

which I last saw my old friend Tom Slowstarter. It was on the Amboy and Trenton railroad. We had stopped "to water," as the facetious term is—not our horses, but the steam-boiler—and Tom had alighted to look at the machinery. The bell rang, the wheels began to move, and the passengers called to him to hurry; but the working of one of the small cog-wheels perplexed him so much that he kept pace on foot. "Overtake us, and jump in Tom, you'll be left!" cried the passengers. "Are you speaking to a poet, or a prose-writer?" said Tom; "I am not behind the world, much less out of sight of it. I want to look a little further into things."—"If you stop to understand any thing," said the engineer, "you can't go with us."—"Here's something wrong," said Tom—"I want to know a little how it is you go ahead so, and then I'll ride."—"If you are going to know much, you can't be in our company. You must make up your mind to one thing or the other pretty quick; so jump in."—"I want to see it go round once or twice more," said Tom: "now I'm ready; open the door." The door was opened, but the engine had begun to snort quicker and quicker, and the wheels went round like a buzz. Tom laid himself almost flat with running;—and "Here, take my hand—run, Tom, run—a little faster, a little faster!" resounded from the cars, while he was straining legs, arms, and fingers, to get up again with his companions. "You had better stop," said one, at this crisis; and Tom's courage failed in an instant. He gave up the chase, and stood like a post in the middle of the road, while all the caravan joined in a general shout of "Good-by, Mr. Slowstarter! Good-by, Mr. Know-a-little."—"Good-by, good-by," said Tom: "good-by, Mr. Puffer and family,—there's nothing of you but noise and motion,—but yet I wish I was with you. The next time I'll try to find less fault, and keep up with society." Tom has never since been heard of.

FINIS.