

The fisher-boats ; beyond which, farther far,
 Curling from funnel of great steaming craft,
 A wide diffused feather hangs abaft
 Where it ascends, spreading away behind
 A long grey streamer floating on the wind.
 And other ships, with sails on every spar,
 On which beat hearts of many an honest tar,
 Swiftly they speed, some haven sweet to find,
 Saluting passers-by with mirthful cheers,
 Anigh the harbour and within the bay,
 And thou dost watch them, near and far away,
 As still thou standest this Centennial Day.

VI.

These on the water. On the sandy beach,
 With unprotected feet and pail and spade,
 And dresses above knees to readier wade,
 Near by and all the sandy shore along,
 Their little ships securely held to sail,
 The children play ; while fishers mend their net
 And reel it up, with whistling and gay song
 To help. Where find more happy, gleeful throng ?
 Their cheeks like roses of a brownish shade,
 Laid on a groundwork soft as peach's bloom,
 And eyes, like jewels in some setting pale,
 Outflashing joy without a shade of gloom—
 Roses and eyes are they, a prize to get !
 And now their shouts and laughter our ears reach,
 Of innocence, the joyful sound and speech ;
 In their sweet hearts for guile is yet no room ;
 A hundred years here passing, looking yet,
 Continued, still is going on thy tale.

VII.

But landward look ! See lying all around,
 As with their fragrance all the air is fraught,
 So sweet and peaceful on enchanted ground,
 Peach-tree and vine, quince, plum and apricot,
 Pear-tree and apple, all everywhere abound.
 The early violet, late forget-me-not,
 June rose and autumn, too ; laburnum's gold,
 Accacia purple fair, and other blow
 Follow along, until the spring is old,