

CHAPTER IV.

Journey from Portland to the White Mountains.—Plants.—Churches, School-houses.—Temperance Hotel.—Intelligence of New Englanders.—Climate, Consumption.—Conway.—Division of Property.—Every Man his own Tenant.—Autumnal Tints.—Bears hybernating.—Willey Slide.—Theory of Scratches and Grooves on Rocks.—Scenery.—Waterfalls and Ravines.—The Notch.—Forest Trees and Mountain Plants.—Fabyan's Hotel.—Echo.

Sept. 28, 1845.—LEAVING Portland and the sea-coast, we now struck inland in a westerly direction toward the White Mountains, having hired a carriage which carried us to Standish. We passed at first over a low, featureless country, but enlivened by the brilliant autumnal coloring of the foliage, especially the bright red, purple, and yellow tints of the maple. The leaves of these trees and of the scrub oak had been made to change color by the late frost of the 10th of this month. On the borders of the road, on each side, mixed with the fragrant "sweet fern," we saw abundance of the *Spiræa tomentosa*, its spike of purplish flowers now nearly faded. The name of "hard hack" was given to it by the first settlers, because the stalk turned the edge of the mower's scythe. There were also golden rods, everlastings, and asters in profusion; one of the asters being called "frost blow," because flowering after the first frost. We also gathered on the ground the red fruit of the checkerberry (*Gaultheria procumbens*), used in New England to flavor sweetmeats. By the side of these indigenous plants was the common English self-heal (*Prunella vulgaris*), the mullein (*Verbascum thapsus*), and other flowers, reminding me of the remark of an American botanist, that New England has become the garden of European weeds; so that in some agricultural counties near the coast, such as Essex in Massachusetts, the exotics almost outnumber the native plants. It is, however, found, that the farther we travel northward, toward the region where North America and Europe approach