

**FOREST PICTURES  
IN THE  
ADIRONDACKS**

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Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks by John A. Hows & Alfred B. Street

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**JOHN A. HOWS & ALFRED B. STREET**

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IN THE  
ADIRONDACKS**



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IN THE

## ADIRONDACKS

BY

JOHN A. HOWS

WITH ORIGINAL POEMS BY ALFRED B. STREET

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*The Illustrations engraved by Messrs. BOBBETT & HOOPER.*

## AT REST.

THE soft Southwest says, Take thy rest  
To-day upon Nature's kindly breast!

Those trees, that throw a network glow,  
Of sable and gold, on the floor below,  
Gleamed out last night, enamelled bright  
In the kindling flush of my camp-fire's light.

From far crept fine the panther's whine,  
And moaned and moaned the sorrowing pine.

The hemlock spread my fragrant bed,  
And I lay till the live roof sang o'erhead.

Yes, balmy breeze, I'll take sweet ease,  
Brimful of blisses, under the trees!

On yon dim spray, in russet gray,  
Sits the Saranac Nightingale piping away!

That speck upon the cloud just won,  
Is the black mountain eagle drinking the sun!

I'll launch my boat, and idly float  
O'er the winding water, and all things note:

All things that gleam along the stream—  
Water-bird, water-fly, blossom, or beam.

And thus the hours I'll wing with flowers,  
And speed them away in these dreamy bowers.





## THE STORM MOUNTAIN.

THE mountain frowns black to the battling storm,  
He bristles his bayonet-pines to dare  
The flashing charge of the wrathful air.  
But yet the sunlight, cheery and warm,  
Kindling the darkness, paling the glare,  
Tells that the fierce warring foe will deform  
The scene little longer, but, shorn of his sway,  
Breaking and dwindling, will vanish away.  
While, scattered like stars in the glancing glow,  
Lilies gleam out from the lake's deep gloom;  
And trees rich chequer of shadow throw  
Where wild birds warble and wild flowers bloom,  
And waterfalls tinkle in foamy flow.

Symbol of life in its shadow and sheen!  
Even when sorrow is shading the heart,  
Hope's ray cheerily dances between,  
Telling the tempest will soon depart.

Symbol of thee, with the lake of thy tears,  
Oh land, and thy mountain of strife and of sorrow!  
But bright through the battle-rack Hope appears,  
Smiling in promise of golden morrow.



