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water stream which runs through it, and the green lawn which lines its banks; but in vain I attempted to do justice to the amphitheatre of gorgeous foliage which surrounded us.

In the neighbourhood are a number of chestnut-trees, to which people come in pic-nic parties to gather the fruit. It is, however, very much smaller than the Spanish chestnut, and even than many I have seen in England. We discovered that what we called *lignum vitæ* is the white cedar. It has clusters of yellowish-looking berries just like it. Dog-wood is harder even than iron-wood or horn-bean, of which an axe can be made, and made to cut as well, probably, as some served out to our troops in the East. Dog-wood is not so common, nor does it grow so large. It has white flowers in spring, and its leaves are of a dark purplish red brown, with red berries in clusters like those of honeysuckle. There are many kinds of nut-trees, the leaves seemed all more or less like walnut or chestnut, but smaller,—hickory-nut, butter-nut, bitter-nut, chestnut. There are many varieties of oak—some with very large broad leaves, others fine and deeply indented. They are now of magnificent crimson and brown shades. The lovely maples, however, surpass all other forest trees in this their own native land, with their tender bright green rich amber, bright rose pink, pale gold, softest, faintest yellow; and they coquettishly love to hang out their gayest colours near the deep sombre stems of the grave old pines, who stand unmoved by the changing fashions of the seasons, as if they despised such frivolities. Bass-wood turns out to be the lime; and tamarack, which sounds such a fine wild Indian kind of a tree, is nothing more nor less than a larch. In the same way the acacia is called the