

SECOND SIGHT

AT

ST. ALBANS.

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As we "skedaddled" toward our home, after drafting the above description we were, by circumstances unforeseen, obliged to run a raid on St. Albans, and not on its banks. The Well-done (Welden) Hotel, where we stopped made us aware that we had done well to heed the decree of circumstances. Where Henry Ward Beecher and Fanny Fern had registered their names—with many points of admiration—our interrogative ones, although coming in second order, bore some prominence also. Enquiry is better than Appleton's Guide in many cases—where none better or more complete can be had. It never fails to give some kind of satisfaction. It was in that way we learned that the above celebrities had expressed their admiration, from a Mount eleven hundred feet high, and two miles distant from the Hotel, where, it was told us by the proprietor, they "beheld the finest scenery in the world." Positive assertions are meant to carry conviction; whether they do so in all cases, is another thing. We felt very much inclined to doubt the veracity of our landlord—having still so much of Mount Mansfield "on the brain." But we pledged our word to him—that we would be fair toward the "fairest" which he wished us to see.