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## Autobiography of a Jack of all Trades.

FIRST CHAP.—AS A BRAKESMAN.

At the age of eighteen I determined to become a railroad man; not from any special predilections for the profession, but I thought that success in it was certain, as my family had great influence with some of the railroad magnates. My name is TURNER WHEELER, and I am, in more ways than one, a remarkable man, standing as I do 6 ft. 8 in. in my stockings, and weighing 480 lbs. A word from my father to Mr. Lawless, of the Hog's Hollow Railway, (my father had been coachman with Mr. L. fifteen years before) secured me a position as brakeman on that line, and I said to myself "Turner! in future thy ture lies before you." "Trust no future, however pleasant." "Act, my boy, in the braking present." "Be not like a dumb driven cattle," and other brave remarks occurred to me calculated to sustain my drooping spirits in my separation from tender home-ties. At six, one morning, I joined a goods train at the depot, and, stepping on to the roof of the rear car, I sat down and awaited developments. The conductor watched me for a while, and then said: "We'll be off in a minute or so; g'lang and take off all the brakes. Hurry up, now!" The train had been brought up "all standing" and the brakes had not been relieved. At my best speed I pursued my dangerous way from car-roof to car-roof, removing *bodily* the brake-wheels and carefully pocketing them. I wrenched them all off without very much trouble, and then resumed my seat, conscious that I had done my duty.

Then we started. It was highly exhilarating. I sat with my legs dangling over the edge of the roof of the rear car, and it was jolly to see how fast the track sped away from beneath me. Quite attractive, in fact. I had not sat there long before my reverie was abruptly broken by a tremendous blow which I received on the back of my unfortunate head. For a moment I was completely dazed, and only recovered myself in time to see the ruins of a totally demolished bridge, which crossed the track, vanishing in the distance. My head had come in contact with the arch and utterly ruined it. As it was, I can't see, to this day, how I escaped without a broken head. Presently the conductor looked out of his window, and said, "Mebbe you don't hear I'm whistling down brakes, or has that bridge knocked the ears off'n ye? You're a nice kind of a blockhead, you are." "Mercy on us," I roared, "how can I down brakes when I've got them all in my pockets?" "We're dead men," solemnly said the conductor. "We have to bring up here in a switch to let the 7.30 express pass us. A nice pass your idioy has

brought us into." While we were thus speaking we entered the switch at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which, by rights, we should have crawled into. In the distance ahead we could plainly see the 7.30 express tearing down the track in its desperate speed. Not an instant was to be lost, so, removing my pipe from my mouth, I stepped down and took a firm hold of the buffers of the rear car. I stopped the train in quite a short time, amid great applause from the engine-driver and conductor. Now the unexampled meanness of that railway company deserves to be held up to the scorn of a discerning public. Notwithstanding the fact that I had saved their train from utter destruction, they docked from my wages enough of the "wherewithal" to replace the brakewheels which I had unwittingly torn off. Then the road commissioners who owned the bridge which my head smashed, entered a suit against the railroad for very heavy damages, and the company, without the slightest compunction, compromised the matter by promising to discharge me. They did so. I truly hope that that railroad will be a financial failure. Such people as the Directors look mean alongside of the old rabbit who deoured her step-children. I am at present out of employment. Any company requiring the services of a man like me have only to send their address to this office.

## Greece Declares War with the Turks

Again to war, Hellenes!  
Again to Europe show  
The sword that smote for freedom  
Her first barbarian foe!  
As now the Turk, the Persian  
Was Europe's pest and yours,  
Ye smote his hordes to Hades  
That day whose fame endures:  
Ye bade his Satrap's purple  
Athena's shrine adorn!  
Ye gave his host to fatten  
The Marathonian corn.  
Again to battle, fathers!  
To conquest march again!  
Let not our Tartar tyrant  
On Europe's soil remain!  
Be they as were the Persians—  
And as your sires be ye;  
And hear from every people  
The blessings of the Free.

Oh!

Dr. BUCKE, physician of the London Lunatic Asylum, says (in *Scribner* for October) that WALT WHITMAN is "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man that the world has as yet produced." Well, well! "Evil communications corrupt, etc." Dr. B. ought to be in no way insulted if we say that there is an erratum in the description of him that opens this paragraph. For physician read patient. We suppose he meant that WALT WHITMAN was the greatest man who had been for some time, (or "ever" if you like), an inmate of the London Lunatic Asylum.

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