

The mountain-tops engaged his eye,
Towering far toward the sky ;
Resplendent in the setting sun
Or grandly bleak in twilight dun.

And then, as more familiar grew
Things which to him were new,
His eyesight pierced the deep defiles—
Nature's grand cathedral aisles—
Irregular and yet not rude,
Awful in their solitude,
As rifted from Plutonic rock
By some great centrifugal shock,
They seem like monuments sublime
Linking past with present time.

He hears a scream and then espies
Circling upward to the skies,
Half in anger, half in fright,
Till she's almost out of sight,
An eagle, startled from her nest
At sight of some unwelcome guest ;
When a heavy-laden train
Rushes up the narrow lane,
Looking as if poised on air
A thousand feet above the lair
Of gaunt grey wolf or grizzly bear.