

*garis*), although not an indigenous plant, is very abundant and ornamental in the woods here. It has overrun, in modern times, the eastern shores of New England, and made its way many miles inland, to the great annoyance of the agriculturists. Some naturalists wonder how it can spread so fast, as the American birds refuse, like the European ones, to feed on its red berries: but if it be true that cattle, sheep, and goats occasionally browse on this shrub, there is no mystery about the mode of its migration, for the seeds may be sown in their dung. The aromatic shrub called sweet fern (*Comptonia asplenifolia*), forms nearly as large a proportion of the undergrowth here as does the real fern (*Pteris*) in some of our English forests. I have seen this part of North America laid down in some botanical maps as the region of asters and solidagos; and certainly the variety and abundance of golden rods and asters is at this season very striking, although a white everlasting (*Gnaphalium*) is almost equally conspicuous. Among other shrubs, I saw the poison-ivy (*Rhus radicans*), a species of sumach, growing on rocks and walls. It has no effect on some people, but the slightest touch causes an eruption on the skin of others. A New England botanist once told me that, by way of experiment, he rubbed his arm with the leaves, and they gave rise to a painful swelling, which was long in subsiding.

In Mr. Hayes's garden at Portsmouth were some of the smaller white-bodied swallows or martins (*Hirundo viridis*), protected from their enemy, the larger martin (*Hirundo purpurea*), by having small holes made for them in flower-pots, which the others could not pass through. The larger kind, or house-martin, is encouraged every where, small wooden boxes being made for them on roofs or on the tops of poles, resembling pigeon-houses, which may often be seen on the top of a sign-post before a New England inn. They are useful in chasing away birds of prey from the poultry-yard; and I once saw a few of them attacking a large hawk. But I suspect they are chiefly favored for mere amusement sake, and welcomed, like our swallows, as the messengers of spring, on their annual return from the south. It is pleasing to hear them chattering with each other, and to mark their elegant forms and bluish-black plumage, or to watch them