

shire, it retreated all the way. It was as the falling back of an army, with all its baggage and equipments, and in perfect order. Year by year it called upon its plants, its butterflies, its animals, and they followed in its royal train. It had overridden all obstacles, all lives and constitutions, and in its retreat it shed, over the lands which again saw the sun, floods of water, the source of fresh life and civilizations.

But it was careful of its own plants and animals; they were to go back with the ice, nor be seduced by the lakes and streams its retreat unveiled, and so become companions to the mammoth. And it succeeded, for the most part, until it reached the White Mountains. Though, year by year, the individual butterflies perished, they planted their successors; the longer-lived reindeers laid their bones by the way, and in the Connecticut Valley itself, but fresh herds still were ready to follow the northward march of the great glacier.

Out of the valley of the White Mountains, the main ice-mass gradually retreated; and here it lost some of its followers. At that time the White Mountains must have presented an appearance not unlike the Alps of to-day—an aspect which, owing to their inferior elevation, they have since lost under a climate growing in warmth. The local glaciers, which then filled the mountain-gullies, attracted some of the wayward, flitting *Oeneis* butterflies by a display of the food-plants which they had harboured and detained from the main glacier.

Year after year the great glacier retreated farther.