

the scenery. I had sometimes remarked in Norway that the birch trees are so equally intermixed with dark pines, as to impart, by the contrast of colors, a spotted appearance to the woods, not always picturesque; but here I saw the dark green hemlock in one place, and the maples, with their brilliant autumnal foliage in another, grouped in such masses on the steep slopes of the hills, as to produce a most agreeable effect. There were many birch trees, with their white bark, and oaks, with red autumnal tints, and an undergrowth of kalmia out of flower, but still conspicuous by its shining leaves. The sweet fern (*Comptonia*) no longer appeared on this high ground, and was replaced by the true fern, called here "brake," being our common English species (*Pteris aquilina*). On the low hills of granite were many huge angular fragments of that rock, fifteen, and some of them twenty feet in diameter, resting on heaps of sand. They were of a light gray color, with large crystals of felspar, and reminded me of the granite of Arran in Scotland. As we followed the windings of the river Saco, I observed, in the bottom of the valley, alluvial terraces, composed of clay, sand, gravel, and boulders, forming flats at different elevations, as we see in many parts of Scotland, and other mountain valleys in Europe.

Although we heard much talk of the late frost, there were still abundant signs of the sun's power, such as large grasshoppers, with red wings, called here shakers, and tortoises (*Testudo picta*) wandering from one pond to another. In the retired paths many squirrels allowed us to pass very near to them without being alarmed. The bear once extended, like the beaver, over the whole of New England; but the beaver has been every where extirpated, and the bear driven into the mountains. From these retreats they still make annual depredations on the fields of Indian corn, and the farmers retaliate, not only by thinning them with their rifles, but by taking what some sportsmen would consider a very unfair advantage over them. On the first spring-like day, Bruin, who has been hybernating for several months in a cave, ventures out, before the snow has quite melted, to take a look at the country; then retires again to his hiding place, which the hunter discovers by following his foot tracks on the snow, and