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Select Poetry.

RICHARD H. MENIFEE.

A parent's gift from heaven, O orphan child,  
Ennobled thee above the kings of earth!  
For truth and genius waited at thy birth,  
And on thy toilsome youth a glory smiled,  
Illumining the work through years up-piled;  
Self-raised, thou didst ascend to heights where  
dearth

Of occupance bespeaks heroic worth—  
Orator, patriot, statesman undefiled,  
While at thy side was one whose loveliness—  
Kentucky's artist's daughter, wife of thine—  
Was wreathing around thy fame to cheer and  
bless.

Alas! thy life at high ambition's shrine  
Was sacrificed—a harp-string broken in stress  
Of rendering some melody divine.

—[R. R., in Cincinnati Commercial.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

What he thought of the Denominations.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "a Buddhist temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some Union Mission church," I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal," I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for the line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist," I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit level grade; passengers have to show their ticket before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop over tickets allowed, got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and ever engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to: kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir I asked a division superintendent where that road run to and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's

mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road? when the conductor shouts 'all aboard, you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a head light. Stop-overchecks are given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, wholesouled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes heap of water to run it through, double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it, runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the time till the run ends where the fountainhead of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle on the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting, "Zionville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

AUBURN, ALA., Dec. 12, 1880.—Please give names of Presidents of the United States in the order in which they come, and also their term of office.

W. G. B.

Answer—George Washington, eight years; John Adams, four years; Thomas Jefferson, eight years; James Madison, eight years; James Monroe, eight years; John Quincy Adams, four years; Andrew Jackson, eight years; Martin Van Buren, four years; William Henry Harrison, one month; John Tyler filled out the four years; James K. Polk, four years; Zachary Taylor, four months; Millard Fillmore, the remainder of four years; Franklin Pierce, four years; James Buchanan, four years; Abraham Lincoln, four years, and a few days more than one month in his second term; Andrew Johnson, the rest of the four years; Ulysses S. Grant, eight years; Rutherford B. Hayes, four years.

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced?  
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?  
What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?  
What! panting recline on another than me?  
Sir, she's yours; you have pressed from the grape its fine blue;  
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;  
What you've touched on may take, Pretty waltzer, adieu!" —[Sir H. Englefield.]