

OVERLOOK.

BY J. J. SNOOK.

We cannot tell you half our glad emotion
As from the "Overlook" we gaze enraptured,
Where up and down the valley wide extending
We see a hundred fields and forests mapped.
'Tis changing ever, from the spring till fall:
At first with furrows straight and meadows green,
Then, waving, ripening grains of different kinds,
With vines and orchards fruiting in the scene.
See ~~now~~ ^{the} buildings, and the happy homes
Scattered o'er the landscape of extended size;
Or watch the rapid trolley as it glides,
Sinking in vales or on the hill tops rise.
Or, view the mighty engines with their trains,
Trembling the earth and air with rumbling sound;
How quick they come, how rapidly depart,
Giving variety the whole year round.
And later on behold the golden sheaves,
While distant stacks of grain like dots appear;
See forest patches colored by the frost, ^{tinted}
And wish their gorgeous beauty colors near.
While closer by the cattle may be seen,
And flocks of sheep, with frisky lambs at play;
We sometimes wonder at their antics queer
And why the cattle graze with heads one way.
The valley village nestles close at hand,
Its varying whistles rend the air betimes;
While music from its charming bells sound forth,
Filling the living picture with their chimes.
Blest Rochester! 'mong charms sublime you stand,
The emerald hills and sparkling streams compete
With nature, in her happiest, brightest moods,
To make your glad surroundings most complete.
Lights of the night gleam from Detroit forth,
Like diamonds bright they twinkle in their glow;
From "Overlook" you see their dancing sparkle,
Their distance, guessing you could never know.
The sunrise, and the sunsets, O, how grand,
With ~~tinted~~ ^{float} cloudlets and their glittering frills;
Or at high noon watch sunshine bright and shade
Chasing each other o'er the sloping hills.
If satisfied with only rocks and seas,
Then at this picture ~~grand~~ ^{fair} you need not look;
But if for fertile vale and verdant hills you sigh,
Then view the scene from lovely "Overlook."



MACKINAC ISLAND.

—BY J. J. SNOOK.

If in your soul there's room for beauty's charm,
Or from its greatest grandeur echoes back,
Hush not its longings, or its lofty flights,
Till you have known and ~~seen~~ ^{known} old Mackinac.
Grand Mackinac.
Isle of the Straits, some miles from any shore,
Standing erect, with jagged, lofty sides,
Smiling in Nature's freshest, gladdest glow,
Two hundred feet above the splashing tides.
Bright Mackinac.
See ~~now~~ ^{the} pebbly beach, its form encircling,
Without a rush or reed to mar its charm.
Through waters clear as glass we see the bottom,
Not rough, or wild enough to cause alarm.
'Round Mackinac.
Shall we together climb the zigzag hill,
And ride on winding woodland roads awhile?
Surprised at every turn, and glimpses catching,
Of grandest scenery, which our souls beguile.
On Mackinac.
See steamer palace floating o'er the lake;
Look, way down there is Sugar Loaf's retreat.
They say, that those who in its shadows rest,
Will soon be truest friends, or lovers sweet.
At Mackinac.
Why! Here we're coming to the lake again,
And through Arch Rock so high, behold its glitter.
For words of wonder, or for feelings grand,
Is there in all the world a place that's fitter,
Than Mackinac?
Here stands the old French fort, two centuries old,
And there Fort "Holmes," with only now a name;
Old Mission Church, and the work of Marquette,
And fur-trading station of Astor fame.
Historic Mackinac.
Behold! This island's strange bewitchings,
With bluffs of quaintest naming on its hem,
You cannot grasp its charm by wordings,
This Isle of all the lakes the loveliest gem.
Queen Mackinac.