

will not be a fiction to our adventurous readers who are on the "look out."

Nothing of a strange character is to be seen between Waterbury and Stowe. We met with silence on the high way, and with no Paul Clifford, or Dick Turpin to affright and please our romantic misses; who thus missed a chance of (blood) staining their diaries. The Yankee industry in the Green State is represented along the road in a few manufacturing factories, which evince from their appearance that they carry on a good and profitable business. We noticed, besides, that the gestation of nature in the low and side fields promised a large harvest—or double bearing—a thing which is rarely accomplished even in model families. But that subject, which we illustrate with a bit of comparison for form's sake, is more fit to occupy the wily husbandman and the crafty grain dealer than any one else. So we pass on to the up and down hills, which are slowly and quickly gone over, just as the past agitation to which they significantly refer occurred in the motherly or earthly breast which nourishes us. By-gone troubles become points of interest to those who suffer them not, but enjoy them.

The heaving movement which gave rise to Mount Mansfield now heaves many social... eminences... to that high position. Scores of them desert Saratoga, or other resorts lowly situated, to frequent this place. We found that out at the MANSFIELD HOTEL, which is a suitable nest for the *Elite*. It is patronised by great numbers, not only on account of the wholesome air, fine drives and the gorgeous scenery surrounding it, but also, we dare say, in consideration of the extra good fare which it extends to its guests. The building is large, elegant, airy, and completely furnished with all the modern conveniences, appurtenances and improvements which can be expected in such a first class establishment.