

furnaces constructed at intervals round the building, the molten iron was run. The first furnace was "tapped" at six o'clock in the morning, and in about twelve hours the mold was filled. The opportunity was embraced by Messrs. Stanley for testing their newly-patented rotary engine. An ordinary engine of 12-horse power was used to drive a portion of the blow fans. It was working at a pressure of 80 pounds, and the fans made 1,400 revolutions per minute. The new engine worked much easier than the one on the old principle, and consumed half the quantity of fuel. The expectations of the patentees in regard to the power, compactness and economy of the engine have been fully realized. The enormous castings referred to are intended for the gun manufactory of Messrs. Firth & Sons. For months past, men have been engaged preparing for them "beds" of extraordinary solidity; which will be apparent when we state that each anvil has to receive the blow of a 25 ton Nasymth hammer. Extensive alterations are going on in the steel melting department at the works of Messrs. Firth.

The building intervening between the steel melting furnaces has been removed, and other furnaces in its room erected. When completed, there will be, in a space of 160 feet long by 60 feet wide, 170 melting pots, and an ingot of steel of from 12 to 14 tons weight will be turned out at one casting. In the center of this department will be erected a powerful steam crane.

This firm will be celebrated for possessing the largest anvils in the world, and the most extensive and complete set of steel melting pots.—[Scientific American, Nov. 26th.]

"BRICK POMEROY" IN THE ARMY.

"Brick Pomeroy," editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*, having gone soldiering, gets off the following:

"I'm a soldier man. A large, able-bodied boisterous soldier boy. I'm in the army—a part of the Grand Army. It's high unto three sweet years since I milked the brindle cow and kissed my Arabella, and started for to follow a drum way down in the land of Dixie, where Generals change their shirts oftener than we 'uns change our shirts, and where graybacks stick to a fellow longer than greenbacks.

"Why don't you able-bodied pets come down and extinguish yourselves? It's hot. We have but little to do. We go to parties—that is, we attend a ball once in a while. And we are not profane, even if proficient in the sword exercise. All we do is to march forth from the fourth of one March to another. We rank as good fellows.

"We fight more in division than multiplication. In fact, we don't multiply much! I sit here in camp. I eat my hard-tack after it is fried, hammered, broken and rolled. I sit and pound the short cakes with the feeling of reverence due to their great age, and ponder over the future and of the future. I look at the officers as they go prancing on their equinoxed steeds. I scratch my head with dirty fingers for two reasons. One is that my head enjoys the scratch, and unless I do it with dirty fingers it is not done at all.

Did you ever hear me make melodies in my heart?

I would that I were home again, And sparking the girls at night, For an engagement there you see Would be better than all looking over this desecrated soil for a chance to fight.

The ultimate line may be like this war—a little too long for a good thing. Then here is another verse, impromptu but not impudent:

I'd like to be a general—
With nothing for to do,
I'd like to be a general—
I'd read the papers, drink good wine,
and play draw poker too,
If we had a fight I'd stay behind,
As most of generals do.

I ain't a general. Too smart for that. Nor a colonel, nor a major, nor a captain, simply a high private.

Seventeen minutes since, by the sun, I was made happy as a fire-cracker that went off by receiving a letter from Arabella. Did you know I had an Arabella? Well, I have. And she is just angelic for a girl of her age, sweet forty-one with a prospect. She is so handsome that a cow can't stand still while she is milking her. And she is good as angels are.

With a squint in her eye,
And a kink in her hair—
Which is as butter and elegantly yaller.
She is sweet as a peach,
And just in my reach—
The belle of La Crosse is my Arabella.
Freckled her face is,
Dumpy her waist is—
Her cheeks are so fat, freckled and mellar,
Numerous her charms.

CONCLUDED.

[From the New York Dispatch.]
OUR PARSON'S WIFE.

BY KATE MERIDEN.

"Sometimes she lifts the teapot lid,
To peep at what is in it,
Or tilts the kettle if you did
But turn your back a minute
In vain you tell her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much."

Since the time when our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit, one fact had been established, namely, that poor humanity is ever apt to think evil, rather than good, of their fallen brotherhood.

Thus it happened, that as week after week glided by, and the parson's absence was prolonged, neighbor Mock's hints and insinuations that all was not as it should be, were listened to by those whom before had been incredulous.

Although deeply pained by the rumors that reached her ears, Amy still continued to pursue the tenor of her ways, daily looking forward to the return of her husband; nor was her patience unrewarded.

The bustle of the week was over; a calm, beautiful Saturday eve had succeeded the more busy hours, yet not to peaceful rest emblematic of that heavenly and enduring one, had the villagers gathered around many a fireside, for as usual the subject under discussion was the parson's family.

"Jest to think," said granny Pape, elevating her spectacles and counting on her fingers, "it's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven months, come next Tuesday, since the parson left."

"Was driven from his home," put in neighbor Mock, whom, as usual, occupied a prominent position amid the gossiping circle.

"A wolf in lamb's clothing," she continued. "I'm free to say I never did admire yer delicate fine ladies; wid wee bits ov hands; they're allays sure to bring a man to distraction."

Now while her busy neighbors were discussing her affairs, Amy sat in her quiet home. The fire burned brightly on the hearth, and the brass andirons, Irish Biddy's especial pride shown with renewed lustre, and though she was surrounded with all the appliances of a comfortable meal, the food remained untasted, for the truth was, Amy's thoughts were far away with her absent husband.

"Do be after thryin' a cup ov tay, marm, fur it's mysel as knows it 'ill do ye good," said Biddy imploringly.

"Thank you, Bridget, no more to-night."

"Be gorra, an' it's after attein' nothin' at all at all, yer are. Faith an' on my sowl, if I might be bowld enough to spake me mind, yer throublin' about the master."

"It is true, my faithful Bridget; I long for his return. But, hark! do I not hear carriage wheels? I fear visitors will find me stupid to-night."

Nearer and yet more near the sound approached, and ere Bridget could gain the doorway, a close traveling carriage dashed up to the entrance, and Clare Morris and a delicate looking stranger alighted.

"Come at last, my darling," said the minister, clasping in his arms his fainting wife; "see, dearest, I have brought poor Nelly's child, and she waits for her aunt to welcome her."

The young stranger had not long to wait, for Amy was always unselfish in her joy; and in receiving her kind and cordial attentions, the orphan girl, for a time, at least, forgot her sorrows, and felt soothed and comforted.

We will leave the minister and his family thus happily united, once again to visit his parishioners.

It was the Monday following his arrival, the boards of wardens and vestrymen had met, evidently to arrange important business, while in the porch of the church, neighbor Mock with granny Pape and her circle of followers, were as busily engaged as ever discussing the parson's affairs.

"And it's come to this at last!" said a superannuated individual, in a snuff-colored cloak; "Well, I may say, I hev still an 'ankerin' feelin' arter the parson."

"For my part," continued neighbor Mock, shrugging her shoulders, "I'm dre'dfully scandalized with such goin's on; tu set afore the people in the very seat with her; well, I may say I call this wickedness in high places."

"I thought it war the parson's wife as war in the fault," put in Granny Pape "What's his settin' with the stranger to do with her?"

"All her own fault," maliciously continued neighbor Mock, "if she hadn't been above askin' the advice of those wiser than herself the parson had never left her tu go on a journey an' fetch a stranger afore her eyes."

Here the conversation was interrupted, for the meeting in the vestry having come to a conclusion, it had been unanimously agreed to send one Elijah Miller, whom like others, and contrary to neighbor Mock's teachings, still had an "ankerin' feelin'" for the parson, to wait upon him, and if possible come to some understanding, and show him the errors of his way.

Accordingly, with the dawn of the next day Elijah arose, and after a brisk walk, found himself at the parsonage.

The minister met his old parishioner with a smiling countenance, and after discussing church affairs, invited him to join his wife and niece at the breakfast table; for said he, "I am anxious the poor child should become acquainted with my people, and I trust that after a time she may, in a measure at least, forget her orphaned and desolate condition."

"A orphan niece!" slowly repeated Elijah, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," continued the minister, "at the time I left, I feared much that my journey might prove fruitless, and as the circumstances connected with it, were exceedingly painful, I thought best to reveal them to none save my wife. In his wondrous workings, the Lord has seen fit to remove one who has been the cause of much anxiety, and to show you, my friend, how easy it is to misjudge one neighbor, and think evil rather than good, I will no longer hesitate to explain the cause of my absence."

"I had just been ordained, and settled in my first parish, when I was called from my labors to bid farewell to my only sorrowing parent."

"I arrived at home, barely in time to receive my mother's last request, which was that in conjunction with her only sister I would take the care and guardianship of my sister Nellie, a fair girl of some fourteen years, not then freed from the restraint of her governess and the schoolroom."

"For a time after my mother's decease, I was enabled satisfactorily to carry out my plan as regarded my sister's welfare; and had our aunt consented to allow her to remain under my guardianship, all might have been well; this, alas! was not the case, for reminding me that equally with myself she considered herself bound to look after Nellie's interest, she gave me to understand that she considered she had arrived at a proper age to be introduced to society."

"It was in vain for me to remonstrate, and with many fears and prayers, I consented to an arrangement that she should pass a part of the Winter season in the city with our relatives, trusting that the good influences I had endeavored to surround her with, might effectually restrain her from the folly and frivolities of a fashionable world. Alas! alas! in bitterness of spirit I was to learn my mistake."

"Gradually, my sister's visits were prolonged, and when too late to remedy the evil, I discovered that she had formed an attachment for a naval officer, who was a constant visitor at the house, and with our aunt's consent, had promised to become his wife on arriving of age."

"I will pass over the period preceding my sister's marriage, for my aunt, regardless of my feelings, expressed her gratification at what she considered Nellie's fair prospects, saying that she never intended her for a nun in a country parsonage."

"My sister sailed to India with her husband. Four years after, I learned through our aunt, with whom, for Nellie's sake, I kept up a steady correspondence, that her health was rapidly failing, and her husband thought seriously of returning to her native land. I anxiously waited to welcome back to her home my only sister; yet this, through the inscrutable ways of the Divine Ruler, was denied me. The next intelligence I received was of her death; I have reason to think that the constant excitement attendant on the gay life her husband saw fit to lead, together with a change of climate, resulted in the disease which terminated her life; one comfort alone remains to me, for though through her marriage she had been estranged from me, at the time of her death she implored her husband to place her only child under my care, and as his profession calls him abroad, after much time and trouble I have finally succeeded in gaining possession of my beloved niece."

"You have now heard my story, and the cause of my absence, and if its recital shall benefit my people by disposing them to think less harshly of their neighbors and more charitably of things they do not understand, I shall feel repaid for repeating it."

Elijah Miller went home thoroughly ashamed of himself and his brethren

generally; and let us hope that ever after, neighbor Mock, with Granny Pape and her gossiping followers, found something better to do than talk about their neighbors and sow discord.

Varieties.

—In communities where every man exercises his own will without restraint, be sure to make your own before you go out at night.

—A Cotemporary speaks of wedded bliss in the following poetic strain:

"Heaven bless the wives they fill our hives!
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?"

—In New York, says the *Bee*, there are 1,701 miles of railroad, which have cost \$131,320,542 and 1,000 miles of canal, on which float a tonnage of 5,000,000 tons. The tolls collected last year amounted to \$5,118,501. The canal debt is \$23,278,470.

—Ah! Jemmy, Jemmy," said the kind-hearted Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you beginning your evil course again; and Jemmy, I am very anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "I intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son?" "Eh! eh! how's that—how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said: "I intend to make him a better man than his father."

—The Berlin journals relate the following incident which has just taken place in Prussia: "A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. Lie down!" he shouted out to the child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of a hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse, but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order—he had lain down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the King sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage."

—The coolie slave trade is still going on. Vessels under the French flag are continually taking cargoes of coolies from Macao and Canton to Cuba. About one in four dies on the passage.

—Five per cent of the soil of England is not under cultivation; in Russia less than one-fifth is cultivated; in Sweden, one-seventh; in Austria and Holland, one-fifth; in Switzerland, one-fourth; in France, fifty-four hundredths.

—It is considered one of the greatest marvels of modern traveling that one may leave London at 8 o'clock on any evening, and reach Madrid in 48 hours. The route is by the way of Folkestone, Paris, Bordeaux, and Treves.

—Sir Walter Scott once said that he kept a lowland laird once waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary, "Well, Mr. —," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They are pretty stories, Sir Walter, but they're uncommon short."

—The metropolitan or underground railway of London is enjoying substantial evidences of success. One week in December there were carried over the road 263,779 passengers, the receipts being 2,703/. This is the largest week y receipt since the opening. This is equal to 720/ per mile for the week, or at the rate of 37,000/ per mile per annum, and is very largely in excess of the receipt per mile on any other railway in the kingdom. When the extension is open there is no doubt that the traffic over the entire railway will be enormously increased. The works are being vigorously prosecuted. Aldersgate street will be open for public traffic early in the ensuing spring.

—They have set up a twelve inch steam whistle at Manchester (N. H.). Locomotive Works, which it is said can be heard ten miles, and has a very decided effect on sleepers in the morning.

—For one man that reads a merchant's sign board, a thousand read his news-paper advertisement, if he has one.

—A woman's heart is the true plate for a man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface in.