on lands that once were ours", not less so to look on those that might have been. Jove - were I owner of those hills or even of the sixth of a third of them - I would not stay on in this Wall Street den - However there is less use than satisfaction in grumbling & so I sat a hearty dinner off of lake trout & took the Champlain steamer. If lake George is glorious, Champlain is not less so. There was not a breath of air - its waters were smooth as a mirror a dim haze hung over the more distant range of mountains while the nearest in deep shadow, their outlines gilded by the rays of the setting sun contracted their dark green forms with the gorgeous clouds above them & the rose coloured lake beneath. The whole surface of the water was coloured. I never saw any thing so beautiful but Geneva, when we were at Lausanne. It seemed a sacrilege that the dash of the paddle should disturb that holy stillness - like the iron hand of death tearing away the visions of happiness from the - "Tang, tang, tang, "Clear away that Hubbard boat - Port your helm - Let go - Ladies & gentleman please select your baggage. Burlington pawsengers to the forward gangway". Bah - I never get sentimental but some thing upsets it.

Next came a Whig meeting - Three hundred Vermonters in the dining room of our Hotel stamping like mad - & a huge two fisted member of congress shouting forth - Union & Victory. To morrow was election day. Gilchrist & I went and saw the fun - talked politics & strolled about the town while