

Oct. 5.—Penetrating still further into the mountains, we established ourselves in pleasant quarters for several days at Fabyan's Hotel, thirty-two miles from Conway, waiting for fine weather to ascend Mount Washington. Whenever the rain ceased for a few hours we explored the lower hills, and were fortunate enough to have, as a companion in our walks, one of the ablest botanists in America, Mr. William Oakes,\* of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who is preparing for publication a fine work on the Flora of the White Mountains. In one of our excursions with him to see the falls of the river Amoonosuc, he showed us several places where the *Linnæa borealis* was growing, now in fruit. I had seen this plant in flower in Nova Scotia in July, 1842, but was not prepared to find it extending so much farther southward, having first known it as characteristic of Norway, and of great Alpine heights in Europe. But I was still more surprised when I learned, from Mr. Oakes, that it descends even into the wooded plains of New Hampshire, under favor of a long winter and of summer fogs, near the sea. What is most singular, between Manchester and Cape Anne, lat 42° 30' N., it inhabits the same swamp with the *Magnolia glauca*. The arctic *Linnæa*, trailing along the ground and protected from the sun by a magnolia, affords a curious example of the meeting of two plants of genera characteristic of very different latitudes, each on the extreme limits of its northern or southern range.

One evening, during our stay here, we enjoyed listening to the finest mountain echo I ever heard. Our host, Fabyan, played a few clear notes on a horn, which were distinctly repeated five times by the echo, in softened and melodious tones. The third repetition, although coming of course from a greater distance, was louder than the two first, which had a beautiful effect, and may be caused either by the concave form of the rocks being more favorable to the reflection of sound, or from the place where we stood being, in reference to that distant spot, more exactly in the focus of the ellipse.

In the elevated plain at the foot of the mountains at Fabyan's

\* Since writing the above, I have heard, with deep regret, of the death of this amiable and accomplished naturalist.