



*Sure I know the railroad game,
Carried water years ago;
Through apprenticeship, became
"Walking-Boss"—"The Sup." you know.
With the sand hogs delved below
Th' glacial drift, and knowledge had
Of Niagara's wicked flow—
None of politics, bedad!*

*Can't speak much of courage, I
Had enough to do my job.
But for speed—my rivals—boy,
Travelled trailing with the mob.
Well, with many a brainless slob:—
Wasting, valiant fighting lads:—
Decked with stars and crowns—be gob!
I damned politics, by gads!*

*Still, my soldier boy, if here
You have found one single rhyme
Worthy of a soldier's tear,
Worthy of your deeds sublime—
I can smile at Death and Time,
Thanks to you, dear, gallant lad,
Raised high o'er the petty slime
Of their politics!..By Gad.*

A. C. S.