

## At Partridge Island.

AT night, when from a deep sea, slimy ledge,  
The moving tide creeps slowly to the edge  
Of some vast rock, whose mighty bulk hangs o'er  
A sounding cave, the depths reveal a shore  
Of furrowed sand, where colors gleam like eyes  
Of freshly dew dipped stars from azure skies.  
Shadows of trees slant on the moving deep,  
And ever midst the lanes of light, they keep  
Their darkened arms as if enwrapped in silent sleep.

In swaying locks of amber, green and gold,  
The seaweeds lift, and from their rocky hold  
Stream out into the bands of silver light.  
Within the sounding cave, eternal night  
Holds court from sun to sun ; no Protean horn  
Along its walls e'er winds a note forlorn.  
Far off the ever lifting, ceaseless seas  
Fill the great void with gentle harmonies,  
Prompting the soul to sweet yet sad soliloquies.