

it is a pretty place, the capital of Vermont, pleasantly situated among the mountains, and watered by the Onion river, which passes through the town. What a name for one of the most wild, capricious, beautiful streams in the world! Cannot some one, vested with authority, call up the old Indian name, and re-baptize it. But for an unlucky accident, we should have been in Boston that evening—and here we must stay all the next day, for it was Sunday, and there was no stage to take us on.

But it was so calm and beautiful, on the following morning; the prospect around, of mountain, valley and river, so rich and variegated, that one could hardly repine at being left in a place which wore such a Sabbath-day serenity. A young friend, travelling to the north, also chanced to be waiting there that day, and happening fortunately to meet him, the time passed away very pleasantly indeed.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, we parted on our different ways. F—— took the northern stage, and we stood with our trunks, waiting at the dépôt. There are so many false alarms, to the uninitiated, at these rail-road stations, that one is forced to keep constantly on the look out. The cars began to move on, before we were aware, and seemed going away without us. In some trepidation, I asked a person near me, if the cars were really gone. "Don't be afraid," said a young man, elaborately dressed, and laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder. "They won't go without me, that's certain."

Who can this very important personage be?—I thought. I afterwards found he was the conductor. There could not be a more charming country, than that through which we travelled this day. Instead of passing over mountains, as we did on the former day, the road ran through the broad valleys of the mountain streams, often crossing them in their playful windings, and giving to view the most lovely glimpses of Alpine scenery that can well be imagined. Richly cultivated fields, and smooth meadow lands, were finely contrasted with rugged mountain heights, and tangled ravines; and peeping out from many a sloping hill side, was seen the farmer's homely dwelling, surrounded by rural comforts, and a nursery of honorable industry.

It was well to take a good survey of the country, from a terrestrial point of view; for, in this age of inventive improvements, who knows but their next trip may be made in one of those aerial machines, which are intended to navigate the air, and from which this mundane landscape will be seen in a very different light. Or one

may be propelled by electro-magnetism, at such a rate that objects cannot be seen at all.

When we entered New Hampshire the country seemed at once bald and uninteresting; and we greatly missed the ever varying landscapes of the most romantic of the New England States. Still there is beauty always on a summer's day, wherever there are waving trees, and flowing streams; and the rail-road carried us past many of these, and also some of those pretty lakes, for which the Granite State is famed. We passed by some flourishing manufacturing towns, grown into importance with wonderful celerity, and our passengers began to multiply greatly. At the grand terminus, where the different branches meet, another car was attached; and it was wonderful to see so many trains going on their different ways, all impelled by such astonishing power, yet guided with such perfect ease. To one travelling from a country where such great enterprises are yet unattempted, and progress is little appreciated, the scene seemed like the exaggerations of a dream, rather than the certainty of sober reality.

At Concord we parted from an agreeable party we had met with at Montpelier, and to whom we felt much indebted for the social pleasure of the day's journey; and thus, as we said at the beginning, life is like a journey, and mistakes, often rectified too late, and partings, which always leave a pang, follow us from the commencement to the close. Our road to Lowell was along the beautiful banks of the Merrimac, we stopped at that far-famed town; only long enough to take another car, the express train, which conveyed us in forty minutes to Boston, the beautiful capital of the old Bay state.

## SONG FOR SUMMER.

Come, come, the ruddy rose  
Is blushing on the tree;  
And lily buds unclose  
Their bosoms to the bee.  
The gleesome world is young  
In Summer's laughing beam,  
And sweet the silver tongue  
Of ev'ry running stream.

Ah, come—ere Winter blows  
With desolating breath  
O'er lily and the rose,  
And streams are dumb as death.  
Yet then, e'en then, my sweet—  
Ah, come,—for still in thee  
Do roses, lilies meet,  
And life-long melody.