

Do you see that gleam on the wave-tips now?
 How it calms frail hearts affrighted!
 Hold her up one notch; see the light; steady now;
 Lower away. Close call, my brother.



THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

KING, is he? kneel if he be, and uncover before him;
 Belted and plumed, royal blue, and notoriously quarrelsome;
 Capable too, and he knows it,—an arrogant boaster!
 The other birds shun his abusive and wearisome chatter.

Pity his queen-fisher, deep in her den at the cliff-top,
 Nursing the callowest goslings that ever picked eggshell,
 While he, with his mirror beneath, in profound meditation,
 Sits preening, and wasting his time, like professors and poets!

But he's off! and he poses himself like a spectre in Heaven,
 Then drops like Jove's bolt with a splash,—then again he emerges
 And speeds with his trophy to comfort that spouse we had pitied.
 He cannot be kingly with feelings so intensely domestic?