

What a world of inconvenience one brings upon one's self, by not looking after one's own concerns, instead of trusting to other people! a useful lesson it might prove, but like all the lessons of experience, learned a little too late. Our friends at the "American" were in all the charming bustle of packing; passages were engaged in the coach to leave at one o'clock. What could be done? It would never do to trust to the uncertain chance of having the trunk sent safely afterwards; so the party was obliged to go without me. There was ample room, and every comfort one could desire at the American, but there is such a feeling of loneliness when one has just parted from agreeable friends, even if the parting is to be brief, and the apartments seem so desolate, where their cheerful voices have just been heard! Then the lost baggage—the uncertainty of recovering it, could not be cast from the thoughts, and divers parcels, entrusted by friends, to my special care, rose up, like the ghosts of Banquo's slain, and seemed mournfully to reproach my carelessness. Morning came at last—the northern boat made its appearance, gracefully sweeping round the wharf; presently passengers and baggage carts came driving up to the hotel, and directly a waiter tapped at my door, with the welcome tidings that my trunk and carpet bag had safely arrived—thanks to the polite attention of a gentleman, a stranger too, who chanced to hear of the mishap, and going to St. John's, kindly took the trouble to inquire about it, and direct them to be sent on, without delay.

And they were well fastened on behind the stage coach—no mistake again—and in the heat of a sultry day, the dust flying like the sands of Arabia, the journey was recommenced. There was a light load, and six good strong horses; the queen seldom drives out with more, though her majesty's may be of a more aristocratic breed, and more richly caparisoned. We had but one fellow passenger in the coach, a stupid looking Irishman, who might have been of any age, from twenty-five to fifty, for his hard features seemed to have been born old. He was probably travelling at his ease, to join the laborers of some railroad, being translated to a land of equality, and seemed never to have been within a wheeled vehicle before, for at every rough step, and steep hill, he braced himself up, and his face assumed such a ludicrous expression of fear—the only emotion it was capable of expressing. A more rich and varied country could not meet the eye of a traveller in any clime, than that through which we passed. One who can recall its appearance twelve or fifteen years ago, must remark the changes it has undergone, with surprise and

pleasure. It seems to have passed through a transition state—the dense forests are thinned out, and up to the top of loftiest hills, are seen fields of waving grain, or Indian corn, or rich pastures, animated with browsing cattle. The careful farmer has long since banished the stumps, so offensive to the eye in new settlements, and the broad valleys are covered with grass, ready for the mower's scythe. Still nature is left undisturbed in her boldest heights, and the lofty chain of the Green Mountains, circled with perpetual verdure, rises above you, and around you, the road winding over them, and through the valleys which lay between them, often carrying you along the verge of a tremendous precipice, where the head turns giddy, looking into the abyss below, and then through deep, quiet forests, where the joyous song of birds rises above the din of wheels, and the trees brush the passing carriage. Again you begin to ascend a long winding hill; on one side, the mountain rising above your view, rough, and dense with luxuriant foliage; on the other, a pure mountain stream, brawling in its course, and watering a fine sweep of meadow land, cultivated with industrious care, and adorned with pleasant farm-houses, sitting quietly on a hill side, shaded by a few old trees, drooping over the roof-tree, while a thrifty young orchard, and a garden planted with vegetables, and gay with summer flowers, opens to the fancy a sweet volume of domestic comfort and repose.

One might fancy that when the top of that long hill is reached, the world would lie open before one, and the mountains would be left behind. But at the summit, one sees with surprise mountain beyond mountain, still stretching before one, each distinct, and moulded in a different form, yet held together as by an invisible chain, and presenting at every turn, new combinations of grandeur and beauty. Often a pretty village might be seen, hanging as it were on a mountain's side, its neat white houses clustered together, and the tall church spire rising in the midst—and cultivated fields stretching out to the forest's shade, it would seem so near, when it first caught the eye, then a turn of the road, and it was lost to sight, and another turn revealed it, and so it would keep playing *bo-peep*, for miles perhaps—when all at once, just as it seemed fairly gone, and the horses began wearily to ascend another mountain summit, at the top, you look down, and there it lays, so quietly shut out from the world, that one involuntarily asks one's self: "Can any of the world's troubles ever enter here?"

The horses know right well, that it is a resting place for them. Poor things! they prick up their