

hour, to be sure, is at sunrise; but the Catholic bells are ringing at all hours of the day, and a man would be indolent indeed, who could not make out some religion from these multiplied conveniences.

So passes the day, the week, the month, the winter; and with so much done, there are so many pleasant things undone, that the longer you tarry the greater will be the throng to put a finger on your lips at the last good-bye. Verily, those who love pleasant faces and warm hearts will love St. Augustine. But it is not the place for all. The young, the eager, and the ambitious should not go into that silent land; and especially to those who have that kind of nervous irritation which requires *stimulants* to allay, would the climate be frightful. Such persons would have the St. Vitus's dance. But the mentally-dyspeptic, and all those who have tired of crowds, and forced civilities; all those, in short, who in one way or another have 'had enough of it,' will find all true as above written.

Have you ever found yourself sitting up in bed after long illness, fever or delirium? You listen to the song of birds, and the thousand and one voices of the outside world, and wonder whether you are in the same old planet from which you retired long ago in sickness and disgust. You think back, and there is a confused memory of pain and trouble; of long nights in which you neither slept nor waked; of a kind hand that seemed ever vainly attempting to minister comfort about you, and of low tones sounding in your ear like voices in the dark: musing in this way, you sink back upon the pillow, with your face turned to the light, and after a little, begin to argue with yourself, very rationally as you think, whether *this* too is not a dream, only pleasanter than usual; and then you dispute whether you were just now sitting up in bed, and deciding on the whole that *that* too was a delusion, you fix your eyes upon the sunshine playing on the carpet, and sleep again. Half an hour afterward you wake to the touch of warm lips, the clasp of warm arms, and open your eyes to another's — and so forth.

Not unlike, in this quiet city of St. Augustine, is the feeling with which you thank God that you have escaped the fretting, restless fever of a northern life. As to the lips and arms, I say nothing; but oh! good-bye to the long faces, the sharp look of care and apprehension; the cold reply, the rush of the eager heartless throng; good-bye to all your cold things of the forty-second latitude! I look back upon the long line of a thousand miles, and say that your cold winds shall not reach me; your blustering northerners, and your blustering politics shall storm within their own dominions. Good-bye!

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HEART-COMPENSATIONS.

THERE'S not a heart, however rude, but hath some little flower  
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour:  
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,  
But has some memory of the past, to love and call its own.

## T H E M E E T I N G A T S E A .

'Broken—Sept. 5, Lat. 47 41, Lon. 12, ship South Carolina, OWEN, from Havre, for New-Orleans; (by the Rochester, at Cowes, from New Orleans, commanded by a son of Captain OWEN. They had not seen each other for several years, and the weather being fine, Captain OWEN of the Rochester made a visit to his parent.)

SHIPPING LIST.

WHEN amber skies hung o'er the wave,  
 And autumn winds were light,  
 And neither sea-fowl dipped his bill,  
 Nor petrel took her flight;  
 When o'er the ocean here and there  
 A tremulant ripple swept,  
 And on the vast Atlantic's breast  
 A deepening silence slept;  
 The captain of a gallant ship, with hearty sailors manned,  
 Paced slowly o'er the quarter-deck, and all the horizon scanned.

The stamp of youth not yet removed,  
 He trode with manly grace;  
 His heart unhurt by brooding woes,  
 No wrinkle marred his face;  
 Yet, with a brow sunburnt and broad,  
 An eye with eagle's fire,  
 A stalwart form, might well work out  
 Ambition's proud desire;  
 He for the moment felt a thrill as tender yet as wild  
 As e'er touched woman's bosom, or the heart of sunny child.

Afar, and yet how far it was!  
 A white speck caught his eye,  
 Most like the wing of some fair bird,  
 Between the wave and sky;  
 But though along the trackless deep  
 Such things were often seen,  
 The sailor's eye was moistened,  
 And he showed an altered mien;  
 Whoe'er could then have looked upon the compass of his soul,  
 Had marked the needle of quick joy point truly to Hope's pole.

' Make sail! make sail! ay, 'fore and aft,  
 Below, and up aloft;  
 Spread wide the billowy canvass,  
 To catch the breezes soft.  
 My spirit feels, that ere this day  
 Shall deepen into shade,  
 Or ere these winds shall all expire,  
 Or sunset colors fade,  
 I'll grasp a hand, and clasp a form, ungrasped, unclasped for years!' '  
 ' Ay, ay! make sail!' the seamen cried, 'stand by to haul, with cheers!'

Then glided fleetly o'er the wave  
 That tall and graceful ship,  
 While ripples murmured at her bow,  
 As words from woman's lip;  
 The dark keel glided onward,  
 O'er beds of tinted shell,  
 And shaded from the intruding sun  
 Full many a mermaid cell.  
 Joy was around her—joy above, as on her path she went,  
 Like some o'er-joyful messenger, on welcome errand sent.