

Poetry.

"COME, LET US GO A-MAYING."

May, merry May is out of doors,
The clouds have ceased their weeping;
To see kind earth unlock her stores,
A thousand buds are peeping,
The treasures kept for lovely May
Are hills and fields displaying.
For shame to stay
At home to-day;
Come, let us go a-Maying.
Come! Come! Come!
For shame to stay at home to-day,
For shame to stay at home to-day—
Come, let us go a-Maying.

The apple buds begin to blush,
The peach will bloom to-morrow,
The maples wear their budding flush;
The tasselled larches borrow
The brightest green that Spring can spare,
Her loan with beauty paying.
The sweet breathed air
Sings everywhere
Come, let us go a-Maying.
Come! Come! Come!
For shame to stay at home to-day,
For shame to stay at home to-day—
Come, let us go a-Maying.

Among the boughs the robins built
Before the April showers,
The oriole now, with plumage gilt,
Goes flashing by the flowers.
The bobolink his "how d' ye do?"
O'er unsown fields is saying:
He's calling you,
He means me, too—
Come, let us go a-Maying.
Come! Come! Come!
For shame to stay at home to-day,
For shame to stay at home to-day—
Come, let us go a-Maying.

For once give over toil, and flee
To pine woods ever shady,
For better hoards than eye can see—
The harvest of a May-day,
The scent of forest blossoms fair,
Among our home-thoughts staying,
Will stifle care
With richest air—
O! come, let's go a-Maying.
Come! Come! Come!
For shame to stay at home to-day,
For shame to stay at home to-day—
Come, let us go a-Maying.

Select Tale.

THE CRAZY ENGINEER

My train left Dantsie in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait the arrival of the Steamer from Stockholm.—It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. A railway carriage had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to procure an engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Gondolphe had been sent to Konigsberg, on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of a steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer; but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. The had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves served.—The train was in readiness in the long station-house and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned, and saw a stranger at my side. I expected that he was going to re-

I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, the stranger was a middle aged man tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips which were very thin seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously neat and clean.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said low and cautious, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg—I must go, and I will run the engine for you!"

"Ha?" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate! I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where he found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgement, and he backed up to the baggage car with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to a new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a heavy groaning of the axle-trees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station house was far behind us.

In less than half an hour we reached Dirsham, when we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the new engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkle of the eye, "wait till I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. Why, sir, I could run an engine of my own construction to the moon in four and twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought, his faint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. When the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage carriage attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters were attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard carriage and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Osce, where we took on board the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to be fearful he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway too and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment; "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going!"

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Horror! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; "what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run on the engine, and—"

"You took him?" interrupted the man, "Why, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station but did not

recognise him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me.—The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after-platform of the after-tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and cap off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. O! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled, demoniacally glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They said I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power? See my new engine? I made it, and they are jealous of me? I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my new engine, and they said it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Danzie, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! We'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours! Down, down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you?"

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Osce right at hand," cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were going now. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew that if the officers had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes, but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went on.

But there was certain death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen minutes ahead was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guard, "There's not a moment to lose—Schwartz is close by. 'But hold,' he added, 'let's shoot him.'"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him on the head with a stick of wood, which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the fired steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river, and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Swartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and as we carried him to the guard room, one of the guard recognised him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and said that an engine which stood near here was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

hak approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Danzie."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to then started on.

The rest of the trip was run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current, which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that he was sound again—his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still, and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.—From the Report of a Prussian Engineer.

Miscellaneous.

A LESSON ON TRUE CHARITY.—At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related, these Resolutions were adopted.—We will all give something. 2. We will each give according to our ability. 3. We will give willingly. At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many came to the table, and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich, almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fast resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying:

"Dar—take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the chairman answered:

"No, sah, dat won't do. 'Dat may be 'cordin' to de fast and second resolution, but not 'cordin' to de third."

He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, the rich old negro sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, and with a smile on his countenance, laid a large sum of money on the table.

"Dar, now, berry well," said the presiding negro, "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to all de resolutions."

This simple narrative contains in a nut-shell the whole formula of benevolence.

RALEIGH'S HISTORY.—Raleigh's History of the World was composed during his imprisonment in the Tower. Only a small portion of the work was published, owing to the following singular circumstance. One afternoon, looking through his window, into one of the courts of the Tower, Sir Walter saw two men quarrel, when one actually murdered the other; and shortly after, two gentlemen, friends to Sir Walter, coming into the room, after expressing what had happened, they disagreed in their manner of relating the story; and Sir Walter, who had seen it himself, concurred that neither was accurate, but related it with another variation.

The three eye witnesses disagreeing about an act so recently committed, put Sir Walter in a rage, when he took up the volumes of manuscript which lay by, containing his History of the World, and threw them on a large fire that was in the room, exclaiming that "it was not for him to write the History of the World, if he could not relate what he saw a quarter of an hour before." One of his friends saved two of the volumes from the flames, but the rest were consumed. The world laments that so strange an accident should have mutilated the work of so extraordinary a man.—Granger's Wonderful Magazine.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—The tree taken up, prune the roots with a knife, so as to leave none more than about a foot long; and if any have been torn off nearer to the stem, prune the part so that no bruises or ragged parts remain. Cut off all the fibres close to the roots, for they never live, and they rot and do great injury. If cut off, their place is supplied by other fibres more quickly.—