where winter presses his iron signet on the soil with much firmness, one strongly-marked ring represents the year; and so, if it be found that a tree of some eighteen or twenty inches in diameter has its hundred concentric rings, it may be safely predicated that it has stood its century. And such, in the supposed case, is the inference of the pilgrim. He has at length got a unit, in reality fixed by the great, never-varying astronomic movements which give to the world its seed-time and its winter; and finding, as he cuts tree after tree, the same evidence repeated,—ring answering to ring, here larger and there smaller, but in their average proportions corresponding with those of the English woods,—he is constrained definitively to conclude that the trees of the new country grow as slowly, or nearly so, as those of the old one; and he confidently challenges his antagonist to test the data on which he founds. Nor can he hold that his newly-found unit, though, strictly speaking, only a measure of the age of the various forest trees in which it occurs, has bearing only on them. If trees grow as slowly in the new country as in the old, can he rationally hold that its other classes of vegetables,—its ferns, equisetacæ, club-mosses, grasses, and herbaceous plants generally, grow much faster than their cogeners at home? Farther, though his unit does not enable him to measure exactly the age by the mossy deposit, with its three tiers of stumps and its underlying mastodon, it at least enables him to determine that it must be very old. It gives him in succession the age of each tier; and when he infers respecting the intervening and overlying deposits of vegetable matter, that, as the trees grow slowly, the deposits must have been formed correspondingly slow in about the average ratio of similar formations on the other side of the Atlantic, it justifies the inference: nay, it is not without its bearing on the probable growth of the animals of the country also. It would be utterly wild to hold that, in a country in which an