

presented to me by Professor Benedict. Among the flowers and plants which enlivened the borders of this lake was the Virginia raspberry, with its large red blossoms, the Kalmia (*K. angustifolia*), a beautiful tiger lily, the oderiferous shrub called sweet fern (*Comptonia asplænifolia*), an Hypericum, and a blue Campanula.

*July 9th.*—From Burlington, I crossed the Green Mountains of Vermont, composed of chlorite schist, gneiss, and other crystalline rocks, passing by Montpelier, to Hanover. Here we paid a visit to Professor Hubbard, at Darmouth College, and then returned through New Hampshire by Concord to Boston. Since we had left that city in May, we had travelled in little more than two months a distance of 2500 miles on railways, in steamboats, and canoes, in public and private carriages, without any accident, and having always found it possible so to plan our journey from day to day, as to avoid all fatigue and night travelling. We had usually slept in tolerable inns, and sometimes in excellent hotels in small towns, and had scarcely ever been interrupted by bad weather. I infer, from the dismay occasionally expressed by Americans when we pursued our journey, in spite of rain, that the climate of the States must be always as we found it this year—wonderfully more propitious to tourists than that of the “old country,” though it is said to be less favourable to the health and complexion of Europeans.

I ventured on one or two occasions in Canada, when I thought that the inns did not come up to the reasonable expectations of a traveller, to praise those of the United States. I was immediately assured