

Happy the island dwellers, who steer the light canoe
O'er the mingling ruby and topaz—the purple shadows thro',
While the stroke of the ashen paddle, beneath the accus-
tomed arm,
Scarce troubles the magic mirror, or breaks the wondrous
charm.
And when the mystic moonlight, with its white, unearthly
spell,
Like a vision of enchantment, clothes river, and rock and
dell,
How the lights and shadows tremble with a hidden mystery,
And the silhouettes of the islands stand out on the silver sea!