

Yes, dearest we are happy here
In this sweet solitude
Of ours, no heartless ones come near
Or tiresome scenes intrude.

The mock-bird on our green yard tree
Sings through the live long night
And greets the moon, his heart less free
Than ours, his hopes less bright!

At eve beside our cottage door
We watch the skys last hue,
And listening to the oceans roar
Our thoughts the day review.

Would that we thus might ever be,
Far from the world's dark snares!
Mid nature's wildwood purity,
Untrammelled by earth's cares!

Ben Lemond

Cedarpoint June 1, 1841.

-----Margaret Lea Houston.