

As clear and still
As depths they fill.
She used to sit and sing alone.

As gently as the waves reel
The winds that o'er thy bosom swell,
So beats my heart with joy for thee,
As oft I come, O mountain sea!
And when the night with spangled screen,
Secrets and keeps the beauteous scene,
Then still in dreams thy form I see
Come back to me, come fair to me.

With gilded oars and ivory boat,
Then o'er thy heaving breast I float,
Whilst back for o'er thy shores recede,
And isolate, naught to impede,
I bask and breathe in purity
Through endless, vast eternity,
And sail and seek thy billows o'er,
Forevermore! Forevermore!

Come gently then, pellucid wave,
With welcome touch my ankles lave,
As when with smooth and downy stroke,
Some melancholy mood you've broke,
Or left my thoughts so happy off,
With tender words and whisper soft,
And washed away my gloomy pain,
Whilst murmuring there some happier strain.

'Twas thus she came, and oft she sung,
While far adown her accents rung,
Along the broken, rock-lined shore,
Where waves still roll and faintly roar,
But some dread hand has wrought a change,

That one so fair,
With voice so rare,
Should come no more,
Should fare so sore,
How cold the fate
That ne'er is safe!

'Tis strange! How strange! 'Tis deathly-strange!

How fairylke Adelia fair!
So lonely pale, so strangely rare,
But like the blush of fading morn,
As joy is chilled by hope forlorn,
Like summer shades at close of day,

That fade and grow
So dull and slow,
And throng and throng
So dark and long,
Yet coming near
They disappear,

She too, she too has passed away.

And still the waves till early dawn
Come on, come on, come on, come on,
And rise and fall, come in and beat,
And roll and break and then retreat,
And o'er the same gray hoary stone,
Which Time reverts,
They fall in tears,

And linger so
Where long ago
In sinking Day's
Last adieu gaze,
She used to sit and muse alone.

F. M. L.

The Eastern Question.

Once more it is to be settled by the arbitrament of arms. It was supposed to have been settled twenty years ago, when the allied powers took up arms against Russia, and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire was preserved. But like the Slavery question, so often settled by Missouri Compromise and Fugitive Slave Law, it has not remained settled; nor will the question of the continuance of the Turkish rule in Europe remain settled until it is settled right. This will be no less than the complete overthrow of the Turks.

England, in lending her arms in the Crimean war to support the cause of Turk and Pope against the Nations of Eastern Christendom, played a part little creditable to her. Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann are names suggestive of her shame rather than her glory; for, though the valor of her sons was great upon these sanguinary fields, their blood was shed in an unholy cause, the maintenance of as vile a depotism as ever existed. No false views of expediency, arising under an alleged necessity of preserving the balance of power, should have led her to fight on the side of the Mahometan oppressor of the Christian. This we say, setting aside all considerations of past history, of religion, or race, or language, simply as taking the side of the oppressed as against the oppressor.

The political wrong that resulted in forging upon the limbs of the Christian the fetters of the Barbarian, has been but the continuation of a great historic wrong. The schism between the Eastern and Western churches, and the consequent rivalry between the Eastern and Western Empires, had made a lasting impression upon many minds having scarcely any