

She is on again, and the waters fly  
 From her pointed prow, and the billows high ;  
 Oh horrid din ; and the thunders boom,  
 And light'nings gleam through the purple gloom,  
 A crash ! a crash ! and a louder splash ;  
 And a gallant mast has reached the tide,  
 And axes gleam o'er the fallen beam,  
 To sever death from the vessel's side.

But hush, there is light on the western sea,  
 Like the faintest gleams of memory !  
 It tinges the wave with its welcome ray,  
 It falls in beams on the less'ning spray,  
 And light'nings cease, and thunders stay,  
 And clouds to the bright'ning sun give way ;  
 The surges sink in the dying wind,  
 The sailors gladly their sails unbind,  
 The snowy deck of the vessel dries,  
 And tears are wiping from happy eyes,  
 While downwards the sunrays brightly pour  
 On smiling looks, for the storm is o'er.

## TO A LAND BIRD.

Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks !  
 Where blooms the flower and toils the honey-bee—  
 Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks,  
 And woods and hills are very fair to see—  
 Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam,  
 With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow ?  
 Thou canst not, like the petrel, cleave the foam,  
 Nor, like the osprey, make the wave thy pillow.  
 Thou'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird !  
 Which, from some better land, to this rude life  
 Seem borne—they struggle, 'mid the common  
 herd,

With powers unfitted for the selfish strife !  
 Hap'ly, at length, some zephyr wafts them back  
 To their own home of peace, across the world's  
 dull track.

Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread  
 And I cannot behold thee, save in dreams !  
 I cannot hear the music round thee shed,  
 I do not see the light that from thee gleams.  
 Fairest and best ! 'mid summer joys, ah, say,  
 Dost thou e'er think of one, who thinks of thee—  
 Th' Atlantic wanderer—who, day by day,  
 Looks for thy image in the deep, deep sea ?  
 Long months, and years, perchance, may pass  
 away,

Ere he shall gaze upon thy face again ;  
 He cannot know what rocks and quicksands lay  
 Before him, on the Future's shipless main ;  
 But, thanked be Memory ! there are treasures still,  
 Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its  
 will.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

## SONG.

'BLOW, GENTLE GALE !'

Blow, gentle gale ! my pinnace sleeps  
 Upon the sea,  
 In yonder tower, my Ella keeps  
 Her watch for me !  
 Ah, lift my snow-white sail,  
 Thou gentle gale !

Breeze, pleasant breeze ! where dallyest thou ?  
 On beds of flowers ?  
 Come, with their odors round thee now,  
 Come from their bowers !  
 And fill my drooping sail,  
 Thou gentle gale !

Come ! lovely wind—a fairer rose  
 Awaits thy kiss ;  
 On Ella's cheek thou may'st repose,  
 And faint with bliss,  
 So thou wilt stir my sail,  
 Thou gentle gale !

Ah, joy ! the waters, crimson-dyed,  
 Far, far away,  
 Touched by thy unseen pinions, glide  
 In merry play ;  
 Fill, fill my shivering sail,  
 Thou gentle gale !

Thanks, gentle gale ! my pinnace rocks—  
 My streamers fly—  
 The mists float on, like soaring flocks,  
 Along the sky ;  
 Press, press my willing sail,  
 Thou gentle gale !

Blow on, sweet breeze !—a moment more,  
 And I shall see  
 Her signal, waving from the shore.  
 To welcome me ;  
 Rend, if thou wilt, my sail !  
 Blow, gentle gale !

P. B.

## SONNET TO A CHILD.

A ROSEBUD opening, pearled with morning dew,  
 Through the young foliage glancing, light and  
 free,  
 A gentle fountain gushing joyously  
 O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue  
 Of the still heavens, or beacon on the sea ;  
 These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours !  
 Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space ;  
 But be thy bloom more durable than the flower's ;  
 Thine all that fountain's purity and grace !  
 And may no blight fall on their hopes, who trace  
 Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine !  
 Be thou the starlight of their day's decline,  
 Waking unearthly dreams. O may'st thou be  
 All I would fondly deem—All they would pic-  
 ture thee !