

After spending the day in exploring the Licks, we were hospitably received at the house of a Kentucky proprietor a few miles distant, whose zeal for farming and introducing cattle of the "true Durham breed," had not prevented him from cultivating a beautiful flower garden. We were regaled the next morning at breakfast with an excellent dish of broiled squirrels. There are seasons when the grey squirrel swarms here in such numbers, as to strip the trees of their foliage, and the sportsmen revenge themselves after the manner of the Hottentots, when they eat the locusts which have consumed every green thing in Southern Africa.

We then returned by another route through the splendid forest, and re-crossed the Ohio. The weather was cool, and we saw no fire-flies, although I had seen many a few days before, sparkling as they flitted over the marshy grounds bordering the Ohio, in my excursion up the river to Rockville.

Among the inquiries which can hardly fail to awaken the curiosity of a geologist who explores this region, one of the most natural relates to the relative age of the northern drift, and the deposits containing the remains of the mastodon and elephant, whether at Big Bone Lick, or in the higher terrace (*b*, fig. 9) at Cincinnati. In my journey, some days afterwards, from the Ohio river to Cleveland on Lake Erie, I had not proceeded twenty-five miles to the northward before I again found myself in a country covered with northern drift, of which I had lost sight for many weeks previously. The first patches which I observed were about five miles N.E. of the town of Lebanon, after which I saw it in great