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to, viz., a "trek-brookken," or grand migration of springboks. This, was I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned I had been lying awake in my wagon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they commenced pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the northeast, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhat about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was really which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and alter riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried "Enough." We then retraced our steps to secure from the ever-voracious vultures, the venison which lay strewn along my pory track. Having collected the springboks at different bushes, and concealed them with brushwood, we returned to camp, where I partook of coffee while my men were inspanning. A person anxious to kill many springboks might have bagged thirty or forty that morning. I never, in all my subsequent career, felt in with so dense a herd of these antelopes, nor found them allow me to ride so near them. Having inspanned, we proceeded with the wagons to take up the fallen game, which, being accomplished, we held for the small periodical stream beside which the wandering Boers were encamped, that point being in my line of march from Beer Vley. Vast and surprising as was the herd of springboks which I had that morning witnessed, it was infinitely surpassed by what I beheld on the march from my Vley to old Sweir's camp, for, on our clearing the low range of hills through which the springboks had been pouring, I beheld the boundless plains, and even the hill sides which stretched away on every side of me, thickly covered, not with "herds," but with "one vast herd" of springboks: far as the eye could strain, the landscape was alive with them, until they softened down into a dim red mass of living creatures.—A Hunter's Life in South Africa.

The following is from a Florence correspondent of the Boston Traveller:

"Mrs. Trollope resides here in a handsome villa, which passes under the name of Trollopina. She continues to be a most industrious writer of novels. Lever, the novelist, also resides here permanently. He is a bluff, humorous looking Irishman, quite in keeping with his works. Sir Henry Bulwer has just returned from Rome, where he has been conducting a sort of side-door diplomacy with the Pope, to enable Queen Victoria the better to control the Catholic subjects of Ireland. He professes to have obtained some concessions from his Infallible Sanctity, but "nous verrons" what Rome gives; gently she withdraws secretly. I took tea with Sir Henry a few evenings since, and was surprised to find how feeble he has become since I parted from him in Washington. He has been entirely secluded from company until within a few days, and now moves about only with difficulty. He spoke highly of his residence in America, particularly in New York, but said that the seed of his disease were received in Washington. Lady Bulwer is in London. It is not yet known whether she returns here. If not, the prospects for a gay season are poor."

**TRANSFUSION.**—For more than two centuries the idea has prevailed, and many attempts have been made at different times to revive the failing powers of old age, by the introduction, in some form or other, of the vitality of youth. The introduction of blood of a young and vigorous person into the veins of the old has been a favorite idea and subject of experiment, but hitherto without the wished for results. The attention of the Medical Chirurgical Society in England has lately been called to the subject, and it is asserted, (not, however, under the sanction of the Society) that when fairly tested, the transfusion of the blood will, in certain cases of bodily weakness, prove a remedial of great power.

**CINCINNATI.**—A Cincinnati correspondent of a New Hampshire paper says:—"Business is brisk. The people are active.—Fortunes are being made. But then we have in this city 3000 rumshops, 1200 gambling dens, 6,000 females of ill fame, and six times that number of corrupt men! So say the public prints. Pistols, bowie knives, robbery and murder are so common as to be little thought of. At least fifty murders have been committed and attempted in this city within the last year. Nearly all the difficulty and corruption grow out of the unrestrained use of alcoholic liquors; as reports at the Mayor's office abundantly prove."

Seventeen states have passed Homestead Laws. Of the Southern States, Georgia exempts twenty acres, not exceeding in value the sum of \$350, Florida exempts forty acres, not exceeding in value \$400, Alabama forty acres, or house and lot in town, \$300; Texas two hundred acres \$500; California, the land of gold, \$500; South California, forty acres \$500.

The population of the three principal cities of the West are as follows:—Cincinnati, 160,000 inhabitants; Pittsburgh 110,000; St. Louis, 87,634.

Wisconsin, with a sparse and emigrant population, has a school and university fund of \$338,000, and an annual outlay for the instruction of her children of \$120,000; 90,000 of her 190,000 children have attended school during the year.

Each excitement is caused among the Cherokee Nation by the discovery of gold upon their land. Large quantities were found in a creek, on Horse-hoe creek, the yield averaging \$10 a day per man.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

**A KISS FOR A THUR.**—Miss Betty Chalmers of Edinburgh once remarked to Henry Bisking, that if ever she should be chosen to edit the 401<sup>st</sup> edition of the Bible she would change but one word. In the passage, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," she would amend by substituting the word "kiss" for the word "smite."

**MORE ABOUT KISSING.**—Miss Betty, when gravely rebuked by her mother one day, for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting that excellent and well known passage of Scripture, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them."

**AT HOME.**—"I shall be at home next Sunday night," said Miss Betty, as she followed her first sweetheart to the door of the family mansion, after a conversation that showed he was wavering in his attachment to her. "So shall I," was his reply.

"Why is the profession of a Parson sooner and easier learnt than that of a Physician?" said Miss Betty, one morning to Dr. Monto. "Because it is easier to preach than to practice," was the response.

**ALL FOOLS.**—"I thought you was born on the first of April," said a benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. "Most people might think so," she replied, "from the chance I made of a husband."

**ERRAND.**—Sent with a couple of ducks to Mrs. Sheridan, by the late Dr. Jenners,

I've sent, my dear madam this scrap of a letter,  
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;  
A regular Doctor no longer she lacks,  
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

To which Mrs. S. returned the following impromptu.

Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,  
Thus, a couple of quacks your patient to send,  
Since there's nothing so lively, as quacks, it is plain,  
To make work for a regular Doctor again.

An Irishman swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded, "The only one of my three children who shows me any real affection is Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

To kiss a rosy cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with rouge, is truly awful.

Just so soon as an editor in the land can get into a tub and lift himself up, then can he write and select matter to suit every patron.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by post-humous work? "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread; it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantial a grand relish, without which they would swallow mighty hard.

A rural poet out west describing his lady-love says, she is as graceful as a water lily, while her breath smells like an armful of clover. Hopeful youth that.

Young men be on the old man's side in politics, side with the old lady in all matters pertaining to the church, keep on hand a good supply of ammunition, in the shape of nuts and candies for the young ones—and your fortune with the daughter is made—is was never known to fail.

There is a man in Philadelphia, so thin that it is thought he will never pay the debt of nature, but will dry up and blow away.

He is not quite so bad as a certain old maid out in Wisconsin who was so old and dried up, that the doctors had to soak her before she could die. Fact.

**TAKING A HORN.**—A young lady who had joined a Maine Law Society as a daughter of temperance, was married to Mr. John Horne, on which a rhymster wrote:—

Miss Julia was a Temperance maid,  
And praised us beauties night and morn,  
But on the day that she was wed,  
She broke her pledge, and took a Horne.

"A Rolling Stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We have just seen in a country paper, the marriage of Peleg Rowlingstone, to Miss Opelia Moss.

"Father," said a frank boy, whose sense of propriety had been shocked by the parental admixture of supplications and execrations, "I wish you would either quit praying or swearing—I don't mind which."

A gentleman having presented his Church with "the ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

A miser threatened to give a poor labourer some blows with a stick. "I don't believe you," said the other, "for you never give anything."

**INTEMPERANCE.**—London has a population of 2,500,000, and of 70,000 persons apprehended by the police in one year, 30,867 were for drunkenness; 10,150 "drunk & disorderly"; 2,399 "disorderly prostitutes"; 5,173 "for common assaults"; 3,027 "for assaults on the police."

The last three items, and a large proportion of the remainder of the 70,000, may be traced to drunkenness.

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes a people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

It is a singular fact that while Iceland, with a population of 60,000, has three newspapers, the island of Sicily, with a population of 2,000,000, has not even one newspaper.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)  
THE HEARTHSTONE.

BY MRS F. A. HENRY

As thy home is to thee, even such is thy life  
If that home be the dwelling of discord and strife,  
Then thy life is as bitter as wormwood and gall,  
The sky of thy mind like a funeral pall.

Though kind words of welcome await thee abroad,  
Though rare gifts of fortune around thee are show'd,  
Though the wide world be full of bright sunshine and mirth,  
Thy heart has no light, it all dark be thy hearth.

But the voice of the tempest may waken the blast,  
A plumage of darkness the bright sky o'ercast;  
And waves of misfortune sweep wildly thy path,  
It blest in thy hearth, thou wilt heed not their wrath.

If the sweet dove of peace have but folded its wing,  
Beside the calm hearthstone, to nestle and sing—  
If words of affection in sympathy bloom,  
And loving eyes light up the temple of home;

If when we're woe'd and worn with the world's busy strife,  
Thou turnest, heart-sick, from the sad scenes of life,  
Then find words and sweet smiles, but woo thee to rest,  
In the bosom of home—oh, then thou art blest.

Though the world be envelop'd in darkness and gloom,  
And cold frowns may meet thee, away from thy home,  
Kindled in the hearts round thy hearth that dwell,  
Still light shall enfold thee where dark billows swell.

Oh cherish the hearts around thy hearthstone that meet,  
With pure dew of kindness nourish love's blossoms sweet,  
Let wrath and unkindness no dwelling find there,  
Be peaceful and loving, and true, and sincere.

PORT ORANOA, March, 1853.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE are increasing in some localities. There is to be a Session of the Body sometime during this month, the exact day we do not know. The Grand Sister Scribe would serve the Order by letting all unions know the time of meeting, by a public newspaper notice, but it seems no notice is given. All organizations should be cautious that too much power be not vested in one person. If we belong to an order let all take an equal part, have a voice in it, and see that the best persons fill offices, and that offices be distributed in different localities. The great danger of all societies is centralization, which uniformly ends in selfishness and scheming. In the United States the women are very active. If the order of social circles be extended in the American States, that is to say, the admission of males and females into temperance societies, guarded by a pass word it will do away with the Order of the Daughters in many localities. At the late Session of the Grand Division at Oshawa £12 10s. were voted to help the Daughters; and a report was made and adopted recommending them to the special favor of the Sons. This last was needless, for the Sons would do all this without a recommendation.

**A WIFE STAKED AT CARDS.**—We have heard of shares being staked on a game of chance on the Mississippi, and wives being put up at auction in England; but we believe it has been reserved for the French to introduce the staking of wives at a single game of cards! A recent French paper reports a case which was brought before the Correctional Police, in which a lady brought a suit for divorce against her husband. In the course of the evidence it was proved that on two different occasions the wife had been staked and lost at cards, and the key of her town handed over to the winners! In the first she escaped by jumping out of the window, and in the other the winner was too much intoxicated to be dangerous. The court granted an act of separation, but refused to divorce the parties. This case presents rather a curious picture of French manners and morals.

**POLITENESS BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**—By endeavoring to acquire a habit of politeness, it will soon become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love; it assays accidental irritation, by preventing harsh reverts and rude contradictions; it softens the bosom, stimulates indulgence, suppresses selfishness, and by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may easily be won by it to forego the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never to ask a favor of them but in courteous terms, never to reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. Both precept and example ought to be laid under contribution, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad who is not habitually polite at home.

Elisha Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that too while he was laboring vigorously at the forge and anvil, from six to twelve hours daily.