

night,—I found interesting companionship in the society of a young student of divinity, one of the passengers, who, though a lad of parts and acquirements, did not deem it beneath him to converse on literary subjects with a working man in pale moleskin, and with whom I did not again meet until many years after, when we were both actively engaged in prosecuting the same quarrel,—he as one of the majority of the Presbytery of Auchterarder, and I as editor of the leading newspaper of the Non-Intrusion party. Perhaps the respected Free Church minister of North Leith may be still able to call to memory,—not, of course, the subjects, but the *fact*, of our discussions on literature and the belles lettres at this time; and that, on asking me one morning whether I had not been, according to Burns, “crooning to mysel’,” when on deck during the previous evening, what seemed from the cadence to be verse, I ventured to submit to him, as my night’s work, a few descriptive stanzas. And, as forming in some sort a memorial of our voyage, and in order that my friendly critic may be enabled, after the lapse of considerably more than a quarter of a century, to review his judgment respecting them, I now submit them to the reader:—

STANZAS WRITTEN AT SEA.

Joy of the poet’s soul, I court thy aid ;

* * * *

Around our vessel heaves the midnight wave ;
 The cheerless moon sinks in the western sky ;
 Reigns breezeless silence!—in her ocean cave
 The mermaid rests, while her fond lover nigh,
 Marks the pale star-beams as they fall from high,
 Gilding with tremulous light her couch of sleep
 Why smile incred’lous? the rapt Muse’s eye
 Through earth’s dark caves, o’er heaven’s fair plains, can sweep,
 Can range each hidden cell, where toils the unfathom’d deep

On ocean’s craggy floor, beneath the shade
 Of bushy rock-weed, tangled, dusk, and brown,
 She sees the wreck of founder’d vessel laid,
 In slimy silence, many a fathom down
 From where the star-beam trembles ; o’er it thrown