

In which to view her own sweet face
With youthful charms and modest grace
Reflected near her.

Oh, gladsome stream and calm retreat
In Arcady when days are sweet
And halcyon ever!
May thee no tourists invade
Intrusive on thy peaceful shade
Nor thee discover!

CAMPING.

We pitched our camp beside a stream,
That rushed a mountain valley down
And leaped its barriers between
The precipices' frown.

And shadowy forms were seen to glide,
Swift darting through pellucid deeps;
The sunlight flashing on his side,
Proved where the salmon leaps.

And Oh, the glory of the skies!
The splendor of the nascent morn;
Just as the sun began to rise
Its rosy hues were born!

And here were mountains which arose
In massive grandeur, and sublime;
Peaks crowned in everlasting snows
Like opals when they shine!

Whilst wide above some snowy dome,
The deepest sapphire sky was spread,—
The infinite expanse alone
Pierced by the mountain's head!

And night's Enchantress throned afar
Above the Earth, which slept serene,
Beneath the lucent even star,
Transformed it to a dream!

Whilst perfumes scented all the air,
Commingling with the odorous gum,
Of pines and balsams and the fir
A scraggy scaur had won.