

They're wayward and reckless of heart-strings,  
They've jerked from their sockets on shore;  
Of fearful breasts that flutter with wings,  
And shudder in their being's core;

For loved ones in galleries gathered,  
Star spangled as India's strand:  
In wilderness waters tight tethered,  
As on a rock or shoal of sand.

The iron-clad galley spurns the wave;  
The prize or pet of seas or sky:  
Unheeding, pollutes sister's green graves;  
Of cousins, reckless, planing high.

She dips below steeples and crest hills;  
Seems plunging plumb down in the deep:  
Now losing the lighthouse top and sill;  
She flies Neptune's salt fruit to reap.

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### **The Morning.**

See yonder off there o'er the East's wall,  
The moulted mists like banners fly:  
The fiends have built flues for their fire-balls;  
See there they are poking the sky!

Yes, Merc'ry is blazing the highways;  
He pioneers routes for the morn;  
And guarantees gladness night and day,  
From Borealis to the Horn.