

FAREWELL.

ON HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S
FAREWELL VISIT TO THE EASTERN TOWNS-
SHIPS, AUGUST, 1878.

All hail to you, Earl Dufferin!
So honoured by our Sovereign;
But doubly hail your Countess fair!
Who rightly has the greater share
Of this our loyal greeting.

We've long been under Queenly sway,
Nor ere repented it a day:
Britannia, too, still rules the waves,
And Britains never will be slaves—
Only to their better half—a.

So now, my Lord, before you go,
Excuse us if we let you know
That, much as we admire your tact,
We can't conceal the honest fact—
Your Lady's our devotion.

You've done some plucky things we own;
And done your duty to the Crown;
And so have earned the gratitude
Of this our famed high latitude—
But petitioners still govern.

Your successor a title brings
Of high and proud ennoblings;
And he brings a Consort Royal,
In whom will centre all our loyal
Homage to Princess Louise.

So men in the front rank must stand,
And take high duties in the land;
But women, in old England's sight,
Shall ever claim, and hold the right,
To rule the roast domestic.

J. H. C.

Lennoxville, P.Q., Aug., 1878.

"NO. 33."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

It was a sad scene. Around Tom's bed at the hospital was his wife and Tom's old father. Tom had a house of his own, but as the accident had happened at our end of the line, some seventy miles from Perrington, he had been taken at once to the hospital. I knew Tom quite well, for, as I was in the pay department, when I travelled occasionally on his section of the road, it was mostly on Tom's engine. Tom was a matter-of-fact man, temperate, well educated for his station in life, and not given to whims.

It was touch and go with Tom, but at last, thanks to good nursing, he seemed to be coming slowly around. Though he might be crippled, still there were hopes that he would not lose his place. If, at the worst, he couldn't run his engine, he might find a berth in the company's repair shops, for he was a good all-around mechanic. Tom was able to sit up when I last saw him. For the first time he seemed chatty. His mind would, however, revert to the accident, in which some eight people had been killed outright and some twenty-five wounded. A careful investigation had followed the accident, and as it was clearly proved that it was no fault of Tom's, I didn't see why he should mope so and seem to have trouble on his conscience. "Bunker," said Tom to me, "it's on my mind, and it will take years before that accident will be cleaned off my brain. If—if I had only followed my inclinations, I never should have run 33. Eight killed and twenty-five wounded! I never thought of that before—that makes 33!" "Nonsense, Tom," I said; "what has 33 to do with it?" "No, it ain't nonsense. I felt she was growing vicious. She was but eighteen months old, and had been running rather ugly, when six months ago she got to be as cruel as a tiger. She showed it to me. I ought to have known it!"

"Come, old man," I replied gently, interrupting him. "It's the stimulants that you have been taking, by the doctor's orders, and your nerves are unstrung. Take some of this calming medicine the doctor has left you, and stop talking."

"I ain't a bit nervous, but am as cool as a cucumber, and my head is as clear as a bell. I ain't a bit shaky. Now, just you listen. Thirty-three was built in the company's shop, and I had a hand in her construction. Just the day before we put steam in her there came an old fellow into the shop who claimed that we was infringing on an injector or feeder, or something of his invention. It wasn't any of our business in the shop, so, though we were civil, he didn't get much redress. He was a cussing us for thieves, and all that kind of thing, for stealing his patent, when the boss of the shop walked up and hearing the chinning, ordered the old man out. It was Bub Harrington that hustled the old chap out, under the boss' orders, of course. Just as the old fellow got to the door, and Bub was bouncing him, he turned round and wished that every one of us around that engine might meet our death. We thought him crazy. Well, 33 was put on the road, and Bill Given he ran her. She commenced right off killing stock. It was a cow or a horse that was smashed most every week. It was alleged that Bill was to blame, and he was discharged. Then Bill took to drinking, and went to the bad. Bub Harrington then got sick of shop work, and took his old place of engineer. Just then he married Sue Morris. I was at the wedding, seeing that Sue is a second cousin of my Jenny. Now, Bub had gone through the war, and wasn't skerry. This spring—it was in May—I met Bub at Hopling Junction. Denny Keef was his helper, and 33 had a hot journal, or something was out of kilter, and Denny Keef was a cooling and oiling of her. I was running 98, and was on the siding waiting for the through freight to pass. Says

Bub to me, 'Tom, I ain't going to run 33 no more.'

"Why?" says I.

"Cause she's showing temper," says he.

"How?" says I, laughingly; and I remember I borrowed some cavendish from him.

"Tom," says he, 'engines is like humans. For the last week 33 has been showing spite.'

"Mebbe she wants overhauling?" says I.

"Nary a bit," says Bub. 'She is just out of the shop. She makes steam kind of reckless, and wants watching. I have to keep my eyes on the steam-gauge all the time. Sometimes out of pure cussedness, she won't burn her coals, and all of a sudden you would think she wanted to melt out her grate-bars. She is always a getting something jammed or sprung, and heating on her bearings, no matter how you keep 'em oiled. She is beginning to throw sparks and burning up things. Three days ago she set fire to an awning in a shop a full mile from her.'

"Cool your head, Bub," says I, 'at the next water-tank.' Just then the freight train passed along, and I started my old engine, and we went lumbering along. How it happened I don't know, but the face of the old man in the shop who had cursed us appeared before me. That very night 33 killed poor Bub Harrington!"

"Nonsense, man!" I exclaimed.

"No; it is no nonsense. As Bub was crossing San's bridge, over Soldier's Creek, he put his head out of the cab window. Some of the hands had been working on that bridge, and had left a bit of scaffold, a piece of 4 by 6 square stuff, hanging over a truss. His head struck plumb against it, he tumbled out of the cab a dead man, and the tender cut him in two. That very next week 33 was shoved on me. I told Jenny I didn't want her, and Jenny she laughed at me. I was mighty careful of her. First thing she did, that was Monday, two weeks ago, was to play hob with a wedding party. There was three carriages in a file, and they were crossing the bridge at Stapleton, most thirty feet above the track. I stopped the exhaust to kill her snorting, and was sliding down grade, making no noise worth mentioning, when the horses in the first carriage got frightened and turned round, and the last I see of 'em they was galloping down the hill."

"Stop, Tom, how do you know they were people going to a wedding?" I inquired sceptically.

"Didn't I read about it next day in the Stapleton paper? I was kind of thankful that it was not worse. The man only had his collar-bone broken and a couple of ribs smashed, and the marriage had to be postponed. Next night she killed her first man. You knew Mather Hollis?"

"Yes, a half-witted lad."

"So they said he was, but he was a human being all the same. Never was known to have done such a thing before—and, poor fellow, he never will do it again. It was pitch dark, a raining, storming, and thundering. I was keeping a sharp lookout as we came to Cross Hollow about nine o'clock. How that boy was killed the Lord only knows. He was either half asleep or dazed. We never saw him—neither I nor Keef, the fireman, until he stood right up on the track before us. He might have got off but for his fish-pole. That was driven clean through him. I got down-hearted then. I felt that something dreadful was in store for me. One thing about 33 that was strange was that, from being a tidy engine, all of a sudden she got to be dirty, always splashing herself with oil, and accumulating cinders. A week passed along without anything a happening, only she kept burning more coal than she should, so that I was grumbling at for waste. Then came Friday, two weeks ago. Right off on starting she showed her spite on a little girl that had crept almost on the track. So help me heaven I think the cursed beast of an engine tolled children on the track. We just grazed that baby. Everything went contrary that morning. Denny Keef, who was a merry fellow, would keep a-cracking jokes, but I couldn't laugh. First, there was a bother about a freight train that had broken an axle ahead of us. That kept us back. At Croyley's the station-master got orders for me to make up some sixteen minutes I had lost, because there was an excursion train back of me, wanting to be on time for a rowing match as was to take place on Lilly Lake. Well, I let her have it, and she just took the bone in her teeth, and kind of shrieked and howled, her whistle keeping a-moaning. Every now and then I had my hand on the throttle to be certain of her. It hadn't been raining for some days, and I knew no sleeper could be loose, and that there were no washways. But I had a kind of presentiment. I seed the face of the old man and Bub Harrington. Poor Bub was before me when—. All I remember was seeing poor Denny Keef mangled by my side. I could hear—my God!—his bones crunch! All I knew after that was that I was in bed here, with poor Jenny a-crying over me. They say it was a broken rail. Now, in freezing weather a rail can break, but in summer mostly never. It was 33 that had made up her mind to go a-killing. The only thing I am glad about is that 33 has gone to hell. When Mr. Malcomb, that's the boss of our repair shop, came to see me this morning (he's been mighty kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups), he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33."

"33," said he, 'is ground up into fine bits. Just a lot of smashed-up, tangled and battered iron. Her bed-frame even is cracked.'

"Only fit for the scrap-heap!" I asked.

"That's where most of her is now," said Mr. Malcomb.

"Then thank God for that, says I—for a more murderous engine the hand of man never turned out. She was accursed before she started."

Poor Tom had a bad relapse which ended in a brain fever which set in that night. Poor Jenny is a widow now. Tom raved about 33 until exhaustion came, when he passed away.

As it was easy for me to have access to the machinery account and accident book of the road, I did look up the history of 33, and I am forced to say that poor Tom Massey's story, as far as related to that particular engine, was true to the letter. Have, then, machines certain idiosyncrasies?

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat that sits purring before the fire does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing hither and thither in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits and still purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

ABOUT FINDING FAULT.—It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest; but it is not easy to look on the best side, to see that there are thousands of honest sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity which outweigh all the grumbling of all the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us be free and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody is not a rascal. Our neighbours are not trying to cheat us. Even the grumblers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things therefore to its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here where we make a great mistake; we mistake feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man. It is his passions that are strong. He, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of those who subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

NATURE.—Perhaps the sweetest hour of a sweet season is that which precedes the setting of the sun upon a May day. All the world is taking holiday, from the lowing herd that winds slowly o'er the lea to the shard-born beetle and the large white moth. The aspect of the sky and earth, too, clear, calm, and tranquil, is full of repose. The mistiness of the mid-day sunshine is away; and the very absence of a portion of the full daylight, and the thin colourless transparency of the evening air, afford that contemplative, but no way drowsy, charm which well precedes, by thought tending to adoration, the hour when in darkness and forgetfulness we trust ourselves unconscious to the hands of Heaven. The heart of man is but an instrument from which the great musician, Nature, produces grand harmonies; and the most soothing anthem that arises within the breast is surely elicited by the soft touch of that evening hour.

THE LONG-LIVED MAN.—It is easy to sketch him. He has a well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid—at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. Hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black; his skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big. He has large veins at extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat; his neck is not too long; his belly does not project, and his hands are large but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad chest, and strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. His nerves are never out of order; his pulse is slow and regular. His appetite is good, and his digestion easy. He has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he gives way to anger he experiences a glow of warmth without an overflowing of the gall. He likes employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation—is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after either honour or riches, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

PROMISES BEFORE MARRIAGE.—When a man is very much in love, or for some reason or other wishes to secure a given lady for his wife, he is apt to be profuse in promises; and, at the time when he makes them, it is possible that he may intend to keep them. Women are too apt to believe in the lasting effect of promises made under such conditions. They know that under such circumstances, if ever, their power is strong; and they are a little apt to insist upon the making of conditions which at other times would not be accepted, and trusting to a continuance of their power for ensuring the fulfilment of promises then made. The experience of daily life shows us that promises made and conditions granted under such exalted circumstances are

less likely to be kept. When marriage has taken place, and the sober realities resume their sway, the man's mind swings back into its accustomed position; and, if he has been induced to make promises to do actions greatly at variance with those which he usually performs, the chances are that he forgets all about them, or refuses to ratify them. It would be wise therefore if ladies, in seeking for promise-making, would think a little as to whether what they ask would be as likely to be granted in calm moments as in excited ones. They would thus spare themselves much disappointment, and many moments of bitter though useless recrimination.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"TAKE away women," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

If second thoughts are best it is wrong to make men pay damages for breaches of promise to marry.

A WOMAN is never thoroughly interested in a newspaper article until she reaches the place where the balance is torn off.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange; because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

It is said that at Saratoga this summer the most expensively-dressed women are the wives and daughters of coal and ice-men.

A LADY who is not in her own house does not rise either on the arrival or departure of ladies unless there is some great difference in age.

AN old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

THE proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and found that she can support herself in case her husband turn politician.

A RIDGEFIELD man has invented a chair which can be adjusted to 8,000 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when having his hair cut.

YOU have seen drift-wood on the sea-shore? Even so do the little ridges form about the mouth of a lovely woman as she vainly essays to gracefully gnaw an ear of green corn.

NOTHING will more effectually spoil a joke than having to write it with one hand and fight flies with the other, unless it is a woman who asks to have it explained, and whose only criticism is "umph."

GREAT stress has always been laid upon the joy of a lad over his first penknife, but philosophers have very carefully smothered the fact of his grief at finding that his father has given him away with hoop-iron cutlery.

AN infant who will insist on howling and kicking after being tendered the last tooth-brush and the only egg-beater in the house sadly needs that regular motion of the elbow which Solomon invented and patented.

A LITTLE boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma. I was wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

A LITTLE girl in LaCrosse, Wis., seeing two drunken men stagger by the house, ran to her mother and told her that she had just seen "two awful sick men." On being asked what she supposed to be the matter with them, she replied, after a moment's reflection, "I dess they'd been takin' some bad medicine."

It was on the train, and he was trying to read. There was a crowd in the cars, and amongst others a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitive tongue. She plied him with questions, and toyed with his watch-chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He, nervously to the mother: "What do you call your little darling?" Widow, smiling. "Ethel." He: "Call her then." Indignation. Reading resumed.

ARTISTIC.

By Spanish Royal decree the Escorial is to be converted into a picture gallery.

It is announced that the presentation work to the subscribers of the London Art Union will this year consist of a volume of illustrations to Lord Byron's poem, "Lara," by Mr. C. B. Birch.

As the arms of the colossal statue of Liberty, by Bartholdi, have been placed on a pedestal in Madison Square, New York, so has the head been similarly erected in the Champs-de-Mars, Paris. A French paper says, that Bartholdi revels in the enormous, and is not satisfied unless he can create statues in which a whole family can live in the nostrils.

ONE of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of Washington has been presented to the Maryland Historical Society. It was originally painted for the late Solomon Etting, of Baltimore, and was given to the society by his daughter, who was present on a number of occasions while the artist was performing his work.

THE *Illustrated London News* says: We can only repeat that whatever is specially fine in the art-practice of any country is due, either directly or indirectly, to French influence. All methods and styles, all classes of subjects, find their most masterly exponents in France. Across the whole breadth of Europe, and over the wide Atlantic from the great Western Continent, come the pilgrim students; for they know that France is par excellence the home of refinement and taste, and Paris the Art-School of the world.