

Poetry.

TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years! What a spell-word to conjure smiles and tears! Oh, how oft do I muse 'mid the thoughtless and gay,

Oh, the marvelous truths these words convey. And can it be so! Must the valiant and free Have their tenure of life on this frail Jove-tree? Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won

Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun? And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view As a midsummer dream, be as perishing, too?

Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle ye great, Oh, remember how mercy besemeth your state; For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave

Is eating the chain of the manacled slave, And the conqueror's crowns and his victim's tears

Will be all the same in a hundred years.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!

What a spell-word to conjure smiles and tears! How dark are our fortunes, ye sons of the soil, Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!

Yet envy not those who have glory and gold, By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold;

For 'tis coming, how clear they may flaunt in their pride,

The day when they'll molder to dust by your side.

Death unteeth the children of toil and of sloth, And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both; For time, as he speeds on his viewless wings, Disenamels and withers all earthly things; And the knight's white plume and the shepherd's crook,

And the minstrel's pipe and the scholar's book, And the emperor's crown, and his Cossacks' spears,

Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!

O most magical fountain of smiles and tears! To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,

Which we love so much, should be lost so soon! Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?

Or the breaking of human hearts for toys? Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes? Or the passion of youth for his darling dreams? Or the aiming at ends that we never can span? Or the deadly aversion of man for man? What availeth it all? Oh, ye sages, say— Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay! Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize— The enchanting maid, with the starry eyes? Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears, If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years, How clear soever the case appears! For, far beyond, where the cedars wave On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars Come glittering forth in their golden cars, There bloometh a land of perennial bliss, Where we smile to think in the tears in this? And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore, Has the thought of death in his heart no more, But layeth his staff and sandals down, For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown. And the mother meets, in that tranquil sphere, The delightful child she had wept for here; And the warrior's sword that protects the right Is bejeweled with stars of undying light; And we quaff of the same immortal cup, While the orphan smiles, and the slaves look up!

So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears, For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!

Tales and Sketches.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Yes, sir, we sometimes have narrow escapes from death, and sometimes had accidents happen; not often, though, for the road is well managed, and we are very careful. It is rather a dangerous life, I admit—a little carelessness might send many a poor fellow to his long account; but still, I expect to spend my best days with my engine.

You see, sir, an engineer's life always had a peculiar fascination for me. There is an excitement in rushing through the darkness of night at a high rate of speed, the head-light illuminating the track so far ahead; every scene on the alert; the eye straining to catch the least sign of danger; the consciousness that a broken rail, a bridge not closed, an obstruction on the track, might precipitate me and the unconscious sleepers behind me into eternity, that harmonizes with my wild nature.

How long have you been on the road? Well, as engineer and fireman, ever since I was thirteen years old, and I am twenty-five now. My first ride on an engine was the most exciting one in my life.

How was that? Well, sir, I don't mind telling you the story. There is some more wood, Jack, and keep a sharp look-out ahead.

You see, sir, I was only about twelve years old when they commenced building this road. My father owned a small farm near Ashland.

The country was not half so thickly settled as it is now, and, of course, the building of a railroad caused a great deal of excitement, and to no one more than to myself. I didn't like farming—there was not enough excitement in it for me. I always had a wild nature, delighting in dangerous adventures.

The road was finished when I was between twelve and thirteen, and they had hardly got to running on it when both my parents died, leaving my sister, who was about seven years older than I was, alone in the world. We sold the farm and moved into Ashland, where my sister opened a refreshment saloon at the depot; and as Ashland was quite a thriving place, and there began to be a good deal of travel, we did very well, though I am ashamed to say I did not help my sister very much, but spent most of my time at the workshop, looking at the engines and cars, and wishing that I could ride on them. I became acquainted with all the engineers and firemen, and was quite a pet with most of them, and could have had many a ride, but my sister would not consent to my going on either engine or cars. I took a great fancy to one of the engineers, a tall, strong, manly-looking fellow, named Harry Merton—he ran the night express train. He soon learned all about my sister from me, and soon took to coming to the saloon quite often, making little purchases as an excuse; but I was sharp enough to know that it was my sister he came to see, and I soon saw that she liked him very much. There was another fellow that came to see my sister, too, but neither of us liked him. He was a brakeman on the noon train, a low-browed, swarthy-faced fellow, named David Griston—"Grisley Dave" he was called by his associates.

At last Harry and sister came to an understanding, for one evening he asked me how I would ask Harry for a brother, and while I looked at her with wondering eyes, she told me that no had asked her to be his wife, and that she had consented; also that on the next day we were both going to the city on Harry's train to see his old mother. I jumped for joy. I did not pay much attention when she said they were to be married next month—my thoughts were all on the ride to the city—at last my hopes were to be realized. I begged to be allowed to ride part of the way on the engine with Harry and black George, his fireman, and, to my joy, she at last consented, provided Harry was willing. Of that I had no fear.

As we sat in our little parlor there was a knock at the door. I opened it and admitted David Griston. He sat down, and I went out into the kitchen to finish my chores. When I had finished I sat down to let my thoughts dwell on the great pleasure in store for me. Suddenly I heard some loud angry words from the parlor and then the front door roughly shut. I ran into the parlor and found my sister very pale and deeply agitated. She told me that Griston had asked her to marry him, and on her telling him that she was to be Harry Merton's wife, he had flown into a violent passion and swore that it should never be, and left vowing revenge on them both. Sister was a good deal alarmed, but I finally quieted her fears. The next day when she told Harry of Griston's threats, he laughed at them, and assured her she need have no fear.

The noon train was waiting the signal to start, and I stood by the cars talking to a young friend, when some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned and beheld Griston. He had been drinking deeply, his face was red, his eyes bloodshot, and if ever a man looked devilishness, he did then.

Are yer going to the city with yer sister, on Merton's train this afternoon? he asked.

Yes, I responded, ungraciously. He laughed hoarsely. Ye'll never reach there alive, boy—neither you, yer pretty sister, nor Merton; curse him! curse you all! he added. You will ride to your own funerals! ho, ho! Tell yer sister Dave Griston has sworn revenge on her for jilting him, and he'll keep his word; and with a savage look which sent a chill through me, he turned and sprang on board of the train which was slowly moving out of the depot.

Time dragged slowly along, until at length the welcome hour for starting arrived, and Harry's engine backed slowly into the depot, and was coupled to the train. Harry assisted my sister into the cars, secured her a good seat, and then lifted me on to the engine. The conductor gave the signal and we started, slowly at first, but the puffs of the engine came quicker and quicker, and we were soon soon thundering along at what seemed to me a terrific rate of speed. I was rather frightened at first, but soon got over that, and then my delight at my novel situation knew no bounds. Soon I caught sight of the old homestead and the tears welled up into my eyes as I caught a glimpse of the two white tombstones with the weeping willow tree, which marked the burial place of my parents. Harry saw the tears and tried to cheer me by explaining to me the way the engine was managed. He showed me how to start the engine, how to shut off steam when the engine was to be stopped, how to reverse the engine; explained the use of the steam and water gauge, showed how to whistle, how to regulate the supply of water, and in short, told all about the engine that he thought I could understand, and well it was that he did so.

I thought I should never grow weary of the scenery as we dashed along, of seeing the bustle at the stations, the crowds of people, the passengers getting off and on; and as we would dash along, and the shrill shriek of the

whistle send the cows scampering off the track and cause the horses to kick up their heels and gallop off to the opposite side of the pastures, while occasionally as we rushed past a farm house, some dog would dart out and run alongside of the train as though racing with it, I would clap my hands and laugh and shout to the height of my excitement and glee.

Night soon came on, and when we stopped to take on wood and water, and to light the headlight, Harry thought I had better go into the car with my sister, but I begged so hard to stay, that he at length consented that I should remain on the engine until we reached the next station, which was however, a long distance off. Before we started, Harry told me that when about half way to the next station we would cross the bridge spanning the M—river, a narrow, but deep and rapid stream, which we recent rains had swollen into a torrent. We were some behind time, and when we started Harry let on a full head of steam. We were beginning to move quite rapidly, when, as black George, the fireman, was standing on the tender arranging the wood more conveniently, a sharp report rang out from the edge of the woods a short distance ahead, and poor George sank down without a groan. Harry sprang to the tender to his assistance, but as he stooped to raise him, there was another flash and report, and then I caught an instant's view of the demoniac face of David Griston, shaking his clenched fist at the train as it dashed by. Henry uttered a sharp cry of agony, reached out his hand towards the lever, strove to reach it to shut off steam, recoiled, and then with a low moan of anguish, sank at my feet with the blood spouting from a wound in his breast. I stood motionless with horror. All this passed in far less time than I have taken to relate it. At one moment, Harry was standing beside me full of life and spirit, in the next, he was lying motionless and bleeding at my feet. I could not move, I could only stand and gaze, in a species of fascination at the ghastly sight. At length I availed myself and looked around; we were rushing through the darkness at a fearful rate of speed, the train rocked from side to side, objects appeared and disappeared almost in the glare of the headlight. My senses were still rather confused, and I hardly knew what to do, but stood clinging helplessly to the side of the engine, and looking ahead at the long line of track which seemed rushing toward the train as we tore along. As we rounded a curve in the road I saw a faint glare, growing every instant larger and larger. What could it be? Suddenly the truth flashed upon me, and I recoiled as if struck a blow. I remembered David Griston's threat of revenge against both Harry and my sister. I remembered his words at the depot, when he inquired if we were going to the city, he had said, "Ye'll never reach there alive, boy, neither you, yer pretty sister, nor Merton, curse him. Curse you all, you will ride to your own funerals." We had not yet passed the bridge, and could it be very far distant, that red glare was caused by the burning bridge. Griston had jumped off of his train when they had started before crossing the bridge; he had fired the bridge, came back to near where he knew we would have to stop for wood and water, had concealed himself in the woods near enough to the station to insure our not passing at so rapid a rate as to spoil his aim, had shot Henry and black George, so that there then being no one who would notice the burning bridge in time to stop the train before it would be on the bridge; by that time the bridge would be so much destroyed that the train would be precipitated into the torrent beneath and all would perish. As the whole fearful truth flashed across my mind, I gasped for breath, I strove to cry out, but my throat was dry and parched, my tongue clove to my mouth, I could not utter a word. There was I a boy of twelve, the only living person, as I thought, upon the engine; which was rushing towards the bridge with terrific velocity, the first time too that I had been upon an engine. Oh, how fearful that red glare looked, growing broader and broader as we rushed nearer and nearer. My poor sister, I thought of her danger more than of my own peril; all those people on board the train too, most of them calmly sleeping, unconscious of their frightful peril. I grew sick and faint with horror. Was there no way to save them? Must Griston's hellish plot succeed and so many souls be hurled unprepared into eternity? Suddenly I remembered that poor Harry had shown me how to stop the train, why had not I thought of it before, could I do it in time? As I made a dash towards the lever we dashed around another curve, and the burning bridge came plainly in sight. I grasped the lever with both hands, shut off steam, reversed the engine, and then seizing the string, whistled "down brakes." The shrill scream of the whistle sounding out on the night air, startled me, and I gave a shriek of horror and fright, but never for an instant did I withdraw my gaze from the fearful sight ahead, nor did my hands relax their grasp of the lever and whistle-cord. On we went, nearer and nearer to the mass of fire. Oh, would we never stop? I did not notice that we were going slower and slower, I only saw that we were drawing nearer and nearer to the flames. The roar of the torrent, the cracking and hissing of the flames as they seemed to leap towards the train, and the continual shriek of the whistle sounded in my ears. I heard other sounds behind me, the hoarse shouts of men, and the shrill screams of terrified women and children. The heat

was terrible, the brass work on the engine glowed red and hot, the bloody forms of Harry and black George looked lurid and ghastly in the fierce glow; my face was blistered, my eyes were protruding from their sockets, I felt as if my brain was on fire, my hand relaxed its hold on the whistle cord, but I still grasped the lever. At last, when within about fifty yards from the bridge the engine stopped. I seized the cord, whistled "off brakes," and then as we commenced backing away from that terrible heat I knew that we were saved, I grew faint and weak. I saw the conductor come running towards the engine, I saw his look of horror as he climbed up and saw the gory forms of Harry and black George, and then I saw no more.

When I came to, my head was supported on my sister's lap, while she bathed my burning face with throbbing temples with such delicious cool water. Near by lay Harry, supported by the conductor, his face was pale, his clothing bloody, but he was not dead; he was looking anxiously towards me, and as my eyes met his a faint smile passed over his features, and his lips moved, but the hoarse roar of the escaping steam drowned his voice. I raised up and glanced around; we were some distance from the burning bridge, the light glare from which still lighted up the horizon. As soon as the conductor saw that I was conscious he arose, and the noise of the escaping steam being hushed, he questioned me as to the occurrence of the past hour. I told him all, and as I concluded, a low, deep murmur of wrath and indignation arose among the backwoodsmen present, which gradually swelled into a shout of vengeance, which boded no good to Griston. Henry was tenderly lifted on to the cars, the first followed, and we backed down to Hickory Station, the place where we had stopped for wood and water. As we reached there, the door of the Station house opened and three men appeared. The first was the Station master, the second his assistant, and the third was David Griston. The faces of the first two expressed surprise and astonishment at seeing the train which they had supposed was two hundred miles away. Griston's eyes glowed like balls of fire, his face was deadly pale and wore a look of surprise and disappointed hatred, which last he vainly tried to conceal. The Station master was the first to speak. "Why Mr. Merton," he said, addressing the conductor, "what on earth is the matter? Nothing gone wrong has it? The track is all right?"

Before the conductor could answer, John Hartwell, a tall, powerful backwoodsmen, the Sheriff of the County, stepped forward, "Well yes, Mr. Raymond," he said, "something is the matter. The engineer and fireman have been shot, the bridge fired, and but for the fact of this brave boy being on the engine, we should all have roasted or drowned before this."

I saw Griston cast a malignant scowl at me. The Station master was horror-struck. "Who did this terrible deed?" he asked, his face expressing his horror and indignation. He was soon answered. Mr. Hartwell stepped forward and pitched head on the shoulder of Griston, "I arrest you, David Griston," he said, "for the murder of black George, the wounding of Harry Merton, and the firing of the bridge."

Griston glanced desperately around, then his hand stole towards the breast of his coat. I uttered a sharp cry of warning, but too late; there was a gleam of steel, and the next instant the Sheriff staggered back, the blood streaming from his breast, while Griston, brandishing the bloody knife, bounded towards the woods. A moment's pause of horror, and then a score of stalwart men sprang forward in keen pursuit. He was overtaken, and dragged back, howling, cursing, and raving, while his captors preserved an ominous silence. Then, while two men guarded the villain, the rest gathered in a group, a little distance apart, and held a short consultation. They soon came to some determination, and while some lit pine torches, the rest, together with the station master, disappeared into the house. They soon re-appeared with a long, stout rope. The scene which followed, was a fearful one. Griston, alternately shrieking for mercy, and raving and howling curses upon his captors, was dragged toward a tall pine tree which stood near by. The rope was thrown over a branch, a loop made at one end and placed round his neck, and a dozen men grasped the other end, and a short silence ensued, broken only by the voice of Griston, who howled and pleaded for life as he knelt at the feet of those stern executioners. I could not turn away; my eyes seemed drawn by some fearful fascination, to gaze upon the scene.

The red glare of a score of pine torches lit up the darkness of the night, shining upon the women and children huddled near the cars, their pale faces averted upon the dreadful sight, upon the rigid corpse of poor George, as it lay upon the platform of the station house, upon the pale face of Harry Merton, as he lay with his head resting in sister's lap, upon the bleeding form of Sheriff Hartwell, upon the green, waving foliage of the tall pine, upon the fearfully convulsed features of the wretched criminal, and upon the stern, bronzed features of the hardy backwoodsmen who surrounded him.

I saw the men at the end of the rope move swiftly outward; I saw Griston's body jerk violently upwards, and swinging between earth and sky, and then I became unconscious. I came to, only to become delirious, and for three weeks lay tossing with brain fever. But at length, thanks to good nursing, I recovered. Harry got well about the same time, and shortly afterwards he and sister were married.

The directors of the road made me a handsome present, and when Harry again took charge of the engine, I went with him. Sister was opposed to our going on the road, and so in about a year Harry gave up his position, and, to her great joy, bought the old homestead, and settled down as a farmer. Sister tried hard to make me leave, too; but the directors offered me Harry's place as an engineer, and I accepted it; and though I have got a blue-eyed little wife at home now, myself, yet I can't bear to give up the engine.—That's all of the story, sir.

A very exciting adventure! Well, I suppose it was—at least, I don't think I'll forget that night, if I live to be a hundred years old. There is Harrisonville ahead, sir; you'll soon be home now.

A LOST IRISHMAN.

'Twas in the summer '66, Mr. W. W. W., that I lauded at Hamilton fresh as a new prairie just dug from the "old sod," and with a light heart and a heavy bundle I set off for the township of Burford, tilting a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as ever took the road. Well I trudged on, and on, past many a plisint place, pleasing myself with the thought that some day I might have such a place of my own, with a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and children about the door; and along the six or day I got to Burford village. A cousin of me mother's one Dennis O'Dowl, lived about seven miles from here, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was going part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Shure he was very kind indeed, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed through the wood an' told me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis'.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, an' mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin' an' me uncle as great an navigator as ever steered a ship across the trackless say! Not a bit of it," says I, "though I'm obliged to yiz for the ride."

And with that he drove off an' left me all alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of a tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over logs and turnin' round among the bushes an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis'. But, had cess to it! all of a sudden I came out the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an oak crooked tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kickin' up its heels to make diversion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, an' as there were no time to lose I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for awhile, but ock hone! ock hone! it got so dark I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the wiskeates bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' an' tumblin' around till I nearly was fairly banoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trible, to think that I was lost entirely, an' that may be a lion or some other wild crathur would devour me before mornin'.

Just thin I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bard!" sez I, "I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they're doin' it, or why would they say 'poor Will' an' sure they can't be Injun, haythan, nagaur, for it's plain English they are after speakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of me voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. P'isintly an answer came:

"Who! Who! Who-o!" "Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' stretchin' up my bundle an' stick I started in the direction of the voice.

Thin I thought I had got near the place I stopped an' shouted again, "A lost man!" "Who! Who-o!" said a voice right over me head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night, maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the childer's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will an' the rest of thin? All this went through me head like a flash an' thin I answered his inquiry:

"Jamie Butler, the waiver, sur," sez I, "an' if it wouldn't inconvenience yer honour, would yiz be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowl?"

"Who! Who! Who-o!" sez he. "Dennis O'Dowl!" sez I, civil enough, "an' a decent man he is, an' a first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Who! Who-o!" sez he ag'in. "Me mother!" says I, "an' as an' a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, an' her maiden name was Molly Mcgiggin."

"Who! Who! Who-o!" sez I, "an' her father's name was Paddy Mcgiggin!"

"Who! Who! Who-o!" sez he. "Paddy Mcgiggin! had luck to yer deaf ould head. Paddy Mcgiggin, I say—do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the County Tipperary except Jim Doyle the blacksmith."

"Who! Who! Who-o!" sez I, "yo good for nothin' blackgard nagur, an' if ye don't come down an' show me the way this