

NORTH AMERICAN FOREST.

WE take the following wild and eloquent description of the autumnal changes in America, from an extract from Neal's "Brother Jonathan," published in an English work, entitled, "Rejected Articles."

"The autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated. It is like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake, there, among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountains about—all—unknown to the world—in a solitude—a quiet profound as death—and bright as heaven; the shores overhung with autumnal foliage; and a sky so wonderful—so visionary—that all the clouds, and all the mountains were of a piece, in the clear water; and our boat was like a balloon.

"Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared with a scene of this kind—about an hour before sunset—in the depth of a great North American solitude—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies; of their hot, bright East Indian skies; of the deep midnight blue of the South American skies. We have seen them all; slept under them all; slept under a sky, like one great moon; worshipped them all; seen them through all the changes of storm and sunshine, darkness and light; and we say, that in reality, they are dim, heavy—unclouded, uninteresting, compared with your North American skies, a little before and after sunset.

"And so, too, of the garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear, frosty nights. There is nothing to compare with it, under heaven. The mountains—villies, woods—all burst into flowers; all at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery less like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth; or the changes of their colour, from season to season are slow and gradual.

"It is not so, in America; North America. There, the transformation is universal; instantaneous. A single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day—perhaps, all the great woods will be green; with hardly a red or brown or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in at night. Before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of the whole province, a whole empire in truth, will be changed. In the morning, there will be hardly a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay, brilliant scarlet—purple orange; with every possible variety of brown, light blue, vivid crimson or blood colour. Of all the trees, none but the ever-green tribe will keep their integrity. They will show along the battlements of the mountain—darker

than ever—more cloudy than ever—like so many architectural ruins or surviving turrets—in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.

"No, no, it is not saying too much of all this beauty, of all this great magnificence, when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the season, gets among the branches, after such a night, and blows up the superfluous leafing, to the warm sunshine, like a tempest, among prodigious flowers—tearing and scattering the tulip coloured foliage over all the earth, and over all the waters; no, it is not saying too much—merely to say—that, under heaven—throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness, or grandeur—to be compared with it.—Imagine—we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if, thereby, we may give the stranger, a true idea of this appearance;—imagine therefore, a great wilderness of poppies, or tulips—outspreading itself on every side, reaching quite away to the horizon, over hill, and over valley—or a wood, literally encumbered, heavy, with great, gorgeous, live butterflies—forever in motion:

"We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods—their dull evergreens—towering up to the sky—covering whole provinces; woods, too, of stupendous oak—each tree, if the soil were divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance, flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary place—entirely shut in by the hills, flowering all over, all the year round. But we have never met with—never heard of—never looked upon, elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty, which is to be seen, every "*fall*," in the woods of North America, heaped up, on all the banks of all the rivers—up—to the very skies—on the great mountains; or accumulated over the low countries—and weltering there, all the day through, in the light, or shadow—or wind, or sunshine, of the season.

SONG OF THE WOODBINE FLOWERS.

BY J. A. WADE.

Wild daughters of woodlands are we,
Our loves are the zephyr and bee;

Our delicate stems

Bear the prettiest gems

That ever graced mountain or lea!

When fresh summer showers

Just sprinkle the bowers,

And robin or woodlark is heard,

There is not a sweet

To mingle so meet

As ours with the song of the bird!

See, gently waving in the light air,

Like fairies on ropes of coral spun,

Our emerald twins their dance prepare,

Hark! now 't is up—our song is done!"