

Thence to our cliff returning, we halt in a sheltered bay,
Where *Riverview* from its sunny slope, looks towards the
opening day ;

Cool is the shade of its pine trees, fair are the isles around,
And soft on the beach laps the water, with dreamy and
gentle sound.

Fair is the garland of islands that from the cliff we view,
Around the "Rocks in Deep Water" that once the red man
knew,

Who has yielded his savage reign to the sons of a nobler race ;
And the hunting ground of the Indian is the white man's
resting place.