

Ye winds, sheathe every harshest blast ;
 Lap round, all softest atmospheres,
 The masts of those lone mariners :
 So shall the work be done at last.

So shall the mystic coil be spun
 That weds the Old World with the New,
 And channeling vast ocean through,
 One throb of common life shall run.

So shall be laid, with easy skill,
 A clue for lightning-~~fast~~ Thought :
 Safe through sea-maze ^{is} all be brought
 Each messenger of good and ill.

Hereby shall flash whate'er man saith
 O'er wave-crowned Alp, wave-scooped ravine,
 O'er wave-smoothed wastes of changeless green,
 In folded words of Life or Death.

II.

They talk of empery o'er the wave
 In high-toned, swelling words of boast ;—
 How oft man's brief rule with the coast
 Ceaseth,—beyond slopes deep his grave !

O ! pray ye for those outbound ships,
 That they may slide through balmy noon
 Of day and night ; pray that our moon—
 Full moon of Hope,—have no eclipse.

Pray that they bridge the dread abime ;
 Pray that the century's work be done—
 One cycle of events be run ;
 A better term begin of time.

And yet our hearts misgive for fear
 Lest they have sailed, and thrice ! in vain ;
 Our opening joy folds up again
 And blooms not till a happier year.

observer than in the spirit of cold criticism, which looks from a vantage-ground of some six or eight months, upon the practical inefficiency of the Ocean Telegraph. However much this work has fallen short of the expectations expressed in the subjoined pages, it may not be doubted that the writer's words are prophetic of a triumph which this generation shall see. It is only a comfortable stretch of poetic license to keep our thoughts fixed on the glorious fact, that there have been subaqueous dialogues between Europe and America ; and, if this be not enough, we can easily overleap the disappointments of a few months or years, and cast our eyes on that certain and not distant future, when the interrupted communication shall be resumed."