

D O T H E Y M I S S M E A T H O M E ?

BY TRAVELLER.

I.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

II.

To know that the tailor and landlord,
 And the banks where my paper is due,
 And hosts whom I now cannot mention,
 Had banished me quite from their view.

III.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me,
 When the market for money is 'tight,'
 And collectors with haste are pursuing
 Their debtors by day and by night?

IV.

Do the friends who once loaned me a 'fifty,'
 And the others, that loaned me a 'ten,'
 Heave a sigh of regret as they miss me,
 And wish they could see me again?

V.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me
 When no longer I'm seen upon 'Change,
 And do those who were wont to assist me,
 Say 'His conduct's infernally strange?'

VI.

Does the SHYLOCK who loaned me his money
 To bear me to regions unknown,
 Look in vain for occasion to dun me,
 And wish I again were at home?

VII.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear,
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

VIII.

But I know that my memory lingers
 Around the dear place as I roam,
 And while I've my wits and my creepers,
 They'll miss me, they'll miss me at home!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PIONEER LIFE: OR, THIRTY YEARS A HUNTER: Being Scenes and Adventures in the Life of PHILIP TOME, fifteen years Interpreter for CORN-PLANTER and GOV. BLACK-SNAKE, chiefs on the Alleghany River. In one volume: pp. 238. Buffalo: Published for the AUTHOR.

EVER since the days when the mighty NEMROD, at the head of his bold hunters, laid low the maned lion and the tusky boar on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, the life of the hunter has been second in glory only to the life of the warrior. By the winter fire-side, when sated with tales of battle and of broil, men have gladly turned, for means to while away the lingering hours, to the more beneficent adventures of those who risked their lives, not in destroying their brethren, but in slaying, for the peaceful husbandmen, those powerful and noxious animals that destroyed his crops or devoured his children; so that he might possess the land in peace, and make the desert to blossom as the rose.

In our own time, CUMMING in Southern, and GERARD in Northern Africa have fully asserted the capability of man to contend single-handed against the mightiest monarchs of the waste and wold; and in our own country, in a long line from North to South are dotted here and there the hardy hunters of the West, who form the front line of our advancing civilization, and unflinchingly drive back the snarling and growling denizens of the woods and prairies, picking out all perils from the path of empire. Nor have many years elapsed since the same war was waged on our Atlantic border. Here and there, in the by-places of the land, may still be seen gray-headed veterans who have tracked the panther and the wolf through the dim forest, where now the waving wheat-field and the smiling village shine in their summer pride. During the long nights of winter, when the cold north winds blow, they spin their yarns around the roaring fire, to the delight of a sympathizing audience, composed in part of their own descendants; and occasionally, with the assistance of the village school-master, venture into the realms of print.

While on a boating excursion down the Alleghany River, it was our for-