

waves of fire, and then falling with a graceful swell, lay scattered like a shower of sparkling gems.

We were sitting on a solitary bench, on the lower deck, absorbed in Miss Bremer's charming story, "The Midnight Sun," when the gorgeous colors began to deepen, and extend far above the horizon; and the book was thrown aside in the midst of one of the author's most graphic descriptions. But fancy, now the main incident of the tale, with the scene around, and the crimson glow lingered so long in the sky, that one almost expected to see the midnight sun of Sweden, rising over the mountains of New England. But "all that's bright must fade," and so at length the last rosy tint melted away, the sky resumed its cerulean hue, and the stars came forth an innumerable host, twinkling with all their might, because the moon was not there to outshine them. The shores became indistinct, and the monotonous splashing of the water, vexed by the restless wheels, was the only sound abroad.

By early daylight the next morning, almost all were looking out of their berths—curtains drawn aside and heads popping up on all sides; there was a regular tramp, tramp, overhead, and strange voices in the saloon, of new comers, taken in during the night. At every little stopping place the steam was let off and a boat lowered for passengers, and then every one crowded forward to see who was coming aboard—and odd enough looking characters some of them were. One in particular is worthy of remark, as presenting a sort of anomaly in this stirring generation, having lived all her life within four miles of the lake shore, and having never before set foot on a steamboat. One could hardly help smiling, her delight and admiration were so unqualified, and yet her simplicity was admirable. Her dress too was remarkably primitive—the well kept drab silk bonnet could have swallowed a dozen modern ones, without rumpaling a ribbon—the calico dress displayed all the colors of the rainbow, described in oriental foliage, and was protected by a neat checked apron; and her short thick figure, unconfined by stays, and destitute of all stiffening, shook with every motion, like a huge mould of blanc-mange. It was refreshing to witness so much unsophisticated nature.

What a crowd of people rushed to the breakfast table! and where did they all come from? The large boat seemed to carry so few passengers on the past evening, and now a crowd had started up at the sound of breakfast, like Robin Hood's men from the silent depths of the forest, at their leader's well-known call. Truly, there is no

feeling so sympathetic, as that which calls people together to eat and drink. The captain, with experienced foresight, had summoned the ladies to take their places first, and those gentlemen who were fortunately attached to ladies—and it was well for them that this priority was established before the bell rang—and the crowd rushed in *en-masse*, and began a furious attack upon the eatables. A matronly person who had dropped in from the last stopping place, and declared she had been riding since sun-rise, and eating nothing but a bit of bread and cheese, which no one could doubt, saluted me with the question, "Are you up to a piece of fish this morning, ma'am?" Too dull to comprehend her meaning at once, I looked at her with a puzzled air, which she answered by taking a huge piece of fish on her fork, and reaching it towards me, thereby intimating that she only asked me to partake of the tempting viand placed before her. A party of exclusives who sat opposite, surprised the good dame more than she had puzzled me, by at once applying two or three eye-glasses to as many eyes, through which they very coolly surveyed her; and then drawing a sort of taboo around themselves, they appropriated all the good things within reach to their own especial use, and talked in such whispered accents, that no words fell on ears unpolite, though they must have been prodigiously witty, they caused so much mirth within the favored circle.

About ten o'clock the boat entered the broad bay of Burlington, and the pretty town stretched back from the curving shores, sitting like a young queen on the sloping hills, and crowned with fine houses, peeping from embowering foliage, and tasteful gardens, gay with blushing roses, sweet-scented honeysuckles, and every gay variety of summer flower. The church spires rose above the tallest trees—the cupola of the college looked down from academic shades, and a long line of mountains, blending with the clouds, formed a fine back-ground to the beautiful picture.

Every one rushed forward, as if life depended on setting the first foot on shore. A general call for baggage-trunks—carpet-bags—travelling boxes—bless me! how *can* people carry about so many things with them! Truly, when Noah disembarked from the ark, he could have put all the animals of creation into a smaller compass than is now found necessary for the luggage of a daily steamer.

"Which is your trunk?" asked the Captain, as a porter waited to carry the last load on shore; but it was looked for in vain—it had been left at Laprairie, and the carpet-bag too.