

And many a brief unlettered prayer
 Invoked for her dear sake shall be,
 Who now, upon that moonlit deck,
 Stands, singing—"Pray for those at sea!"

This portionless young lady, who is proceeding with a younger sister to India, is followed in the musical concert by a lover whom the fortunes of travel have already provided for her in the person of a young Irish adventurer, whom we fear her relatives in the midland counties would hardly consider a good match:—

One of a widow's wealth of sons,
 (Who had no other wealth on earth,)
 Accustomed to a struggling lot,
 Even from the moment of his birth;
 The fearless hope—the frolic smile—
 The tender word—the ready jest—
 Sprung up like wild flowers in the sun,
 And decked his poor home in the West.
 Ah, happy home! where all seemed well,
 While all were there to laugh and sing—
 Ah, happy home! which human love
 Had girded with its magic ring—
 Where the meek widow's merry boys,
 And soft-eyed girls their fate defy,
 By mere unconsciousness of cause,
 In poverty, to bid them sigh—
 How often, in more splendid halls,
 He heard exchanged such bitter words,
 The voice of his sisters came
 To memory, sweet as music chords;
 Their glad-ome looks—his mother's smile—
 His brother's warm and claspng hand—
 Thrilled to his soul, and bade him bless
 That green nook in his native land!

Then we have an emigrant mother, with an infant at her breast, who pours forth a plaintive lullaby to lovely music:—

The old trite story—ever new,
 To those who find its fate their own,
 Had been that woman's lot; she loved,
 Was wooed—was left—and now was lone.
 And in the burst of her despair,
 She would have yielded up her breath,
 But that a rosy cherub stood
 Ever between her soul and death,
 Saying "forsake me not, dear life,
 That art the better part of mine;
 Have pity on the feeble grass,
 Which baby fingers round thee twine:
 Have pity on the dumb bright eyes
 Whose sole expression is of love,
 Still answering with a ready smile
 The mother's smile that bends above;
 Have pity on the tender limbs
 Now cradled on thy rocking knee—
 If even friends thy prayers have spurned,
 Oh! what will strangers prove to me!"

In introducing the two Hindostanee boys, who sing the next duet, the poetess indulges in certain passionate apostrophes to "southern mouths," and "southern smiles," and "southern eyes," which cast a reflection upon the north that appears to us to be libellous, and in which our Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbid us to concur. We are more inclined (especially at the present season) to join in the aspirations for a better and warmer climate which immediately follow:—

Oh! sultry days, and moonlight nights,
 Oh! stars, whose glorious light on high,

Treble the frosty twinkling gleams
 Vouchsafed us in our northern sky—
 No wonder if their Lenting hearts
 To these in happy dreams returned,
 And pined to see the land once more
 For which their banished childhood yearned!
 Fly o'er the waves, then gallant ship—
 With rushing speed glide swiftly on—
 Thy white sails rosy with the tinge
 Each evening of a warmer sun?
 Rise, broad and bright, thou holy moon;
 Make the whole world a summer's dream—
 Bring back, for them, the gleaming flow
 Of Ganges' lotus-covered stream!
 Already all those stranger eyes,
 That crowd so anxiously around,
 To them are like the land-ward lights,
 That vanish from the outward-bound!
 They see their native river banks,
 With many a shapely marble dome;
 They bless the fair and freshening breeze—
 To them, the foreign shore is home.

A ruined laird from the Highlands, to whom this fair climate appears merely a painful exile immediately after their song is ended, gives musical expression to an exactly contrary sentiment. We next have an organ-builder, who regards his art with all the passionate reverence felt by Poussin for painting, and by Wordsworth for poetry, and who is, to us, by far the most interesting passenger on board:—

His soul was in his work: he deemed
 The architect who built the choir,
 And raised the temple from the dust,
 Had less of reason to aspire.
 That silent mass of pillared stone,
 What was it—till the life of sound
 Thrilled through its startled length and breadth,
 And crept in trembling echoes round?
 In vain, unnoticed and obscure,
 No storied page his name embalms;
 There dwelt in work from his weak hand
 The thunder of a thousand psalms.

A rich man, who is voyaging to dispel his grief for the death of his affianced bride, next sings a beautiful lament, entitled "I saw thee while I slept." But this mourner has already begun to find comfort in one of his fellow-passengers—the curate's second daughter—whose charms and their effect are thus sweetly depicted:—

Her voice was one to cheer a home—
 To lull a suffering child to sleep—
 Make reading pleasant to the blind—
 Or stay the tears of those that weep.
 Something caressing in its sound,
 Yet timid—crept into your heart—
 As though it found therein a home,
 And would not willingly depart.
 And still that melancholy man,
 Who sang "I saw thee while I slept,"
 His eyes, upon her shy young face
 In dreamy contemplation kept.
 The pure and resolute sweet look,
 Her elder sister's visage wore,
 She had not; but, to him who gazed,
 Something that touched and pleased him more.
 Something that made him wish to be
 Her friend—her comforter—her guide—
 Sent out so early, and so lone,
 On restless Life's uncertain tide!
 There are to whom home's sacred walls
 A more than common shelter give,
 Like those sweet tandrilled plants that droop,