

dered that he made no declaration. When thinking on the subject she exclaimed, "Strange, unaccountable!" many times, and often during those two years. She wondered, too, that Herbert seemed to talk so much to Lucy; but still her self-complacency was never in the least disturbed by the thought of Lucy as a rival.

And, throughout those two years, Arthur Holmes, who had entered in the junior class at Yale, ranked as high in his class as his sister did in hers. Being a young man of fine principles, as well as splendid intellect, he was determined to show his uncle that he intended to make the most of the advantages he had so kindly furnished him. At the end of two years he graduated with the highest honors, and was immediately offered a distinguished professorship in another college. Who would now recognize in the easy and elegant Arthur Holmes, the diffident young "clod-hopper" who alighted from the stage, two years before, at his uncle's door.

Helen and Lucy had graduated too, the latter taking all the highest prizes, and Helen coming only second to her; and the next day Lucy was to leave for her Vermont home, when, quite early in the morning, at least early for visitors, as it was not yet twelve o'clock, in looking from the window, Julia saw Herbert Ferguson ascending the steps.

"Strange!" said she, "he never calls so early, and oh dear! I am not dressed; he must have come for something special." And in a flutter of excitement Julia began to arrange her hair. But her hair was arranged, and her toilet completed, and no messenger had come to summon her to the parlor.

Pulling the bell, she called to Thomas, and asked him if Mr. Ferguson had not called.

"Yes, Miss, Thomas answered.

"And why did you not call me, Thomas? how can you be so stupid?"

"Because, Miss, he asked for Miss Lucy."

"Strange! unaccountable!" exclaimed Julia, as she walked up and down the room, her cheeks flushed with agitation; "what can he want with Lucy! perhaps he wishes her to make interest for him with me, or to ascertain my sentiments towards him."

But the minutes went by, and Julia had exclaimed, "strange! unaccountable!" a dozen times and yet no one came to call her. Presently her young brother Harry came rushing up the stairs, having just come from school.

"Just like me," he exclaimed, "always rushing in where I ain't wanted! What must I do just now but burst into the library, and there sat Mr. Ferguson on the sofa, with his arm round Cousin Lucy. They tried to jump away from each other, and look as if nothing was going on, but it was no go. I saw through it all."

Julia had now more reason to exclaim "strange, unaccountable!" than ever. Arthur came for his sister, and Herbert Ferguson, too, accompanied her home as her affianced lover; and thus ended all Miss Julia's hopes and expectations.

"Isn't it odd, Julia?" said Helen one day, a few months later. "You were so afraid to have Lucy come here lest it should drive Herbert Ferguson from the house. She has been the cause of his deserting you, to be sure, but not from any dislike to her, or mortification at being connected with her."

"Well, I am sure it is no less strange," answered Julia, "that you are engaged to that same awkward, shy 'men cousin,' of whom we both were so much ashamed two years ago."

"It only teaches us," said Helen, "not to judge too hastily from first appearances. Who would have thought we should ever have had so much reason to be proud of them both?"

Herbert Ferguson and his wife now have one of the most elegant establishments in the city. Arthur and Helen went to Europe directly after their marriage, Arthur having been sent there on business for the college with which he is connected; and Julia still lives in single blessedness.

Mr. Meredith Fitz-Henry may still be seen any fine day lounging up or down Broadway, at the hour when ladies most do congregate there, and one of the highest objects of his ambition now, is to be able at least to say that he is an invited guest at the elegant and much-talked-of entertainments of the once ridiculed Vermont Cousin.

WATER.—How beautiful, how sublime, how terrible is the water! Smiling in the raindrops which dance in the sunshine, bubbling over the white pebbles in the mountain rill, gushing at the fountain, rushing in the river, dashing and flashing and roaring in the sea. Sweet, healthsome, refreshing—salt, stinging, poisonous—giving life to myriads of creatures, sustaining commerce and aiding civilization, cooling the fevered brow of care, and the parched lips of disease, fructifying the plant and refreshing the flower.

Miscellaneous.

ONE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES.—It is little more than thirty years ago, when on the river Tyne a large fleet of peculiarly formed vessels was seen daily employed in the carriage of coals to the ships from the "staiths," which projected into the river from the various colliery tramways. At that period there was only one very small and ill-constructed steam packet for the conveyance of passengers between Newcastle and Shields, and against which so much prejudice existed, that the majority of persons preferred the covered wherries, which for some centuries before, had been in use; yet, so slow and uncertain was this means of transit between the two towns, that persons in a hurry often found it advisable to walk the intervening distance which is about eight miles.

The colliers situated away from the river, had tramways of wood, let into the ordinary roads in such a manner as to form wheel-tracks for carriages. These, drawn by horses, were the only means thought of for bringing the coals to the river bank. Some of these tramways were nearly as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth or James I., when the increase of London and other causes began to overcome the prejudice against the use of "sea coal." Many of the tramways passed amid green and shadowy woods and other pleasant places, and we have often thought when wandering through them, of the difficulties that beset travellers at that time. Even at a more recent date, in 1673, day coaches were considered dangerous, and it was suggested that the multitude of them in London should be limited, and not more than one be allowed to each shire to go once a week backwards and forwards, and to perform the whole journey with the same horse they set out with, and not to travel more than thirty miles a day in summer and twenty-five in winter. The arguments advanced in favor of these proposals were, that coaches and caravans were mischievous to the public, destructive to trade and prejudicial to the land—because, firstly, they destroyed the breed of good horses, and made men careless of horsemanship; secondly, they hindered the breed of waterman, who were the nursery of seamen; thirdly, they lessened the revenue.

In 1703, the road from Petworth to London (less than 50 miles) was so bad that the Duke of Somerset was obliged to rest a night on the road.

In March, 1639 or 1740, Mr. Pennant, the historian, travelled by the stage, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen, and in the first day with "much labor," got from Chester to Whitechurch—20 miles; and, after a "wondrous effort," reached London before the commencement of the sixth night.

Without entering into an account of the rapid improvement of the English roads soon after the time of Pennant—we may mention that at about the date 1765, the colliery tramways underwent considerable improvement, by plating the wooden rails in many parts with iron; stoneways were tried in some instances, but were not found successful; and in course of time the old tramways were covered with cast-iron rails laid on the old foundations. Inclined planes, with fixed steam engines, also came into use; and at the same time the idea of a locomotive engine was attracting attention in various directions. In 1805 a machine was used on a tramway near Merthys Tydvil, and soon after this the "Iron Horse," was placed upon the wagon way of the Wylam Colliery, from Wylam to Newburn, the Tyne, near Newcastle, and greatly astonished all who saw it drawing along, at the rate of 3½ miles an hour, from 15 to 20 wagons of coals, making all the while a horrible and snorting noise, difficult to describe, and sending forth at the same time great dense clouds of black smoke.—We have often, when a boy, ridden behind this grim looking machine, and watched with curious feelings the movement of its wing like machinery. George Stephenson was then beginning to make way, and had provided several improved locomotives for Heaton Colliery. In 1816, 1817, patents for improvements in locomotives were taken out by George Stephenson, in connection with Messrs. Dodd and Losh; and in 1825 the projection of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway afforded a further opportunity for their development. The opposition to the use of steam engines on this line of railway seems singular enough at the present day; still it was very great. The use of horses was, however, found to be too expensive, and George Stephenson having stated that he could work a locomotive with safety at a rate of from six to eight miles an hour ("I knew," said he, "that if I told them more than that, they would look upon me as more fit for a lunatic house than to give evidence in the House of Commons"), a reward of £500 was offered for the best locomotive engine. A trial

took place in October, 1829—only twenty seven years ago?—of the steam locomotive engines which were offered in competition. Of these, one was withdrawn at the commencement of the experiment. The "Novelty," by Braithwait and Ericsson, met with an accident; the remaining engine, constructed by Robert Stephenson and Mr. Broth, succeeded in performing more than was stipulated.

The contrast between the date mentioned in the commencement of our article and the present time, is remarkable; the old and clumsy fleet has vanished from the Tyne; a railway carries passengers from Newcastle to Shields in a few minutes; numerous steam vessels sail upon the river, some of large size, which travel to various and distant ports.—On the colliery railway hundreds of locomotives are at work, and miles of iron rails spread over a wide extent of the civilized world; and, in addition to other wonders, the electric telegraph will, ere long, outstrip the power of Puck, the fairy, and "put a girdle round the world in (less than) forty minutes."—*London Paper.*

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.—Let us quarrel, American kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too long. We have highly promoted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric, we want depletion—to which end let us cut one another's throats. Let us sink, burn, kill, and destroy—with mutual energy—sink each others shipping, burn each other's arsenals, destroy each other's property at large. We will bombard your towns, you shall bombard ours,—if you can. Let us ruin each other's commerce as much as possible, and that will be a considerable some. Let our banks break, while we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim and mutilate one another! Let us make of each other miserable objects, cripples, halt, and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life. Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of water privilege. The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch bowl, filled high, filled as high as possible, share we with one another. This with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in our insides—and in the insides of all of us brethren. Oh, how good it is—oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in internecine strife!—What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation of savage outrages—shall present to the despots and the fiends. How many dollars will you spend; how many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side—on land as well as in the sea? How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs! never ask what other return we may expect for the investment. So then, American kinsmen, let us fight! let us murder and ruin each other to suit the purposes of Mr. President Pierce. Let Pierce, with Cushing by his side, come hot from their conclave of evil spirits, ery havoc, and let slip the dogs of war, and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded upon us by Mr. Pierce.—*Punch.*

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WIG.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady E. said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which was his utter abhorrence. They set off.—During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped; and the footman, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch-side. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the courthouse. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."—*Regent's Table Talk.*

A DIPLOMATIC NOTE.—IMMEDIATE.—Mr. John Bull presents his compliments to Mr. Dallas, and begs to say that, although Mr. Crampton may have packed up his things from Washington, that is no reason why Mr. Dallas should be in any hurry to send for his things from the wash.—*Punch.*

A weak-minded lady says, if any thing will make a woman so, it is striking her foot against the rocker of a rocking chair, while hunting for her night-cap, after the candle has been extinguished.

OLD AGE.—It is not well that a man should always labor. His temporal as well as spiritual interest demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary after a life of industry and activity. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a drudge all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit can hardly be fit for another world. The release from toil in old age most men have the prospective pleasure of; and, in the reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind. Such advantages, however, can only be gained by prudence and economy in youth; we must save, like the ant, before we can hope to have any rest in the winter of our days.

SELF-ENERGY.—Self-energy is the true life of a man. To think by other man's thoughts, is no true living thinking; to believe be other men's belief, is no living faith. The mind must by its own independent exertions, seek, and so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at the modes and causes of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially it will think and believe nothing. Substantially, neither will the propositions exist for it, nor it for them. They will be nonentities; and it will only dream of understanding them.—*Cromwell's Literary Florets.*

CRYING FOR THE MEASLES.—We were visiting at a house the other evening, where there were a number of young children. One of them had the measles, one the whooping-cough, and another was afflicted with poultry pox. They were all receiving the greatest sympathy and attention, while one little girl about five years old, sat in the corner crying bitterly. We asked her what was the matter. She replied, bursting out into a heart-breaking gush of tears:

"Every one of the children's got the measles and whooping-cough, and I ain't got nothing—hoo! hoo! hoo!"

For such a misfortune there was no sympathy.

MELANCHOLY.—What a melancholy spectacle it is, when a young man is seen wandering through the streets of a strange city, alone in the crowds, solitary in the multitude, meeting no extended hand, no smile of welcome, destitute of money and of friends, and—with corns and tight boots on his feet!

PRETTY GOOD.—Sneezing.—An irascible old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic style eight times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and extricating his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying:—"Oh! go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

TO JUDGE OF FLOUR.—To judge if flour be pure and good, take a little in the hand, and squeeze it for half a minute; if good, it can be put out of the hand in a lump, retaining the form given to it by the hand; if adulterated, it will fall apart as soon as it leaves the hand.

SYDNEY SMITH.—On examining some flowers in a garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection."

"Permit me, then," said Sidney, gently taking her hand, and walking towards the plant, to lead perfection to the pea."

SO I THOUGHT.—A green looking fellow hailed the Flushing omnibus driver as he was dashing down Pearl street recently, with—"Going to Flushing?" "Yes," said Jehu, raising up his horses. "Wal, so I thought!" responded the gawky, and passed quietly on.

The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady who presided "over the cups and tea," said she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct. "Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present, "Well my dear," said the fond mother, "what is it?" "I want to know," said Young America, "what was your opinion of me, when you first saw me?"

Two an indignant person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious and successful tradesman, of humble origin, observed—"You my friend, are proud of your descent! I am proud of my ascent!"

Gymnastics strengthen the intellectual faculties. Says a distinguished writer—"If you wish to develop the mind of a pupil, exercise his body, make him healthy and strong that you may make prudent and reasonable."

Conceit and Confidence are both cheats; the first deceives on itself, the second deceives others.