

“Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o’er the hills;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus’d,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.”

Transported in idea to the borders of the Hudson or the Delaware, we recline beneath the shade of venerable Oaks and spreading Maples; we see, as it were, fringing the streams, the familiar Cotton-wood and spreading Willows. On the higher plains, and ascending the hills and mountains to their summits, we see a dark forest of lofty pines; we hear the light breeze sigh and murmur through their branches as it did to the poets of old. But the botanist, in all this array, fails to recognise one solitary acquaintance of his former scenes: he is emphatically in a strange land; a new creation, even of forest trees, is spread around him, and the tall Andes and wide deserts rise as a barrier betwixt him and his distant home.

My indulgent reader will then excuse me, if I, on this occasion, appear before him only as a botanist; culling those objects which have given him so much delight, he wishes to present them to the curious public, alive to the beauties and symmetry of Nature’s works. Whatever is yet known of their uses and history, is also given; and that the task might be more complete, we have rambled a little beyond, rather than fallen short of, the exact limits of the republic. We have thus added, as our friends TORREY and GRAY have done, or intend to do, in their general Flora, a collection of the trees of Upper California, extending our ramble as far as the vicinity of Sta. Barbara, in about the 34th degree of north latitude. We here met with several Oaks, Pines, a Plane-tree, a Horse-chestnut, and a Box Elder, which have not yet been found within the limits of the territory of Oregon.