single lady has been assured for the fiftieth time that it is the right train; the last bell rings; the man that is always late has rushed on board; the whistle blows, and for Portland, ho!

## FROM MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

The car is a large and commodious one, well lighted, and very comfortable, made to feel doubly so by the knowledge that outside it is dark and raining, and as the drops patter against the windows, every one realises how snug they are, and dispose of themselves in a manner most conducive to ease and comfort. Perhaps no people possess a greater facility for so quickly adapting themselves to circumstances as our American cousins, for see in those two seats turned facing one another are seated four American ladies, who "are travelling," as they have informed the car indiscriminately some time before. They doff their bonnets, and wrapping their shawls comfortably about their heads, arrange their dresses, and prepare to make themselves at home for How differently situated is the single lady, and how uncomfortable she appears as she sits bolt upright, nervously clasping the large bandbox on her knees. She is evidently ill at ease, and thinks it very disagreeable to travel. Not so the American ladies. They are perfectly happy, and enjoying a chat in the manner peculiar to their great nation, by talking as loudly as they can, with a total disregard to the other passengers on the car truly delightful. And the manner in which they guess, and calculate, and reckon, and wonder, and criticise, is as amusing to the listener as it is characteristic of the greatest Republic on the face of the earth. With them everything seems to be on the same large scale, even to assurance, tone of voice, and bad manners. On speeds the train. Those who have secured sleeping berths have retired to them, and those remaining are sociably engaged in conversation with their neighbours, or vainly attempting to sleep. Richmond is reached; and here the American ladies are reinforced by two other ladies, whom they have evidently met before; for no sooner are