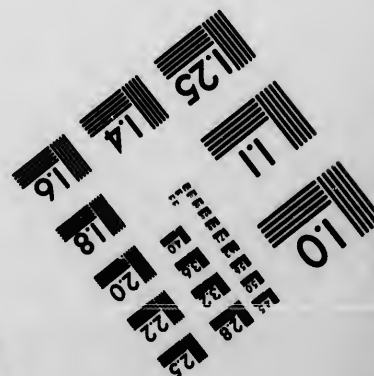
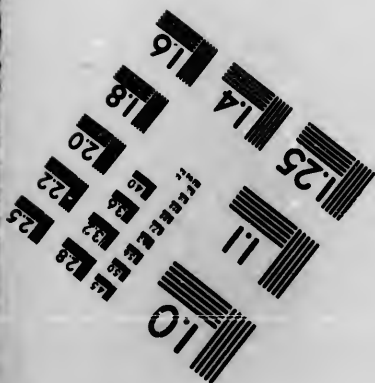
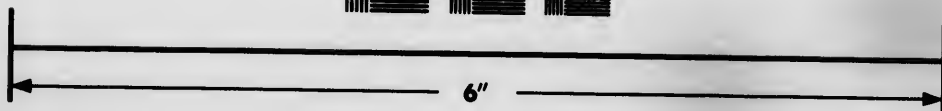
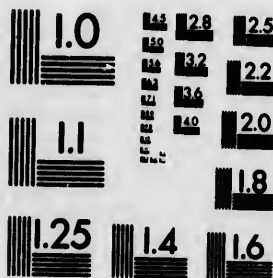


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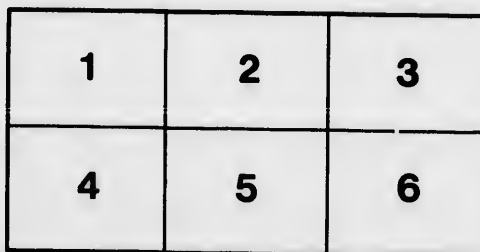
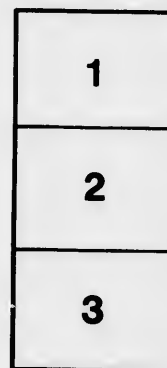
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A
SUNSET SCENE

AT
Mount Mansfield

AND
SECOND SIGHT

AT
ST. ALBANS

BY HENRY LACROIX.

♦♦♦

Montreal :

PRINTED BY LOUIS PERRAULT & CO., 134 ST. JAMES STREET.

1859

A SUN SET SCENE

AT

MOUNT MANSFIELD

BY

HENRY LACROIX.

Few among the yearly increasing number of summer travellers are ignorant of the reputation which Mount Mansfield enjoys, even if those few did not visit it. Our intention in pencilling (we always use a pencil, so as not to be obliged to "dip," in a Fennessecan or any other fashion) this short and imperfect description, is simply to induce others to see what we saw, and at the same time, for vanity's sake, to have our impressions "set up." This acknowledgment will, we hope, set also our readers at ease, and satisfy them as much as it does the writer. As an independent *amateur* or author we do not scribble for Mr. Pay, but only to please U and I. That sort of introduction has its worth,—a good one—and that is the reason why we give it a good and prominent place.

The Green Mountains are as numberless as their Boys; but few, however, deserve to be rated as "celebrities" in one case or the other. Great mountains like great men, in any State of the Union, or out of it, are scarce, and those which are noted deserve to attract our attention. Alongside

of the Green Mountains are the "White" ones; but of the two, the one vegetative, the other not so—both, however, worth seeing—which can rank, according to the Darwin or any other theory of development, as the superior?

Coming closer to the era of MAN, the vegetative one, which bears that capital name, with the title and possession of a "field" besides, seems to us called to enlist the lively sympathies of all lovers of Art. Its anatomical structure, or mineral nature—as great as that of any of the *nude* White Mountains,—is clothed, and not savage-like exposed to suffer the angry blasts from above and the offended glances of those below who possess fine feelings.

Mount Mansfield has its outpost (48 miles S. E. from St. Albans,) on the Vermont Central Railway, at Waterbury, a small village which can boast of its proximity and connexion with the celebrated Mount, and the possession of a large hotel landlorded by a great Bruce. On the arrival of the passenger trains at this place you are soon ushered into costly, elegant and comfortable stages, which remind you pleasingly of the "good old times" gone by. The distance from here to Stowe, where the MANSFIELD HOTEL is situated, is ten miles, and in two short hours you are landed there. Our driver cracks his long whip, and the air whistles in answer to the shrill notes of the locomotive rolling away also. Squire Hawley from his high position on the top of the coach seems as exalted as the Scottish Bruce who waved us away from the steps of the big hotel. A "Green Boy," although a coach driver, has a title which requires not to be escutcheoned to have value.

It is a favor you will esteem highly to ride on the top of the stage with Squire Hawley—and the pretty *brunettes* and *blondes*, who court the jolly and happy Squire with their close *tête-à-tête* and lively questions. We hope the lucky lot

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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.

Capital is the name of the Joint Stock Co., or owners, who have erected this Hotel and made all the departments on the same footing. Money profusely and wisely laid out will command attention and good interest besides. Messrs. Lavender and Gale, the representative proprietors and managers, have a large and well drilled *personnel* under their active supervision; and it is due them to say that no dissatisfaction can be felt by any one — where "Lavender" scents ahead and all around, and where a "Gale" holds the helm, besides keeping the craft and sails in good trim. The most pleasurable excitement we experienced on the Pacific Ocean was, when a gale drove our ship before it, without a plunging or rocking motion, as if the angry waves were of no account. We would mention, as a noticeable thing, that the dignified appearance of the head-waiter, who presides in the large dining room over some forty sable assistants, is not "contraband." The whole crew came from Fort William Henry Hotel, at Lake George, with our friendly Gale, who kept the said establishment for thirteen years. To end here our "puif," which we hope will annoy no one and satisfy every body, we would add that good music does not depend on a well sounding name: the director of the band at the Hotel is called Gieseman.

The pretty village of Stowe is gracefully situated on a high rolling plain. It does not awkwardly look at the Hotel, which centrally occupies a large expanse in its long but narrow limits. The inhabitants do not seem to rely on the transient ones for a living, and, consequently, the tourists escape the boring process so thoroughly practised at Niagara Falls and elsewhere.

We went one afternoon on a hurried exploration to some parts of the base of Mount Mansfield, as far as what is called the "Notch," where we found many natural curiosities, in

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the way of falls, precipitous elevations, and immense boulders strewn everywhere, and looking very little like the stone which David made use of to kill the Giant. Various sized trees are to be seen on these boulders without almost any soil; the roots, therefore, extend long arms towards the distant earth, which gladly helps them with its milky kindness and loving cream. It is certainly interesting to visit these quarters where the sun lurks like a thief, and where the scientist would feel "at home,"—there being so many points of resemblance to attract him there and interest him, that he would fairly doat on the many evidences of the ugly convulsive times which—long ago—distorted the looks and well being of our common mother; but our mind, a little more elevated in character, could not well be pleased or engrossed with the low scenes angularly shaping themselves and crookedly intervening here and there on our way; we felt that the *above* position, superior in height, was also superior in every other way.

The drive, in a buggy or stage, from the Hotel to the Nose—or one of the Summits of Mount Mansfield,—is a very good recreation after dinner. Well disposed and puffing the smoke of a pure Havana, you can for a while feel complacent, and give a kingly and kindly look to the scenery of a plain-like kind over which you travel. The scents coming from here and there, across the fresh mown prairies, or from the flowers strewn on the way by hands unseen, are very agreeable. But no tourist, deserving that name, could feast long on the wide and smooth road with the simple fare offered to his olfactory sense—especially after having done well before leaving. The intelligent and satisfied Epicurean overlooks *plain* matters, when he sees ahead a novelty. To read about Prometheus from the ancient books of fiction, is a pastime fit for boys in and out of school; but who

would now-a-days think of attaching much importance to the pretty well told story when a stranger one can actually be seen? Nature's works are done on a scale which must humble the brightest genius among mankind. And here, before our eyes, is an illustration of that stupendous capacity.

"Old Mansfield" may be a myth invented by the fire-side of the Green Boys, but assuredly his presence cannot be denied when we lift our eyes heavenward, and see him—head and body—lying there. Sweet poetry dwindles to nothing before the great exhibition. Others before us have seen the elephantine Ghost, petrified and occupying a good and high position in both worlds—the heavenly and terrestrial; but we cannot on that account direct our steps and looks toward *him* without feeling ready to imitate their admiration.

The features of the old man, probably a contemporary of Methuselah or more anterior being, are primitively coarse and shaped according to the then prevailing notions of the beautiful. They are, however, so far human in appearance and development, as to be—nude—and each exposed to the eye. They come out boldly—if somewhat fantastically—without any outgrowth on them, of any kind, not even in the way of shrubbery—or pimples—as it sometimes happens with some fleshy individuals. We rather fancy and think well of the old Patriarch on that account. He must have been before Noah's time—before *spirits* had either evil dispositions or existence. The forehead, the nose, the lips, and the chin are each prominent and well hewn out; color alone in them is wanting, as it is with us and some others; but that defect in the giant—fifteen miles high, or long, from head to foot,—is scarcely perceptible.

Vermont, like Kentucky, is remarkable for the production of great, or big men. So it would come to be proved from the Individual case before us. "Old Mansfield" baptised

by the Puritans, is undoubtedly the Father of Masonry—one of the first Grand Masters, who presided over the early commencement of the earth and invented the sacred emblems, or tools, of the Order. The huge locks of the great Grand Sire, as well as his beard, are both green—very green—always young and holding on well, in spite of stormy winters, on the hard epidermis. But, as we get close to the Half-Way House, upon the Man's Field, so steep now, we lose sight of the great features, and have to somewhat crawl our way upward through the under—and over—bush lining both sides of the road. Diminutive beings, perhaps, find it also hard to go through the locks of some of our kind—as they try to get to their individual summits.

We get to the Half-Way-House, where saddled mules and horses have now to be used, just in time to escape a heavy storm, made bright with lightning, noisy with thunder peals, and diluvial showering. Eight others, bulls and gentlemen, preceding us have to encounter it and submit to their unlucky lot. Our young daughter and self have to wait half-an-hour for a clear sky, and then we leap in the saddle and allow ourselves to be guided by a pack-mule loaded with the baggage of the deluged party above. A narrow pathway, excessively steep almost all along, presents itself to our romantic mind and expectations. The leading mule, aware of her favored position, would rather often stop and clip with her sharp and grinning teeth, the leaves on the way. Past her we could not get, as she invariably then would make herself transversal or show kicking dispositions. Two miles nearly we made or climbed in that fashion, the sure footed animals we rode showing, nevertheless, signs that the up journey had an effect on their muscles and lungs. The deep chasms and endless gullies attracting the eye and person downward which here and there were not hidden by trees or

shrubbery reminded us of ugly and distressing dreams. At the same time, however, it would be gratifying to behold so much horror allying itself, even by violence, to the beautiful scenery which called on us for help with outstretched hands and tearful glances. The inexorable laws of nature are brought to bear on the vegetable as well as on higher planes of existence. As superior spirits we passed on, unlike the good Samaritan, only as we now do noticing the sent and received impression.

A good supper was waiting for us when we got at the end of our journey. We were surprised to find a very good home so high in the clouds. The Summit Hotel entertains one hundred guests: it would grace a small town in every way. We formed a quick and hearty acquaintance with the wet party which had already been furnished with dry clothes—except a juvenile New-Yorker too large in person to be accommodated; he had to go to bed.

As the clouds now and then cleared, we were afforded, after supper, magnificent celestial and terrestrial displays, too grand and beautiful to be told by any tongue or pen, however eloquent or gifted they might be. Shoots of clouds most playfully excited at the relief of their heavy liquid loads, danced and sported in the most capricious and delightful manner, everywhere, overhead, alongside of us, beneath us, in the far great distance where the eye at times could reach and revel even there, at the gorgeous sight. As we cast toward the escaping sun our astonished glances it seemed to our fervid and reverential imagination, as if the heaven were embracing and carrying away in its beauteous arms the whole earth we stood on. Brilliant rays darted from the magnificent orb of light, in threads and tresses, in continuous sparkling jets, which dazzled by their velocity and magnetic beauty, the electrified beings looking on. Meanwhile, during short spells,

the whole illumined and darkened canopy and environs, appeared blazing with phantometric delights, with an intense will, to astonish and gratify our most hidden and most delicate senses—those of the soul—so seldom taking a lively part in anything. The whirlwinds which drove upward, perpendicularly, innumerable hosts of disheveled steeds, dashing wildly on their heavenly course, making a stampede, furiously beautiful to contemplate, were, however, of a kind not to evoke fear or any displeasing sensations. They were humorously inclined, and dispelled from below the darkness without and within us. As that portion of the ravishing display occurred, the transfixed beholders shouted in the loudest strains their delight and applauses. It was indeed a gorgeous scene; it transfigured the cloudy world into something tangible and objective, too great and poetic to be compared to anything happening below it. The all-encircling and perceptible atmosphere would occasionally fly swiftly toward the isolated and projecting rock where we stood, and roll thick waves between us, so that we could not see one another. As chariots of old used for the prophets alone, they came invitingly prepared to hurry us on to our upper homes; their rainbowed coursers, so flashingly beautiful, darted forward, and impatiently pranced the sky, heaving their brightly shaded and tinted backs zenith-ward; but no conductor among us seemed disposed to cry out: "all-a-board!" Health seekers are not Mercurially inclined: of the earth, earthy are they. Unwilling to go any of us, our royal equipages left without carrying away even one of their masters, and although the wheeling and flying vehicles returned again and again in the most bewitching and sprightly manner, no inclination bold enough in any one was ready to accept the call.

The ever changing scene, archly bidding defiance to our

memory and painting hand, presented other prominent points which we cannot omit. Telescopic and stereoscopic instruments, formed from the misty components, adjusted themselves to our eyes, as fugitive openings, and revealed, under many aspects, the far and close lowlands, also the St. Lawrence and Champlain. Great gaps as if from the tearing or drawing of the whole flowing curtain would occasionally take place in the Western hemisphere and disclose, as if by the art of magic, a grand panorama. Seen otherwise it could not well have been as charming, as beautiful. This land scenery was not perhaps so transcendently fine as the first, or the heavenly one, but it likewise fascinated our gaze and enlivened senses. Shoots there also made their appearance; they were either as falls or cascades, large or small, both foamingly white and sparkling; their number increasing as our admiration increased, and, whether in response to our wishes or not, they became more brilliant, more exquisite in form and dress. From all the deep and dark precipices, near and distant, they emerged as expressions of joy, as meteors, as *aurora boreales*, in their greatest vividness. The whole picture, rolling, dashing, ascending and falling before our startled eyes and mind, cannot ever be effaced from our memory.

People go to the Summit Hotel to spend the night there, so as to assist at the sunset and sunrise. Our good host, whose name we gladly register here, Mr. W. A. Caldwell, on account of a heavy fog prevailing next morning, did not have occasion to remind any of the sleeping boarders of his significant and very appropriate name. During the whole day almost, nothing was to be seen, but fog! fog! fog!! It hemmed the hotel and inmates closely in its deadish embrace. We left at three p.m. with six others. One couple remained, determined on seeing it out. An hour after our de-

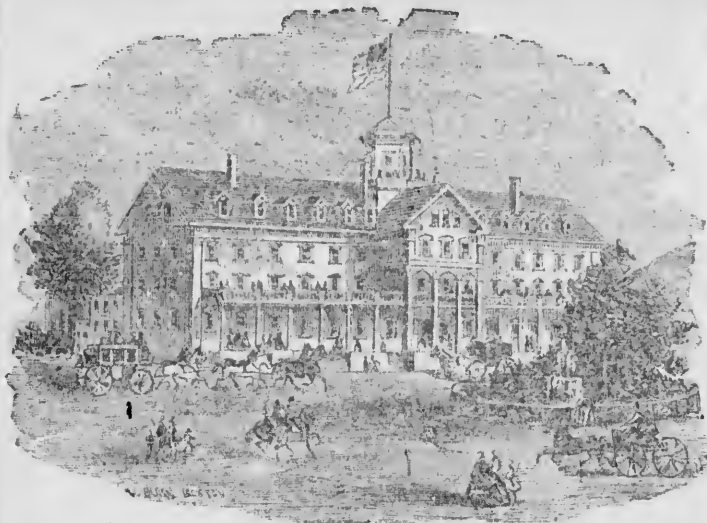
parture, Mr. E. Stone, of Dedham, Mass., and his wife, got a clear sky at the Summit on which we had left a thick night-cap. It afforded the first a luck which we would gladly have shared with him :—that of seeing his person reflected or duplicated on the light misty veil hanging over one of the deep valleys.

The author, after calmly reading to himself the above metaphoric description, which springs from actual facts, seen with both eyes and mind, and which was dashed off in a hurry only a few hours after the occurrence, while the impression in him was still warm and glowing,—the author, we repeat, cannot see fit to alter the tone and tenor of that description, however much any prosaic reader may tax it with exaggeration. Those who are ignorant of the cloudy world as seen from great heights, cannot imagine the resplendent beauty and grandeur to be witnessed from them. Those also, who simply see—without realizing—are still worse off than the first, and, that brings to the author's memory an anecdote told him by a warm friend, and a true poet besides, Mr. Geo. Martin, of Montreal, who, witnessing a somewhat similar spectacle over the White Mountain, exclaimed to his car-platform companion, on friendly terms with him on the Temperance question : "O ! what a grand, magnificent sight !!" Now imagine what the temperate man—dog—ishly answered? "Yes, it's fine ; but I wish my little Carlo was here !!" Our indignant and humorous friend then revenged himself by the following quatrain which many, we hope, will appreciate and enjoy :

Poet.—"I would I were a spirit of yon cloud

That in the mountain wrestles with the gale.

Proser.—"I know of *one* would greet that scene aloud
And wag his tail.. "



1869 MOUNT MANSFIELD. 1869

MOUNT MANSFIELD HOTEL

LAVENDER & GALE, PROPRIETORS.

Open for the Reception of Guests. June 1st, 1869.

*The Mount Mansfield Hotel is situated in the pleasant vil-
lage of Stowe, 10 miles from Waterbury Station, on the Ver-
mont Central Railroad. Six-horse Coaches leave Waterbury
Station for Stowe, 10 miles distant, (Mount Mansfield Hotel)
on arrival of trains from Burlington, Montreal and Boston.
This Hotel is located in the valley between Mansfield and Wor-
cester Mountains, and is one of the loveliest possible spots in which
to spend the summer months.*

The walks and drives cannot be surpassed. *Sunset Hill*, a short distance from the Hotel, commands a fine view of the mountains and surrounding country. The drives are fine: *Mount Mansfield*, 8 miles; *Smugglers' Notch*, 8 miles—one of the most wild and romantic places in the country; *Bingham's Falls*, 5 miles; *Moss Glen Falls*, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; *Gold Brook*, 3 miles; *West Hill*, 2 miles; *Morrisville Falls*, 8 miles; *Johnson Falls*, 12 miles; *Nebraska*, 6 miles.

Mount Mansfield Hotel is a new Hotel, and has Rooms for 400 Guests. The Rooms are airy, large, and in Suits or Private Parlors, as may be desired. The House is brilliantly lighted with Gas, made on the premises, and Guests will therefore not be subject to any disagreeable smoke or smell from oil or camphine. The Dining Room of this Hotel will be conducted by selected Male Waiters.

Water is brought from a Spring and carried through the House, where are furnished


COLD AND WARM BATHS.

The water of three remarkable Medicinal Springs are furnished at the Hotel, free of expense. They are the "Iron," "Sulphur," and "Alum" Springs. Strong certificates of their healing properties are abundant from all sections of the country.

A Celebrated Band is Engaged for the Season.

A Livery of 100 Horses is connected with the Hotel, together with an abundance of Stable and Barn Room. Persons wishing to bring their Horses and Carriages to Store can have Private Stables and Carriage Houses.

Telegraph Office near the Hotel, connecting with all Lines through the United States and Canada.

 *Mount Mansfield Hotel* is a good point of departure for the White Mountains.

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THE SUMMIT HOUSE,

On the top of Mount Mansfield, can accommodate 100 people—is 8 miles from Mount Mansfield Hotel. The outline of the Summit resembles human features. Old Mansfield, as is imagined, is in a reclining posture, his face turned upward. The north peak represents the chin, the middle the nose, and the southern the forehead. The mountain is the highest in Vermont, and from it can be seen elevations in every county in the State. The Chin is 4,948 feet above the sea, 3,800 feet above the village of Stowe, and 340 feet above the Nose. The Nose is 160 feet above the Forehead.

Having surveyed the outline of this grand old mountain, the tourist will take a seat in the Mountain Coach, or upon the back of a trusty pony, and set out for the summit. For several miles the road extends along the valley by the side of a small river. Coming to the base of the mountain you turn to the left and commence the ascend. The road soon winds along through the forest, and you are finally brought to the door of the Half-Way house. Here is a clearing of a few acres, and to the left of the house, which is somewhat primitive in appearance, is a magnificent spring, gushing in great volume from the mountain side. You will wish to stop here a few minutes and drink of its pure and refreshing waters, and gaze upon the extensive and lovely landscape in the valley below. As the coaches do not go beyond this point, you who have come hither in them will mount one of the sure-footed ponies in waiting at the door, and continue the trip to the summit. Entering the forest again, your faithful animal walks slowly up the mountain seemingly conscious of the task before him. From the Half-Way House to the summit the distance is one and a half miles; but if this is your first trip you will be ready to affirm that it is at least six. As you approach the summit the trees are of the more hardy kinds,

stinted in growth and quite unlike those in the valley. Reaching the eastern face of the Nose, you halt here for a few minutes to take a view of the valley in the east. Turning westward to your right, you look down into Smuggler's Notch, which seems near enough to reach at a single bound over the tree tops. It is a deep gorge, winding between the mountains, and received its name from the fact that in former years a contraband trade was carried on by early settlers with Canada, the participators in it going and coming by this unfrequented route. The scene is wild and beautiful in the extreme, and you are inclined to linger here contemplating its sublimity. As you leave the spot you proceed towards the Summit House, which is only a short distance off. On your left rises the Nose some two or three hundred feet, like a massive wall. Looking upward and toward the summit, farther west, you catch the first view of the "Old Man of the Mountain." His features are quite well formed, and decidedly Websterian in appearance. Proceeding forward, you at last reach the Summit House, a large and commodious Hotel, capable of holding a hundred guests. Resting a few minutes, and then leaving your ponies at the stable, you walk to the western face of the Nose, a few rods distant, which you ascend. Reaching the summit you involuntarily exclaim—Eureka! what a view! Neither the pencil of the artist, nor words of the poet, have adequately described it. Its grandeur and sublimity surpass description. Here you are nearly 4,000 feet above the valley, which lies at your feet. The Winsoski is hardly seen, except here and there, resembling the smallest possible rivulet. On either hand, as far as you can see, the eye rests upon hundreds of mountain peaks, stretching away into the thick, dark haze that surrounds them.

West lies the great valley of the Champlain, and still beyond, 16 miles distant, is the lake itself, the whole length of which

comes under the eye. A few miles from its western shore rise the lofty peaks of the famous Adirondicks.

North is the wide spread valley of the St. Lawrence, and in favorable weather, with the aid of the glass, steamers can be seen upon its waters. Montreal Mountain, with the city at its base, Jay Peak, and Owl's Head, the latter rising from the west back of Lake Memphremagog, form prominent features in the landscape.

In the east the Franconia range and the White Mountains, sixty miles distant, limit the vision, while the intervening space is covered with numberless hills and mountains.

South can be seen the Camel's Hump, Killington Peak and Ascutney.

Indeed, as one contemplates this sublime landscape, he is inspired with reverence for the Great First Cause, who has shaped all so beautifully and so majestically.

On leaving the Nose you will desire to visit the Chin if the day is not too far advanced. You will think it is only a short distance to it, and will be surprised to learn that it is two miles. About one-third of the way from the Nose to the Chin you will notice the "drift scratches" upon the rock, and the identical boulder which made them. These reveal to man the fact that even this lofty summit was once beneath the ocean, and that icebergs sailed over it.

Having visited all the interesting localities, and feasted upon the wonders found in this great book of nature, you will retrace your steps to the Mansfield House at Stowe, with a more perfect idea of the immensity and grandeur of Green Mountain scenery.

A carriage road will be completed to the Summit from Stowe, to be used the coming Season.

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SECOND SIGHT

AT

ST. ALBANS.

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.

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 encreles 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 unpresumptuous 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 *rappart* 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.

At some future date it may be thought advisable and expedient to have this simple notice extended to right proportions. In the meantime we will conclude by saying something about the Welden House.

On account of its modern style of architecture and of the style of the people who frequent it, during the summer months, when its two hundred bed-rooms are generally occupied, the Welden House is a stopping and sojourning home, which we can well recommend to our readers. Its position is very fine, the best indeed in the town, of which it is the principal ornament. The proprietor, Mr. Walter McDonald (a Scot again) must excuse us, if we bring his name after that of Bruce. What's in a name? Landlords have become now only proprietors. But the fare which every one looks after, as *the* thing, is not here an overcharge nor a common treatment. The interior corresponds well with the exterior—which is well looking and well-done. Five stories outside all tell but one story inside, so far as comfort and luxury is concerned. The furniture up and down is exactly the same, the best which can be found in any of the New England Hotels, apart from one, the "St. James," in Boston. The inside distribution is a model which deserves to be copied by all five-dollars-a-day hotels of the great cities. That is one of the main features, which every one will notice.

All escaping from the heat and cares, summer tourists bound North, will find St. Albans conveniently situated to rest, for one day or a week, before they proceed to Montreal, Quebec, or the Saguenay. Those who seek for health—from the bosom of the earth, will find many Springs around here. The "Alburgh"—"Highgate"—"Champlain"—"Missisquoi"—"Vermont"—"Welden"—and "Sheldon" Springs are proximately situated from here: at 16, 12, 8, 10, 10, 2 and 4 miles distance. That is an advantage almost

THE WELDEN HOUSE,

ST. ALBANS, VT.

This favorite house has lately undergone very thorough repairs and alterations, and a large addition made to its heretofore generous capacity. The comfort of its guests having been studied, by making large and airy rooms, with all the modern improvements of a first-class hotel.

This house contains over two hundred rooms, and is situated on the Vermont Central and Vermont & Canada Railroads, the great thoroughfare from New-York and Boston to Montreal and the West. Its location for a summer resort is all that could be desired, affording all the benefits of the mountain air, combined with the cool and refreshing winds from Lake Champlain.

The "Panoramic Views" from St. Albans are unequaled either on this continent or the old, as is often stated by Tourists.

In addition to the above attractions are the wonderful mineral waters of Franklin County, the fame of which are making it the Germany of the New World. The life-giving waters of the "Welden Spring" are furnished free to the Guests. Terms \$3.50 per day. A liberal discount will be made to Summer Boarders.

WALTER McDONALD, Proprietor.

