

locust-tree. Then there are magnificent beeches, and they change their colours most beautifully. One sees the clear shiny green towards the centre of the tree getting paler and yellower, till at the tips of the branches they become brightly golden. We have also seen many very large weeping willows, as well as numerous sumachs, now of a dark red colour. The ground on which they grow is almost as gay and brilliant as the leafy canopy above, what with the various greens of many grasses, crimson bilberry, and many berry-bearing shrubs, yellow needles from the old pines, and numberless leaves which lie fresh fallen on the surface. Alas! that so rich an habitation should be deserted by most of its gaily-dressed feathered inhabitants; but, luxurious epicures that they are, they find that the fruits are withered, the berries have lost their juice, and the seeds are scattered on the ground, and they have gone to more genial regions, where bountiful nature affords an ever-constant repast. But a few blue-birds remain, and bright and beautiful they looked, as they flew in and out among the amber-coloured maple-leaves. There are also woodpeckers and robins; the latter, I believe, remain all the winter, and are somewhat in appearance like their friendly little namesakes in England, with their brown jackets and red waistcoats; but they are much larger, and are treated in a very different way, for they are shot without compunction, for not a bad reason, that they make excellent pies. With this learned dissertation on the natural history of the peninsula of Canada, I must conclude the chapter.