

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

NEVER DESPAIR.
BY J. DICKINSON.

Of what use is that sigh?
You had far better try
To keep your fair vessel afloat
On the ocean of life,
Amidst troubles and strife,
Than to sit in despair's crazy boat.

For some dark waves there be
On life's turbulent sea,
Which both threatens to crush and overwhelm;
But bright truth will us guide,
If we've Faith at our side,
And that good pilot Peace at the helm.

Yet some always go round
Where most dangers abound,
And they meet all their troubles half-way,
Which is far worse than all,
For a storm or a squall
Might pass or clear up in a day.

But there's One points the way,
And a voice seems to say,
Of life's wave-hidden dangers beware.
By that Light which shines bright,
Steer when dark is your night,
For the maelstroms then swallow despair.

From Appleton's Railway Guide.
CHANCES AND CHANGES.A RAILWAY REMINISCENCE.
By Frances D. Gage.

'I SAY, Mr Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?'

'Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to-night, sir,' was the gentlemanly reply to the rough query.

'Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off.'

'Yes, sir, it has been gone half-an-hour.'

'Why in natur didn't you get us here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicago is enough to break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicago puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six-hundred horse steam power all the while a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers! Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke; I think that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old hoss another peck of oats. I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week.'

'Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snow-drifts, and the thermometer sixteen below zero, are enemies we can't readily overcome.'

'That's so,' said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good-natured, forgiving smile! 'Fourteen hours in Chicago!'

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from elysian dreams into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cow hide and sole leather, would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up a world than you will meet ordinarily, in half a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark, piercing eye, and his jaws eternally moving, with a rousing quid between them, with a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

'Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Wal, I can stand it if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borrow of my friends I've got the things that'll bring em. That's so.'

And he thrust a hand a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand, full as it could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

'Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicagoers for ONE fourteen hours?'

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

'You must have been in luck, stranger,' said an envious-looking little man. 'You've more than your share of gold.'

'I have, eh? Well, I reckon not. I come honestly by it. THAT'S SO. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the prairies trapping prairie hens and the like, to get him night's lodging, or a pair of shoes, to keep the massangers from

biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor one night in the timber, to keep out of the ways of the wild varmints; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree-top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could catch it. That's so!'

'Didn't stunt your growth,' said a voice near.

'Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These prairies are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but me and mother held a caucus, and decided that as she was getting old, and blind like, it tuk too long, and cost too much to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might a done.'

'You have so many pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune travelling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along.'

'Stranger,' said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a mingled expression of pain and pride. 'Stranger, I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slightly word, like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour, to look upon this country as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicagoer was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larnin', but taught us better things than books can give; to be honest, and useful, and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob, turned ourselves away from the cabin where we'd been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortunes.'

My brother, he took to St. Louis, and got married down there somers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I cum back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd lain her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the course of time, it turned up right in the middle of Chicagoer. I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother too well to let omnibuses rattle over her grave, so I cum back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the buryn' ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent arterward to sell my land. What cost a few hundred to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—if I'd kept it till now, 'twould have been worth ten times that; THAT'S SO, but I got enough for it. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, till I don't know nor don't care what I'm worth; THAT'S SO. I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink nor fight; wish I didn't swear and chew; but them's got to be kind a second natur like, and the only thing troubles me is my money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going now to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women and not ladies; if they help their mother, and don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every ore on 'em.

Now, gentlemen, taint often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion. But these old places I trapped when I was a boy, made me feel like a child agin—and I just felt like telling these youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life, if he only tries to make the most of himself.

But, boys, said he turning to a party of young men, there is something better than money Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much larnin' as money I could be President in 1857 just easy. Why I could buy up half the North, and not miss it out of my pile. But get larnin'; don't chew tobacco; don't take to liquor, don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Sucker; and if you mind what I say you may be men (and it ain't every feller that wears a goatee and breeches that's a man, a man by a long ways). Foller out her counsels; never do a thing that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprovin' me; and I never done a good thing and made a good move, but I seemed to hear her say, 'That's right Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother—that's so.'

All this had passed while waiting to wood, just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up out of the dark shadows of the past; his big rough frame heaved like a billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his deep-set and earnest eyes—they

welled up to the brim and swam round asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory—tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there; what a giant intellect, sleeping buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture.

'A mute inglorious Milton,' or rather Webster, going about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

All the way through our long, tedious journey, he had been ever on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet bag, and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

'What will you do?' said she naively.

'Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a Buffalo; I'm used to it. THAT'S SO.'

A little boy, pulled up from a sound sleep to give place to incomers, was pacified and made happy by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket.—When he left the cars for refreshment, he brought back his handful of pies, and distributed them among a weary group. A mother and seven little children, the oldest not twelve years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopping place, and returned more stupid and beastly each time, scolding the little tired restless ones with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a tiger upon its prey, 'because she did not keep her young one's still; 'they would disturb everybody.' No bite of refreshment, no exhilarating draught, no rest from that fat cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hands and took her baby boy for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

'I'll give yer a thousand dollars for him,' said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

'You may have the whole lot for that,' answered the drunken father with a swine-like grunt.

'It's the bargain,' said the big man, 'providin' the mother's willing.'

'Indeed, sir, it's not the one of them can be had for money,' was the quiet yet determined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars, when, at the break of day, they came to their journey's end.

Thus all night he had been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But his kindness and politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers had he not stamped it upon our memories with his gold.

'I wonder who he is,' and 'where did he get in.' 'What an interesting character.'

'Education would spoil him.' 'What rich furs?' 'Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries?' 'He's some great man in-coog.'

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer; for he, who alone could have answered, sat crouched in his fur coat, seeming unconscious of all but his own deep thoughts.

'Chicago!' shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band-box for a sweet looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliners trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage, we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, gray-haired sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to 'his darter, who lived near Muscaine, Iowa.

'God bless him for his good deeds!' was our earnest aspiration, as we whirled round the corner. May his shadow never grow less, or the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps doing more good in his day and generation, than he who donates his thousands to build charitable institutions, to give honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are able to comprehend little things—and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich, outgrow the every-day wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily—pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy—and push on, looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished; and failing to find the GREAT WORK live and die, unrecor-

rated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his great heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would have expected to see their slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished, yet were they done. The 'angel over the right shoulder' will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done, than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded car, on that long, tedious, stormy night, in January, 1856.

From Emerson's Works.

GROWTH OF MACHINERY.

EMERSON, in his 'English Traits,' has a striking chapter on the above subject, from which we extract the following:—'Tis a curious chapter in modern history, the growth of the machine-shop. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes, the consequent necessity of the reform in the calendar, measured the length of the year, invented gunpowder, and announced, (as if looking from his lofty cell over five centuries into ours) 'that machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do; nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer them. Carriages might be made to move at an incredible speed, without the aid of an animal. Finally, it would not be impossible to make machines which, by means of a suit of wings, should fly in the air in the manner of birds. But the secret slept with Bacon. The six hundred years have not fulfilled his words. Two centuries ago, the sawing of timber was done by hand, carriage-wheels ran on wooden axles, the land was tilled by wooden ploughs. And it was to little purpose that they had pit-coal, unless Watt and Stephenson had taught them to work force-pumps and power looms by steam. The great strides were all taken within two hundred years. The Life of Sir R. Peel, the model Englishman, very properly has for a frontispiece a drawing of the spinning Jenny which wove the web of his fortunes.

Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, and died in a work-house. Arkwright improved the invention, and the machine dispensed with the work of ninety-nine men—that is, one spinner could do as much work as one hundred had done before.

'The loom was improved further. But the men would sometimes strike for wages, and combine against their masters, and about 1820-30, much fear was felt lest the trade should be drawn away by these interruptions, and the emigration of the spinners to Belgium and the United States. Iron and steel are very obedient. Whether it were not possible to make a spinner that would not rebel, nor mutter, nor scowl, nor strike for wages, nor emigrate. At the solicitation of the masters, after a mob and riot at Staleybridge, Mr Roberts, of Manchester, undertook to create this peaceable fellow, instead of the quarrelsome fellow God had made. After a few trials, he succeeded, and in a creation, the delight of mill-owners, and destined, they said, 'to restore order among the industrious classes'—a machine requiring only a child's hands to piece the broken yarns. As Arkwright had destroyed domestic spinning, so Roberts destroyed the factory spinner.—The power of machinery in Great Britain, in mills, has been computed to be equal to about six hundred millions of men; one man being able, by the aid of steam, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago. The production has been commensurate.

England already had this laborious race, rich soil, water, coal, iron, and favorable climate. Eight hundred years ago, commerce had made it rich, and it was recorded, 'England is the richest of all the northern nations.' The Norman historians recite, that 'in 1067, William carried with him into Normandy, from England, more gold and silver than had ever before been seen in Gaul.' But when to this labor and trade, and these native resources, was added this goblin of Steam, with his myriad arms, never tired, working night and day, everlastingly, the amassing of property has run out of all figures. It makes the motor of the last ninety years. The steam-pipe has added to her population and wealth the equivalent of four or five Englands. Forty thousand ships are entered on Lloyd's lists. The yield of wheat has gone on from two million quarters at the time of the Stuarts, to thirteen million in 1854. A thousand million of pounds sterling are said to compose the floating money of commerce. In 1848 Lord John Russell stated that the people of this country have laid out three hundred million pounds sterling of capital in railways, in the last four years.'

WATER.

Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth! Perchance hold it! See its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself! Not in the simmering still, or smoking fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth our Father in Heaven prepare