

A very pretty picture is to be seen from the back elevation before mentioned. The oval frame measuring one hundred miles as a scope, which enclreles it, is of the grandest rustic style, and the picture shows the delicate talent of the Great Artist. The one from the palette, the other from the chisel, are both "first prizes" in the Universal Exhibition. Poetry and prose are joined to live on good terms here; the sweetest woman and the roughest man will sometimes well wed-lock together, and set common rules at defiance.

In a south-eastern direction, 30 miles off, Mount Mansfield looms up grandly with its twin companion called "Camel's Hump." They both defy the "Adirondacks"—Whitehead Marcy and Danamora, which westerly bar the horizon with their dark bodies.

Towards the North, on both sides, other prominent barriers determine the oval shape of the *frame*. What now, in as few words as possible, about the picture? It is a gay and unpretentious panorama, having the Lake Champlain as its chief feature, which is dotted with many different shaped islands. The slope towards the lake, is intersected with the pretty town of St. Albans, in a gradual and interesting decline, which Aldice Hill renders in a northern part an agreeable and picturesque interruption. Lovers in the second phase, when things run smooth and pleasant, will find this locality and spot, a proper situation for them.

The "Governor's" residence, as it is called, which we met on our way to Fairfield and other very high hills, is on a grand but unostentatious style—in exact *rappor*t or keeping with the wide reputation which its owner, the Honorable J. Gregory Smith (ex-Governor) is entitled to and enjoys among his town-folks and countrymen.

A short stay and a fugitive *coup-d'œil* necessarily make this "second sight" a curtailed and incomplete description.