# RAILWAY PHOTOGRAPHS.

On a fair, sunny morning in July, 1862, I started from—no matter where; and taking my seat in a comfortable rail car, turned my face toward the borders of Vermont.

As the road, for the greater part of the way was an up-grade, and as there is on that particular route a way station about every two miles, at each of which the cars unduly stop, our progress was rather slow, and I had ample time to observe alike the wild and rugged scenery through which we were passing, and the countenances and actions of my fellow passengers.

For a time the picturesque character of country engaged my attention; but getting tired, at last, of the endless succession of green mountains, clothed to their summits with dark pine and hemlock; of rocky, tortuous streams, their channels run almost dry by the excessive drought; of stony fields, dotted with sheep or sprinkled with diminutive hay cocks, or coaxed by patient cultivation into bearing a few hills of stunted Indian corn, I began to find the interior of the car a much more interesting field of observation. And it is wonderful how many different aspects of human nature one can see in the course of a day's journey in a railroad car.

The first person who attracted my notice, was a young man sitting opposite to me. His appearance was prepossessing, not so much from beauty of form or feature, as from the pleasant expression of his fair, open face, adorned with side whiskers of a reddish hue, of the *mutton-chop* genus and *pendent* species. He looked like an Englishman or Anglicized Scotchman; but from some words he let drop, I am inclined to believe he was a Western man. Be that as it may, he was evidently a tourist, travelling for pleasure through a country that was new to him, and desirous of gaining all the information he could concerning it. On the hooks above him, hung a heavy blanket shawl, an umbrella, and a little basket. In his hand he held one of Appleton's 'Railway Guides,' to which he made constant reference, reading from it the names of the places through which we passed, in tones so loud and distinct, that most of his fellow passengers participated in the information. On the seat beside him lay a large book in red binding, which proved to be another guide book, and to which he referred when the smaller one failed him. Immediately behind him sat a saturnine-looking gentleman (also provided with a railway guide), with whom he frequently conversed, addressing him as 'John,' and who seemed to be his travelling companion.

It was impossible not to feel interested in the movements of the tourist. To gentlemanly manners and an air of refinement, there was added a certain boyish simplicity that was quite refreshing to contemplate. He seemed to fraternize with everybody, conversing freely, first with one passenger, then with another; and apparently imparting to all a portion of the genial good humor with which his nature was flooded.

I was amused with a colloquy that took place, in regard to a field of ripening grain, near which the train had stopped.

'Is that a field of wheat?' asked 'John' of his friend.

'Well, really,' said the tourist, ingenuously, 'I don't know the difference between wheat and rye.' Then bending toward the person who sat in front of him, he said, in an earnest manner, 'Pray, sir, can you tell me whether that field is wheat or rye?'

The other glanced at the field rather dubiously, I thought; but answered promptly:

'That's wheat, sir.'

It was rye, nevertheless.

I observed that the tourist had, by his affability, completely won the heart of the conductor. Whenever that official was at liberty—which, by the way, was only for a few minutes at a time, in consequence of the numerous stopping places—he would sit down beside him, until the scream of the whistle summoned him again to his duty, when he would hurry through his task, and back again to his favorite seat.

The gentleman was much struck with the large quantities of wild raspberries, that clothed the fences on either side of the track. 'There were no raspberries,' he said, 'where he came from.' At the very next station I saw the conductor go out (although it was now raining), break off a branch, loaded with ripe fruit, from a raspberry bush, and returning to the car, smilingly present it to his friend. The gentleman thanked him warmly; but instead of selfishly devouring the fruit himself, generously shared it with all within reach of his arm, with a diffusive benevolence that put me in mind of the free-hearted Irishman, who, as he gave his friend the half of his potato, said: 'You're welcome to it, if 'twere *twice as little*.'

At another place the tourist himself got out, and returned with a handful of wayside flowers. Selecting from them a fine, blooming clover head, and a little weed of the bulrush family, he placed them between the leaves of his guide book, saying to his neighbor, as he did so:

'I like to preserve such little mementoes of the places I visit. Once, when travelling at the South, I gathered a cotton bud; and would you believe it, in the course of three months it expanded to a perfect flower, and actually ripened its seeds?'

'Why, then,' said the other, laughingly, 'we need be at no loss for cotton, if it can be cultivated as easily as that.'

In striking contrast to this passenger, was another, who sat a few seats in front of him. His appearance was *not* prepossessing, on the contrary, 'quite the reverse.' He was a coarse, heavy-looking, thick-set, dirty, Irish soldier, redolent of whiskey and tobacco. His looks inspired me with profound disgust and dislike, which were not at all lessened when I saw him take from the hands of a comrade a black bottle, and applying it to his lips, solace himself with a 'dhrop of the cratur.'

But I found, ere long, that there was a heart beneath that dirty uniform, a soft kernel inside of the rude, unpromising husk. His family were on the car; and as he sat in a lounging attitude, conversing with his comrade (they had both been discharged, I heard them say, from the '6th New York'), a little girl came staggering along the passage way, holding herself up by the seats on either side. As she neared him, she sprang to him, and placed herself between his knees; and the coarse, weather-beaten face beamed down upon her with *such* a smile—so full of warm, tender, earnest affection, that I felt rebuked for my previous poor opinion of the man.

Nor was this all. At C—, the little girl, accompanied by her mother and several brothers and sisters, got out; while the soldier himself, having seen them all safely deposited on the station platform, and treated them to a hearty smack all round, returned to the car, and resumed his seat. As the train began to move, he started up, thrust his head out of the window, and greeted the group on the platform with another of those bright, loving smiles, that made my heart warm to the rough, sun-burnt soldier, in spite of tobacco, and whiskey, and dirt.

About noon we reached the pretty village of Rutland, Vt.; and there the stentorian voice of the conductor rang out:

'Passengers for Boston, change cars!'

I hastened to obey the mandate; and the last I saw of the genial-hearted tourist (who was going to Montreal), he was shaking hands with his friend the conductor, whose 'beat' extended no further; and bidding him a warm and hearty 'good-by.'

In the car in which I now found myself, no talkative tourist or companionable conductor enlivened the way; a much more 'still-life' order of things prevailed. But here, too, I soon found objects of interest.

Near me sat a young officer in undress uniform, with a cicatrized bullet wound in his cheek. He had doubtless been home on 'sick leave,' and, though now quite restored to health, was apparently in no hurry to go back. Far from it. Very different thoughts, I fancy, occupied his mind than cutting rebel throats, or acquiring distinction in the 'imminent deadly breach.' There was a lady by his side, with whom, judging by appearances, his relations were of an extremely tender character. They were either newly married, or about soon to 'undergo the operation.' I incline to the latter belief; for in reply to a remark from the lady that they would be late in arriving at their destination, I overheard the gentleman smilingly say:

'Well, at all events, nothing can be done until *we* get there.'

And here, in passing, I would respectfully suggest to all couples in the peculiarly interesting position of my young fellow travellers, that a railroad car is not the most suitable place in the world, in which to lavish endearments on each other. However delightful the 'exercise' may be to them, truth compels me to say that it is, to cool, uninterested, dispassionate lookers-on, decidedly nauseating.

At the time of which I am writing, the War order, recalling all stragglers, had not been promulgated; and no one, in travelling, could fail to be struck with the predominance of the military element among the population. It was unpleasant to observe, at every railroad station, at every wayside grocery store, groups of idle, lounging soldiers, smoking and gossiping, and having, apparently, no earthly object except to kill time; and to know that these men, wearing their country's uniform, and drawing their pay from her exhausted exchequer, were lingering at home on various pretexts, and basely and deliberately shirking their duty, while rebellion still reared its horrid front, and the Government required every arm that could be raised in its defence. That energetic document put a stop to all this; but the question here arises, Can the men be in earnest? Can that patriotism be genuine which needs to be driven to the battle field?

Ah! here is one brave fellow, who, though still lame from a recent wound, is hastening back to the scenes where duty calls him. He comes into the cars with his sword in one hand, and his overcoat, neatly strapped, in the other. He looks grave and serious—doubtless he is thinking of home, and of the dear ones he has just left. Doubtless, from that cause springs a singular restlessness, that impels him to get out at every stopping place, and pace backward and forward with unequal steps, till the train starts again. As he passes and repasses me, I try to read his countenance. There is no flinching there—no shrinking from duty in that brave soul. In the expressive language of Scripture, he has 'put his life in his hand,' and is ready to offer it at the shrine of his country. As I mark his firm lip, his thoughtful eye, his look of steadfast determination, there come into my mind those grand soul-stirring lines of Percival:

'Oh! it is great for our country to die; when ranks are contending,
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye:
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending,
Glory, that never shall fade, never, O never, away.'

At the first station beyond Rutland, a woman with a baby—there is always a woman with a baby in the cars—got out. In addition to the baby, she had a carpet bag, a band box, a basket, and several paper parcels. How she managed to carry them all, I know not; but as she was stumbling along, thus overloaded, a lady, just entering the car with some others, with a sudden, generous impulse, took the baby in her arms, and, at the risk of losing her own passage, carried it to the door of the waiting-room. Then, without stopping to receive the thanks of the grateful mother, she rejoined her friends, smiling at her own exploit, and all unconscious of the admiration her beautiful action had excited in some of her fellow travellers. At the picturesque village of Bellow's Falls, on the Connecticut river, we entered the 'Old Granite State,' but too far south to see the 'native mountains' in their wildest grandeur and magnificence. One specimen, however, greets us as we leave the village—a huge, perpendicular mass of granite, rising sheer up from the railroad to the height of a thousand feet or more; while the river, a wild receptacle of tumbled rocks and broken falls, stretches along the other side of the track, far beneath us. The labor expended in the construction of this mountain road (the Cheshire Railroad) must have been enormous, and affords a striking proof of the indomitable energy and enterprise of the New England character. The high places have literally been brought low, and the valleys exalted. Not once, but many times, the train rushes through between two perpendicular walls of solid granite, so high that not a glimpse of the sky can be seen from the car windows; while beyond, some hollow chasm or rugged gulley has been bridged over, or filled up with the superabundant masses of stone excavated from the deep cuts.

It gives one a feeling of dizzy exaltation to be whirled, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour—for as there is for a good part of the way a descending grade, the velocity is tremendous—along the verge of a mountain, and to see other mountains, with valleys, rivers, villages, and church steeples, spread out beneath you, as if on a map. But gradually the face of the country changes; the mountains become less lofty, the granitic formations disappear; here stretches a wide, dismal pond of stagnant water, yellow with water lilies (*Nuphar*), and there a field that has been burnt over, leaving the scorched and branchless trees standing like a host of hideous spectres, until at last the fertile and highly cultivated fields of Massachusetts smile upon us with a pleasant, cheerful aspect.

But, pleasing as it is to contemplate well-cultivated farms and thriving homesteads, it must be confessed that to the eye of the traveller wild mountain scenery has a far stronger attraction; and insensibly, as the train speeds on through the now level country, veiled in a thin, drizzling, mist-like rain, I find my gaze and my thoughts coming back from the outside world, and resting once more on my co-inmates of the car.

Not far from me sits a beautiful young girl, fair haired and blue eyed, and of a peculiarly interesting and lady-like appearance. She has a look of bright intelligence; and on her lap lies a book, the title of which I can read from here: 'English Literature.' But she is deaf and dumb, as is plainly betokened by the rapid, chirological conversation going on between her and a young man, evidently her brother, who sits beside her. Behind them is seated an elderly lady, who seems to have charge of her, and with whom she occasionally converses in writing.

The young man is not, like her, deprived of the organs of speech; but his proficiency in the finger-language is perfectly marvellous. It surpasses even her own in rapidity of movement and graceful ease. It is most interesting to watch them, as, their eyes glancing from hand to face, they carry on their silent conversation; the dumb girl occasionally bursting into a hearty laugh, at some remark of her companion. Nothing could exceed the devoted and tender attention of the brother. Whenever any object worthy of notice in the scenery presented itself, he would touch her lightly on the shoulder to attract attention, and then with a few rapid movements of his fingers, direct her eyes to it, and give an explanation of it. If she required refresh-

ment, he would hurry from the car, and hurry back again, with an anxious, eager look, as if he feared something might have befallen her in his absence. She seemed to repose implicit confidence in him; and well was he worthy of it. Heaven's blessing rest upon you, noble young man! for your earnest devotion to that afflicted one.

At one place, where the cars stopped, I witnessed an affecting scene—a soldier parting from his children. Two young girls, the one about fifteen, the other some years younger, stood in the door of the station room, their faces swoln and discolored with weeping. Their mother, pale and sad, stood near them; while the father, a fine looking, strongly-built man of forty, in the uniform of an artilleryman, went forward to see to the stowage of his knapsack and other 'traps.'

The eldest girl had succeeded in subduing her grief into 'a kind of quiet;' but the younger—poor thing! how my heart bled to see her! She did not sob, or cry out; but every muscle of her face quivered with irrepressible emotion, and her trembling limbs seemed scarcely able to support her. There was more than the sorrow of parting there; there was despair of ever seeing her father again. Her sister tried to soothe hers. Her mother spoke sharply to her; then, with true maternal instinct, went forward to the baggage car, and brought her father back to her. The mother herself did not shed a tear; but *her* parting time had not come, for she was to accompany her husband on his journey.

"Oh, father!' sobbed the poor girl; and that was all she could say, as she flung her arms around his neck, and clung to him with a convulsive grasp.

He spoke to her soothingly, reasoned with her, sought to calm her; but, in the midst of his tender offices, the inexorable whistle sounded; and tearing himself from her embrace, he sprang into the cars, accompanied by his wife, and took a seat just in front of me. Something rose in my throat as I looked at them, and the unbidden tears sprang to my eyes. The man's fine, expressive countenance, sun-burnt and heavily bearded, grave yet calm, gave evidence of the suffering the past scene had cost him. But the face of the woman was a study. She was evidently determined not to weep. She was resolved, by at least an outward cheerfulness, to sustain her husband in his noble self-sacrificing patriotism. How it would be when her own parting hour arrived, heaven knows; but then the thought of *that* was resolutely driven away. As we rode along, they conversed much together, and I saw her more than once succeed in calling back a smile to the grave, sad face of her husband.

Brave man! tearing asunder your heart's dearest chords, to deliver your country from the parricidal stroke of fierce rebellion. Brave woman! concealing with Spartan fortitude the sorrow in your heart, that your gallant husband may be strengthened in his noble aim—shall these things be done and suffered in vain? No, no; believe it not. The clouds may gather, reverses may come, but of this be well assured: The right *will* triumph!

Toward the latter part of my journey, the monotony of the scene was enlivened by a row in the cars. Cause—a woman.

During our short pause in the city of P., two men, who had been seated together, went out, leaving some of their travelling gear on the seat. While they were absent, a lady, accompanied by a little boy, entered the car; and, contrary to the etiquette of railroad travel, displaced their baggage, and took possession of the seat. She was a rather coarse-looking woman of about thirty; richly but not very appropriately attired, in a handsome black silk dress, with a sacque or outer garment of the same material, reaching almost to her feet. Her jet black hair hung in thick, short curls all around her head, and was surmounted by one of those little round hats, familiarly known as 'jockeys,' which are so pretty and becoming on young girls, so hideous on elderly women.

Very soon the two men came in, and claimed their seat. But the lady refused to move. My attention was first directed to them by hearing one of the men exclaim, in loud and angry tones:

'It's no use talking. *Your* business, ma'am, is to *get out!*'

But an image carved in ebony could not have been more immovable than the lady in the black silk dress.

In vain the aggrieved gentlemen represented to her that the seat was theirs, that their baggage was there, that she had no right to take it, etc.; she paid no attention to them.

The cars started; and the two men, there being no seat vacant, stood over her, with wrath and defiance in their looks, waiting in grim silence until she should comply with their request. But she gave no sign of compliance.

After a while the conductor made his appearance. To him they excitedly stated their grievance, but received, apparently, no redress.

Some time had elapsed, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was suddenly aroused by seeing one of the men, now worked up into an ungovernable passion, seize the lady by the shoulder, and attempt to put her out by force. In a moment all was uproar and confusion. The lady screamed. The little boy roared with fright. Every man in the car started to his feet, and loud cries of 'Put him out!' 'Knock him down!' 'Shame! shame! to touch a woman!' resounded on every side. Half a dozen rough hands seized the man by the collar and arms, and amid the most indescribable noise and tumult, he was unceremoniously hustled out of the car.

The lady seemed to regard herself as a martyr. I heard her excitedly narrating her wrongs to one of her neighbors, finishing off with:

'I was never treated so before; never! never!'

'H'm!' said the person addressed, as if not quite coinciding with her views of the case.

An elderly man, who sat beside me, and whose appearance and manners plainly indicated his title to

'The grand old name of gentleman,'

had started to his feet with the rest, but having been out when the affair commenced, was unable to comprehend what the row was about. As he turned to me with a bewildered and inquiring look, I explained to him the cause of the trouble, at the same time expressing my opinion that the man had been unjustly thrust out, and that the lady was entirely to blame.

'Certainly she was,' said he, with emphasis, 'but the conductor was still more so. He ought to have given the men their seat, and found another for the lady.' Then glancing contemptuously at her, the old gentleman said:

'Oh, she's no lady—she's some common person—no *lady* would behave in that manner.'

As I was more than half of the old gentleman's opinion, I did not gainsay him. After a pause, he continued, with a self-complacency that amused me:

'Ah, I am a pretty good judge of women; and I don't believe that any *lady* would travel with *a thing like that* on her head. No, no; she's some common person, depend upon it.'

It was evident to me that the old gentleman felt very strongly on the subject of 'jockeys;' for, not content with this sweeping thrust, he shortly afterward renewed the subject. It happened that in this particular car there was an appendage affixed to the back of each seat, for the purpose of adding to the comfort of passengers, but which signally failed of that end, as far as the bonnet-wearing part of the community was concerned. As I was much incommoded by it, I requested the old gentleman to turn it down for me. As he did so, he glanced again at our neighbor in the black silk dress, who had taken off her 'jockey,' and was comfortably reposing her raven

locks on the aforesaid appendage, and said, jocularly:

'Now, if you would wear such a thing as *that*, you could take it off, and be quite comfortable.'

And he laughed, quietly but heartily, at what he evidently considered the preposterousness of such an idea.

'Why is it,' continued the old gentleman, who was evidently a philosopher, 'why is it that women must all dress exactly alike? Why can't they dress to suit themselves, as men do? Now just look around this crowded car—no two men have the same kind of head-covering.' It was true; there were hats of every shape and hue; hats of felt, hats of beaver, hats of straw, caps, military and civil—an endless variety. 'But the women's bonnets,' added he, 'are all just alike in shape.'

'No, there are some exceptions,' said I, with a sly glance at the owner of the jockey.' On which the old gentleman laughed again, and was about to reply; when the arrival of the train at its destination brought our conversation to a sudden stop, and the motley assemblage, whether crowned with hat or cap, bonnet or 'jockey,' parted company, never to meet again on this side of the Dark River.

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