

an ornamental tree, spared in the new clearings. The sap from which sugar is made was everywhere trickling down into wooden troughs from gashes made in the bark. The red maples were now beginning to assume their bright autumnal tints, but the rest of the forest was as verdant as ever; a blue Lobelia, which we had gathered at the Falls of Niagara, was still in bloom, together with many white and blue asters which had only just come out. The most elegant flower in the woods at this season is the fringed gentian (*Gentiana crinita*).

—“Bright with Autumn dew,
And colour'd with the Heaven's own blue.”

One day at Schoharie, a hawk pounced down from a lofty tree, and seized a striped squirrel on the ground, within three yards of our party. It was bearing off its burden with ease, until, alarmed by our shouts, it dropped the squirrel, which ran off apparently unhurt. I observed early in the morning myriads of cobwebs extending from one blade of grass to another, as we often see them on an English lawn before the dew is dried up.

On our way back from Schoharie to Albany, we found the country people in a ferment, a sheriff's officer having been seriously wounded when in the act of distraining for rent, this being the third year of the “Helderberg war,” or a successful resistance by an armed tenantry to the legal demands of their landlord, Mr. Van Renssalaer. It appears that a large amount of territory on both sides of the river Hudson, now supporting, according to some estimates, a population of 100,000 souls, had long been held in fee by the Van Renssalaer family, the tenants paying a small ground