

our way southward to La Prairie. On looking back over the river at Montreal, the whole city seemed in a blaze of light, owing to the fashion here of covering the houses with tin, which reflected the rays of the setting sun, so that every roof seemed a mirror. Behind the city rose its steep and shapely mountain, and in front were wooded islands, and the clear waters of the St. Lawrence sweeping along with a broad and rapid current. At the barracks in La Prairie, a regiment of hussars was exercising—a scene characteristic of the times. On our way to Lake Champlain we slept at St. John's, where I counted under the eaves of the stable of our inn more than forty nests of a species of swallow with a red breast. The head of a young bird was peeping out of each nest, and the old ones were flying about, feeding them. The landlord told me, that they had built there for twenty years, but missed the two years when the cholera raged, for at that time there was a scarcity of insects. Our host also mentioned, that in making an excavation lately near Prattsburg, about 1000 of these birds were found hybernating in the sand : a tale for the truth of which I do not vouch ; but it agrees with some old accounts of the occasional hybernation of our swallows in similar situations.

We next crossed Lake Champlain to Burlington, in Vermont, in a steamboat, which, for neatness, elegance, and rapidity, excelled any we had yet beheld. The number of travellers has been sensibly thinned this year by the depressed state of commerce. The scenery of this lake is deservedly much admired. To the west we saw the principal range of