

A SONG OF THE SEA.

WHERE the breeze is an emerald green,
 The breath of the fathomless deep,
 Fresh, pure, living it falls on the scene,
 While the little waves tremblingly creep,
 So the air of the soul hath this firmness of cheer,
 And over it thoughts like wild vessels veer.

'Tis a breeze from the shore that uplifts
 The surface, and tosses it far,
 But the depths are unmoved, and the drifts
 Of white foam like the cloud o'er the star,
 Hurry on, madly roam, but the light is unmoved,
 Like the heart of the bride for the mate she has loved.

I would sail on the sea in my boat,
 I would drift with the rolling tide,
 In the calm of green harbors I float,
 On the black mountainous chasms I ride,
 I am never at anchor, I never shall be,
 I am sailing the glass of infinity's sea.

Rage on, strongest winds, for the sail
 Has ropes to the fast trimly set,
 My heart which is oak cannot fail,
 And the billows I cheered that I met,
 Cold, — no, good breeze thou art comfort to me,
 There are vessels I hail on the generous sea.

C.

TO THE POETS.

YE who sing the maiden's kiss,
 And the silver sage's thought,
 Loveliness of inward bliss,
 And the graver learning taught,
 Tell me, are your skies and streams
 Real, or the shape of dreams.

Many rainy days may go,
 Many clouds the sun obscure,
 And your verses clearer grow,
 And your lovely songs more pure,
 Mortals are we, but ye are
 Burning keenly like a star.

C.

FOURIERISM.

IN the last week of December, 1843, and first week of January, 1844, a Convention was held in Boston, which may be considered as the first publication of Fourierism in this region.

The works of Fourier do not seem to have reached us, and this want of text has been ill supplied by various conjectures respecting them; some of which are more remarkable for the morbid imagination they display than for their sagacity. For ourselves we confess to some remembrances of vague horror, connected with this name, as if it were some enormous parasitic plant sucking the life principles of society, while it spread an apparently equal shade, inviting man to repose under its beautiful but poison-dropping branches. We still have a certain question about