

MOUNTAINS craggy, straggy, pin-
naele-pointed,—

Wanting unity, all disjointed,
Where the wild goat's tiny feet,

Agile bounds as hound on street.
Pass we now some mounts that weep:

Smallest waters, strata's seep.
Now a cataract's in view,—

First all one, bared rock makes two
Scurrying down the dizzy side
Serving lake where trout doth glide.