

White Oak.—Let us hear from the Elms.

American Elm (Lida).—I have been called the Queen of the Forest, and stand without a rival at the head of the list of ornamental deciduous leaved trees. I claim this rank on account of hardiness, rapid growth, and the graceful and majestic beauty of my drooping branches. We are very proud of our Massachusetts relative under whose venerable shade Washington first took command of the Continental army, July 3, 1775. How the affection of every lover of his country clings around that tree! What care has been taken of it, what marks of esteem have been shown it by the citizens of Cambridge, may be judged by those who have seen it standing, as it does, in the centre of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out in deference to this monarch of the Revolution.

Red Elm (Claude).—I am well known for my durable red wood and mucilaginous bark and am often called "Slippery Elm." My sister, Rock Elm, is a fine tree with corky branches, and the wood is valuable for farm implements.

Hackberry (Otis).—I am one of the poor cousins of the Elms, and am little known. I am sometimes called the Nettle tree, and I am afraid Michigan people are not on speaking terms with me. Allow me to tell you about my German relative, the Luther Elm, near Worms. It is said to have been planted as follows: A bigoted old Catholic lady, thrusting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proved the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy.

Red Mulberry (Robert).—I am another obscure cousin of the Elms and not often seen in Michigan. The birds are fond of my berries and the wood is as valuable as cedar for posts. Let me praise the Elm.

"Hail to the Elm! the brave old Elm!
Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand,
For a brave old Elm is he!
For fifteen score of full-told years,
He has borne his leafy prime,
Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of the olden time!"

White Oak.—Let us all repeat the lines of N. S. Dodge in praise of the Queen of the Forest.

"Then hail to the elm! the green-topp'd elm!
And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave."

White Oak.—We will have another song about the birds (or any other subject).

White Oak.—We have heard nothing from the Willows.

Willow (Marion).—I live near the water and my wood is made into the strangest things, artificial limbs, tooth-picks, ball clubs and gunpowder. Some of us are called "Pussy Willows."

Elizabeth Allen has written this lovely poem to my sister, the Weeping Willow of Europe, who has been for years mourning something to us unknown.

"O, Willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong!
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?
Mourn on forever, unconsol'd,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy."

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