



S. G. RITTERBUSH, CAMDEN.

**T**HE stones from out the fields they bring,  
 And leave in scattered piles.  
 And timbers from the forest fling  
 To draw for countless miles.  
 With these by builders artifice  
 By square and compass wise  
 Does he construct an edifice  
 Well fit for kingly eyes.  
 His masterpieces you will sight  
 Portrayed in dams and mills  
 Tho all the things he builds are right  
 And will outlast the hills.