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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 844.

Poetry.

BY-AND-BY.

BY L. J. BATES.

Under the snow are the roses of June;
Cold in our bosoms the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warble in tune;
None are the lips that have pledged as their truth,
Wind of the winter night, lovely as I,
Wait we the dawn of the bright by-and-by;
Sweet love will come again;
It will be summer time, by-and-by.

Patience and toil are the meed of to-day—
Till without recompense, patience in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick on our way;
Our footsteps keep time with the angel of pain;
Wind of the winter night, far in the sky,
Watch for the day-star of dear by-and-by;
Parched lips shall quaff again;
Sweet love shall bloom again;
Earth will be happier, by-and-by.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of men—
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by, will the deed and the pain
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wall of the winter wind, echo our cry,
Pray for the dawn of the bright by-and-by;
When hope shall spring again;
When joy shall sing again;
Truth will be verified by-and-by.

Weary and heart sick we tread along;
Forth the back, though the burden is large;
Broken the purpose, and hushed the song;
Why should we linger on life's little margin?
Wind of the winter night, hush! and reply;
Is there, oh! is there a glad by-and-by?
Will dark grow bright again;
Forth shall light again;
And faith be justified, by-and-by.

Dreary and dark is the midnight of woe;
Distant and dreary the triumph of right;
Homes that are desolate, hearts that are sore,
Soon shall the morning-star gladden our sight.
Wall of the winter wind, so like a sigh,
Herald of the dawn of the bright by-and-by;
Freedom shall reign again;
Peace shall banish pain again;
Right will be glorified by-and-by.

Select Tale.

AN OLD WOMAN ON WIFE-CHOOSING.

The carelessness with which some men choose their wives is wonderful to me; they seem to bestow more trouble and pains upon the choice of a coat. One or two instances which have lately come to my notice will account for the charge I have brought against the lords of the creation; but only some of them, for others, finding no one good enough, and by remaining old bachelors; best they should, for men of that sort would have worried angels, had they happened to marry them.

One friend of mine came to me some little time ago, and told me he was going back to India in three months, and described with great feeling his lonely life there at some small out-country station, never seeing a European for weeks at a time. I remember taking off my spectacles and wiping them, and leisurely putting them into my case before I could make up my mind to say what I wanted. At last I said: "Alfred, why don't you marry?"

"My dear old soul, that is just what I am thinking of," said he.

"Very well, then, what's to hinder you?" I replied.

"Well, you see, grouse-shooting begins next week; of course I can't miss that; and in three months I sail. But I tell you what I have been thinking you could do for me—would you mind giving a party, and asking a few eligibles?"

"My dear Alfred, you shock me," I replied; "I never was used to things of that sort in my youth."

"Well, but I assure you it is often done now. There's Jones of the Tenth, and Wiggins of the Nineteenth, married in just that sort of a way, and both have been as fortunate as if they had been mothers at it."

"So I gave my party, for my young friend was a great favorite. He would not let me introduce him to any one, but looked on, making himself generally agreeable, and asking other friends to introduce him, not me. I think he was afraid I should look silly."

"But toward the end of the evening he came quietly up to me and said: 'Goody,' (that is always my name with young people), 'who is that with the pink dress on, with her back toward us?'"

"That," said I, "is Miss Marian Browne, and a very nice girl, too."

"That's my wife; I'll take her back," said he. And there enough, two months after he married her, and both sailed for India together. I often hear from them, and nothing can have turned out better than a hasty marriage."

Then there's young Balmayne; I am sure I never thought he would have done so well as he has, after that hurried, imprudent marriage of his, and he is heir to so much.

But it's all right now, and I'll tell you how it came to pass.

You must know Balmayne had a much to do last winter in town, when he was up with his father, who was ill of the gout; so he used to spend a good deal of his time looking out of the dining-room window; and as his father has one of those houses in Piccadilly not far from Mr. Beresford's, of course he saw a good many people go by in the course of the day.

One morning, it rained very hard—quite a pet; and as he was at his post, he saw a pretty girl run across the road from the Park straight to the shelter of the porch, which was over the front-door of his father's house. She had no umbrella; so, of course, Balmayne's first impulse was to lend her one. He put on his hat and coat, just as if he was going for a walk himself, and opened the door.

She really was very pretty, and very wet. She wouldn't come in to be dried, for she was in a hurry to be home; so, as the offered umbrella was a heavy one, Balmayne carried it for her himself. She was a girl of good family, but very poor—that evil worse than sin in the eyes of some people. However, to make a long story short, Balmayne married her before the season was over; and more than that, had told his father that such was his intention.

This brought on another fit of gout; and the old gentleman vowed and declared he would never see her, and so matters were in this fix till it was

time to go down for the 12th; and as the moor was in capital order, and a large party coming to the old gentleman's Highland box, Balmayne must come with him, and leave his beautiful young wife behind. This grieved him sadly, but at last a bright idea occurred to him, which he carried out as we shall relate, for all these are true stories.

At the Easton Square Railway Station, when Balmayne arrived with his father, there was such a rush for seats that they had some difficulty in finding one; and as a carriage to themselves, that was out of the question; but they secured a compartment, which, as we all know, contains only four. One lady was already in this; but with the old gentleman's innate politeness, he would not hear of her moving, though, as his gouty foot was obliged to be placed on the opposite seat, there was only just room for them.

The lady sat by the old gentleman, and the son opposite to her. The lady was very pretty, and seemed so sorry and sympathizing whenever a twinge of the gout forced a strong expression from the old gentleman that at last he began to take some notice of her, and to talk to her. Balmayne, absorbed in a newspaper, left them entirely to themselves; and before they had reached York they were quite good friends. It so happened that the young lady, too, was going to spend the night at York; and as she was quite alone, the old gentleman told her she had better come to the same hotel, as they did, and his servant should look after her things, for evidently Balmayne did not intend to take the smallest notice of her; and, seeing his son's want of proper politeness, perhaps made the good old gentleman all the more attentive.

Next morning they again set out on their northern journey, and altogether as before, for the lady seemed quite to belong to them now. Having ascertained that she was going down to a place within a few miles of his own shooting box, the old man promised her he would see her safe to the end of her journey, which was rather a long one, as she travelled slowly, being in delicate health; and, owing to his gout, the old gentleman did the same; so, as it turned out, they remained together the whole way.

When they got to the last station, before leaving the railway for the country roads, the two gentlemen got out, the father desiring the lady to remain where she was in the waiting-room till he had found her a carriage and had her luggage put on to it. She obeyed with a very sweet smile, but looked uncommonly nervous. Balmayne also looked nervous, which was odd. He followed his father, who was looking for a fly for his private protegee.

"Upon my word, as nice a girl as ever I met," said the old gentleman. "Really, I'm quite sorry to lose sight of her. How she would enliven us at the moor—wouldn't she, Balmayne?"

But Balmayne was white as a sheet, and could hardly speak. At last, however, he did say: "You needn't lose her unless you like, father."

"How now, young gentleman, what do you mean?" said his father, bristling up.

"I mean that she is my wife!" gasped out the unfortunate Balmayne.

"By Jove!" said the old gentleman, turning purple as a turkey cock; "who could have thought it? You impudent rascal!"

For some moments it seemed doubtful whether anger at being taken in, or the real pleasure at his son's unknown wife being so much better than he expected, would gain the mastery; at last, however, his natural good humor triumphed, and his son led him back to the little waiting-room, where was the poor young wife, more dead than alive with fright, not knowing how her husband's rage would succeed.

Nothing could be better. The old gentleman embraced her with real paternal affection; and one carriage took them all to his shooting box; and from that day to this the good father has never ceased to bless the day when his son gave him such a daughter-in-law.

Before I've done, I'll tell you one more, which didn't turn out so well.

Captain Williams—I forgot of what regiment—was quartered at one of the small stations in the Bombay presidency;—some idea from any large town. A few others were with him, and the captain of the regiment. Anybody who has been quartered anywhere abroad under these circumstances will know how well acquainted people get with each other.

After a time, Captain Williams and the young chaplain used to read over their home letters together, and talk over absent friends, for the arrival of them all was the greatest event of the time. Captain Williams had two sisters, who both lived with their widowed mother at home. There had been a much larger family, but all had died except the eldest and youngest daughter, the brother being somewhat about half way between.

There was nearly twenty years between the sister's, indeed, Captain Williams hardly looked upon the eldest as a sister, being born of former marriage, and more like an aunt than anything else.

The chaplain was rather a namby-pamby sort of fellow, always complaining of his lonely life and all that sort of thing; and Captain Williams was often his confidant.

Whenever the mail came in, he would always stroll to the captain's bungalow, and at last was allowed to read some of his sister's letters, for he kept up a very close correspondence with that dear little own sister of his; and as he talked with great delight of her, and read passages of her letters to the long-suffering young chaplain, it is no wonder it at last this young man began to wish she would write to him.

He had seen her picture, her brother had had it painted just before he left England; and it was quite pretty enough to make a romantic young man with nothing to do fancy himself in love with it; so, after a little while, he went to the Captain and proposed seriously for his sister, only the lady must put her pride in her pocket, and consent to come to him, as he could not possibly get leave; besides, the expenses of the journey to England and back would be more than his slender finances could stand.

So Captain Williams wrote the letter; and in due time the answer came that his sister would come, and consented to be the wife of his friend the chaplain. The letter was written by the older sister, but neither of them thought anything of that, as very likely the bride-elect was shy, and had deputed her to write.

The next mail was the time mentioned, as after that the regiment might be expected to move up to the country farther from Bombay, and leave would then be still more difficult, and the journey longer and more expensive. So about the time expected our two friends, so soon to be brothers, got a fortnight's leave and came down to Bombay.

You may imagine how anxiously they watched on the pier the gradual nearing of the steamer, and how nervously they watched all the passengers as they appeared. A sigh of disappointment was rising to the heart of the young chaplain—when he was startled by the horror-struck exclamation of his friend, "By heavens, Arabella!" And at the same moment an elderly female rushed at the poor captain and folded him in a sisterly embrace. "Where is Alice?" exclaimed Capt. Williams, in desperation.

"At home with mamma, dear brother," said the bride expectant, glancing at his companion. The chaplain looked at her, and then at his friend, some of his hair turned white then and there; at any rate, it did some months after.

Well, you know I said he was a namby-pamby sort of a fellow; so, instead of saying: "This is not the article I sent for," and shipping off his friend by the next steamer, he quietly accepted his destiny. But either it was too much for him, or the climate did not agree with him; somehow or other, in a year or two he died, leaving a strong, hearty widow, who returned next mail to England, and is now, as far as I know, the oracle of some of the small Cheltenham tea-parties, and tells of the romantic attachment of her dear husband, and of all the wonders she has seen in India.

This also, I am sorry to say, is a true story, and often have I been very sorry for the poor, low-spirited chaplain. I only wish his little experience may teach young men to look well before they leap. India and the colonies are full of such histories. If, when quartered at those out-of-the-way stations, instead of flirting with those they would not speak to at home, sons and brothers would only remember, before marrying, the misery they bring upon their proud, fond mothers and sisters, I do think such catastrophes would less frequently occur.

The childhood of James Watt.

Watt was, from his birth, of an extremely delicate constitution, unfitted for taking part in the common sports of boys, and little prepared for those struggles with difficulties which afterward marked his career. His mother, who was a woman no less remarkable for her intelligence than for her personal graces, taught him to read when scarcely out of his infancy; and his father, who was a ship's carpenter and dealer in naval stores in Greenock, added to his little writing and arithmetic. In the latter the child rapidly improved, and he was fond of working out his sums with a pencil upon scraps of paper, or more commonly with a piece of chalk upon the door. On one occasion, when he was at work with the usual piece of chalk, a visitor who was present remarked to the father, "The boy ought to be sent to a public school, and not permitted to idle away his time at home." "Look at what my child is doing before you blame him," returned the father. The child of six years of age endeavoring to solve a problem in geometry. Another time he was scolded by his aunt Maude, while taking tea with the Watt's, for his assumed indifference. "Jemmy," said the worthy lady, solemnly, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Pray take a book and employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; holding now a cup and now a spoon over the steaming, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" The little James playing with the tea-kettle, observes Mr. Arago, who tells this story, became the mighty engineer, preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, in fact, as ever will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labours incessantly to destroy you, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserves you, when he most requires your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unexpressed emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

A BAD PRACTICE. Many persons who use kerosene lamps are in the habit, when going to bed or when leaving the room for a short time, of turning the wick low down in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unburned oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and nausea are among its effects.

ADVICE.—A sage old gentleman once said to an ardent young gentleman, who was anxious to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

Frugality is good if liberality is joined with it.—The first is leading off the superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others; the first is the first without the last being courteous; the last without the first being prodigality. Both make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found!

AS YOU SEE.—There are reports uncounted which can be justified by the occasion. Talleyrand, being pestered with questions by a quaking man concerning his broken leg, replied:—"It is quite crooked—as you see."

Items, Foreign & Local.

Two parties of ten hunters each, recently had a six weeks' hunt in Arkansas, during which they killed the enormous number of over fourteen thousand wolves, hawks, owls, wildcats, and other birds and beasts that are destructive to domestic fowls and animals.

A Canada paper estimates that forty-three thousand Canadians have enlisted in the Federal army since the commencement of the war. Of these it is calculated that fourteen thousand have died on the battlefield.

A hundred black walnut coffins recently arrived at San Francisco. They had been shipped from Boston at first to the Isle of France, and there being no sale there for them they were sent to Melbourne, and from there they were brought to California.

A bill just passed by the Missouri Senate provides that any person whose husband or wife has been engaged in the rebellion against the United States, shall be entitled to a divorce, on application to the courts.

Le Neocologiate, a paper just started in Paris, tempts subscribers by promising them good obituary notices in case of decease.

The British Register General says that for every one hundred of an inch a ton of rain falls on an acre of ground. When we have an inch of rain, therefore, we have a hundred tons on an acre.

A new invention in Paris is said to be a pair of musical boots. At every step the pressure of the foot produces melody—it may be a waltz, a mazurka, or an operatic air. This arrangement would be extremely convenient for dancing masters. What sort of a tune would it play when you kicked a man down stairs?

The New York Times says, "It is safer to take a stroll on the picket line of the James than to walk along through the streets of New York after nightfall." The Police Commissioners of the same city, in their annual report say: "In no city of the civilized world, not the theatre of actual war, is human life so lightly prized and subjected to as gross hazards from violence as in New York and Brooklyn."

In the Norwegian mines a singular custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men. They all present themselves on Saturday evening to the inspector, who, having settled accounts with each, bids him turn round, and writes in white chalk upon his black back the sum due to him. This number, the man goes to the cashier who also turns him round to look at the figures, and pays him without having a word to say.

Smallpox is raging in certain districts in France. Two very simple preventives against infection are stated to have been tried with a very signal success. They consist in drinking a glass of tar-water night and morning, and a glass of water in which an infinitely small proportion (un centieme) of nixephene has been dissolved—this latter is one of the latest additions to the French pharmacopoeia.

A twenty-thousand dollar engine is building for Beecher's church.

The new Atlantic cable measures one inch and one eighth in diameter, the five conducting wires lying close together in the middle.

Another fatal mistake by a druggist in Canada is recorded by the papers. Oxalic acid was given instead of opium, causing the death of a twelve year boy in a few minutes.

A literary lady of Philadelphia, the author of several books and much newspaper poetry, stole a parcel at the White House, during Mrs. Lincoln's matinee a few days ago. She was followed to the house where she was arrested, confessed, and was in consideration of her high standing, discharged.

A bill just passed by the Missouri Senate provides that any person, whose husband or wife has been engaged in the rebellion against the United States, shall be entitled to a divorce on application to the courts.

The Halifax Reporter has been shown a magnificent quantity of gold, in the shape of a solid bar, weighing 137 ounces, taken from the German occupation camp at Waterville. It is the result of eight days' work, and is valued at \$3,800.

A young man in the suburbs of Baltimore, whose papa wouldn't let him go to Washington to see a young lady, went and hanged himself.

During the last month the losses to Insurance companies in Canada are estimated at over \$300,000—two-thirds computed to be from incendiarism.

The Toronto Globe states that recently, as the wife of Ex-Alderman Sterling was walking down Yonge street, she was met by a man supposed to be a Southerner, who addressed her thus: "If it had not been for your d-d husband, Barley would not be where he is," and immediately knocked her down.

Accounts from Madagascar state that the English consul had been solemnly received by the Queen, and that the Majesty said in her speech on the occasion: "So long as I shall maintain friendly relations with the Queen Victoria I shall be powerful."

A woman named Kate Gorman, a professional thief arrested in New York a day or two since, claims to have realized over twenty thousand dollars by her thieving operations. She is only twenty-four years of age, and has been engaged in her nefarious trade since the age of fourteen.

MR. BECHER'S OPINION OF NEW YORK CITY.—On the day of a sermon at Plymouth Church, on Sunday evening, Mr. Beecher said:

"Look at that disgrace to our country, the Common Council of New York, with the Mayor thrown in beside. Look at them and their unbecoming outrages, and then pretend to say that the teachers of public morals have no task before them. Look at New York with its million of inhabitants, its light manner than that of any other city of equal size, its streets rocking with filth, its sewers a pretence, and its judiciary a laughing stock. A nest of robbers, a den of thieves whose example familiarizes our citizens with pillage and prostitution the morality of our youth—these are to be met, to be denounced and exposed and changed for the better. Public men should feel that the people demand of them a price for their elevation; they should set before our young men examples of integrity, of honor, of fairness and of decency."

Burglars and midnight robbers slun Wall-street, N. Y. for it is scarcely guarded by a simple expedient. It is lighted at night more brilliantly than at any hour on the brightest summer day. From every window, from the upper stories to the basements, streams forth a glare of gaslight which illuminates the street to that degree that one might see to pick up a pin on the darkest night. You may stand on the pavement, and peer into every nook and corner of the basements beneath, all filled with treasure. You may stand and gaze at the treasure to your heart's content. It is only separated from you by an area and a plate glass window.

We believe Henry VIII. was the first English Sovereign who was styled "His Majesty." The titles of English Sovereigns have undergone many changes: Henry IV. was "His Grace;" Henry VI. "His Excellent Grace;" Edward IV. "His High and Mighty Prince;" Henry VII. "His Grace;" "His Highness;" Henry VIII. first "His Highness," and then "His Majesty." "His Sacred Majesty" was the title assumed by subsequent Sovereigns, which was afterwards changed to "Most Excellent Majesty."

The "sporting" world in England, appears to be very prosperous. Within a recent period of a few weeks, four horses—Blair Athol, Broadbent, Bro-mieu, and Richmond—were sold for £19,850.

History of Railways.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

PART V.

(Conclusion.)

Among the many very great advantages accruing from the introduction of the railway system in general, we alluded in the preceding Part to the increased manufacture of iron and the enormous amount consequently employed as one of the instances enumerated, and we also mentioned at the outset of our review, that cast iron bars were introduced on railways at the early period of 1760. Now it would appear from the statistics of iron making that in the year 1740 the total production of iron in England amounted to not more than 17,350 tons, and at all events, the consumption was so rapid that the business of iron-making was likely to be suspended, when a new remedy was found which imparted new life to the production, and has enabled it to reach its present gigantic proportions; this remedy was the substitution of pig or mineral coal for charcoal. To one Dudley, an Englishman, is due the merit of this application, which, however, made but little progress for the first period of ten years: In 1750 it came into general use, and in 1760 the first blowing cylinders were made by Smeaton at the Carron Iron Works, a single furnace was then made to yield 1000 tons per annum. The total production of Great Britain in 1788 had reached 68,300 tons, making an increase of 50,950 tons in 18 years, or 30 per cent.

Watt's great invention of the Steam engine was introduced, and such was its effect, that in 1796 the quantity was nearly doubled, being for England and Wales 108,933 tons, and Scotland 16,086 tons, making a total of 125,019 tons. Ten years later, in 1806, when it was proposed to tax the production of iron, an enquiry was made, and the production was found to have more than doubled in this decade, amounting to a total of 238,206 tons; in 1820 the quantity had risen to 578,417 tons, and in 1840 to 1,155,500 tons. In 1828 when that illustrious inventor by the late Mr. Joseph Wilson, as the public has been recently informed in an obituary notice of this gentleman, the produce of the smelting furnaces of Scotland was not more than 29,000 tons per annum; in 1828 the produce was 1,100,000 tons. We are also informed that in 1825 the average selling price of a ton of pig iron was above 27; while in 1864 through the instrumentality of the hot blast process the price was reduced to 42 lbs. 3d. per ton, and the period of 1840 nearly all the increased production of iron in the United Kingdom has been drawn from Scotland, the demand created by the new railways had stimulated every establishment to its utmost limits of production, and in order to add to the making of iron the skilled workmen were required, but this class of trained operatives were then so scarce, that demands for enormous increases of wages were made, and the cost of production became excessive, so much so that in 1845 the quantity of iron produced was 238,000 tons less than in 1840. The declared value of the iron exports in 1827 was £1,215,560, and in 1845 £3,501,895. In 1854 the production amounted to the enormous quantity of 3,585,906 tons, made by 599 furnaces, giving an average of each of 6000 tons per annum; in 1854 the production was 1,100,000 tons. We are also informed that in 1825 the average selling price of a ton of pig iron was above 27; while in 1864 through the instrumentality of the hot blast process the price was reduced to 42 lbs. 3d. per ton, and the period of 1840 nearly all the increased production of iron in the United Kingdom has been drawn from Scotland, the demand created by the new railways had stimulated every establishment to its utmost limits of production, and in order to add to the making of iron the skilled workmen were required, but this class of trained operatives were then so scarce, that demands for enormous increases of wages were made, and the cost of production became excessive, so much so that in 1845 the quantity of iron produced was 238,000 tons less than in 1840. 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