

Coal-measures, 3000 miles distant, surprised me, and lead to conclusions respecting the origin of coal from plants not drifted, but growing on the spot, to which I shall refer in the sequel.

Dr. Saynisch, who was the first to explore the coal in this region, told me that, soon after he settled here, he shot a wolf out of his bedroom window. These animals still commit havoc on the flocks, and last autumn a large panther was killed in the outskirts of Blossberg, but the bears have not been seen for several years. We rode in a hot sunny day to a large clearing in the forest far from any habitation, and I was struck with the perfect silence of the surrounding woods. We heard no call or note of any bird, nothing to remind us of the chirping of the chaffinch or autumnal song of our robin, the grasshoppers and crickets alone keeping up a ceaseless din day and night. The birds here are very abundant, and some are adorned with brilliant plumage, as the large woodpecker, with its crimson head,—the yellow-bird (*Fringilla tristis*), of the size of a yellow-hammer, with black wings and a bright yellow body,—the red-bird (*Tanagra rubra*),—and the *Loxia ludovisiana*.

A hen humming-bird, far less brilliant in its plumage than the male, flew within a few inches of my face. Its flight and diminutive size reminded me of our humming sphinx, or hawk-moth, like which it remains poised in the air while sucking the flowers, the body seeming motionless, and the wings being invisible from the swiftness of their vibrations. I had before seen one in the wood at Cedarville, sucking the flower of a wild balsam (*Impatiens biflora*). Dr. Saynisch tells me that on his first visit to these woods, he has known two