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BUFFALO GLADE.

I AM now writing from the Glade country of Maryland, which I have explored pretty thoroughly, and with which I have been much pleased. Its extent is some twenty miles from north to south, and about five miles from east to west, and is watered exclusively by the Upper Youghiogheny and its tributaries. The glades are of various sizes, and have impressed me with the idea that they were once a succession of lakes, the waters of which, by some caprice of nature, having been drawn off into the great valley of the Mississippi, have left their basins covered with a carpet of luxuriant grass, here and there relieved by islands of white oak trees and of alder and cranberry bushes. The hills and mountains which surround them are covered with forests of oak, sloping gently and gracefully to the margins of the glades, seeming never to trespass a single rood beyond the limits allotted to them by taste; but I have observed that, when descending the ravines which sometimes lead into the glades, the pathway lies through a forest of exceedingly dense and lofty pines, where perpetual gloom reigns supreme, and the air is heavy with sweet odors peculiar to these woods. Not a single glade have I yet seen which is not watered by a lovely stream, and, as these abound in trout, they may well be deemed almost the paradise of fly-fishing anglers. All the glades are "beautiful exceedingly," and present the appearance of a highly cultivated country; but while some of them are the home of solitude, and only inhabited by the feathered tribes, the hawk, the meadow lark, and the glorious mocking-bird being the rulers. Others are enlivened by the habitations of man, and