

A Life On The Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling surge—
When scattered waters surge,
And the winds their rocks surge;
Like an eagle eager I pine
On this dull unglorious shore,
Oh give me the flashing line,
The spray, and tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift gliding craft,
At last! farewell to the land:
The gale follows for a while.
We sped through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout reef and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rage,
A life on the heaving sea!
A home on the bounding wave!

Wednesday July 26th A.D. 1877.

Lat 52.35 N. Long 103.05 W.

Fresh breeze and fair
weather all the 24 hours
Steering to the Westward by the wind.
With all sail set in the old vessel
Almonst Boston.

Parliaments of England.

How parliaments of England,
To lords and commons too;
Consider well what you're about,
And what you mean to do.

If you're now at war with Spaniards,
I'm sure you'll rue the day;
You roused the sense of Whistler,
In North America.

You first confined our commerce,
And say our ships shant trade;
You next confined our human,
And used them as your slaves.
You then insulted Progress,
While cruising on the main,
And had not we declared war,
You'd have done it over again.

How thought our frigates were but few,
And Spaniards would not fight;
Until have Hull your Terrorist took,
And hurried him from your sight.
The ship then took your Police,
You nothing said to that,
The Police being of the line,
Of course she took her back.