

chattering volubility of the mocking-bird, his yellow spotted breast swelling with delight, his keen eye gazing into the distance, the saucy "*you-can't-see-me*" of the meadow lark sounded in merry challenge, while the clear "*whew-whew-it*" of the quail from the golden wheat-field, was echoed by his eager companion far down in the green vales, as they stretched softly and gently into the distance, in the long shadows of the early morning. Oh! let him that would scan the benevolence of the Creator, leave his restless bed in the sweltering city, and walk forth with the day in its youth,—for verily, like man, it hath its youth, its manhood and its old age—and the sweetness of morning is the youth of the day.

The hedges on the road side were covered with a tangled mass of verdure, from which wild vines and green ivy crept to the surrounding trees, wreathing gracefully their trunks and branches. The undergrowth was loaded with wild roses and honey-suckles. The graceful fleur-de-lis, curving its blue flowers, trembled upon the green banks, and the pond-lily floating on its watery bed, threw forth its grateful fragrance, as we occasionally passed through the swampy bottoms. Fat cattle grazed indolently in the meadows; while now and then, as we cantered by their pastures, the horses, with tails and manes erect, accompanied us on our journey, till arriving at their confines, with eager neighing, they would look after us, throw their heels