

ears, and set off full speed, and the driver blows his horn right merrily, and cracks his whip to show his importance—and down the hill they dash, at a break-neck pace, the *few* inside passengers tossed about unmercifully, over a rustic bridge, which spans a mill stream, and up another hill, through the long village street, the houses seeming to fly apart, as we approach, and finally, quite tired of the run, we draw up before the inn door, with such a sudden jerk, that our equilibrium is entirely overthrown.

Six fresh horses, and again on the route—the Irishman still inside—thank goodness, he could have been only half an Irishman, after all, for he knew how to hold his peace; nay, it now seems as if he must have been a mute—not a single sound to betray his brogue—though *brogue* was stamped on every lineament of his face. The road was very sandy, and the dust intolerable; but though an exceedingly hot day, the motion of the stage fanned the air, and made it quite comfortable. A feeling of drowsiness began to steal over the senses, and became at last overpowering; through half-closed eyes, the outward creation assumed all sorts of fantastic forms, and Paddy, bolt upright in the corner, wore the proportions of a huge potatoe. Yes, there the potatoe was growing, and growing, through that half hour of drowsiness, and so strongly was it impressed on the fancy, that it would have been no matter of surprise, had my bodily eyes opened, and beheld him covered with leaves and green balls. A sudden stopping of the stage roused me from the fanciful doze, and there was the vegetable animal, with his chest under his arm, walking off to plant himself under the much abused tree of liberty. The transplanted potatoe will doubtless bear fruit superior to the old stock.

We were now meeting the rail-road at every turn—the gigantic northern rail-road; to an unpractised eye, if not to a scientific one, the most stupendous work of modern times, certainly, in this hemisphere. It was opened all the way to Montpelier, from Boston, a week or two since, with ceremonies well befitting the occasion, for it is a noble triumph of human art and genius, over natural obstacles, apparently insurmountable. One must see the work in progress, to form any correct idea of the immense labor expended in such an undertaking, and of the aid which scientific art is constantly lending to manual labor. Mountains are torn asunder, and their fragments scattered like the leaves of autumn, or heaped up in the deep valleys, so deep that one shudders to look down into them—till they are brought to a level surface, and form a secure foundation, on which to place the rails. The

road is, of course, carried as nearly as possible, in a straight line, and therefore constantly comes in contact with the stage route, which, “true to the winding lineaments of grace,” avoids sharp angles, and curves around the steep hills, to avoid the toil of ascent, and the danger of descending. Hundreds of poor Irish laborers, happy to escape from their famished homes, here find ample employment, and it had a picturesque effect, when a sudden turn of the road, brought one of those busy parts of the rail-road to view, and you perhaps saw, far up on the naked rocks, groups of these men, excavating stone, or hewing it into form, and far below, other groups, in a deep ravine, emptying their little carts, and looking in the distance, like pigmies, toiling for a giant race. So perfectly mechanical is their labor, and their countenances so devoid of life and intellect, that one would take them for mere human machines—moved by the same principle which impels the locomotive to convey its freight from the quarry, and the sand from the pit.

Another very striking feature, which one cannot fail to remark, in connection with this rail-road, is the frequent recurrence of Irish cabins, some few clustered together, in the busiest places, and so thoroughly *out-landish* they look, and so out of keeping with New England scenery! Nothing can form a more perfect contrast to Yankee habits, and Yankee thrift, than these little settlements. They are always seen in the most desolate looking places—often on the borders of a fenny swamp, and bearing all the characteristics of the *native* dwelling—heaps of dirt outside, offending more than one sense, pigs wallowing before the door, and not a trace of cultivation near them; while at the windows, and through the open doors, are seen all ages huddled together, children without number, and women, squalid and dirty, dawdling about their work, and men, smoking away their time, in stupid idleness. Yet in looking at them, the strongest feeling is one of pity, for a race so ground down by oppression, and victimized by untoward circumstances; and a hope, strong as conviction, rises in the heart, that a few years will make great changes in the stranger race, in the renovation of their characters and minds. Brought to our shores, by the hand of Providence, for protection and support, they cannot dwell among a free and industrious people, without acquiring somewhat of their spirit; and the succeeding generation will doubtless see a marked change in their habits and demeanor, and find them joining in the general march of progress and improvement.

We reached Montpelier early in the evening—