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WILLIAM F. POWELL

A SAILOR.

NEW YORK:

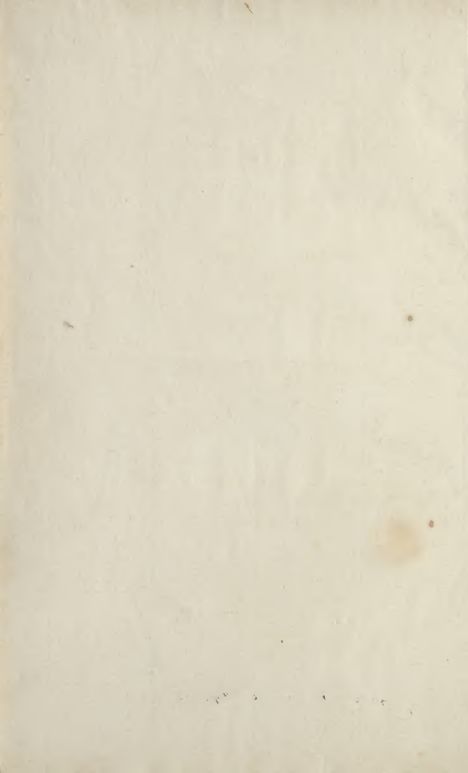
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1844.

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THE
SHIPWRECK;

A Poem,

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

WILLIAM FALCONER,

A SAILOR.

—queque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

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THE
LIFE
OF
WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE obscurity in which the early part of the Life of William Falconer is involved, precludes us from detailing memoirs and anecdotes of him anterior to the year 1751, or even his education. Scotland has the honour of giving birth to this extraordinary genius, who, rising superior to every impediment which surrounded him, displayed his poetic powers at a very early age, in a small poem,

which he published at Edinburgh in the year 1751, on the death of the Prince of Wales, under the title of—*A Poem, Sacred to the Memory of the Prince of Wales.*

From this time till the year 1762, we have no traces of his genius; he then published his beautiful Poem of *The Shipwreck*, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor. The main subject of this masterly composition, is a descriptive account of the voyage of the Britannia merchantman, from Alexandria in Egypt to Venice: after touching at the Isle of Candia, she was proceeding on her voyage, when she encountered a violent storm, that drove her on the coast of Greece, near Cape Colonna, where she unfortunately suffered shipwreck: three only of the crew escaping with their lives. This admirable poem, which has fixed his fame on the solid basis of universal approbation, partakes more of the effusions of fancy than the labours of art, which

he displays in new and original scenes, taken from nature and his own actual observation, and enriched with all the variety of description that can charm, interest, and impress the mind of the reader. He displays an ample combination of nautical ability, in language conformable to marine technical terms, embellished with all the spontaneous flow and smooth harmony of verse.

The Author inscribed this Poem to the late Duke of York, next brother to his Majesty, then an officer in the Royal Navy.—That he was exposed to all the complicated horrors he so forcibly and pathetically describes, appears from several parts of this poem, and more particularly the motto,

————— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui —————

This performance met with a reception highly flattering to our Author's reputation. He was now

patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed--*An Ode on his Second Departure from England as Rear Admiral*; and, emerging from the obscurity of his former situation, he was appointed Purser of the Royal George man of war.

The Demagogue, a satyrical piece, was his next avowed publication, in which he attacks with acrimony the public conduct of the late Lord Chatham, who, at that time, espoused the cause of Mr Wilkes, then under prosecution by government for a libel.

The favourable reception this poem of *The Shipwreck* met with, induced him, in 1764, to publish a new edition, enlarged with upwards of a thousand lines, containing new descriptions, characters, &c.

In 1769 his *Marine Dictionary* made its appearance; a work of much ingenuity, and replete with

information for such as wish to acquire a proficiency in naval architecture, or nautical knowledge.

A third edition of his *Shipwreck*, with alterations and additions, appeared soon afterward, which again added to the reputation he had before acquired.

In this year 1769, an advantageous prospect presenting itself to his view in the East Indies, he embarked on board the *Aurora* frigate, in company with several East India supercargoes, for Bengal ; but, from the time the ship left the Cape of Good Hope, in December 1769, no information whatever being ever received of her, she was supposed to have perished at sea ; and our Poet, with the passengers and crew, in all probability, unfortunately shared the fate of their vessel.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical description of Memory. Appeal to her assistance. The story begun. Retrospect of the former part of the voyage. The ship arrives at Candia. Ancient state of that island. Present state of the adjacent Isles of Greece. The season of the year. Character of the master and his officers. Story of Palemon and Anna. Evening described. Midnight. The ship weighs anchor and departs from the haven. State of the weather. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring shores. Operation of taking the Sun's azimuth. Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

The scene is near the City of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids Ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar,
'That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,

Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain :
But, o'er the scene, while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell Triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies ;
Till hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms, belong ;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name !
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd
In Life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with extacy of pain ;
Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of Love,
While all Elysium warbled thro' the grove :
O ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whose vaults re-murmur to the roaring wave ;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe !

A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore !

Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine !
Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar ?
Or shall a youth approach their hallowed fane,
Stranger to Phoebus, and the tuneful train ?—
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone :
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
“ A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,”
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains !
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measured o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way !
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;

Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of Want and Misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join:
Where the torn vessel, wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Where'er he wandered, thus vindictive Fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate!
Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
Wintered the morn of Life's advancing day;
Relaxed the sinews of the living lyre,
And quenched the kindling spark of vital fire.—
Thus, while forgotten or unknown, he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse!
Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel-wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening Sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the power that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along:

She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light !
In her right-hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began,
Her left a silver wand on high displayed,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look : on radiant wings, that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails ; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores :
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval Time !
By whom transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known, -
And blazoned glories spread from zone to zone ;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscured idea pours the light !
Whose wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space,

Say ! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fatal ship befel,
Assailed by tempests ! girt with hostile shores !
Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasured stores !

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held ;
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued ;
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanced, incautious of each fatal snare ;
Tho' warned full oft the slippery track to shun,
Yet Hope with flattering voice betrayed them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resigned.
Long absent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam :
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crowned each painful voyage with success :
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator rolled his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast obsequious to the gale.

She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had viewed,
'Thence to fair Italy her course pursued ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion called to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blessed with favoring winds, they soon ex-
plore ;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar,
Mark the fell track of desolating War !
Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain !

While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appeared.---
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke !
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke !
No longer Fame the dropping heart inspires,
For rude Oppression quenched its genial fires.
But still her fields, with golden harvests crowned,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
There Hopene'er dawns, and Pleasure never smiles :
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famished babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore :
No lovely Helens, now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms :
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.

Those charms, so long renowned in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run ;
And on th' ecliptic wheeled his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moored beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;
Th' advancing season warns him to the main :—
A captive, fettered to the oar of gain !
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay ;
Determined from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,

Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew !
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard, toil for sordid gold ?
They can ! for gold, too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart :
'This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause ;
'This strews with roses Life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode ;
With slaughtered victims fills the weeping plain,
And smoothes the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienced Albert held the chief command ;
Tho' trained in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
Abroad confest the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just--the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.
Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repelled :
Or point her devious track thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sinks the poles,
Light and attraction, from her genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminished force :
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll ;
His genius, ever for th' event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore :
A hardy son of England's furthest shore !
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main :
That, with her pitchy entrails stored resort,
A sooty tribe ! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger ; proud of skilful bands ;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar* and shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm ; sagacious of the ground !

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand, collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined,
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode :
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners : trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of Truth ;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control
And freeze compassion rising in the soul !
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the
 shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore---
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword---
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
Too oft example, armed with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell :
Thus Rodmond, trained by his unhallowed crew,
The sacred social passions never knew :
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud ;
Bold without caution ; without honours proud ;
In art unschooled ; each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.

Yet, tho' full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,
Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide:

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of Fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms,
On him fair Science dawned in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom withered, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Sisters rove.
Hither he wandered, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravelled zone.
In vain—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of Hope against him closed.

Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,^d
To call Arion this ill-fated swain !
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save :
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots---tutored to divine
'Th' untravelled course by geometric line ;
Trained to command and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name :
A father's stern resentment doomed to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled ;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
'This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale :
O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent ;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betrayed the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listened with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true !
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil,
With av'rice to pollute that generous soil ;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade,
That veiled the beauties of this charming maid :
Indignant he rebuked th' enamoured boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy !

He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravished sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers, enchanting Music failed,
And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevailed.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed a harsher strain ;
In absence now his only hope remained,
And such the stern decree his will ordained.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touched that sordid mind :
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consigned. }
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth :
From clime to clime an exile doomed to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known ;
Who wandering here thro' many a scene renowned,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;

Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft, by Pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night !
In whose sad bosom, many a sigh suppressed
Some painful secret of the soul confessed.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded mind :
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;
He, with Palemon oft, recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recalled to memory by th' adjacent shore. }
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sighed for sorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal owned the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seemed to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide :
O'er all the rest, an undistinguished crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen langour still the skies opprest,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.

High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relaxed from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders reads,
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost---
But with Arion from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crowned;
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruined bulwark tottering o'er the strand;
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twicetwelve summers were yon towers assailed,
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevailed;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturned
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burned.

But now before them happier scenes arise!
Elysian vales salute their ravished eyes:
Olive and cedar formed a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error strayed.

The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the stream renowned in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region langour stole,
And with sweet melancholy charmed the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclined,
In Pity's bleeding bosom poured the stream
Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
“ Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance
taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betrayed!--
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal;
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

“ Albert thou know'st, with skill and science
graced,
In humble station tho' by fortune placed.

Yet, never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide
There live, the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare ;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the dropping spirits to delight.

“ This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares applied :
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reigned,
No vice untuned, no sickening folly stained.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale :
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms ;
'Thrilled every heart with exquisite alarms ;
Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dressed,
'The smile of maiden-innocence expressed ;
While Health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look Complacence smiled serene ;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene.

" 'Twas at that season when the fields resume
 Their loveliest hues, arrayed in vernal bloom ;
 Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
 To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore :
 While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
 From this return, with recent treasures stored,
 Me, with affairs of commerce charged he sent }
 To Albert's humble mansion ; soon I went— }
 Too soon, alas ! unconscious of th' event---
 There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw :
 There wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
 My ever charming Anna ! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel Fate atone ;
 O ! while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
 fraught,
 My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught ;
 When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betrayed
 The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid ;
 While the dim light my ravished eyes forsook !
 And every limb, unstrung, with terror shook !
 With all her powers dissenting Reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling name of Love ;
 She strove in vain ! subdued by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine.—

Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,
In happier scenes, to see my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We roved at evening hour, thro' flowery meads.
There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
To her with tender sighs my hope appealed.
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved ;
For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city-damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !
My suit prevailed ; for Love informed my tongue,
And on its votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.---
Thrice happy hours ! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day !
For here, the sigh that soft Affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes ! too happy long to last !
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast !
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.---
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice ;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure sought
From its loved object to divert my thought

With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the lawless wind :
 For Love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure :
 Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
 With alienated look, each art he saw
 Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolved ;
 At last on cruel exile he resolved,
 The rigorous doom was fixed ! alas ! how vain
 To him of tender anguish to complain !
 His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt,
 By social sympathy could never melt ;
 With stern command to Albert charge he gave,
 To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

“ The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
 And only waited now the leading gale.
 'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
 The heart-felt torments of despairing love ;
 Th' impatient wish that never feels repose ;
 Desire that with perpetual current flows ;
 The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear ;
 Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near :
 Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
 The western breezes inauspicious blew,
 Hastening the moment of our last adieu. }
 The vessel parted on the falling tide ;
 Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied.

The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient Hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear;
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glowed in either heart!--
O! ye, whose melting hearts are formed to prove
The trembling extasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

“ In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
The blushing Virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flashed from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt!
Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire!

Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering fond ideas entertain ?
My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion strayed
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of Grief,
Where never gentle Hope affords relief.
Go then, dear Youth ! thy father's rage atone !
And let this tortured bosom beat alone !
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease ;
Go then, dear Youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;
Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate :
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove ;
On me alone let dark Affliction fall !
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then, haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Ner rashly hope to brave opposing Fate !

“ She ceased ; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties showered celestial grace.

Not Helen, in her bridal charms arrayed,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes ! I replied,
Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide !
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth !
To Sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;
And I, perfidious ! all that sweetness see
Consigned to lasting misery for me ?
Sooner this moment may th' Eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb !
Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night !
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight ;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal !
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep !
Where Fate and Ruin sad dominion keep ;
Tho' tyrant Duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands ;
Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love !
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine !—

“ O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of Sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.

The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain,
For this Prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are
o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more. }

“ Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender
grief,
Now found an interval of short relief;
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu!
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung.
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.
While dying fondness languished in her eyes,
She poured her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, O! ye powers above,
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding Love!
Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:

Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain !
 Bid every guardian minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-loved youth defend !
 —With grief o'erwhelmed, we parted twice in vain,
 And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion streamed in either heart ;
 Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.---
 Forlorn of hope, the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft.
 She to her silent couch retired to weep,
 While her sad swain embarked upon the deep."

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief,
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
 The hapless bird, thus ravished from the skies,
 Where all-forlorn his loved companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate :
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Composed at length, his sadly warbling strain, }
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls ;

Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal !
Ah ! may no wanderer of the faithless main,
Pour thro' your breast the soft delicious bane !
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
O ! warned by Friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone !

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approached the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
The graceful lover, formed in nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry displayed ;
And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed.
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the Son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain !

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene,
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :

The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hushed forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo ! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glow's in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns !
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale :
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love :
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmered o'er the long-protracted cloud ;
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone :
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approached the sacred Hymeneal fane :
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen !
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climbed ; while far above
Sweet Anna charmed them with a voice of love.
'Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawned beneath the jaws of hell,—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung ;
'Thrice with shrill note the Boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor ! proclaims a boisterous cry :
All hands unmoor ! the caverned rocks reply !

Roused from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass* arm.
 The order given, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round; }
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound :
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend :
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
 The boats, with rowers armed, are sent before :
 With cordage fastened to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow†.
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.

* A sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forwards, by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er :
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn, her lamp pale-glimmering on the
sight,
Scattered before her van reluctant Night ;
She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight ;
North-east the guardian Isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning posture, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stud-sails* now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend :
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed ;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud :
'Thro' the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.

* Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the large square sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays.

The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass placed to catch the rising ray*,
The quadrant's shadow studious they survey !
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light :
Then thro' the chiliad's triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguiled.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.
The wales†, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.

* The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

† The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that rolled below :
Where'er she moved, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield, obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field.
There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into Union, yoked in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!--
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest ;
A figured scutcheon glittered on her breast ;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptured prow---from van to rear
Th' artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier !
Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controlled,
An allegoric tale on high portrayed ;
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's Genius in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest ;
The warlike nymph with fond regard surveyed ;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw ;
Serene, yet firm ; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm inured to toils severe,
Brandished th' unconquered Caledonian spear.
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore, }
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore, }
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield : her piercing eye
Flashed like the meteors of her native sky ;
Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a
scar,
And o'er her helmet gleamed the northern star.
The warrior youth appeared of noble frame ;
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame :

Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow,
Renowned in song---the terror of the foe !
The sword, that oft the barbarous North defied,
The scourge of tyrants ! glittered by his side :
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazoned on his corslet shone ;
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
Whose strings unlock the witches midnight spell,
Or waft wrapt Fancy thro' the gulfs of hell---
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of Heaven ! the music of the spheres !
Born on Newtonian wing, thro' air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise !---
These front the scene conspicuous---overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread ;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood ;
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire an English mastiff lay :
Yonder fair Commerce stretched her winged sail ;
Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale---
High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurled
Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest :

Then towered the masts : the canvas swelled on
high ;

And waving streamers floated in the sky.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,

Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.

Thus, like a swan, she cleaves the watery plain ;

The pride and wonder of the *Ægean* main.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land. The gale continues. A water-spout. Beauty of a dying dolphin. The ship's progress along the shore. Wind strengthens. The sails reduced. A shoal of porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea rises. A squall. The sails further diminished. Main-sailsplit. Ship bears away before the wind. Again hauls upon the wind. Another main-sail fitted to the yard. The gale still increases. Top-sails furled. Top-gallant-yards sent down. Sea enlarges. Sun-set. Courses reefed. Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm. Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation. Resolute behaviour of the sailors. The ship labours in great distress. The artillery thrown overboard. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous sea. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert to the crew. Necessary disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed effect. New dispositions equally unsuccessful. The mizzen-mast cut away.

The scene lies in the sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.---The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock in the following morning.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene!

To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With Summer crowned, th' Elysian vallies smile !
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart ;
For these, alas ! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of wo !
Ye tempests o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul !
In black progression, lo ! they hover near---
Hail, social horrors ! like my fate severe !
Old Ocean, hail ! beneath whose azure zone,
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me !
Ye native guardians of your country's laws !
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause !
The Muse invites you---judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art,
In practice trained, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propelled by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond, exulting, felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.--
'The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul :

Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes :
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate ;—
Even they th' impressive dart of Love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheathed in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoyed, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth
In distant bosoms equal ardors glow ;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view ;
When, from the left approaching, they descrie
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps ;
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train,
Let sages versed in Nature's lore explain.
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly !
The guns were primed---the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears ;
The nitre fired ; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,

The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge, from on high !
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills, disclosed th' abyss of hell !
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides ; the whirlwinds rage no more.

While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
Still drinks, unquenched, the full aerial tide ;
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern ;
From burnished scales they beamed refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy ! near the triple prong.
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends :
Unerring aimed, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain ;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.

But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight !
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest ;
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dew's impearl th' enamelled lawn ;
Then from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye ;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye :
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's power display ?

Now, while on high the freshening gale she feels,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
Th' auxiliar sails, that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fixed attention eyes th' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.—
The wind, that still th' impressive canvas swelled,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impelled.

Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost ;
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once inclosed the hallowed fane of Jove ;
Here too, memorial of his name ! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground :
This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slavery broke,
Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne ;
For oft, alas ! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn :
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds rolled on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast ;
The blackening ocean curls ; the winds arise ;
And the dark scud* in swift succession flies ;
While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie† ;

* Scud is a name given by the seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is called the

The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the top-sails by a single reef* :
 Each lofty yard with slackened cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels ;
 Down the tall masts the top-sails sink amain,
 And, soon reduced, assume their post again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore ;
 And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er the Atlantic regions shone ;
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.

A squall, deep lowering, blots the southern sky,
 Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain—
 Reef top-sails, reef! the boatswain calls again!

weather-side ; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated ; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

* The top-sails are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces, by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases ; and again enlarged, proportionably, when its force abates.

The haliards* and top-bow-lines† soon are gone ;
To clue-lines‡ and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering sails descend ; and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air :
The weather-earings|| and the lee they past ;
The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finished, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless, and, with foaming sweep,
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, born to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.

* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered, when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and to prevent it from shaking in unfavourable winds.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails, to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled. Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yards, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up, and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

|| Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies---
 Brail up the mizzen*, quick ! the master cries,
 Man the clue-garnets ! † let the main-sheet ‡ fly !
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
 Thro' the torn main-sail bursts with thundering
 force.

While the rent canvas fluttered in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stopping bark inclin'd.
 Bear up the helm || a-weather ! Rodmond cries :
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies ;
 The prow with secret instinct veers apace ;
 And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace ;

* The mizzen is a large sail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizzen-mast.

† Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the main-sail and fore-sail, as the clue-lines are upon all other square-sails.

‡ It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English Poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached. To the main-sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side ; the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.

|| The helm is said to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

With equal sheets restrained, the bellying sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 Th' attentive timoneer* the helm applies.
 As, in pursuit along the aerial way,
 With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;
 So, governed by the steersman's glowing hands,
 The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
 Again she rallies to the sullen blast;
 The helm to starboard† turns---with wings inclined,
 The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind;
 The mizzen draws; she springs aloof once more,
 While the fore-stay-sail ‡ balances before.
 The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
 They near the prow th' extended tack confined;

* Timoneer (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmsman, or steersman.

† The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a-starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

‡ This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-top-mast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore-top-mast-stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end ;
 To top-sails next they haste—the bunt-lines gone,
 The clue-lines through their wheeled machinery
 run ;

On either side below the sheets are manned ;
 Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand ;
 Once more the top-sails, tho' with humbler plume,
 Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume ;
 Again the bow-lines and the yards are braced*,
 And all th' entangled cords in order placed.

The sail by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tattered ruins fluttering is unbent.
 With brails† re-fixed, another soon prepared,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
 To each yard-arm the head-rope‡ they extend,
 And soon their earings and their roebins|| bend.

* A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

† The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast where it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

‡ The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

|| Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

That task performed, they first the braces * slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack ;
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lowered away, †
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.†

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore :
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide ;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
'That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' etherial vault deface,
Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
'To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea ;
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Roused from their secret deeps the billows roll ;
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore :

* Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

† Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight : and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

The flattering wind, that late, with promised aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betrayed,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe:
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
Even so, caparisoned in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide:—
Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incensed the roaring waters grew;
The ship no longer can her top-sails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled;
Bow-lines and haliards are relaxed again,
Clue-lines hauled down, and sheets let fly amain;
Clued up each top-sail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft on either yard;
They furl the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling tackles* then confined;
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries.

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears ;
 Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now some to strike top-gallant-yards attend* ; }
 Some travellers† up the weather back-stays‡ send ; }
 At each mast-head the top-ropes|| others bend ; }
 The youngest sailors, from the yards above,
 Their parrels§, lifts¶, and braces, soon remove :
 Then top an end, and to the travellers tied,
 Charged with their sails, they down the back-stays
 slide ;

* It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

† Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the back-stays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards, by confining them to the back-stays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

‡ Back-stays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the top-mast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

|| Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant-yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

§ The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

¶ Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter : to retain it in balance ; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other ; which is accordingly called topping.

The yards secure along the booms* reclined ;
While some the flying cords aloft confined.---
Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe ;
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest :
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in fell succession flow :
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend !---
All hands on deck, th' eventful hour attend.

His race performed, the secret lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray,
His sickening fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immersed the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns !
Sad Evening's hour, how different from the past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drowned.

* The booms, in this place, imply any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by stress of weather, &c.

The ship no longer can her courses* bear ;
 To reef the courses is the master's care :
 The sailors, summoned aft, a daring band,
 Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.---
 Rodmond, whose genius never soared beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conned,
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind
 Released the sheet, and kept the tack confined ;
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form ;
 But the sage master this advice declines ;
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.---
 The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
 On sure experience may with truth rely,
 Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
 This barbarous practice ever will reject ;
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
 And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.
 The master said ;—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack, the sailors ready stand†.---

* The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizzen, which are the largest and lowest sails of several masts ; the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† It has been remarked before, in note †, p. 55, that the tack is always fastened to windward : accordingly, as soon as it is

Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
 Swelled by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by†;
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply;
 Thus all prepared,---*Let go the sheet!* he cries,
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies,
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impelled;
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swelled;
 By spilling-lines‡ embraced, with brails confined,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The fore-sail then secured, with equal care,
 Again to reef the main-sail they repair.—
 While some, high mounted, overhaul the tye,
 Below, the down-haul tackle|| others ply;

cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

† It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

‡ The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions, in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

|| The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note *, p. 59.

Jears†, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends ;
 When lowered sufficient, they securely brace,
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place ;
 The reef-lines ‡ and their earing now prepared,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds||, they man the yard ;
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here ;
 That in the van to front the tempest hung ;
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omened ! clung ;
 Each earing to its station first they bend ;
 The reef-band § then along the yard extend :

† Jears are the same to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizzen, as the baliards (note *, p. 54.) are to all inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

‡ Reef-lines are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the roebins legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

|| Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

§ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

The circling earings, round th' extremes entwined,
By outer and by inner turns* they bind ;
From hand to hand, the reef-lines next received ;
Through eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reeved ;
The reef in double folds involved they lay,
Strain the firm cords, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;
But ruling Heaven prolonged thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate.

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea†, up-surg-ing with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole :
O friends ! secure your hold ! Arion cries—
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies :
Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
The shock, and on her side half-buried reels :

* The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard, and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface. See note ‡, p. 57.

† A sea is the general name given by the sailors to a single wave or billow : hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

The sail, half-buried in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave :
While, from its margin, terrible to tell !
Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell :
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard infold :
In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !
Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee !
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command :
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore ;
Should they, though reefed, again their sails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend ;

Or should they stand beneath the dreadful strain,
 The down-pressed ship may never rise again;
 Too late to weather now Morea's* land,
 Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand:—
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,
 Where perils unallayed by hope appear.
 Long in their minds revolving each event,
 At last to furl the courses they consent.
 That done, to reef the mizzen next agree,
 And try† beneath it sidelong, in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declined,
 Till by the jears and topping-lift ‡ confined;
 The head, with doubling canvas fenced around,
 In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound;
 The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles tied,
 To hoist the shortened sail again they hied:
 The order given, the yard aloft they swayed;
 The brails relaxed, th' extended sheets belayed;

* To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

† To try, is to lay the ship, with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a farther illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

‡ The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizzen-yard. (See note 1, p. 60.) This line and the six following, de-

The helm its post forsook, and, lashed a-lee*,
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implored his consort lost ;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And Fates and Furies stood to bar the way ;
No more adventurous was th' attempt to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, to bid th' unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore :
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endured,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immured.
Till Art her salutary help bestowed,
To guide him through that intricate abode.---
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,
The Muse, that tuned to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads like Dædalus, a bolder wing ;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

scribe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizzen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines, used in the room of points, for this purpose, (see note *, p. 53, and note ‡, p. 54.) they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

* Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side. See note †, p. 52.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal ;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all.
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harrassed powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands,
The compasses to circumjacent lands ;
Ungrateful task ; for no asylum traced
A passage opened from the watery waste.
Fate seemed to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.

While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismayed,
The geometric distances surveyed,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives ; grasp every man a shroud ;—
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissevered ruins lie :—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great HAWKE descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the storm their shattered navies groan ;
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone :
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke ;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs ;
The pilot's fair machin'ry strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck ;
The balanced mizzen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawned the pitchy seams.
They sound the well*, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immersed along the line appear.

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod

At either pump they ply the clanking brake*,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take :
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms ;
Grim War around her plants his black array,
And Death and Sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall :
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shattered breach ascend :
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolved till death their sacred charge to guard.

So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help, incessant, by rotation lend ;
But all in vain ;—for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminished depth explored :
Nor this severe distress is found alone :
The ribs oppressed by ponderous cannon groan,
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight.

down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or the diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

* The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.---
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave ;---
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave :
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eased of their load, the timbers less shall groan :
But arduous is the task their lot requires ;
A task that hovering Fate alone inspires :
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
'That ever and anon are drenched with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay !
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away !
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart :
These only now their misery can relieve ;
These only now a dawn of safety give !---
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue ;

The wheeled artillery o'er the deck to guide,
 Rodmond descending claimed the weather-side :
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
 Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the
 deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untamed he stood ; the stern aerial war
 Had marked his honest face with many a scar.—
 Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist*,
 The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced, }
 And pointed crows beneath the metal placed }
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon threw ;
 Then from the windward battlements unbound,
 Rodmond's associates wheeled th' artillery round ;
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The ponderous arms across the steep defile ;
 Then, hurled from sounding hinges o'er the side,
 Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eased, some little respite finds,
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
 Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
 Th' envenomed mantle from his side he tore ;

* The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base or platform.

When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel Fate ;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of seven-fold pangs endured !
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found !
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below ;
Beneath, the storm-lashed surges furious rise,
And wave uprolled on wave assails the skies :
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half-swallowed in the black profound !
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess !
For while, with boundless inundation, o'er
The sea-beat ship, th' involving waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume ;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove ;
Till, gathering fury, like the fevered blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood ;
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound ;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renewed :

Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems.

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends :
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne ;
But here, alas ! his science nought avails,
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
Then the broad angle of lee-way* explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discovered by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound ;
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost ;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful consultation now debate ---

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her counsels in the dead of night.
No blazoned trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft their head;
But here the Queen of Shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and
shower;

Black Melancholy ruled the fearful hour:
Beneath, tremendous rolled the flashing tide,
Where Fate on every billow seemed to ride.—
Inclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood!
Skilled to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise;—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referred:

“Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft;
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.

These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands ;
A leaky ship, embayed by dangerous lands.
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumbered wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind :
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more ;
Yet this or other ills she must endure ;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure !
Thus two expedients offered to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice :
These only in our power are left to try,
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consigned, my orders only wait ;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign---
Forbid it, Heaven ! that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay,
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale :

For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour."

He said---the listening mates, with fixed regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending Fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferred his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart:
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
'The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents:

" Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils their strength o'er-
power!

Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore-shattered by the ruffian seas and wind;

Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea ?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps,
At random driven to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulph of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free ;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumbered dangers rise ;
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares ;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares ;
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, were doomed to perish too :
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

“ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with a doubtful hope :
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee ;
The crew, though harassed long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near :
Shall we, incautious, then, the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?

Prudence forbids!--This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease--the sails once
more
Direct our course to some relieving shore."

Thus, while he spoke, around from man to man,
At either pump, a hollow murmur ran :
For while the vessel, through unnumbered chinks,
Above, below, th' invading water drinks ;
Sounding her depth, they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo ! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail :
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seemed to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate :
Though many a bitter storm with perils fraught, }
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught, }
Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought. }
So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resigned to Fate ;
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul .

“ With fixed attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combined,
While here we linger in the pass of Fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shattered state, and yon desponding crew,
At once suggest what measures to pursue :
The labouring hull already seems half filled
With waters, thro’ an hundred leaks distilled,
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drowned she lies, a dead inactive weight ?
Thus drenched by every wave her riven deck,
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At every pitch, th’ o’erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit-end ?
A fearful warning ! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely :
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th’ increasing leaks defy :
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the watery tomb :
That bids us shun the death impending here,
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.

“ ’Tis urged indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail ?
And driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste ;
But, haply Falconera we may shun,
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
Less harassed then, our scudding ship may bear
’Th’ assaulting surge repelled upon her rear ;
Even then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven, by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthened cables, on the raging tide :
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour ;
But here, ingulfed and foundering, while we stay,
Fate hovers o’er and marks us for her prey.”

He said ; Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o’er the pilot’s art ;
In silent terror and distress involv’d,
He heard their last alternative resolv’d.
High beat his bosom :—With such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorred ;

Trembling approached their incantations fell,
And, chilled with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved ;
And all awake to Friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat :—
Alas ! no season this for tender love ;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove.—
With Comfort's soothing voice, from Hope derived,
Palemon's drooping spirit he revived ;
For Consolation oft, with healing art,
Returns the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved ;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds ;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs :

“ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;
Ye ! who unmoved behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform ;
Who patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near ;
The truth, tho' grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purposed to conceal :

Ingulphed, all help of arts we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh ;
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her battered side ;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea he cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find ;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.*
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer,
For broken shores beneath our lee appear ;
But that's remote, and instant death is here :
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;
Or, sheltered by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside :

“ But if determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels followed, from the watery grave
Our floating sailors on the surf may save.

“ And first, let all our axes be secured,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard ;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore :

* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

The longest cordage too must be conveyed
On deck, and to the weather-rails belayed ;
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar :
Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard ;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save :
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast :
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground :
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend :
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board ;
Let the broad axes next assail each mast ;
And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward cast :
Thus, while the cordage stretched ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety, to the shore.
But, as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast !

Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of Fear ;
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope ! to life itself farewell !

“ I know, among you some full oft have viewed,
With murdering weapons armed, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore, who stand
The foul reproach and scandal of our land,
To rob the wanderers wrecked upon the strand ;
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plundered crew,
Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain :
But dread not this !---a crime to Greece unknown !
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown ;
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny opprest,
Can share affliction with the wretch distrest ;
Their hearts, by cruel Fate inured to grief, .
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.”

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land ;
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered :

“ No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand :
And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair !”—
“ O Source of Life ! our refuge and our stay !
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
Thy mercy supplicate, or doomed to die !
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death :
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust ;
With thee, great LORD ! *whatever is, is just.*”

He said; and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors joined his prayer in silent thought ;
His intellectual eye, serenely bright,
Saw distant objects with prophetic light :—
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress ;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay ;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm ;
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise ;
With deep attention marks th' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow ;

Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulphed beneath two fluctuating hills :
On either side they rise ; tremendous scene !
A long dark melancholy vale between. *

* That the reader, who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

“ Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

“ In trying, as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced, in proportion to the increase of the storm ; and, in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled ; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

“ The intent of spreading a sail at this time, is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water ; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the sea may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which

The balanced ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclined;
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.---
 The order now was given to bear away;
 The order given, the timoneers obey:
 High o'er the bowsprit stretched, the tortured sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale;

turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, (see line 25, p. 77. and line 8, p. 84.) as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state, from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "that every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to that right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind acting upon any part of her length, in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seamen is to reduce the

But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
“ Away there ! lower the mizzen-yard on deck,”
He calls, “ and brace the foremost yards a-back !”
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries :—

action of the wind on the ship's hinder part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces ; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 8, p. 89. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion ; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

“ But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and intellectual. Hence

"Haste ! with your weapons, cut the shrouds and stay ;

And hew at once the mizzen-mast away !"

He said ; th' attentive sailors on each side,

At his command, the trembling cords divide.

Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands ;

Th' impatient ax hung gleaming in his hands ;

Brandished on high, it fell with dreadful sound,

The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound ;

it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium, which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward, to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction, (see line 1. p. 91,) the mizzen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement, in navigation, by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. (See line 8. p. 84.)

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or, if the storm be excessive, without any sail, which, in the sea phrase, is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding, are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern ; the difficulty of steering, which per-

Deep-gashed with sores, the tottering structure
rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings.

Thus, when some limb, convulsed with pangs of
death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath;
Th' experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolved at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

petually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder; by broaching too suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject. Wreck of the mizzen-mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Her violent agitation. Different stations of the officers. Appearance of the island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity. Athens. Socrates. Plato. Aristides. Solon. Corinth. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion of Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Modern appearance. Arcadia; its former happiness and fertility. Present distress, the effect of slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Myæne. Agamemnon. Macronisi. Lemnos. Vulcan and Venus. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. The subject resumed. Sparkling of the sea. Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors. Darkness, lightning, and thunder. Approach of day. Discovery of land. The ship, in great danger, passes the isle of St George. Turns her broadside to the shore. Her bowsprit, fore-mast, and main-top-mast, carried away. She strikes a rock. Splits asunder. Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago, which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defiled,
The human savage roamed the gloomy wild;

When sullen Ignorance her flag displayed,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obeyed;
Sent from the shores of light the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame:
'Twas theirs the lawless passions to control,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glowed congenial with the swelling lay:
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.--
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravished bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborne, on Pegasean wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he
springs;
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue:
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid secret sympathy the heart o'erflow:
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath,
With vital force, dissolved the chains of death;

Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
'Taught by the master of the vocal string.---
'Tis mine, alas ! thro' dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray !
While, all unused the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread,
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire.---
Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp, of yore,
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore ;
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan :
'Tis mine, th' unravelled prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array :
Tho' hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchanged the tragic theme remains ;
Thrice happy ! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart ;
Might the sad numbers draw Compassion's tear
For kindred-miseries, oft beheld too near,---
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast ;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know :
So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathize with Britain's sons distress ;
For this, my theme thro' mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragged behind,
Balanced th' impression of the helm and wind :
The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :
But now the wreck dissevered from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer ;
And while around before the wind it falls,
“ Square all the yards* !” th’ attentive master
calls—

“ You timoneers, her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So steady† ! meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind !”
“ Starboard again,” the watchful pilot cries ;
“ Starboard,” th’ obedient timoneer replies ;
Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
The wheel‡ revolves ; the ringing axle burns !
The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th’ invasions of the sea ;
All lonely o’er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storm, and bursting skies :
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale ;

* To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship’s length.

† Steady is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies, no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound.

The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dashed apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow:
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan;
Upheaved behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright:
Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulph divides;
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale,
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who, from Heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleaved;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown.

Even so she scales the briny mountains height ;
Then down th' abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and Rodmond, stationed on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps ;
Where'er he moves, Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends :
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,
Cries, ever and anon " Look out afore !"—
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view :
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower casts a mournful light :
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand ;
But soon beyond the shore the vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies :
So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.—
That danger past reflects a feeble joy ;
But soon returning fears their hope destroy :
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,

Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
 Hails the glad influence of a warmer zone :
 Its frozen cliffs attempered gales supply ;
 In cooling stream th' aerial billows fly ;
 Awhile delivered from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat :—
 So, when their trembling vessel past this isle,
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

Say, Memory ! thou, from whose unerring tongue
 Instructive flows the animated song !
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?
 Regions of old through all the world renowned ;
 That, once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
 Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost !
 Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
 Unskilled in Grecian or in Roman lore,
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?
 They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
 Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower :
 Here Fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
 The generous climate of the soul deform.
 Then if, among the wandering naval train,
 One stripling, exiled from th' Aonian plain,

Had e'er, entranced in Fancy's soothing dream,
Approached to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense th' attempered soul refine,)
His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,
Alien to joy ! sincerer grief possess ;
Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast
Of ancient glory, shall for ever last ;
There, all unquenched by cruel Fortune's ire,
It glows with unextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Lio's head :—
Great source of Science ! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame ;
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won ;
The first in Virtue's cause his life resigned,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind ;
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire :
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage ;
Just Aristides here maintained the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some scattered columns stand, with weeds o'er-
grown ;

The wandering stranger, near the port describes
A milk-white lion, of stupendous size ;
Unknown the sculptor ; marble is the frame ;
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seemed to strike the skies ;
Whom, tho' by tyrant-victors oft subdued ;
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder viewed ;
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renowned, *
Spread, like the foliage with her pillars crowned :
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then farther westward, on Morea's land ;
Fair Misitra ! thy modern turrets stand :
Ah ! who, unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedemon's glory fell ?
Here once she flourished, at whose trumpet's sound,
War burst his chains, and nations shook around :
Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar ;
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanced with Persia's sunless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near :

* Architecture.



He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repelled with Sparta's glorious train;
Tall Cæta saw the tyrant's conquered bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands:
Thus vanquished Asia heard thy trembling name,
And Thebes and Athens sickened at thy fame!
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause:
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain,
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now!
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race,
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield;
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glowed in each enamoured breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of Sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land;

In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train,
With midnight ravage, scour th' uncultured plain,

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord,
Full twice ten years, with faithful love deplored.
'Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by a stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repelled,
And undefiled the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toiled,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foiled ;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumphed at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er the Ægean main, to Dardan coasts :
Unhappy prince ! who, on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore ;
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
A perjured friend, alas ! and faithless wife,
There sacrificed to impious lust thy life !---
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains ;
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair Isle of Helena* is seen,
Where adverse winds detained the Spartan queen ;
For whom in arms combined the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast ;
For whom so long they laboured to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy :
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruined Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this, appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore ;
Delos, thro' all th' Ægean seas renowned ;
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround,)
By Phœbus honoured, and by Greece revered,
Her hallowed groves even distant Persia feared ;
But now, a silent, unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand !

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crowned ;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurled
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' etherial world ;
There his eternal anvils first he reared ;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appeared

* Now known by the name of Macronisi.

Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
 And, formed by skill divine, Vulcanian arms ;
 There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
 And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
 The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt :
 In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt ?

Eastward of this, appears the Dardan shore,
 That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore :
 Illustrious Troy ! renowned in every clime,
 Thro' the long annals of unfolding time !
 How oft, the royal bulwarks to defend,
 Thou saw'st thy tut'lar gods in vain descend !
 Tho' chiefs unnumbered in her cause were slain ;
 Tho' nations perished on her bloody plain ;
 That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
 Was doomed at length to sink in Grecian flame :
 And now, by Time's deep plough-share harrowed
 o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more :
 No trace of all her glories now remains !
 But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains :
 Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore ;
 Scamander, oft o'erflowed with hostile gore !

Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,
 In counter-view, appears the Thracian strand ;

Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Displayed her cresset each revolving night ;
Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont, to Asia's shore ;
Till, in a fated hour, on 'Thracia's coast
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost :
Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
Her eyes, sad gazing, poured th' incessant tear ;
O'erwhelmed with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried ;
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide :
The parting tide received the lovely weight,
And proudly flowed, exulting in its freight.

Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain ;
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there,
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair ;
Achaian marble formed the gorgeous pile ;
August the fabric, elegant its stile :
On brazen hinges turned the silver doors,
And chequered marble paved the polished floors :
The roofs, where storied tablature appeared,
On columns of Corinthian mould were reared :
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flamed :

Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train,
 Framed their oblations on the holy fane.
 To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed ;
 With golden harps and living laurels graced.
 The sciences and arts around the shrine
 Conspicuous shone, engraved by hands divine ;
 Here Æsculapius' snake displayed his crest,
 And burning glories sparkled on his breast ;
 While, from his eyes, insufferable light,
 Disease and Death recoiled, in headlong flight.—
 Of this great temple, thro' all time renowned,
 Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallowed woods o'erspread,
 Parnassus lifts to Heaven its honoured head ;
 Where, from the deluge saved, by Heaven's com-
 mand,

Deucalion leading Pyrrha, hand in hand, }
 Re-peopled all the desolated land. }
 Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
 And aromatic flowers for ever blow ;
 The winged choirs, on every tree above,
 Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove ;
 While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
 Young zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions, breathe :
 Fair daughters of the sun ! the sacred Nine,
 Here wake to extacy their songs divine ;

Or, crowned with myrtle, in some sweet alcove,
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love ;
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul ;
While hill and vale, with coral voice around,
The music of immortal harps resound ;
Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers.—

Even now the strains, with sweet contagion
fraught,
Shed a delicious langour o'er the thought :—
Adieu, ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where Eden's blossoms ever vernal blow !
Adieu, ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground,
In lucid maze, th' Aonian hill surround !
Ye fairy scenes, where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell !
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dew distil.
Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream !
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme !
Collect thy powers ! arouse thy vital fire !
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire !
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the swelling strain !

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps ;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel ;
For this assault should either quarter* feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel,
The steersman every bidden turn apply ;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly :
Thus, when some conquered host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear ;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close ;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one embodied line.
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore ;
As some benighted traveller thro' the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismayed ;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before.---
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire :
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress ;
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Incensed to sevenfold rage the tempest foams ;

* The quarter, is the hinder part of a ship's side ; or that part which is near the stern,

And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of
woe.

Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan :
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide ;
Her joints unhinged, in palsied langours play,
As ice dissolves beneath the moon-tide ray :
The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling shower ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze :
Th' etherial dome, in mournful pomp arrayed,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its
head :

It seemed the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined ;
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings :—
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes !

Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge ;
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood ;
While chill suspense and fear congealed their blood.
Now, in a deluge, bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' etherial frame ;
Sick Earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Revealed in all its mournful shade and light ;
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire ;
But ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo ! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn :
Hail, sacred vision ! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring !
All nature smiling hailed the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day ;
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried ;
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee :
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,

The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bliss with love some happier rival's arms :
So to Eliza dawned that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away,
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O, yet in clouds, thou genial Source of Light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight :
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
 reign ;
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St George's cliffs arise :
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow ;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to*

* Broaching-to is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster

Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea ;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore ;—
A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismayed, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun ;
When Pelinurus, from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla, on his eastern side ;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph opposed :
The double danger as by turns he viewed,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursued :
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies ;
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar ;
Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves ;
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumbered snares.
But, haply, now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land :
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;

happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the former Canto.

And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore.

When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day ;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes ;
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high ;
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed
A range of columns, long by time defaced ;
First planted by Devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below, with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage ;
The sickly heaven fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight :
And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly ;

A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind ;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud :
“ Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !” he cries ;
“ Thy only succour on the mast relies !”---
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course :
Quick to th' abandoned wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim ;
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam :
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When mounted in the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand, the stripling tried
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.--
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly ;
Fate spurs her on :--thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand ;

Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last :
Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.---
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seems to bring ;
The Fatal Sisters on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore :---
The steersmen now received their last command,
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand ;
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend :
Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below
Down-prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
The fore-mast totters, unsustained on high ;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-top-mast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
Through hostile floods, their vessel to regain ;
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length ;
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, numbered with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
No longer mourn their lost companions' fate :
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclosed with all the demons of the main,
'They viewed th' adjacent shore, but viewed in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell ;
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While Fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help, their suppliant cries implore ;
But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near !
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !—
In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death :

Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold :
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess.---
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above !
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove ;
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain ;
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade ;
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies ;
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground :
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !
Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows---
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock :
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes .

In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length, asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine, with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress ;
Then, too, severely taught by cruel Fate
To share in all the perils I relate ;
Then might I, with unrivalled strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billow's rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan :
Three, with Palemon, on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;

Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!—

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood:
So, pierced with anguish, hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel:
Thus, with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now soft Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclosed:

His lovely daughter left without a friend,
 Her innocence to succour and defend;
 By youth and indigence, set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray:—
 While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned;
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
 His outstretched arms the master's legs infold—
 Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear;
 For Death bids every clinching joint adhere: }
 All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
 The gushing streams roll back th' unfinished sound!
 He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the perished throng,
 Yet ride the pine, which shoreward drives along:
 With these Arion still his hold secures,
 And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures:
 O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
 He looks if poor Palemon yet survives:
 Ah! wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou, incautious, from the wreck depart?
 Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
 And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost:

Thus thought Arion, anxious, gazing round
In vain; his eyes no more Palemon found:
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly;
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away:
Hurled on the crags, behold, they gasp! they
bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' illusive weed!--
Another billow bursts in boundless roar:
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more.

Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell; and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from a watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave;
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drowned!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelmed, and never rise again!

Two, with Arion, yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reached the shore;

Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
The floods recoil, the ground appears below,
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow ;
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O heaven ! delivered by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow ;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour, of unequal praise ;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sickened spark of life revives ;
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians, who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Roused by the blust'ring tempest of the night,
Anxious had climbed Colonna's neighbouring height ;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood ;
The surf with mangled bodies strewed around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-washed ground :
Though lost to Science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore informed their feeling hearts ;

Strait down the vale with hastening steps they
hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escaped, beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reached the shore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay---
It is Palemon;--O what tumults roll,
With hope and terror, in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown!
Arion thus: but ah! sad doom of Fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate:
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dashed and fractured with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late arrayed
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade,
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogged the golden tresses of his head:
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems arrayed,
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung portrayed;
Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:

Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in the hour of wo,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress ?
But thou, alas ! art doomed to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again !
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth upraised ;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppressed,
In faltering accents thus his friend addressed :

“ O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doomed I lie ;
Are we then exiled to this last retreat,
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet !
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoyed,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroyed !
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
By these fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
Far other scenes must soon prevent my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone,
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !

Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe, endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul :
But, O Thou sacred Power ! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !
And you, Arion ! who, with these the last
Of all our crew, survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah ! cease to mourn ; those friendly tears restrain ;
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps re-
store,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore ;
Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
O ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress ;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthened tale to aggravate his pain :
Ah ! then remember well my last request,
For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend ;
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath ;
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death !

But O! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say, that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save!

“ My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee;
But strives in vain;—the chilling ice of Death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath:
Resigned, she quits her comfortless abode,
To course that long, unknown, eternal road!—
O sacred Source of ever-living Light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
Direct her onward to the peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more!”

“ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion joined,
To absence, sorrow, and despair, consigned;
O then to swell the tides of social woe,
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,

While Memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
 And what distress thy wretched friend befel :
 Then, while, in streams of soft compassion drowned,
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 While lisping children, touched with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear ;
 O ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."*

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
 That now inactive to the palate clung ;---
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan ;---he dies !
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes !

As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
 Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay ;
 Transfixed he stood, with awful terror filled,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distilled :--

" O ill-starred vot'ry, of unspotted truth !
 Untimely perished in the bloom of youth,
 Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
 He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand ;

*-----sed scilicet ultima semper
 Expectanda dies homini ; dicique beatus
 Ante obitum nemq' supremæque funera debet,

Ovid. Metam. lib. 3,

His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day :
Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred !
What anguish to the living and the dead !
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doomed the orphan child to mourn ;
Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
But, O my soul, avoid that wondrous maze,
Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays ;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, *Thy will be done !*"

Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived,
To aid the helpless few who yet survived ;
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shattered rafts and corpses of the dead :
Three still alive, benumbed and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined :
The generous natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE scene of death is closed, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying langour on the ear ;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspense awaits o'erwhelmed with
fear.

But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,
At once the future and the past explore,
Their harps Oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon ! if thy shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas ! the gentle Maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom ;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless Phrenzy shall the Father sting,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear ;
Severe Remorse his tortured soul shall wring ;
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost Companions of distress, adieu !
Your toils, and pains, and dangers, are no more ;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In Winter's dismal nights no more shall beat ;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat :

No more the joyful Maid, the sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam:

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume,
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom:

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath
That taints the realms with misery severe:
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year:

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard shall form the long embattled line;
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards, still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep,
O ! happier now, escaped to endless rest,
Then we who still survive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell :
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

The tortured sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart ;
And oft, alas ! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no sculptured pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause ;
What tho' no epic Muse, in living rays,
Records your dreadful daring with applause :

Full oft the flattering marble bids Renown,
With blazoned trophies, deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of Vice with never-dying fame:

Yet shall Remembrance, from Oblivion's veil,
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

FINIS.

OLIVER & BOYD, Printers, Edinburgh.

Tell me the story of the life of the
 The slave of God with a heart of gold
 And who, in the end, was found
 The slave of God with a heart of gold

7. I shall be remembered for O'Brien's work
 I shall be remembered for O'Brien's work
 And who, in the end, was found
 In the end, was found

THE SILENT SPEAKER
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