

Through the vistas, quick glimpses of rock, stream and grass,

Then fitful we loiter by mounds plump with moss,  
With sunbeams like fluid gold, streaking across,  
We peel the sweet birch bark, we pluck from the ground  
The rich, pungent wintergreen growing around,  
We taste the sour sorrel, in handfulls we pick  
The bright partridge-berry sown crimson and thick,  
We hear the near quail, from the rye stubble, call,  
And we watch the black beetle on rolling his ball;  
Then forward again, with new strength, on our way,  
Our footsteps as light as our bosoms are gay,  
A whirr—and, so sudden, the heart gives a bound,  
The partridge bursts up from his basin of ground;  
Three clear, fife-like notes—first, a low, liquid strain,  
Then high, and then shrill—all repeated again,  
'T is the brown-thresher, perch'd on yon pine grim and dark,  
Our sweetest of minstrels—our own native lark.

We pass the low sawmill—the bridge o'er the brook,  
Where it glides, slow and deep, by each alder-cloth'd nook,  
We toil up the hill—o'er the fields are the frames  
Of hemlocks, scath'd black by the fierce fallow-flames,  
Or girdled, with half naked trunks smooth and gray,  
To catch the red lightning, or sink in decay.

Again the wood closes—still wend we along,  
The robin is cheering our hearts with his song,  
The black snake, warm basking, his sunlight forsakes,  
As, at the loud beat of our steps, he awakes,  
The trees shrink away—one more hill to our feet,  
And our eyes, Pleasant Pond, in its beauty will greet;  
There glitters the outlet—still, upward, we pass,  
And there, spreads its smooth polish'd bosom of glass,  
On the East, lifts a hill, low and rounded, its crown  
With a slope, like a robe, on each side falling down,  
All verdant with meadow, and bristling with grain,  
From its top, to the edge of the bright liquid plain,  
Thence the banks, sweeping round to the North and the West,

With clearing and field interspersed on their breast,  
Are lost in the black frowning gloom of the wood  
That hides, with its shadows, the Southernmost flood.

How quiet, how peaceful, how lovely, the scene!  
The glossy black shades, from yon headlands of green,  
That sheet of bright crystal, which spreads from the shore,  
Now dark'ning, as lightly the breeze tramples o'er,

Those shafts of quick splendor—these dazzles of light—  
So painful, so blinding, eyes shrink from the sight;  
And still, to our fix'd gaze, new colors reveal,  
Here, gleaming like silver—there, flashing like steel.

We hear, in the stillness, the low of the herd,  
The sound of the sheep-bell, the chirp of the bird,  
All borne from the opposite border—and hark!  
How the echoes long mimic the dog's rapid bark!  
See that white gleaming streak—'t is the wake of the loon  
As she oars her swift passage—her dive will be soon;  
She's vanish'd—but upward again to the sight,  
Her dappled back lit by a pencil of light,  
But the bark has arous'd her—she's seeking to fly;  
She stretches her neck, with shrill, tremulous cry,  
She flutters in low heavy circles just o'er,  
Till nerv'd by the loud hostile sounds from the shore  
Uprising, she shoots, like a dart, to her brood  
Close hid in the water-plants edging the wood.

On this lap of green grass, the white cloth is display'd,  
A maple sheds over its golden streak'd shade,  
We place cup and trencher—the vintners are spread,  
Whilst a pile of pine-knots flame a pillar of red,  
We slice the rich lemon—the gifts of the spring  
Bubbling up in its gray sandy basin, we bring  
The white glistening sugar—the butter, like gold,  
And the fruits of the garden, our baskets unfold,  
The raspberry bowl-shap'd—the jet tiny cone  
Of the blackberry, pluck'd from the thickets are strown,  
All grace the grass-table—our cups mantle free  
With the dark purple coffee, and light amber tea,  
Wood, water, and bank tongue the laugh, and the jest,  
And the goddess of mirth reigns supreme in each breast.

The sunset is slanting—a pyramid bright  
Is traced on the waters, in sangles of light,  
A gray blending glimmer then steals like a pall,  
Gold, leaves hill and tree-top—brown, deepens o'er all  
The bat wheels around—sends the night-hawk his cry,  
And the cross-bill commences her sweet lullaby,  
In the grass chirps the cricket—the tree-toad crows shrill,  
And the bark of the watch-dog sounds faint from the hill,  
We smile at the hoarse heav'd up roar of the frog,  
And his half-smother'd gulp as he dives from his log,  
And then hasten homeward, fatigu'd, but still gay,  
With the moon's lustrous silver to brighten our way.

## TO FANNY H\*\*\*.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

CARELESS maiden, careless smiling,  
Tossing back thy raven hair,  
Guiltless thou, though all beguiling,  
Scarcely conscious thou art fair.

Playful words with music ringing  
Lightly falling from thy tongue—  
Snatches of old minstrels singing,  
Telling that thy heart is young—

Flashing now thy radiant eyes  
Liquid with the light of youth,  
Stealing gladness from the skies  
Only known to souls of truth—

Maiden, on thy heart hereafter  
Will a holier spell be wrought,  
That shall mellow down thy laughter,  
Deepen every inmost thought.

Then thine eye shall droop in sadness,  
Shielding thus the fount within—  
Hope, now speaking in its gladness,  
Then shall be to fear akin.

And a spell shall be around thee—  
Love thy spirit shall control—  
Yet rejoice when it hath bound thee—  
Love creates for thee a Soul.