

LILLI.

Heart, my heart, G. what hath changed thee?
What doth weigh on thee so sore?
What hath from myself estranged thee,
That I scarcely know thee more?
Gone is all which once seemed dearest,
Gone the care which once was nearest,
Gone thy toils and tranquil bliss,
Ah! how couldst thou come to this?

Does that bloom so fresh and youthful
That divine and lovely form,
That sweet look so good and truthful
Bind thee with resistless charm?
If I swear no more to see her,
If I man myself and flee her,
Soon I find my efforts vain
Forced to seek her once again.

She with magic thread has bound me,
That defies my strength or skill.
She has drawn a circle round me,
Holds me fast against my will.
Cruel maid, her charms enslave me,
I must live as she would have me,
Ah! how great the chance to me!
Love! when wilt thou set me free?

With resistless power why dost thou press me
Into scenes so bright?
Had I not—good youth—so much to bless me,
In the lonely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,
In the moon's cold beams;
And their quivering light fell softly round me,
While I lay in dreams.

And by hours of pure unmingled pleasure,
All my dreams were blest,
While I felt her image as a treasure
Deep within my breast.

Is it I she at the table places,
Mid so many lights?
Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
She her seat invites.

Ah! the spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,
Flowers no sweetness bring;
Angel, where thou art, all sweet are near me,
Love, nature and spring.

A NIGHT IN THE DAY-COACH.

A semaphore light at the Broad Street station has just tipped the wink to a waiting train, and it steals out of the elegant station as stealthily as though it was running away to go out West and blow up with the cyclones, and feared the station master would call it back if he saw or heard it. Out of the white glare of the electric lights, out of the din of hissing cylinder cocks and jangling bells, out of the shouting of the ushers—"This side for Bryn Mawr, Paoli, and West Chester!" "Forward on the right for Wilmington!"—we rumble easily and swiftly along the great elevated railway, over the river lying in shadow below, and down through a garden of signals, a glittering parterre of red and white and green; a bewildering carcanet of ruby and pearl and emeralds, that ties and loops and tangles a score of iron tracks in intricate glitter of dazzling confusion to the traveller; gleaming sigulets that shine on semaphore, tower, and switch signal; a railway constellation; an aurora of labyrinthine glimmer and twinkle, that is only an ordinary page of quiet reading to the savant of the rail, on the train, or in the yard. Everywhere moving lights and stationary signals, till all the yard

"Twinkles with diamond sparks.
Myriads of topaz-light, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry."

everywhere shrill-voiced whistles and clanging bells; the quick exhaust of shifting engines; drifting columns of smoke and snowy puffs of steam, until red and white and green blend with the stars, and the clamor of the yard dies into a mutter and the mutter into a murmur, and the murmur is swallowed up in the roar of "number seven," muffled and dull, over the ballasted embankment, and shouting in resonant echoes over culvert and bridge, until the dense shadows of clustering trees and wide stretches of harvest field and meadows, slumbering black and still, and gleaming silver white under the blue skies of summer, shut out the glare of the station, the glitter of the yard, the illumination of the Schuylkill bridges, and the long processional perspective of the Philadelphia streets.

We are climbing the long hill west of Overbrook, and the rapid exhaust of the panting engine wakens a thousand echoes in the woods. At intervals a glare of light, long and fan shaped, like the tail of a comet, cuts a swath into the night and throws into sudden and sharp relief the whirling banner of smoke and steam streaming back over the train as the fireman for an instant throws open the furnace door. Lean out of the window and see it, and catch a cinder as big as a pea in your eye. Did you get one? Well, never mind! Don't hold it, drop it. You've cried upon it till you've put it out,—and one dead cinder is of no use to any one; and you haven't room in one eye to carry two and have any leisure to employ the eye for anything else.

We are running now. You can feel the train quiver and spring under the spur of thirty-eight miles an hour. And just here the usual knowing passenger, the traveller who has been every place and knows it all in his mind, interrupts us to tell me, holding his watch in his hand to prove it,—as though a watch was a pedometer, that we are making fifty miles an hour easy, if not sixty. It is useless to dispute with this passenger, who has forgotten, or, perhaps, never knew, that the official time of the fastest through trains on the road over which he is travelling averages forty-four miles per hour from New York to Philadelphia, thirty-eight from the Quaker City to Harrisburg, thirty-three from

Harrisburg to Altoona, and forty thence to Pittsburg. The trouble with this fast traveller is that his figures never harmonize with the official time-tables. I have known this man to leave Chicago at 9 a.m., run sixty miles an hour right along, by his own watch, and reach Elkhart, one hundred and one miles, at 12.55 p.m.—twenty-five miles an hour, as nearly as the tables can make it. When the rapid traveller begins to count the telegraph poles to regulate the speed of the train, you might as well give in: he will make to a second exactly the time he said we were making. Some time when you know, by the official word of the conductor, that you are running fifty miles an hour, try counting the telegraph poles, three or four of you, just for amusement, and see how widely your counts do not agree for a few miles. And, believe me, take the railroads, by and large, you ride twenty-five miles an hour oftener than you ride fifty. Abroad, the lightning train on the Paris-Marseilles line averages thirty-five miles per hour; the express train on the Lehrter railway from Berlin to Cologne, thirty-seven and a half miles; the Scottish mail, from Euston Square to Edinburgh, forty-one and a quarter miles, including stops; the express train from King's Cross to Edinburgh, forty-two miles; and the Irish mail, London to Holyhead, makes the same time. The fastest short-distance trains in Germany—Spandau to Steinhagen, distance, fifty-seven and a half miles—run forty-five miles an hour without stopping; the fast train from Berlin to Magdeburg makes forty miles an hour, including two stops. In England, the Great Western trains from London to Swindon make fifty-three miles an hour. There are trains that run faster than that, even in our own first land, but they are not through trains. A sixty-mile gait is not kept up for a long distance. The passenger who is pulling out his watch every ten or fifteen minutes to declare that we are running sixty miles an hour would get home a couple of days ahead of the train, if he could but keep up with his own time. And then it may comfort you to know that if you break through a bridge or collide with another train at a speed of thirty-five miles, your chances for escape are just as good as though you were running one hundred.

Don't go into the Pullman to-night, come into the day-coach. If you desire to study character and amuse yourself watching people, avoid the barren waste of unbending and one-type "respectability" that grades the parlor car to one mediocre level. Sit in the day-coach; if you want variety, you'll find it. In the day-coach, people assimilate, they fraternize; in the parlor car, they hate each other. In the Pullman, your particular seat, number and ticket, ed to you very self, is so much your own that you can experience an uncomfortable cat-in-a-strange-garret feeling if by accident or through weariness you sit anywhere else. And you will yield your seat or your berth to no other human being. In the democratic day-coach there is now and then a thrill of excitement, caused by some new passengers,—usually a woman and two or three children,—"jumping your claim" while you are forward in the smoker. Sometimes one determined woman turns you out of your pre-emption boldly.

There she is now. Her step is heavy, and her resolute brow is not sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought so much as some healthier brows you have seen. Her mouth is straight as a rule, and the firm lines at its corners are not there for nothing. The little man timidly keeping close by her side is her husband, her very own,—body, boots, and breeches. She married him her self. She could do it again, too, with one hand tied behind her. She holds you with her glittering eye, oftentimes she standeth still; you listen like a three-years' child; the Gorgon hath her will. "Would this gentleman be polite enough to occupy a seat with this other gentleman, that she and her husband might sit together?" Would you? Ah, won't you, just! You do, and she thanks you in thorough-bass. They sit, and the little man holds the bundle and runs errands while the Gorgon looks around for new victims. "Make that man put out that cigar." Obedient as a tender to a man-of-war, the little man goes and returns. "It isn't lighted." "Make him take it out of his mouth: this isn't a smoking-car." Again the little man goes and comes. "It's a lead pencil; and he says he'll hold it in his eye if he wants to." A few people begins to smile, but one glare freezes them in the midst of their presumptuous levity. "Tell that man to close his window: I feel a draught." Another round trip for the meek little man. "He is asleep." "Wake him up!" And she speaks as one having authority, and not as a woman who marries because she wanted to lean on somebody. Away goes the little married man. A gentle shake, a timid,—

"Sir, would it discommode you too much if I asked you too?"

A smothered roar and a volley of savage language, a half-lifted head showing a fierce pair of eyes and a most forbidding countenance, a threatening movement of a fist like the hand of fate, an earnest pledge to fire somebody out of the window if the request was repeated, and the meek Mercury returns meeker than ever.

"He says he can't: he has heart disease, and he will faint if the window is closed."

Measureless liar! The little man is a giant in some things; after all, he has the soul of a man.

"Bah!" like a pistol shot. "Anything but a sick man!"

The very lights burn blue in the glare of her fierce contempt. A majestic stride carries her to the seat of rebellion. She bends above the snor-

ing "slugger." Bang! The window comes down, like a wooden imprecation, in a little puff of dust and cinders. The slumberer lifts his wrathful head, and begins a savage snarl, which ends as abruptly as a stub switch, and his threatening frame shrinks into a placid heap of inert-brate limps,—protoplasm in clothes. Triumphant Euryale resumes her seat, with one ejaculation, "Heart disease!" and glares up and down the car, hoping to catch some man lighting a cigar, that she may turn him into stone.

"All tickets, please!" Lo! the conductor, nonchalant, quick in movement, brusque in manner, keen of eye, seeing everything, missing nothing, terse of speech, a very Spartan in conversation, answering a volume with a sentence, making three words withstand a thousand questions. Much need hath he of this economy of speech, "for we are the same that our fathers have been; we see the same sights that our fathers have seen;" on the very same train, the same seat, the same run, we ask the same "when" and "what," every one. How far? and What time? and How much? and Which way? How close the connection? At night? O by day? What hotel? What junction? How? Which? Where? and When? And the next car will ask them all over again. But nothing seems to disturb him. What a fortune that immobile face would be for a poker player! How he answers the wisest questions without a show of admiration, the stupidest and silliest without a sign of contempt! Can you carry a lantern tucked up on your arm like that? Yes, with both hands you could. See, when you try it, all the passengers laugh to see the lantern fall behind you. Can you make your lantern at home burn one half so brightly? Not if you put an electric light in it. Can he, does he, read all those tickets so rapidly as he affects to? There now! You saw him punch that one without ever looking at it. You think so? Well, try him on an expired limited ticket some time, or hand him some fraudulent pasteboard you bought of a sculper. Give it to him some night when he is behind time, dreadfully crowded, and too busy to think, and you will soon know whether or not he is given to punching tickets without looking at them.

There, he is talking to that young man in pointed shoes and tight pantaloons on this very subject. The young man evidently thought as you did. Listen to the pleading accents of the tender-hearted conductor:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Pittsburg," says the young man, defiantly; "and that ticket is good until it's used."

"Certainly it is," replies the conductor, apparently greatly terrified by the young man's resolute attitude. "You're right about that,—it is good until it's used; but as it is a ticket on the Boston and Maine Railroad from South Lawrence to Kenebunk, you'll have to go there to use it. Keep that ticket; it may come useful some time; but it won't ride you on the Pennsylvania. I only go to Harrisburg. Three dollars and twenty-six cents, please. Better get a ticket at Harrisburg,—plenty of time."

And having paid ten cents extra for having no ticket, that young man is making up his mind that wasting a local ticket to get through the gate doesn't pay.

Could you stand up and write, as the conductor does? You could write very well, but no living creature could read what you wrote. Still, writing on the train in these days of spirit-level grades is not the difficult art it used to be. A great many busy people write on the trains. During the seven years past at least seventy per cent. of my daily newspaper work, during the winters, has been done on the trains. There was a time when I used pen and ink in my railway correspondence; not that erratic aggravation born in an evil hour and called a stylograph, but with a good, old-fashioned pen and a glass ink-bottle. I have also upset a bottle of ink in my lap. Without going into particulars, I will merely say that the quiet old citizen sitting behind me, at the close of my remarks, which were, conversely, remarks about my clothes, tapped me on the shoulder and said,—

"Young man, if I could use the English language as fluidly as you, I'd lecture."

I believed him.

All newspaper correspondents frequently write their despatches and letters on the train, and make good enough copy for any printer to mangle.

See the man standing up holding his hat in his hand. That passenger is travelling on his first pass. He calls the conductor "sir," and has an impression, that amounts to a conviction, that the busy official, recognizing in him a guest of the company, will pause and hold a few moments' conversation with him. To the passenger's amazement the precious trip pass is seized as unceremoniously as a local ticket, turned over like a flash for a glimpse of the signature on the back, one quick glance at the passenger's face,—that the conductor may be able to identify him if any question arises about that pass any time within the next five years,—the paper is punched full of holes, and the conductor is gone, without even stopping to shake hands. A pained look of offended friendship, frost-nipped cordiality, creeps into the grieving face of the passenger, lightly tinged with dignified wrath.

"I'll report that fellow, see if I don't!"

"What for?" asked his fellow-traveller, who, having paid three cents a mile for his ride, is half determined to be a Nihilist and do something dreadful,—

"What for?"

But the offended "D.H."—for even so are all "dead heads" stingingly entered on the official

reports—doesn't know just exactly for what, or rather he doesn't just like to tell, so he contents himself with shaking his head darkly, and looking things that are fortunately unutterable.

A little girl and her mother get on. They wear sun-bonnets. Don't peer around into their faces now, but just look at them as they sit before us, and tell me which is the girl and which is the mother? The crowning peculiarity of the sun-bonnet is, that it makes the maiden of twenty and the woman of sixty look like twins. There are only two types of faces seen in sun-bonnets. One is faded, listless, wearied, seamed by the hand of care, and the other is rosy and pretty and bashful. Did you ever kiss a girl in a sun-bonnet,—one of the old-fashioned "calico slats?" Man, there is a sense of quiet seclusion, of peaceful possession, a kind of "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" feeling comes over you, back in its shadowy portals, into which not even the all-beholding sun can peer until his fiery chariot touches the horizon line, that — But I digress.

Look up, if you want to envy somebody. He hasn't shaved this week; and his shoulders are broad as his face is grizzled,—six feet two,—and never had a toothache since he knew how to bite; wears a coat that doesn't fit him, and a collar that nearly kills him, on the Fourth of July—never at any other time; exercises it to be his patriotic duty to suffer for his country on that glorious day. Eyes as bright as his face is brown, can't help looking like a rough-cast Apollo, in a blue shirt and jean overalls, and never saw the day that he wasn't hungry three times. Isn't worth a dollar in the world, save what he can get at day's work on the farm in the summer, and in the pine-woods in the winter; but he has a digestion that Wall Street can't buy. He is hailed by a friend; and hearken to his response, "Hallo, Leander! How's your bein'?" The whole car hears and smiles in reply.

Leander is the usual sick man of the train. He and the deaf old gentleman have been exchanging vociferous medical recipes for carefully selected ailments for the past twenty-five miles. Leander is telling how ill he was just afore his harvest. First stage, he couldn't work; second, he couldn't stand up; third, he couldn't sit up; fourth, he couldn't lie down; fifth, he couldn't drink; sixth, he couldn't eat. Just here the entrance of the rough-cast Apollo interrupted him, and we will never hear what was the seventh stage of that fell disease. But it is my firm opinion that in the seventh stage Leander died.

But his afflictions have been few and light, compared with those of his companion of the heavy hearing. Few and evil have the days of the years of his pilgrimage been, and they have been rounded by nurse and doctors. At almost every station he remembers a man living there who used to be his nurse. One of these nurses is especially commended as "bein' jest about a regular studied doctor. All he wanted was a boss and buggy to be a regular studied doctor." Mr. Spoop-ndyke himself might envy this vivid description of an educated physician, given in all seriousness, by as earnest a man as ever I heard keep a car-load of passengers awake with stentorian remarks.

The long five seconds' whistle calls for a station. As we dash through, do you notice what a sudden increase of speed hurries us like a thunderbolt through the streets of the slumbering village? I have often noticed this apparent increase of speed when passing through a station, as though the train was anxious to do its best before an audience. I have wondered if it was real or only apparent, and often I have made up my mind to ask, but as I approached the engineer my heart has failed me: something in his face allays my burning curiosity, without gratifying it. Once, when I was younger than I am now, or ever will be again, a railway train which I honored with my distinguished presence halted, without consulting my wishes, out on the open prairie, between stations. I hastened with the crowd to the engine. I took out my note-book and pencil, that all the world might know a live reporter was on the spot, and would have this thing down "very fine," in a very brief space of period. After a little difficulty in finding the right man to cross-examine, I discovered the engineer stooping under the engine, softly tapping something with a copper hammer. I said,—

"What is the matter with her?"

There was a brief interval of silence, as my voice died away, and then the world seemed to be turning around on schedule time, so as to be in the round house at sunset, just as usual, and just as though I was not standing there, waiting for an answer to my question. So I raised my voice a little, a very little, for the action of this earth had somewhat affected me.

"What seems to be the matter?"

Then the engineer crawled out, and, giving me a glance, stood wiping his hands with a handful of waste while he looked down the track a thousand miles, and, after an embarrassing pause in the conversation, he said, in low, quiet tones,—

"She's dropped her exhaust."

I thanked him in broken accents, and I was very quiet all the rest of the trip. Oh, very quiet! much quieter than the other passengers.

The man with the oil-cloth "carpet-rack," who is storming at the conductor, is the man who gets carried by. He never misses it. If he is only going fifteen miles, the first thing he does is to go to sleep. He declares that the brakeman never called "Mount Joy." "As though," says the indignant brakeman, "I