

white, rose-like blossoms. How completely the whole circumambient atmosphere, as far as the eye can reach, above and around, is filled with them! Did you ever remark what a queer medium they are to look through? Now we are getting into the woods—forests are on both sides. This is quite an escape, for the wind, which was getting stronger, and the driving snow began to incommode us. "How sheltered and very comfortable!" Yes; it is always much warmer in the woods than in the open country, in the winter. This part of the forest is "open and park-like." How majestic these oaks, and ashes, and elms; and how beautiful that clump of pines on the sandy ridge yonder! But we shall soon be in the swamps. There, we are descending! How pleasing the sensation of riding down hill! "What nice little notches and dingles there are in this ridge of table-land to the right of us there?" Aye, indeed, but you will soon see a pretty object. There! right opposite this rustic bridge on which we stop the horse, down that steep, brush-choked ravine, is a frozen cascade. "What graceful drapery—not white, but of that blue-greenish tint which ice often assumes!" But this is only a specimen of the fantastic forms which nature assumes in this season of frost and snow, among the rocky, broken, cedar-crowned hills and knolls through which we shall pass before we return home. We are travelling now through a woody bottom, overgrown with ash, and cedar, and spruce, with here and there a hemlock. The beautiful birch, too, is a frequent denizen of bank and brae. The wide-spread branches of all these moisture-loving trees, and the leaves of the evergreens impeding and receiving the oft-repeated showers of snow, and being undisturbed by the winds in such a sheltered position, form a ceiling over head, whiter than the most spotless plaster. How dark, and sombre, and dreamy it makes the place. These swamps form a shelter for the timid hares and deer, which feed on the alder, willow, and hazel, that form one continuous copice, intercepting these beautiful creatures from the peering gaze of the cruel huntsman, while their outstanding eyes, and ears, give them notice of the most distant foot-fall, crashing through brush and crust, and every approaching form. Their nimble legs soon bear them from the threatening danger. There! on yonder rise of ground you may get a glimpse of a herd of deer, cantering off, their bushy, white tails glancing through the woods the while. They have been startled by our horse's bells. See, they make a temporary halt, to scan us for a moment. There, they are off again, plunging into the recesses of the forest. We shall see these graceful strangers no more. It is well we have not much farther to travel to-night, else the additional darkness, arising from the storm, despite the lauded advantages of "snow-light," would make it hard to find our way. Now, though the darkness