

POETRY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

*"While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell;
Then while the list'ning peasant shrinks with fear,
And lisping infants drop the unconscious tear:
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."*

FALCONER.

LIGHTLY the breezes o'er the waters flew,
And Heaven's wide arch was one unclouded blue,
As the bright sun a burst of glory gave;
Then slowly sinking, kiss'd the Western wave;
On the horizon is a distant sail,
That spreads her snowy bosom to the gale;
But late a speck, she seemed to mock the eye,
And fade between the water and the sky,
And now the breezes wing her speed so fast,
A flag is seen to flutter from the mast:
Her size,—her sails may be described—and now
Her peopled gallery and golden prow.

Oh! many a wish, and many a rising care,
And many a joy, and many a hope is there;
For in that ship, the father, husband, friend,
Full anxiously await their travel's end;
And some are leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Straining their eyes along the heaving tide
To where the distant shore is seen to lie
Like a dim cloud that rises in the sky;
And some stand musing, as they pensive view
The flying ship divide the waters blue,
And, while they mock the white and rushing foam,
Their thoughts are busy, and their hearts are home;
Now in the East, as daylight dies apace,
The moon arises in majestic grace,
And o'er the waves she flings a path of light;
How many gaze—and gazing bless the sight,
For oh! that orb where'er it may arise,
From Northern waves, or in far Southern skies,
Wherever thought can soar on fancy's wing,
A thousand fond remembrances will bring.
Then oh! how dear when, after years of toil,
With hearts elate we hail our native soil;
How doubly dear that lovely light to view,
Shining o'er hills where first our breath we drew?

Such thoughts are in the ship—and many more
Of fonder framing—while the wish'd for shore
Grows more and more distinct; and fancy sees
Beyond the bound of human vision—trees,
And flocks and groves—and many a spot
Of former happiness—his sheltered cot,