

with a base larger than St. James' Park. Eighty millions of train miles were run annually on the railways; 5,000 engines and 150,000 vehicles composed the working stock; the engines, in a straight line, would extend from London to Chatham; the vehicles from London to Aberdeen; and the companies employed 90,400 officers and servants, while the engines consumed annually 2,000,000 tons of coals; so that in every minute of time 4 tons of coal flashed into steam 20 tons of water,—an amount sufficient for the supply of the domestic and other wants of the town of Liverpool. The coal consumed was almost equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries, and to one half of the annual consumption of London. In 1854, 111,000,000 of passengers were conveyed on railways; each passenger travelling an average of 16 miles. The old coaches carried an average of 10 passengers, and for the conveyance of 300,000 passengers a-day, 12 miles each, there would have been required at least 10,000 coaches and 120,000 horses. The receipts of the railways in 1854 amounted to £80,215,000; and there was no instance on record in which the receipts of a railway had not been of continuous growth, even where portions of its traffic had been abstracted by competition or new lines. The wear and tear was great; 20,000 tons of iron required to be replaced annually; and 20,000,000 sleepers annually perished; 300,000 trees were annually felled to make good the loss of sleepers; and 300,000 trees could be grown on little less than 5,000 acres of forest land.—*Fugitive*.

FASHIONABLE SHOES AND DEATH!

Doctors, one and all, your hands will be full before the first of May—your pills will be called for, your plasters in requisition. Mix your cough syrups by the hogshead; you will have plenty of calls for them. The ladies are preparing for you—they will be happy to see you. They are going in scores to the fashionable shoe-shops, and buying—oh, such dear, tiny, sweet, exquisite little shoes, with soles as thin as—almost as thin as a sixpence—a well worn one—and they are going about these cold, snowy, wet, sloppy streets, with furs, that cost thirty and fifty dollars, bundled about neck and shoulders, with thick cloaks and warm dresses and those dear little shoes, "peeping in and out" like "little mice."

So, there you see your work is all cut out. Consumption is on a hard gallop, behind death and the pale horse, and when he sees these soles of paper, he cries with a chuckle, "there's another one"—and forthwith lets an arrow into the side.—*Bos. Olive Br.*

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS.

It takes mankind a great while to learn the ways of Providence, and to understand that things are better contrived for him than he can contrive himself. Of late the people are beginning to learn that they have mistaken the character of most of the little birds, and have not understood the object of the Almighty in creating them. They are looked upon as the friends, and very great friends, of those who sow and reap. It has been seen that they live mostly on insects, which are among the worst enemies of the agriculturist, and that, if they take now and then a grain of wheat, they levy but a small tax for the immense services rendered. In this altered state of things, legislatures are passing laws for the protection of little birds, and increasing the penalties to be enforced upon the bird-killers. An illustration of the value of the winged tribe is now before us in a paragraph from a paper in Binghampton, N. Y.

A farmer in that neighbourhood wished to borrow a gun of a neighbour, for the purpose of killing some yellow-birds in his field of wheat, eating up the grain. His neighbour declined to loan the gun; for he thought the birds useful. In order, however, to gratify his curiosity, he shot one of them, opened his crop, and found in it two hundred weevils, and but four grains of wheat, and in these four grains the weevil had burrowed. This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of the poor bird, valuable as it was. The bird is said to resemble the canary, and to sing finely. One of our citizens, a careful observer and owner of many farms, called our attention to this paragraph, and wished us to use it as a text for sermonizing, for the benefit of the farmers and others who may look upon little birds as inimical to their interests. He says he has studied the subject as a lover of natural history, as well as a hunter and a farmer, and he knows that there is hardly a bird that flies that is not a friend of the farmer and the gardener. We think the gentleman is right, and hope his suggestions will have their due weight.—*New Haven Palladium*.

EVENING HOURS FOR MECHANICS.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil?—What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Harken to these facts. One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne of China, was a herd boy in Rhyne; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huntly; and one of the best Missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Kieth. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Morray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first and then a laborer. At the pestle and mortar in Montross; Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Huddington, and Arthur Anderson, the Member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.—*Fugitive*.

WAR—ITS LOSS AND GAIN.

An Ohio paper, *The Journal and Messenger*, says:—

"It is recorded, that on the day of the battle of Germantown, the Quakers of Philadelphia delegated two of their number, of which Mr. Mifflin was one, to bear their testimony against war to the opposing generals, Washington and Howe, but in vain. After Washington was President, he fell in the company of Mifflin, and asked him on what principle he opposed the Revolution. 'Yes, friend Washington, upon the same principle that I should be opposed to a change in the government; all that ever was gained by revolutions, is not an adequate compensation to the poor, mangled soldier for the loss of life or limb.' Washington, after a long pause, replied with much emphasis, 'Mr. Mifflin, I honour your sentiments: there is more in them than mankind have generally imagined.'"