



LANCASTER FARM.

beauty, its thundrous rush disturbing for a time their sylvan quietude, then all is still again. Such is the sweet solitude of Valley Creek, where sings its song the happy stream :

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.