

"I SHALL SEE IN HEAVEN."

"I shall see in heaven!" So murmured, in a low but glad tone, A dying girl; veiled from her soft blue eyes...

"I shall see in heaven!" No certain vision there, nor tear dimmed sight. To hide its glories, or their splendor pale;

"I shall see in Heaven!" With this bright hope her spirit passed above, Leaving death's impress on her marble brow;

"I shall see in Heaven!" Oh, is not this a cheering thought for me, Now struggling on through darkness and thro' strife.

"I shall see in Heaven!" How truths which once so widely parted seemed, By links invisible to mortal ken,

"I shall see in Heaven!" The loving and the gentle-hearted friends, Long the companions of my chequer'd path,

"I shall see in Heaven!" The savior, "whom not having seen" I love; And gaze through all eternity on Him,

"I shall see in Heaven!" There sin and sorrow of his glories hide; There I shall dwell forever at his side!

LOVE AND HORSEMANSHIP.

MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

It was the first week in July, when, having taken the honors of a graduate, and after a five years' sojourn within the classical courts of old Alma Mater, I returned into the repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H—, who for thirty years had nursed us of Trinity. It was a sale-day, and a blank one too; the world was out of town. There were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy.

There was no allowance for age or sex, and the experience of a life; while I dreamt of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found half-estrained in the stable. She was dead lame, and she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse this was a sad disappointment. I took to grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent catholic, as the priest declared that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a chapel door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern. Rosa lived near me. I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress, gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times, when, if my advances were not discouraged, at least my suit was listened to, and an ill-concealed satisfaction to find that she was not indifferent to the moment, and yet I left her persuaded that of all her sex she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was musing over the misfortunes of my mare, when Archy popped in his head to ask, "if I would look into the stables." I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed over all the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new comer, and the brother of Mouse-catcher was before me; and could this be he? the rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound? The mystery was quickly solved—Archy had visited the salt marsh—Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognised; took him up and got him through physics, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore "slight training was best for a half-bred," and Archy was right.

For my own part, I could scarce believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the bluish upon his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting looking horse, and Archy swore, "better than he looked."

must sacrifice him—orders peremptory, say forty for the beautiful and gentle animal; 'gentle,' ejaculated the grocer, 'and he after killing a groom.' This was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—'hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say thirty, gentlemen—twenty—ten—do give me a bid.' 'Five,' roared a jingle owner—'ten,' said Archy—'fifteen' shouted the puffer—'twenty' cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouse-catcher was mine.

Now I verily believe, that the whole history of Selim, was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he would carry the baskets. We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, 'secunden artem,' turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him to fulfil the destinies.

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Doagh, the Newtownbreda hunts were all in full force; and a few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. In the glory of 'The Rangers' was in its zenith—their country and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field sports within thirty miles whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the county town, attended by a pack of fox-hounds, and a gallant following. They lived like 'Fring kings,' played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze weeks before, and months afterwards. Alas! all this is over. The club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; 'The Rangers' fill the narrow house; and where in Ireland could rank and wealth, and influence, be congregated now?

Into 'The Rangers,' I had been recently admitted. Their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the cup, with other valuable prizes were then to be contested. The cup had excited unusual interest, and had been challenged by a dozen members, good men and true, and each having, or believing, he had an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles, over, 'Hibernia' sporting, 'Anglic' a break-neck, country—the weights thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses—good, fat, honest, weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured at a large figure, celebrated racing-hunters, 'for the nonce.'

'What will not young ambition?' In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex, and the experience of a life; while I dreamt of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found half-estrained in the stable. She was dead lame, and she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse this was a sad disappointment. I took to grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent catholic, as the priest declared that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a chapel door."

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a reasonable hope of success, waited the result. And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history. They heard, accidentally, that I had purchased a horse, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man, and been bought for a song—'Five,' roared the jingle owner—'ten,' said Archy—'fifteen' shouted the puffer—'twenty' cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouse-catcher was mine.

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minutes which elapsed before his entree, I and my man-killer were subject to many a sporting jest; at length the brother of Mouse-catcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated. The knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jenny Jerce exclaimed with a grin, that he seemed 'mighty like a Tartar.'

While the horses were leading to the starting post, I galloped up to the hill to place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage; 'tell me, pray you,' said her cousin, 'what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of the roses?' 'Shall I restore them?' I replied; and unclosing my top-coat, displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy came.

Again the bugle sounded; Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large surranger; to assume my gay cap and doff my coat was the business of a minute; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when from behind the tent a dashing horse and gallant rider issued. Our appearance elicited a murmur of applause; the owners of the Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought; the English racer appeared not in full force; but the determined countenance of the imitator jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming; nor was the Firebrand without his friends; and the green cap was offered fully against every thing but Comet; as to me, people seemed afraid to bet against me; and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily were judging now as fast could meet with customers.

One moiety of the ground was broken into clumps of fields enclosed by the other; and Selim looked, as if he were laid in; and I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful; for the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line; and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green were foremost.

Half a mile from home, there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the fence that we approached steepled with stunted thorns. It was in truth a regular rampart, and was distinguished by the country people 'par excellence,' as the 'big-top,' as we named it; my companions gathered the energies of the horses for the trial, and Selim looked, as if he were laid in; and I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful; for the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line; and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green were foremost.

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the reflection, he plunges into labor, and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health, eventually, in hope of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry and have a home of his own. And this is the secret of all the hard unending toil of the young men of to-day, who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny it or hide it as you may.

But, says some good woman, you do us injustice, for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances and a pleasant well furnished home, to adorn his little four rooms and do his household work, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstance that there would be complaining on her part, eventually; and she looks on her own certainty; and unhappiness from many causes—all of which would render marriage anything but pleasant. And so the young men wisely think, preferring a few years more of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest home of between twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year expense, rather than to place a moderately educated woman into the house of six hundred dollars a year, where she must do her own work.

Now, what is the remedy? Plainly that woman must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men must have. The young man must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves which shall be for the matter is solely in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, 'get up on that calico gown, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of this household, and fit yourself to become a wife and a mother—let the young woman generally consent to such service; and, instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money, upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hands to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes—then there will be no longer complaint that the young men cannot afford to marry, and we shall have beautiful, modest houses all around us, and women who will have loving husbands, and life shall once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children.

THE TRAGEDIAN BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.—We have been told of an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not remember to have seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great mind had been dimmed by that base of genius, strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him.

Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes turned trembling upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken, but the silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich, toned voice, from white lips, syllabated forth, 'Our Father who art in heaven, God, with a patios and solemnity that thrilled all hearts.'

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard, or a muscle moved in his wapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

Children and Youth.

UNCLE FRANK AND HIS YOUNG RELATIVES.

SALT, CONTINUED.

Willie.—Well now, I think we have got all the properties, and their uses, but its saline taste, or peculiar flavor, as we called it.

Bartha.—Well, I think the use of this saline taste is to give a nice taste to meat, and vegetables, and other things which require something pungent to give them a savory flavor.

Uncle Frank.—Salt is a necessary of life, and animals could not live well without it; they are therefore, all made like the taste of it.

Two Captains, who went on a journey up the River Missouri, in looking out for a spot where they might pass the winter, thought very much of one thing, "Where shall we get our salt?" So they fixed on a place about fifteen miles from the sea, and every now and then, in the course of the winter, they were obliged to travel that long distance to get a fresh supply of salt.

Although it was cold, damp, and rainy weather, they would travel through thick woods, and deep morasses, until they reached the sea, when they boiled the water in their salt pans, and made salt.

Willie.—I don't say you I never thought salt half so useful as it appears to be from that account.

Uncle Frank.—In Africa many of the poor have to travel 100 miles to procure salt; and only the rich people can procure as much as they want. A celebrated English traveller called Mungo Park, who travelled three years, once saw a little child sucking a piece of salt, and exclaiming to enjoy it as you would a piece of candy.

Mr. Burton.—There is one method of keeping cows, and sometimes other stock, through the winter, which it may be well enough to notice. In most of our country towns, as you well know, there are central places of trade, little villages, where there are stores and taverns, and where, almost every week day during the winter season, a great number and variety of ox teams and horse teams have occasion to stop for the purpose of trade or rest, or for some other reason. The most of these teams will be furnished with a bundle of hay, or a bag of oats or potatoes, or some other article of food, either for the owner's cattle, or his family, or for the market. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and so it is of prudence and patience, and watchfulness, and perseverance, and energy, and many other virtues which go to adorn society; and this is as true of a cow, as it is of a man.

Well, a man living in the vicinity of such a place, and having a few cows, has only to keep them a little short at home, and give them full range in the streets, and it will be a matter of adaptation, especially to the owner to see how quickly they will, with what perfection they will learn to levy contributions. The teamster's back is no sooner turned upon his team, than they commence operations with all the voraciousness of sharks, and a vigilance superior to that of a custom-house officer. They will throw buffalo robes into the street, open a lid of sleigh boxes, and eat up all the hay, and oats, and codfish, and tear holes in every sack bag they can find. The owner of the carriage, when he sees what is going on, rushes out of the store with a yell, but the cows have learned the art of retreat as well as assault, and will bear indignities and persecutions with all the fortitude of a Mohawk martyr. One starts off with a basket hanging on one horn, and a bag of Indian meal on the other. The owner pursues in a rage, but by her superior fleetness and artful management, she gets many a mile start, and all her pursuers, and all their missiles of war at distance. The man tumbles down, and when he picks himself up and looks back, he discovers a fresh coat with new recruits overhauling his baggage. Is not that laughable?

Sometimes a teamster, with a load of lumber and a bundle of hay on the top of it, will run the gauntlet of such a place by driving straight through it without stopping or looking to the right or left, and when fairly past, will look back, and see his bundle of hay in the middle of the street and half a dozen cows devouring it. Is not that laughable?

If a load of hay passes, they will take up their line of march and follow it some times for a mile. The vicinity of a grist mill is a location decidedly favorable for operatives of this kind. I know a case where an old veteran cow, in a kind, made a burlesque entry into one party were in a dwelling house, while the family were in the other, and ate about fifty pounds of corn, and, as the women said, about half a barrel of flour, and left about the room circumstantial evidence of a want of neatness in the sublime art of housekeeping. And was not that laughable?

In a very slippery time, large, heavy cows should be kept at home for fear of accidents. Some men, I understand, take the precaution to drive such ones to a blacksmith shop, in the first of cold weather, every year, and have them shod. When hay is worth fifteen dollars per ton, if a man can make his next dollar, and some, which are not so very rare, procure the means of their living through the winter by such methods as I have stated, I tell you, Mr. Editor, that is making quite a saving.

I have known a man to express a disappointment in this method of keeping cows. He argued in this way: "When a man from the village makes me a call, I invariably stable his horse and feed him well, and furnish the man himself with the best which my horse affords, and it seems unfair that, while the trader is shaving me in his store, his cows should be plundering me in the streets." Again, in some rare instances, you will find a man who has conscientious scruples about such a method of soliciting donations. All such misgivings, I suppose, are to be placed to the account of what some of our exalted statesmen call a diseased or sickening sentimentality. Such men must be considered as the fossil remains of a former generation, old fogies, entirely behind the spirit of the age in which we live; they might be reminded that the man who neglects to furnish himself with such opportunities as Providence may throw in his way for providing for his own household, is worse than an infidel.—Cor. Maine Farmer.

WHAT COAL HAS DONE FOR ENGLAND.—There can be no doubt, for it is an unquestionable fact, that the coal beds of England are the real, the true source of the physical wealth of that country. Without coal, it never would have been a manufacturing country without it no cotton factories would ever have been erected, and no steamships would ever have floated on its waters. It is simply because it has the largest coal fields in Europe, that it is the greatest manufacturing nation in that quarter of the world. But it was very difficult to introduce the use of coal among the old English people.

ALL ABOUT MARRYING.

The world is just now in the midst of its wedding season, and it is a favorable time to whisper a word in the ears of the fluttering expectants. It is really not so much an object for jesting, as for serious thought. We look upon it in that light, and have saved some capital reflections which we clipped from the Soudsdy Register, a while ago, and for which we naturally give credit to the graceful and practical pen of Mrs. Victor.

It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men who want to marry and dare not. Deny this, as some will, it is nevertheless true, as we can easily show. In this town, for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men, well to do in the way of salaries and business, yet who refuse to take the step which they ALL WANT TO TAKE, but do not; and why?

Now the first question to be asked by any sane man is, can I properly support a wife? If I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds to his amazement that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest modern establishment; and somewhat saddened by

VERMONT. Lake Champlain is frozen over from shore to shore, an event which has not before happened so soon as this for seventeen years. The Supreme Court have sustained a decision giving judgement to a man who had been ejected from the cars of the Vermont and Canada Railroad, for not paying his fare.

To be continued.





