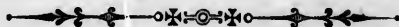


a cost of \$100,000 he hands it over to be managed for the behoof of the Orphans' Home. What a lesson to men of wealth to be their own executors; to *see* the fruit of their donations; to partake, while they yet live, of that purest of pleasures, the pleasure of making others comfortable and happy. Strange, that the appetite for amassing money should so often grow by what it feeds on, and that impulses to generosity so commonly lead no further in rich men's life-time, than to bequests in wills, to be squabbled over at law when the makers are dead and gone.

After tea at the VanNess House, which was crowded with members of the Masonic brotherhood, met on some festival occasion, the President and the Historian were seated, in fancied seclusion, in a corner of the verandah when a young man approached and asked "Is this a reunion of the Grand Army of the Potomac?" pointing to our brown velvet coats. It was well for that young man that Robert's wrath or Willie's scorn did not fall upon him.



BURLINGTON, THURSDAY, 14TH JUNE.

THE unseemly noises of some convivial Freemasons overhead kept some of us awake for hours that night, but we were in good trim when roused by Robert at 6.30. A good breakfast put us in tune with the weather, bright, breezy and cool. The baggage checked, and a final division made of the varied contents of the big coach trunk, we were off to the steamer *Vermont*, which left at 8.50 for the journey down Lake Champlain.