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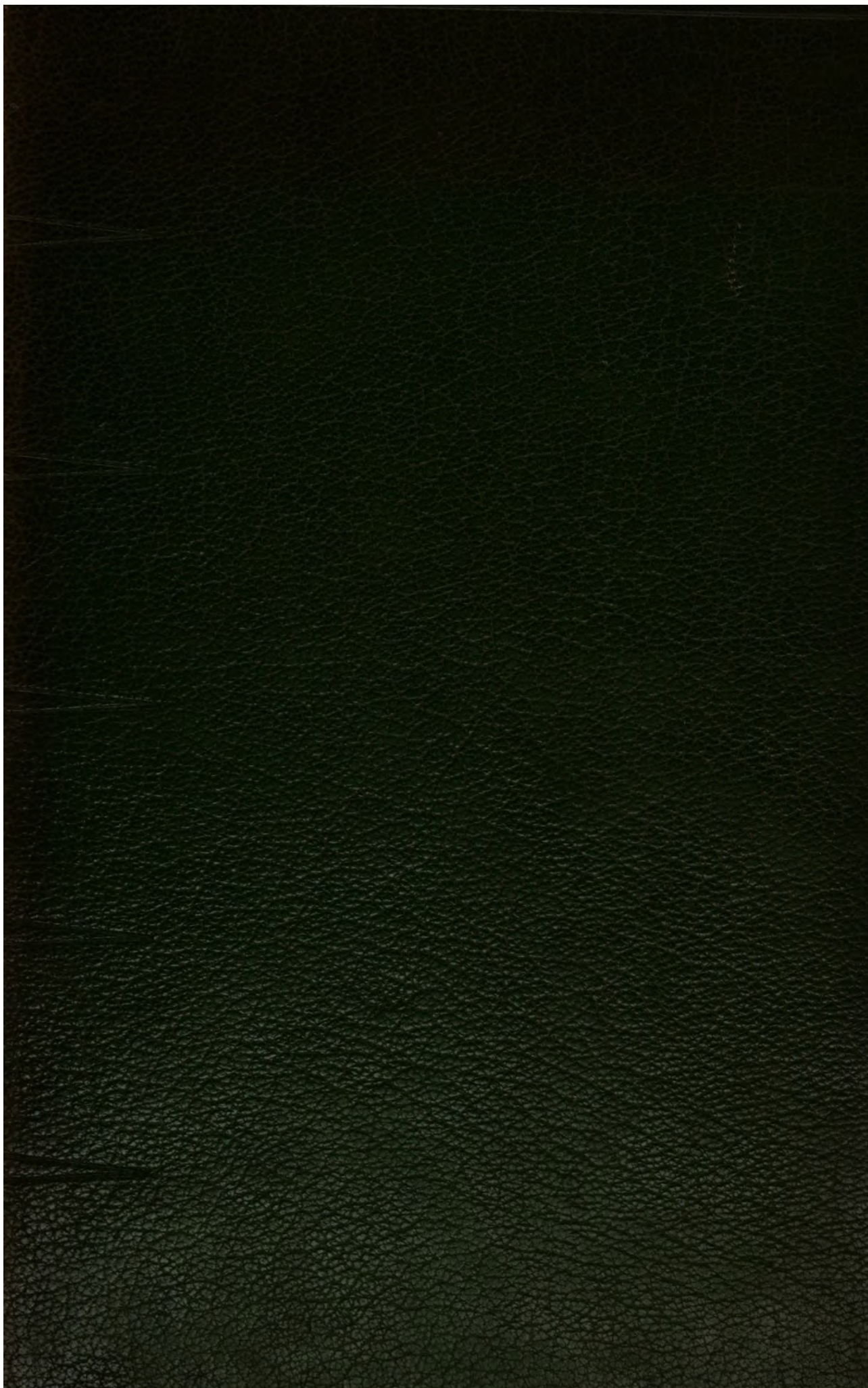
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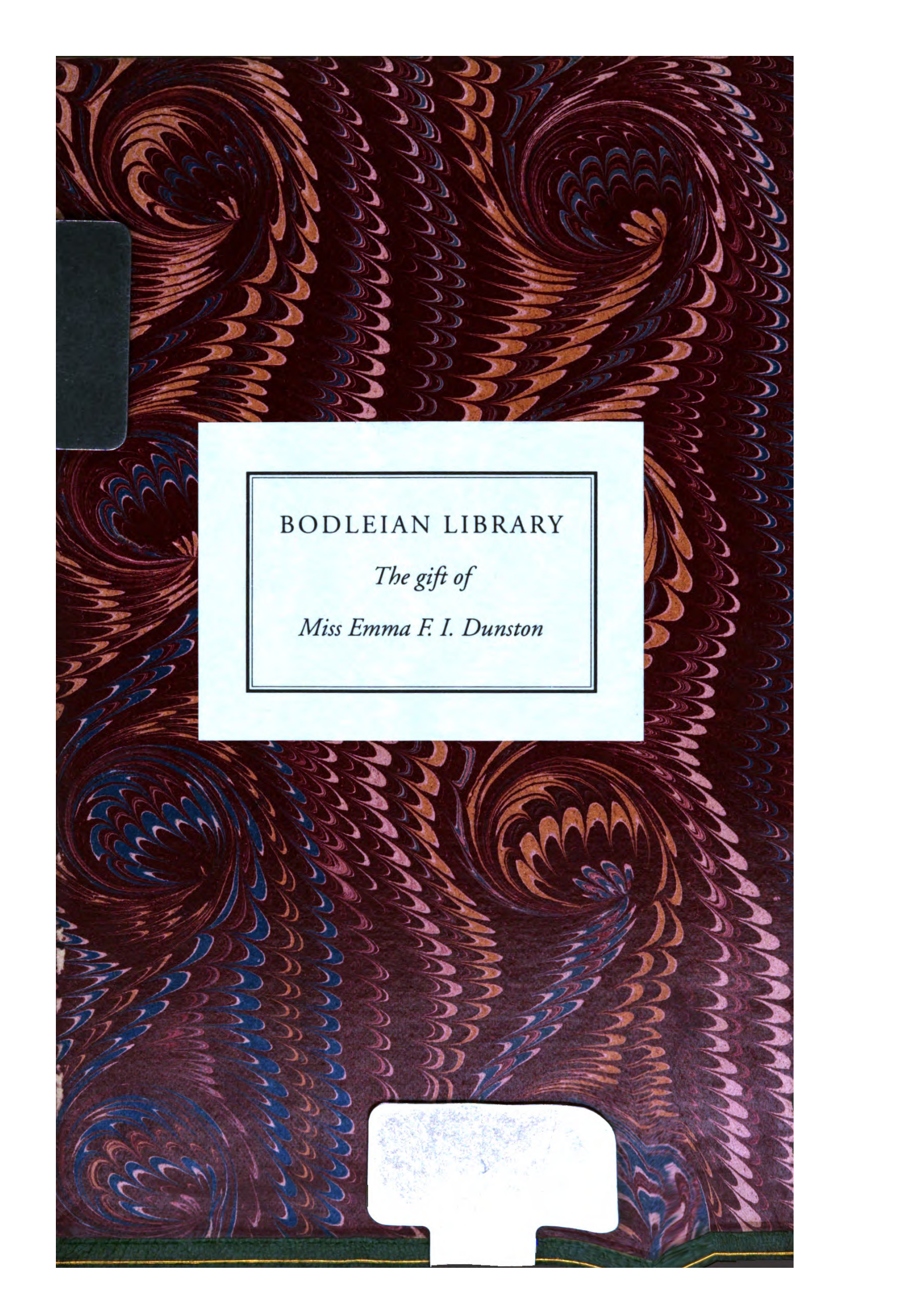
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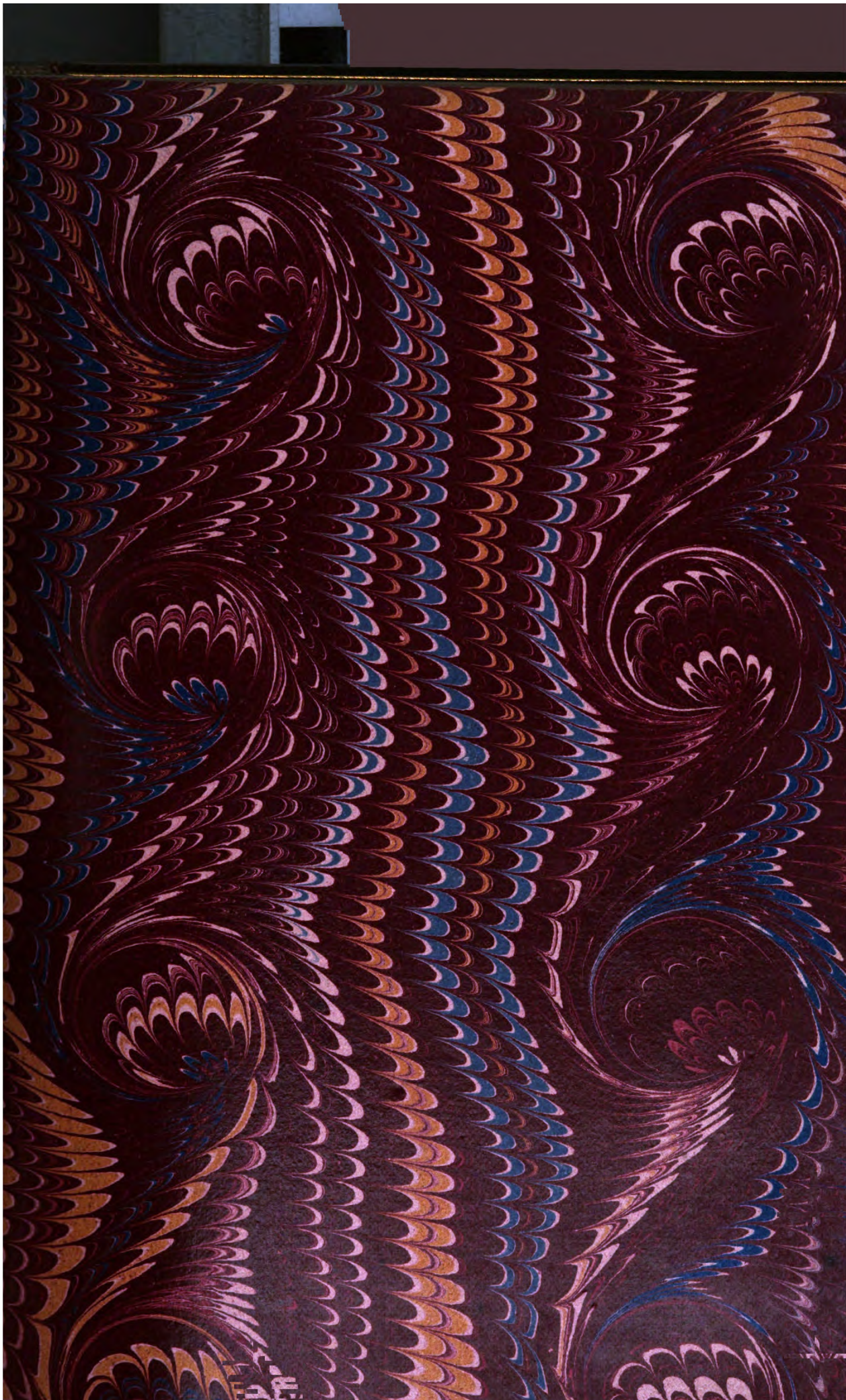


The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is decorated with a complex marbled pattern in shades of dark brown, blue, and gold. A central white rectangular label is framed by a thin black border. On the left edge of the cover, there is a dark grey rectangular sticker. At the bottom center, there is a white, T-shaped cutout. The book is bound in green cloth, visible at the very bottom edge.

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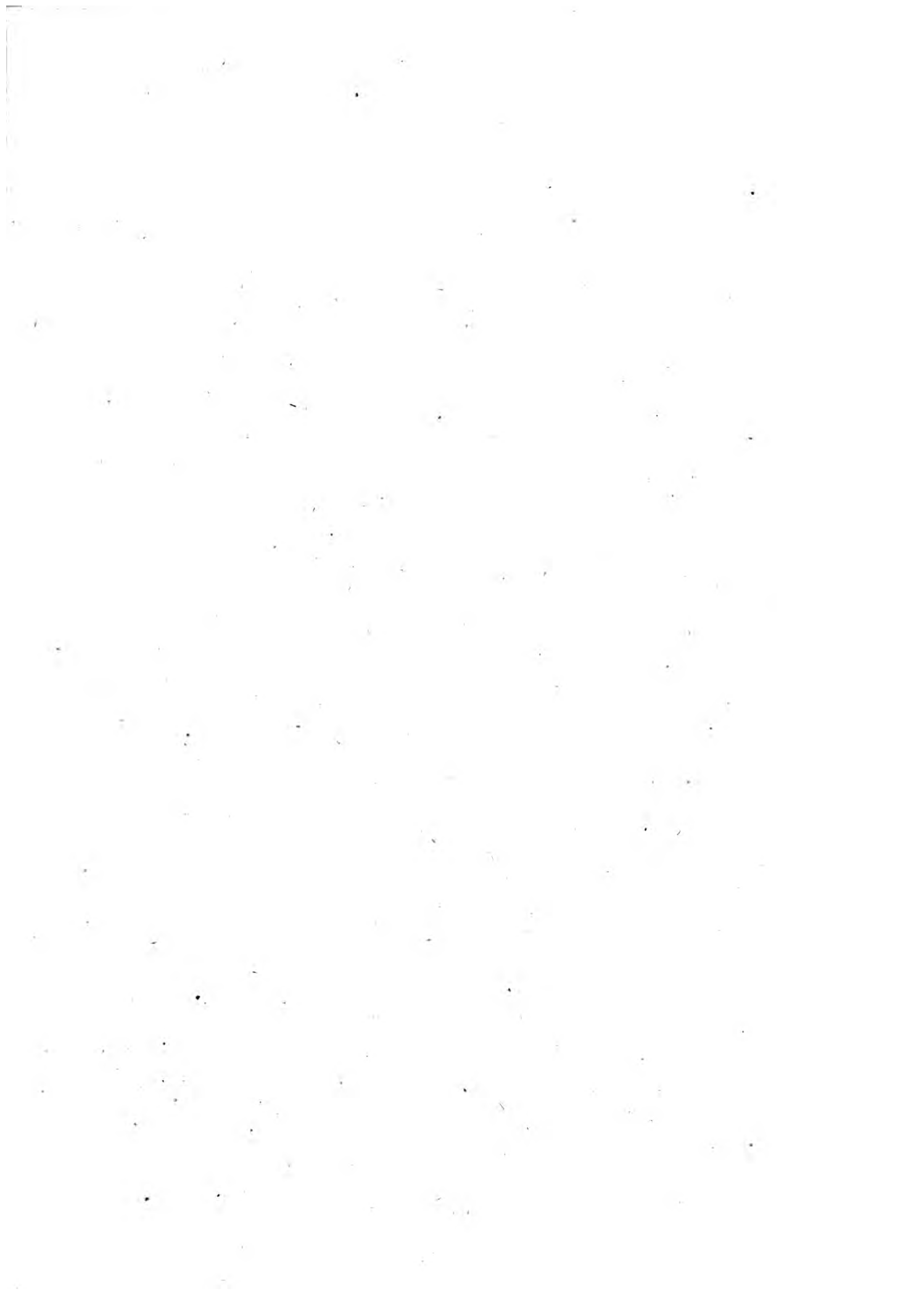
*Miss Emma F. I. Dunston*

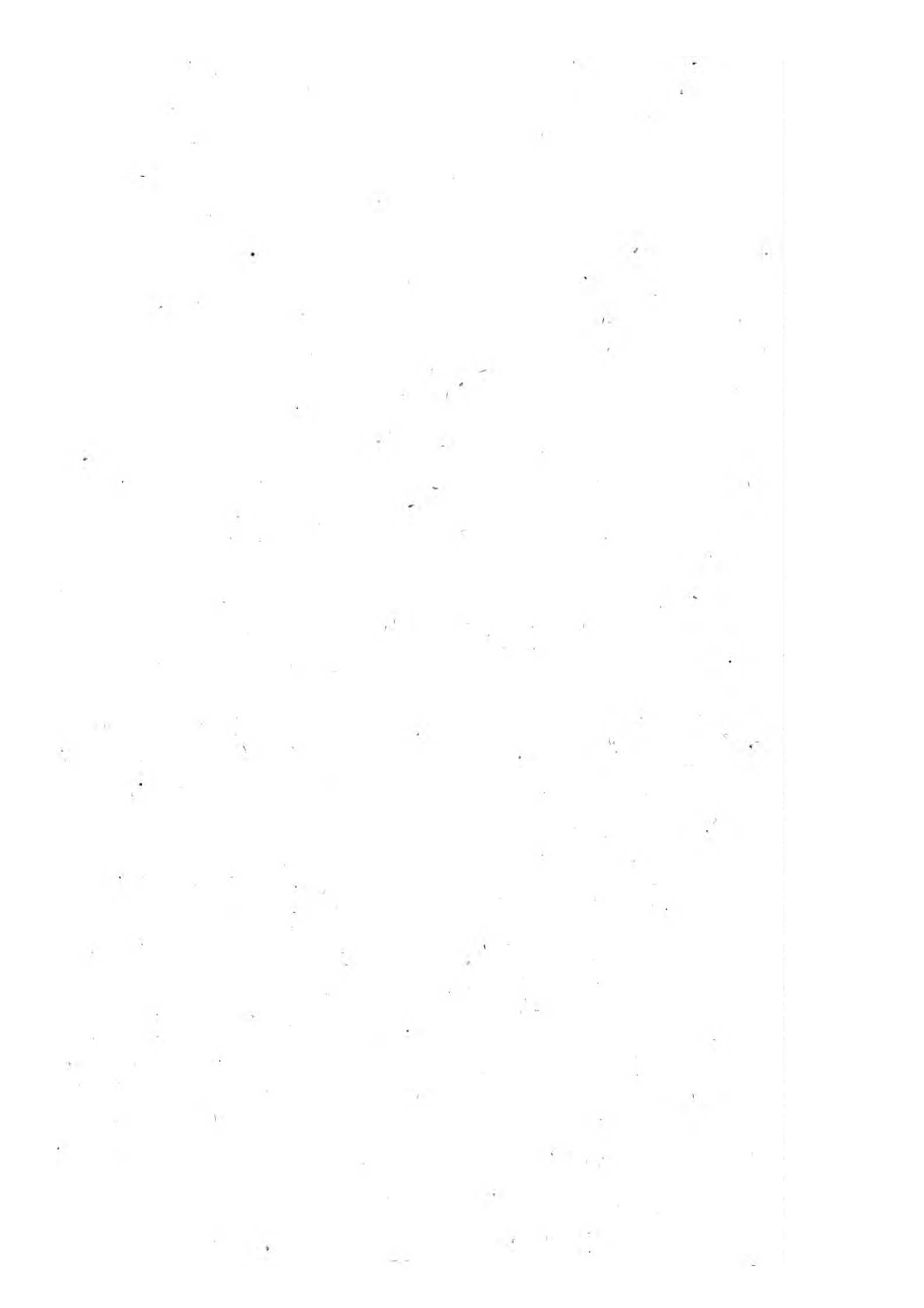


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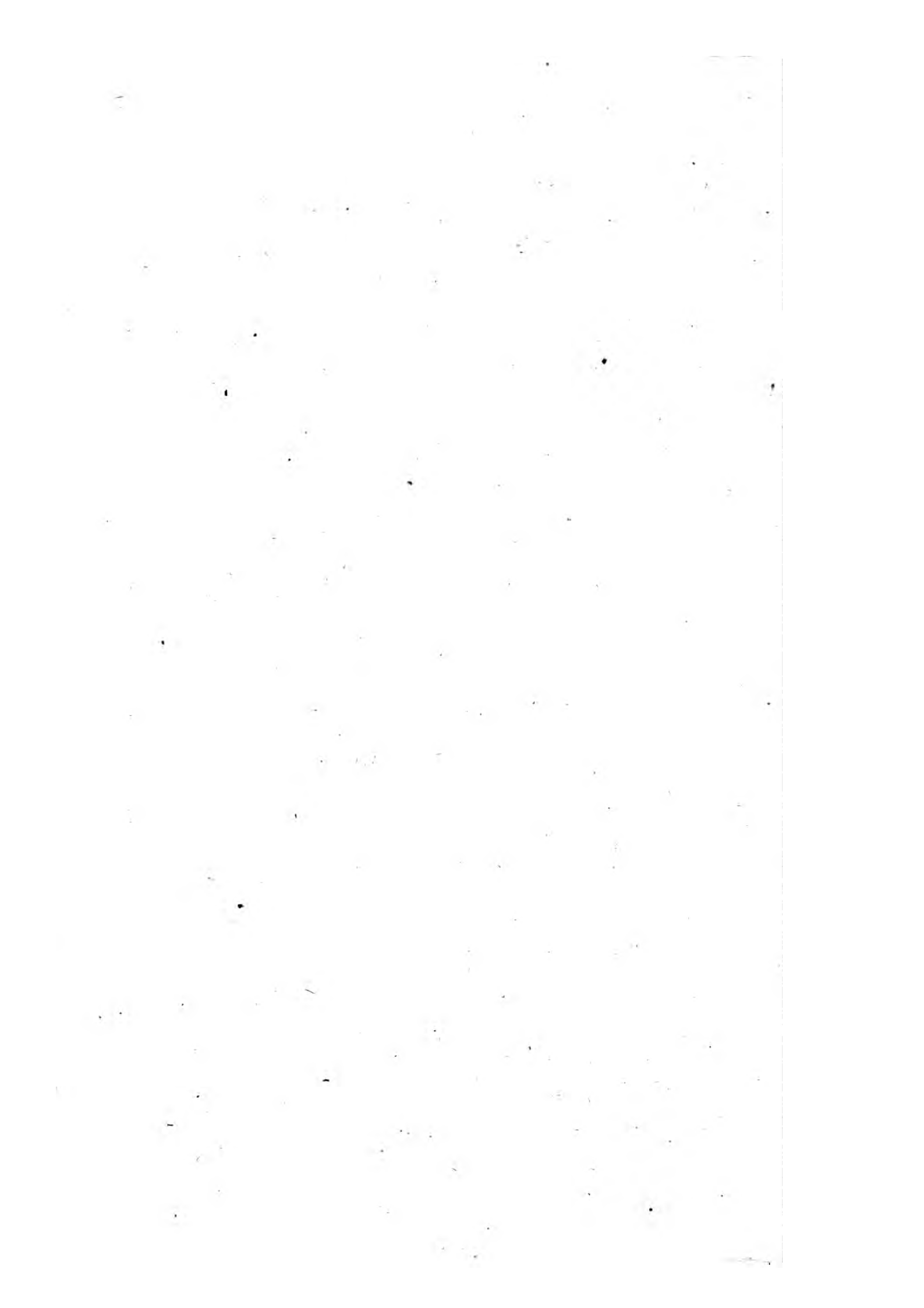
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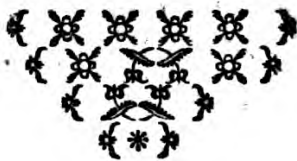


THE  
SHIPWRECK.

BY A SAILOR.

—*quaeq; ipse miserrima vidi,*  
*Et quorum pars magna fui.*—

A NEW EDITION,  
CORRECTED and ENLARGED.



LONDON:  
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand,  
MDCC LXIV.

17



TO HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
E D W A R D,  
DUKE OF YORK,  
REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE SQUADRON  
OF HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS,

BY HIS ROYAL APPROBATION,

WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT AND DUTY,

INSCRIBED,

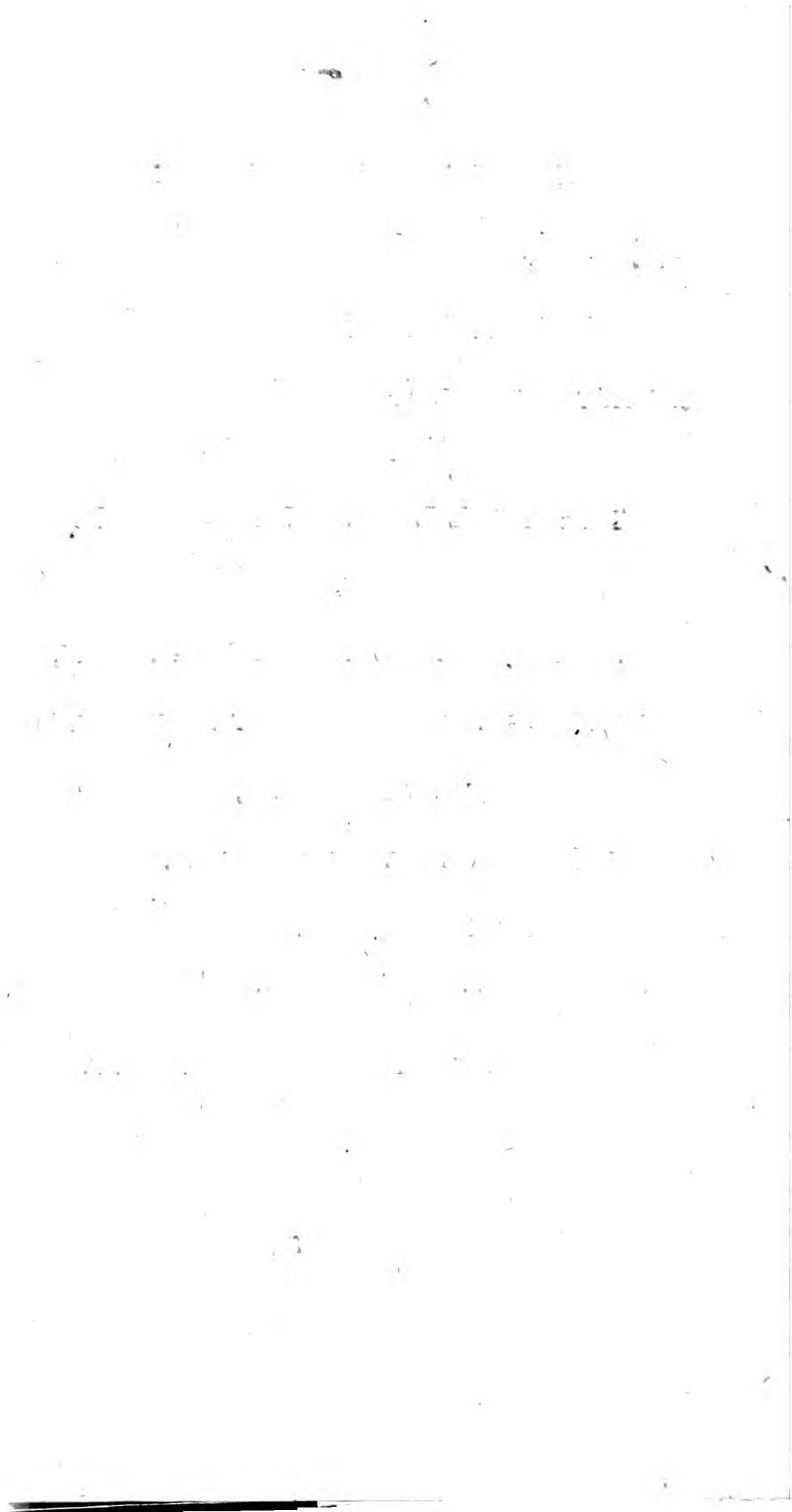
BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST DEVOTED,

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

*W. FALCONER.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**T is perhaps necessary to acquaint the Public, that the Author of this Poem, designed not at first to enlarge the work with so many notes; but, to avoid this, proposed to refer his readers to any one of the modern Dictionaries, which should be thought most proper for explaining the technical terms occasionally mentioned in the Poem; but after strict examination of them all, including a silly inadequate performance that has lately appeared by a Sea-Officer,\* he could by no means recommend their explanations, without forfeiting his claim to the character assumed in the Title-Page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his reputation as a poet.

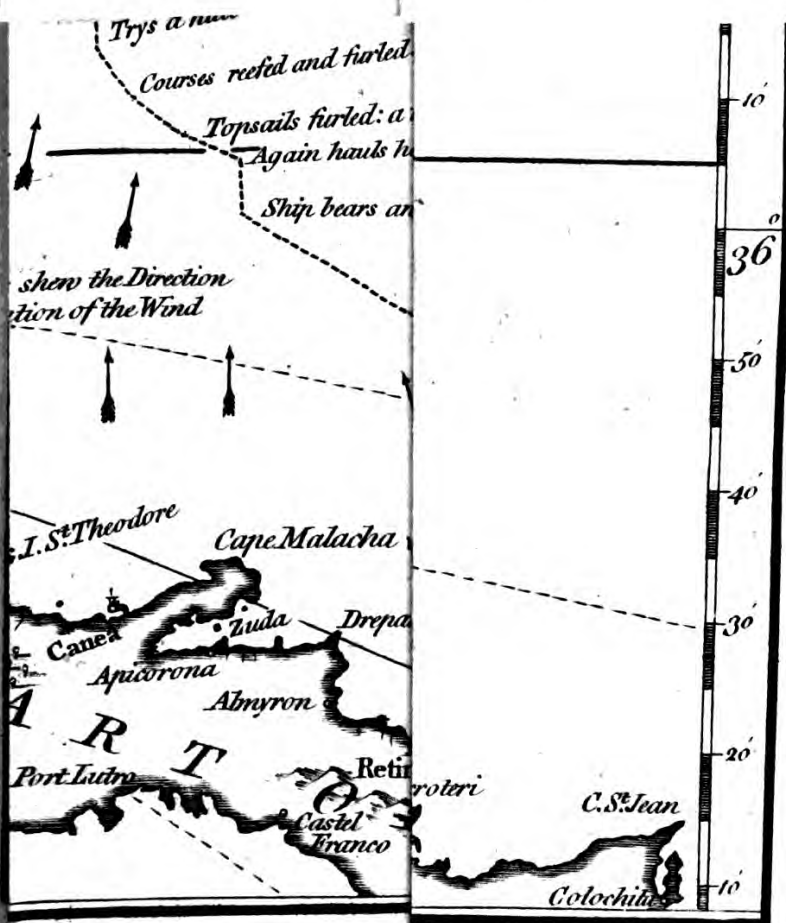
Although it is so frequent a practice to take the advantage of public approbation, and raise the price of performances that have been much encouraged, the Author chooses to steer in a quite different channel: it being a considerable time since the first Edition sold off, [notwithstanding the high price, and the singularity of the subject] he might very justly continue the price, but as it deterred a number of the inferior officers of the sea from purchasing it; at their repeated requests it has been printed now in a smaller Edition: at the same time, the Author is sorry to observe, that the gentlemen of the sea, for whose entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one tenth of the purchasers.

\* Can a sea-officer be so ignorant as to mistake the names of the most common things in a ship?

## A R G U M E N T.

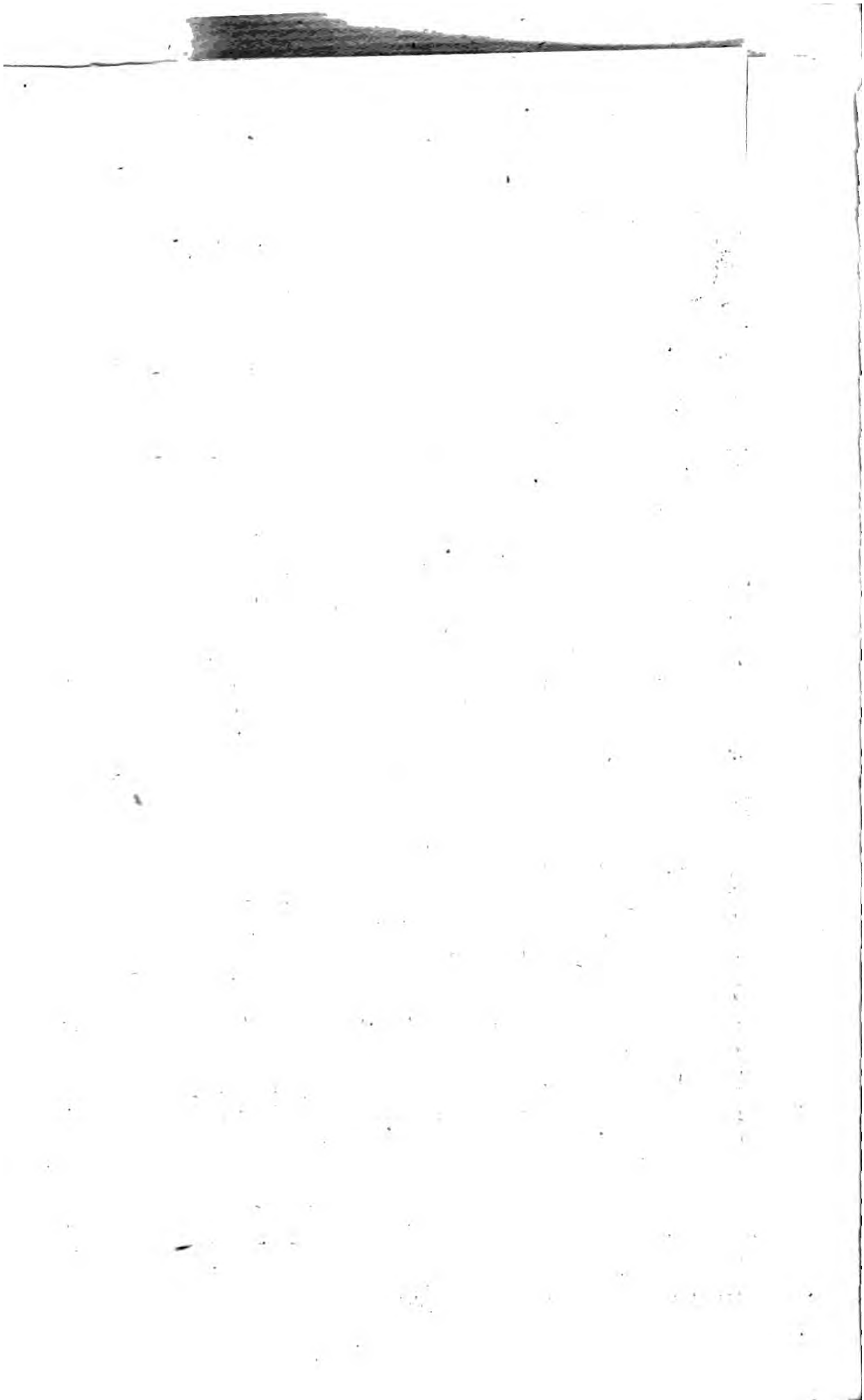
*Proposal of the subject—Invocation—Apology—Address to Memory, whose appearance and emblems are described. She relates the story—Account of the ship Britannia on her passage from Egypt to Venice—Short review of the former part of the voyage, and time of her absence from home—Joyful expectations of a speedy return, as bound from Venice to Britain—The ship occasionally touches at Candia, where she is four days detain'd by a calm—Comparison of the antient and modern condition of that island—Misery of the adjacent Cyclades (Isles of the Archipelago)—Season of the year—Some account of the master and officers—Several prognostics of a storm—The ship weighs anchor in light, shifting breezes by moon-light—Morning and Sun-rise—Operation of an azimuth—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The shore described as the ship passes—A water-spout—Supposed cause of its rise—Cause and effects of its fall—Description of the cypress-grove formerly consecrated to Jupiter—Increase and direction of the gale—The ship's progress along the coast—Sail shortened—Appearance of Cape Spado.*

THE



royal Highness the Duke of York.





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T H E  
S H I P W R E C K.

C A N T O I.

**W**HILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,  
And fright the peaceful plains with fierce  
alarms ;

While Albion bids th' avenging thunders roll  
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole ;  
Declining strains that swell with martial rage,       5  
An unknown Author treads th'Aöonian stage,  
Far other lays of sad distress to sing,  
Than ever trembled from the classic string :  
To paint a scene yet strange to epic lore,  
Whose desert foil no laurel ever bore ;       10  
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,  
And lawless surges swell against the skies ;  
Where dangers crowd in terrible array,  
And Valor sinks, o'erwhelm'd in deep dismay.

4 THE SHIPWRECK.

Ye all-recording Nine ! whose sacred strains 15  
With sweet enchantment charm Elyfian plains,  
Whose golden trumpets, fraught with endless fame,  
Arts, arms, and heroes, to all fpace proclaim ;  
Or, in lamenting elegies, exprefs  
The varied pang of exquisite diftreff ; 20  
O tune my harp to foftest notes of woe !  
And let the numbers fadly-focial flow !  
The fate, in lively forrow, to deplore,  
Of wanderers fhipwreck'd on a leeward fhore ;  
And while my lines the nautic themé difplay, 25  
Diffolve in fympathy the weeping lay !

Unknown to PHOEBUS or the tuneful Nine,  
I feel no animating ray divine :  
Doom'd far, O ! far from bleff Pieria's fhore,  
Th' immeafurable deep to wander o'er :  
Alternate change of climates I have known, 30  
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone ;  
Where arctic ftrorms congeal eternal fnow,  
Or equinoctial funs intenfely glow :  
From where far-roll'd Peruvian billows roar,  
To the bleak coaffs of favage Labrador ; 35

From

THE SHIPWRECK. 5

From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,  
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains ;  
To where the Isthmus, lav'd by adverse tides,  
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides :

But while I measur'd o'er the painful race, 40

In Fortune's wild, illimitable chace,

Adversity, companion of my way !

Brandisht aloft her scourge, with iron sway ;

Bade new distresses every instant grow, 44

And markt 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,

Diffusing want and misery severe ;

Or where at sea the broad embattled line 50

Of hostile ships, in flaming combat join ;

Where storms and waves the helpless bark assail,

Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail.

Such joyless toils in early youth endur'd,

Th' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd ; 55

Each genial passion of the soul suppress'd,

And quencht the ardor kindling in my breast.

Then

6 THE SHIPWRECK.

Then censure not severe the native song,  
Tho jarring sounds the measur'd verse prolong !  
Tho terms uncouth offend the softer ear, 60  
Yet truth, and human anguish deign to hear !  
No laurel wreathes the lays attempt to claim,  
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.  
Thee MEMORY ! too, the tragic tale implores,  
Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasur'd stores ! 65

She comes confest, auspicious to the fight,  
O'er all my soul diffusing sacred light,  
Serenely mild her look ; around her head  
Refulgent wreaths of azure glory spread :  
Her radiant wings like Iris' flaming bow, 70  
With various hues in rich profusion glow ;  
With these, along th' immensity of space,  
She scours the rapid, intellectual race :  
In her right hand an ample roll appears,  
Containing annals of preceding years ; 75  
With every wise and noble art of man,  
Since first the circling hours their course began :  
Her left a silver wand erect employs,  
Whose magic touch Oblivion's gloom destroys :

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 7

The fugitive ideas she restores, 86  
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 undying Fame  
She shares her power, and MEMORY is her name. 85

O! first-born daughter of primeval Time,  
By whom transmitted down in every clime,  
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,  
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone ;  
Whose magic breath dispells the mental night, 90  
And o'er obscur'd ideas pours the light !  
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,  
What agonies a fated ship befel ?  
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,  
And give its latent horrors to the day! 95



A ship from Egypt, o'er the watery plain  
Design'd her course to Adria's rich domain :  
From fair Britannia's isle deriv'd her name, 100  
And thence her crew, the slaves of Fortune, came.

The

The flying phantom eager, they pursu'd, 100  
 And fought in certain ills, imagin'd good :  
 Tho' caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,  
 Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on ;  
 And, while they listen'd to her winning lore,  
 The softer scenes of peace could please no more. 105  
 Long absent, they from friends and native home,  
 Were o'er the cheerless main inur'd to roam ;  
 Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,  
 Each painful voyage ended with success ;  
 Still to compensate toils and anguish past, 110  
 Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice the revolving Sun in bright career,  
 Across th' Equator roll'd his flaming sphere,  
 Since last the vessel launch'd from Albion's isle,  
 With daring keel to plow the liquid soil ; 115  
 She thro' the yielding flood from shore to shore  
 Convey'd, unwearying, her commercial store :  
 The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,  
 And thence to Italy her course pursu'd :  
 Then past along Trinacria's burning isle, 120  
 And visited the margin of the Nile.

When

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 9

When almost now expir'd the tedious race,  
 The season to return proceeds apace :  
 They, blind to Fate's immutable decree,  
 No intervening incidents foresee : 125  
 From Venice homeward now they seem to steer,  
 No tempests to retard, no perils near ;  
 Enflam'd by Hope, their throbbing hearts elate,  
 Ideal pleasures vainly antedate ;  
 Before whose vivid intellectual ray, 130  
 Distress recedes, and Danger melts away.  
 Already British coasts appear to rise,  
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes ;  
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,  
 Embracing strains the mistress of his soul : 135  
 Ev'n they Love's soft impressions too can feel,  
 Whose stubborn hearts are sheath'd in triple steel ;  
 Each bosom heaves Affection's genuine sigh,  
 And beams of nature kindle every eye.  
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth, 140  
 Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth ;  
 In distant souls congenial passions glow,  
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow.



10 THE SHIPWRECK.

Such shadowy happiness their thought employs,  
Illusion all, and visionary joys ! 145

Thus time elapst while o'er the pathless tide  
The skilful chiefs their gallant vessel guide.  
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,  
Which, blest with favoring gales, they soon explore ;  
The haven enter, borne before the gale, 150  
Dispatch their commerce and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! how conquest has defac'd  
This isle, and laid her noble cities waste !  
Her natives, in antiquity still fam'd,  
The circling states with admiration nam'd, 155  
But fallen and lost appears their glory now !  
To Ottoman's imperious yoke they bow :  
No thirst of Fame the drooping heart inspires,  
For stern Oppression kills their noble fires.  
Tho still luxuriant Plenty crowns her plains, 160  
Whose produce all the Cyclades maintains ;  
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,  
There Hope ne'er dawns, Prosperity ne'er smiles ;

The

THE SHIPWRECK. 11

The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,  
 And views his famish'd babes lament in vain : 165  
 These eyes have seen the barren cultur'd soil  
 A seventh year mock the weary laborer's toil.  
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,  
 Elated, sees her vassal gods adore :  
 No Helens here with lovely, fatal charms, 170  
 Excite th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms :  
 No fair Penelopes attract the eye,  
 For whom contending kings are proud to die.  
 Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,  
 And freezing Sorrow bids her bloom decay : 175  
 Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,  
 Would dim appear on Albion's happy plains,

Now to the southern hemisphere the sun,  
 Thro the bright Virgin and the Scales, had run,  
 And, on th' Ecliptic, wheel'd his radial way, 180  
 Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray :  
 Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,  
 And yet no hope of aiding wind obtains :  
 A sickening vapor lulls the air to sleep,  
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep : 185

This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er  
 And PHOEBUS to the north declines no more,  
 The cautious mariner, whom heaven informs,  
 Still deems the prelude of approaching storms :  
 No dread of storms the Master's soul restrain,     190  
 A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain !  
 Impatient of delay, his active heart  
 Expects the winds from Candia to depart,  
 Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,  
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.     195

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,  
 Now shone obliquely o'er the verdant scene,  
 Creation smiles around ; on every spray  
 The warbling birds exalt the choral lay ;  
 In broken measures roll the limpid streams,     200  
 And o'er the vales a floating lustre gleams ;  
 The glassy ocean hush't forgets to roar,  
 And trembling, murmurs on the sandy shore ;  
 A thousand sun-flusht hues, divinely gay,  
 The vivid West ineffable array ;     205  
 On the green lawn the dancing shades prolong,  
 And, gaily skipping, bleat the fleecy throng.

Arabian

Arabian sweets perfume the golden plains ;  
 Above, beneath, around, Inchantment reigns.  
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,      210  
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;  
 While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,  
 And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main :  
 Emerging clouds the azure East invade,  
 And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade ;      215  
 With joyful eyes th' attentive Master sees  
 Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.  
 Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring,  
 Recount the wondrous tale, or mutual sing,  
 As love or battle, hardships of the main,      220  
 Or social wine excite the rustic strain ;  
 When ended, some the watch alternate keep,  
 The rest regardless sink in silent sleep.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire !  
 Whose gleams spontaneous all my lines inspire,      225  
 Ere yet th' awaking incidents convene,  
 And chain attention on th' eventful scene,  
 Record who chief among the gallant crew  
 Th' unblest pursuit of interest hither drew !

14 THE SHIPWRECK.

Can sons of Neptune, generous, firm and brave, 230  
For fordid meed in pain and peril slave?

They can; for this, endu'd with magic art,  
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart ;  
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,  
And opes the gates of Pleasure's soft abode ; 235  
This to the spotted Villain gives applause,  
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause ;  
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,  
And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

The stately ship, with all her daring band, 240  
To skilful ALBERT own'd the chief command ;  
Him Science taught, with soaring eye, to trace  
The planets, wheeling in eternal race :  
To hazards long inur'd, his dreadless foul,  
Unmov'd, beheld tempestuous oceans roll ; 245  
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,  
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;  
His spirit still for each event prepar'd,  
Rose with the storm, and all it's dangers shar'd.

Where

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 15

Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen, 250  
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,  
An humble habitation rose, beside  
Where Thames meandering rolls his solemn tide,  
There liv'd the hope and pleasure of his life,  
A pious daughter with a faithful wife : 255  
For his return with fond officious care,  
Still every pleasing object these prepare :  
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,  
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

To guide this blooming maid in Virtue's road, 260  
Th' admiring parents all their care bestow'd ;  
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,  
No sin untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd :  
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,  
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale ; 265  
A lovelier blush, untaught, adorn'd her cheek,  
Than gilds the sky when summer-mornings break ;  
Her glowing eyes, with sweet attraction roll'd,  
Enslav'd the passions, and the sense control'd :  
Fann'd by the courting zephirs from her head, 270  
Along her neck the waving tresses spread ;

Her

Her mind and form adorn'd with native ease  
In social harmony conspir'd to please.

O! if that soul, where stainless beauty shone,  
Replete with living colors all it's own, 275  
Thus innocent, could feel the sting of pain,  
With guilt, what pangs, what agonies must reign!  
Yet she th' undying worm of anguish prov'd,  
For, ah! the gentle maid severely lov'd.  
A gallant youth awak'd the virgin flame, 280  
That glow'd unseen, PALEMEN was his name;  
Nor long in vain, for trembling in her eyes,  
He soon beheld the quick emotions rise;  
And while transfixt he gaz'd, his throbbing breast  
Th' infectious fire with mutual force confess; 285  
Each bosom felt the genial current flow,  
Blended alas! too soon with tides of woe.

By Nature's gifts PALEMEN taught to charm,  
To softest love the frozen heart could warm;  
Yet tho he knew the fairest of the plain, 290  
For him conceal'd, possess the native pain,

His

His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,  
 No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew,  
 Tho tremblingly awake to Nature's laws,  
 Yet ever firm to Honor's sacred cause. 295

Thrice happy foil ! had learning's vital ray  
 Produc'd it's pregnant blossoms to the day :  
 But all th' abortive beauties of his mind  
 A sordid father's avarice confin'd,  
 And nurs'd alone the mercenary art 300

That kills the springing roses of the heart.  
 But he indignant saw the golden chain  
 In servile bonds each generous thought restrain.

His virtue still appear'd, tho wrapt in shade,  
 As stars with trembling light the clouds pervade. 305

Ill-fated youth ! reluctant I express  
 Thy plaintive tale of undeserv'd distress,  
 That swell'd the tear in blooming ANNA'S eye,  
 And from her bosom heav'd the social sigh.

For yet, while wandering in the silent grove, 310  
 Unheard they breath'd the sentiments of love,  
 When each sweet interview increas'd it's power,  
 As morning dews awake the vernal flower.



While their chaste souls possess the pleasing pains  
 That truth improves and virtue ne'er restrains, 315  
 Their mutual flame PALEMÓN'S father heard,  
 Whose kindled rage the youth too justly fear'd :  
 Conflicting passions shook his venal mind,  
 Not warm'd by beauty, nor by love refin'd :  
 He, by the lust of riches only mov'd, 320  
 Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd ;  
 For many freighted ships from shore to shore,  
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore ;  
 And this, which ALBERT'S pilotage obey'd,  
 Appear'd pre-eminent for size and trade. 325  
 Indignant, he rebuk'd th' incautious boy,  
 Whose thought no sordid views of wealth employ,  
 For he far other passions would inspire,  
 And kindle in his breast a baser fire.  
 Long with unequal art in vain he strove 330  
 To quench th' ethereal flame of ardent love ;  
 Oft try'd with Music's all-prevailing lore  
 His soul's deserted quiet to restore ;  
 Oft led him where diffusive joys excite  
 The heart to mirth, or chain the ravish'd sight. 335  
 With

With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,  
 And Pleasure's syren-voice no more prevail'd :  
 Not Beauty's sweet attraction could persuade  
 His rooted passion from the charming maid.  
 Th' impatient father, fir'd with proud disdain, 340  
 At last resolv'd to send him o'er the main.  
 Deep anguish, while PAREMON heard his doom,  
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom :  
 High beat his heart, fast flow'd th' unbidden tear,  
 His bosom heav'd with agony severe. 345  
 In vain, alas! with unavailing sighs,  
 He pleads a suit, that ruthless scorn denies :  
 His fire, to grief unfeeling as the wind,  
 To ALBERT'S care th' obedient youth consign'd.

The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail, 350  
 And only waited now the leading gale :  
 The parting pair a thousand tortures prove,  
 The poignant tortures of despairing love,  
 The springing wish that never can repose,  
 Desire, whose ardent tide unebbing flows, 355  
 The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,  
 Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.

These wounds, severely felt in either heart,  
Their sad epistles mutually impart.

Enflam'd with trembling hope, PALEMÓN writes, 360  
 “ Ere yet th' ingrateful wind our ship invites,  
 “ O let these longing eyes behold again  
 “ The lovely source of all my bliss and pain !  
 “ For to my father I this suit address,  
 “ But he, unpitying, heard my last request ; 365  
 “ Inflexibly determin'd to fulfil  
 “ The rigid dictates of paternal will.  
 “ And when the vessel leaves Augusta's port,  
 “ Beneath his eye to Dover I resort,  
 “ And, there embarkt, depart my native shore, 370  
 “ The sea's tempestuous wilds to venture o'er——

“ Lo, while to thee my soul impatient flies,  
 “ The cruel west-winds inauspicious rise !  
 “ Perhaps, the Pilot's warning voice even now  
 “ Commands the lifted anchor to the bow \* ! 375  
 “ All hope and joy my wounded mind desert,  
 “ For I, perhaps, to-morrow may depart.

\* See the first note of this Canto.

“ My

“ My ever-charming ANNA ! who alone  
 “ Can all the pangs of adverse fate atone,  
 “ When o’er the world the glooms of midnight roll, 380  
 “ To thee I come, dear mistress of my soul !  
 “ O disappoint not my impatient love !  
 “ But with thy smiles this agony remove !  
 “ If this last interval escape in vain,  
 “ I ne’er may see thy heavenly face again !” 385

Yet while the weeping missive ANNA reads  
 The fear’d event in fatal haste proceeds !  
 With rising power the sea-ward breezes blow !  
 Aloft in air the parting signals flow !  
 Aboard with sorrow wing’d the females flew, 390  
 To bid the father and the lord adieu.  
 When on the poop th’ enchanting Fair was seen,  
 Nor less she seem’d than beauty’s matchless queen ;  
 And while in charms ineffable she shone,  
 Each bosom felt a softness not it’s own. 395  
 Not Cleopatra, on th’ Egyptian flood  
 When her triumphant naval chariot rode,  
 In all the pomp of silk and gems array’d,  
 Was half so lovely as this British maid.

From

From her soft breast, inspiring chaste delight, 400  
 A stream of glory burst upon the sight ;  
 While pious woe, that dim'd her angel-face,  
 To blushing beauty added tenfold grace.  
 Fast by that dome, where from afflicting fate,  
 The veteran failor finds a safe retreat\*, 405  
 The boat prepares to waft them to the shore :  
 They part, alas ! perhaps to meet no more.  
 O muse ! in silence hide the mournful scene !  
 Where all the pangs of sympathy convene.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls 410  
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,  
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel  
 The piercing anguish of the Paphian steel,  
 Ah ! let no wanderer of the stormy main,  
 Tho' fair and good, your yielding hearts obtain ! 415  
 Let not your melting tenderness approve  
 The fond effusions of their ardent love !  
 O warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,  
 Where thorns and baneful weeds alternate grow !  
 Let them severer Stoic nymphs possess, 420  
 Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.

\* Greenwich hospital.

The vessel parted on the falling tide,  
 And homeward now the female mourners hied.  
 The sun was sunk, and night, advancing slow,  
 In silent gloom involv'd the world below; 425  
 When to the place appointed ANNA mov'd,  
 Impatient to behold the swain she lov'd.  
 In the dumb path his hasty steps she hears,  
 He comes, confess, the ravish'd youth appears!  
 But ah! what magic numbers can express 430  
 The trembling extasies their souls possess?  
 O all ye soft perceptions that impart  
 Impetuous rapture to the fainting heart!  
 In grief's last gloom, who bid th' enchanting ray  
 Of joy voluptuous agonies convey! 435  
 Need my fond soul, alas! your distance fear,  
 Whose influence, felt too powerfully severe,  
 Nips the gay summer of my vital year. }

With love's resistless impulses oppress'd,  
 He claspt the blushing virgin to his breast: 440  
 While her's congenial beat the fond alarms,  
 Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!

Their

Their blending spirits, that each other drew,  
 Flashed from their eyes, in warm transfusion flew.  
 O exquisite enjoyment ! here alone 445  
 Elysian pleasures unallay'd are known :  
 This kindles sweet affection's purest fire,  
 And breathes in moral bosoms chaste desire :  
 The genuine sigh that bleeding virtue heaves,  
 Here, the corroding sting of woe relieves. 450  
 Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,  
 While sorrow bursts in interrupting sighs,  
 For ever destin'd to lament in vain,  
 Such flattering, fond ideas entertain ?  
 Too high, alas ! aspir'd my sanguine flame, 455  
 To bliss decreed for some superior dame :  
 'Tis mine, abandon'd to severe distress,  
 Still to complain and never hope redress.  
 Go then, dear youth ! thy father's rage atone,  
 And let this tortur'd bosom sigh alone ! 460  
 Thou yet the hovering anger mayst appease,  
 Go then, dear youth ! nor brave the faithless seas :  
 Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms,  
 With fortune's fairer smiles, may bless thy arms :

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 23

Where warm Prosperity her beam displays, 465

Whose fun-bright glow no misery allays.

Yet haste thee hence, PALEMÓN ! ere too late,

And stop the current of thy ebbing fate !

On me let sad affliction only fall !

My heart for thee will gladly suffer all. 470

No longer then th' important time delay,

Which, ah ! too soon may summon thee away.

O ever-lov'd ! the captive swain rejoin'd,

While hostile passions agoniz'd his mind,

Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth ! 475

Doom to decay the summer of thy youth ?

And I, ingrateful, all that sweetness see

Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?

O first disease ! let thy contagious breath

Consume my flowery years with blasts of death ! 480

Attest, thou Moon ! resplendent queen of night !

Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight,

By all the pangs that parting lovers prove,

Which sweet possession can alone remove ;

By all the horrors that torment the deep, 485

Where fate and ruin dreadful empire keep ;

E.

By



By heaven's loud thunders, that avenging roar,  
 And shake th' affrighted earth from shore to shore ;  
 Tho tyrant-duty force me to fulfil  
 A father's fixt, inexorable will ; 490  
 Tho Fortune should in tides incessant flow,  
 My faithful flame can never cease to glow :  
 My heart, that now must every joy resign,  
 Incapable of change, is only thine.

He said ; in mingled sympathy of woe, 495  
 Their hearts, furcharg'd with varied passions, glow :  
 As on his neck th' afflicted maiden hung,  
 A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung ;  
 She antedates each peril of the deeps,  
 And, all alive to soft affection, weeps : 500  
 With mild persuasion he dispels her fear,  
 And kisses from her cheek the rolling tear :  
 So the reviving sun exhales the showers  
 That fall alternate on th' evolving flowers.

O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay, 505  
 And these sad glooms of sorrow melt away.

While

THE SHIPWRECK. 27

While thro the rugged path of life we go,  
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.  
 The fam'd and great, decreed to human pain,  
 Full oft in soveraign wretchedness complain. 510

This bids prosperity, with brighter ray,  
 In smiling contrast, gild our vital day.  
 We too shall yet rejoice, lo ! I return  
 Ere twice ten months elapse, then cease to mourn !  
 This will our exil'd peace at last restore, 515  
 When never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with latent grief,  
 Now found an interval of short relief :  
 So feels the frozen stream at noon of day  
 Awhile the parting sun's enervate ray. 520

With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,  
 And warn'd the lovers to their sad adieu.  
 Look down with pity, oh ! ye powers above,  
 Who see th' uncommon pangs their bosoms prove !  
 Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore, 525  
 Alone can tell if he returns no more :  
 Or, if the hour of future joy remain,  
 Long-wisht atonement for long-suffer'd pain.

While dying fondness languish'd in their eyes,  
 She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs ; 530  
 Bade every guardian minister attend,  
 And from all ill the wandering youth defend,  
 In grief's excess they parted twice in vain,  
 And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.  
 Let not the wretched slaves of Folly scorn 535  
 This sacred passion, Nature's eldest born !  
 Superior anguish makes no vain appeal  
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal.  
 Once more farewell ! th' embracing lovers cry'd,  
 Then, torn with agonizing throes, divide, 540

Two days now past PALEMEN came aboard,  
 Where in the Downs the vessel lay secur'd :  
 The merchant then, before they left the land,  
 Impos'd on ALBERT his severe command ;  
 A task he knew beyond the power of art, 545  
 The youth's prevailing passion to divert.  
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind,  
 In chains of adamant, the lawless wind ;  
 Then, if the flame unalter'd still survive,  
 In spite of separation all alive, 550

At

At his return he meant alone to blame  
 The Master, and his services disclaim :  
 Ingrateful plea ! for ALBERT, ever just,  
 With diligence and care maintain'd his trust.  
 The ship then parting soon from Albion's shore, 555  
 To regions far remote PALEMÓN bore,

Such was the story of that faithful youth,  
 Who still possess't inviolable truth :  
 Still ANNA'S image swims before his sight,  
 In fleeting vision, thro' the restless night : 560  
 Still mutual fear and hope their bosoms prove,  
 For only death can conquer real love.

RODMOND the next degree to ALBERT bore,  
 A hardy son of England's farthest shore :  
 Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train, 565  
 In footy thousands, o'er the northern main,  
 That, with her pitchy entrails fraught, resort  
 In fable squadrons to Augusta's port ;  
 Expert to found or heave the \* windlass bar,  
 But strangers to the art of naval war. 570

\* See the note, p. 33.

30 THE SHIPWRECK.

Thence RODMOND came, true pattern of the rest !  
 No social passion warm'd his stubborn breast ;  
 Unskill'd to argue, in disputes yet loud,  
 Bold, without foresight, without honor, proud ;  
 Each veteran rule tenaciously he priz'd, 575  
 And all improvements haughtily despis'd ;  
 His wisdom never for advice appeal'd,  
 Wisdom alas ! from other eyes conceal'd.  
 Yet, tho' improvident of future ill,  
 At every need he plied his utmost skill. 580

To RODMOND, next in order of command,  
 Ensu'd the youngest of the nautic band,  
 Whose vital spring had just began to bloom,  
 When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom.  
 But ah ! in silence MEMORY roll a name 585  
 That courts no rank among the sons of Fame !  
 On him fair Science shot her orient ray,  
 Maturing vernal genius to the day ;  
 But soon Adversity, with freezing blast,  
 Nipt every bud, and every ray o'ercaft. 590  
 Reluctant, forc'd by her severe command,  
 He left fair Science, and his native land.

Permit these lays, ye blest Aonian train !  
 To call ARION this ill-fated swain ;  
 For, like that bard unhappy, on his head 595  
 Malignant stars their efficacy shed ;  
 Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,  
 With conscious anguish taught the lyre to weep :  
 The raging billows both in safety bore,  
 Amid destruction, panting to the shore. 600  
 This last may yet withdraw oblivion's veil,  
 That wraps in silent shades this tragic tale ;  
 His feeling notes sincerely may complain,  
 While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.  
 Here his warm wish attempted to explore 605  
 Antiquities of nations now no more ;  
 To penetrate each distant realm unknown,  
 And range excursive o'er th' untravel'd zone :  
 In vain, for stern Adversity's command  
 Debar'd his entrance to each wish'd-for land ; 610  
 With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,  
 And every gate of hope against him clos'd.

Oft in the watch of night with him alone  
 PALEMÓN would his ill-star'd love bemoan.

Then,

Then, mov'd by sacred sympathy of grief, 615  
 Each lighten'd bosom felt a kind relief ;  
 For sweet compassion, by celestial art,  
 Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.  
 To him ARION oft recounted o'er  
 Each tale of hapless love in classic lore, 620  
 Till sorrow, not his own, humanely felt,  
 In social pity, taught his soul to melt.  
 PALEMÓN in return would oft impart  
 To him the warm effusions of his heart ;  
 To him the scene of parting-love reveal'd, 625  
 From all beside in midnight shades conceal'd.  
 To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,  
 No secret wish or fear their bosoms knew ;  
 In mutual hazards oft severely try'd,  
 Nor hope nor danger could their love divide ; 630  
 Sweet union of inseparable souls !  
 That every tempest of the mind controls.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,  
 Her path explor'd along the deep domain ;  
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew ! 635  
 Obscurity her sable curtain drew.

Deep

Deep midnight now invests the livid skies,  
 When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rife ;  
 The pale-orb'd moon diffusing watery rays,  
 Gleam'd o'er protracted clouds and ambient haze ; 640  
 A mighty halo round her silver throne,  
 With parting meteors crost, portentous shone.  
 This oft the prelude of tempestuous gales  
 Is deem'd, but here th' ethereal menace fails.  
 The chief was call'd, the sailors rous'd from sleep, 645  
 At his command unmoor the fetter'd ship :  
 They fix the bars, and heave the windlafs round,  
 At every turn the clattering pawls resound.  
 The anchor from it's hold uprooted, now  
 Drag'd by it's cable, strikes the lofty bow \*. 650  
 High on the slippery masts † the yards ‡ ascend,  
 And far abroad the canvafs wings extend.

\* Bows are the round parts of the ship's outside forward, from where the planks begin to bend till they close at the stem: this word is pronounced like the bough of a tree. The cable is wound in by a roller, hence called a windlafs, which is prevented from turning back by strong pawls of wood and iron.

† In all ships there are three masts in one length, viz. the lower-mast, the top-mast, and top-gallant-mast; the last of which rests upon the head of the top-mast, as the top-mast does at the head of the lower-mast; so that these two upper can at any time be let down to make the ship hold the less quantity of wind when she rides at anchor in a storm, &c.

‡ Yards are long poles, tapering from the middle to each end, whose uses are to extend the upper part of the square sails.



Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,  
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides :  
 The floating rays in long reflection gleam, 655  
 With silver deluging the fluid stream.  
 Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,  
 Then round th' Egyptian quarter die away.  
 A calm ensues, adjacent shores they dread,  
 The boats, with rowers mann'd, are sent a-head\*, 660  
 With tow-ropes † fasten'd to the ‡ bowsprit's end ;  
 Their sweeping oars, the lusty crew extend ;  
 Success attends their skill, the danger's o'er,  
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn, with gradual pace, advanc'd on high, 665  
 Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky :  
 She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,  
 But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.

\* A-head, any distance before the ship.

† Tow-ropes have one end fastened to the foremost parts of the ship, and the other to the boat-sterns, to drag the ship along, by rowing in the boats : Towing is chiefly used when a ship, for want of wind, is forced toward the shore by the swell of the sea.

‡ Bow-sprit is a boom or mast which projects over the stem : it's use is to carry sail in the fore-end of the ship, to counter-balance the sail that is set abaft, or in the hinder part ; and likewise to support the fore-mast by ropes which stretch from the mast-head to the Bowsprit-end, called stays.

Above incumbent mists tall Ida's height,  
 Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight. 670  
 North-east a league, the isle of Standia bears ;  
 And westward, Freschin's woody cape appears,

In distant angles, while the transient gales  
 Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails ;  
 The drowsy air attentive to retain, 675  
 As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.  
 Now swelling stu'n-sails \* on each side extend,  
 These soon dismiss, the stay-sails † next ascend :  
 While all to fit the veering winds are plac'd,  
 With yards alternate square ‡ and sharply brac'd. 680

The dim horizon settled vapors throwd,  
 And now the sun appear'd above the cloud :  
 Thro the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,  
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.

\* Studding, or steering-sails are long, narrow sails, set only in fine weather and fair winds, on the out-side of the larger square sails.

† Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, as a curtain runs on its rod, fitted to stand on a side or quartering wind.

‡ Yards are said to be square, when they hang right across the ship, and braced, when they form greater or less angles with her length.

The Pilots now their Azimuth attend, 685  
 On which all courses, duly form'd, depend :  
 The compass and the octant ready lay,  
 Reflecting planes and incident, survey ;  
 Along the arch, the gradual index slides,  
 And PHOEBUS down the vertic' circle glides : 690  
 Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,  
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.  
 Thus height and polar distance is obtain'd,  
 Then latitude and declination gain'd :  
 In chiliads next, th' analogy is sought, 695  
 And on the sinical triangle wrought.  
 By this, magnetic variance is explor'd,  
 Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,  
 Ashore, with admiration gazing stand. 700  
 Majestically flow, before the breeze,  
 She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding seas.  
 Her bottom thro translucent waters shone,  
 White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon ;  
 The bending wales, their contrast next display'd, 705  
 All \* fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.

\* From one end of the ship to the other.

BRITANNIA riding awful at the head,  
 Sat on the blended cross of white and red :  
 The convex sides then far above the stream,  
 Reflect thro pine-tree gum the solar beam : 710  
 Th' artillery there in two protruded tiers,  
 Fell, dark, terrific ! to the fight appears.  
 Vermilion armors all the tops invest,  
 And martial trophies either quarter drest.  
 Then tower'd the masts, and lofty sails on high, 715  
 Where loose in air, the floating streamers fly ;  
 Thus gay, thus beautiful she cleav'd the main,  
 The pride and wonder of the watery reign.

But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern \*,  
 A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern, 720  
 Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,  
 While all the glowing ocean seems to blaze :  
 In curling wreathes they wanton on the tide,  
 Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide :  
 Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain, 725  
 And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.

\* Stern, the hindermost or aftmost parts of a ship on the outside.

Soon,

Soon, to the sport of death, the crew repair,  
 Dart the barb'd steel, or spread the baited snare.  
 One, unsuspecting, glides below the chains \*,  
 And wheels along beneath the pointed grains ; 730  
 A skilful marksman o'er his head suspends  
 The forky prongs, and every turn attends.  
 Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,  
 And, plunging, strikes the trembling victim thro :  
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain ; 735  
 He strives to disengage himself in vain ;  
 But, as on deck th' approach of death, he feels,  
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,  
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight !  
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light ! 740  
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid West,  
 With parting beams, all o'er divinely drest ;  
 Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,  
 When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn,  
 Than, from his sides, in bright effusion flow, 745  
 That, now in gold empyreal seem to glow ;

\* Chains are strong plates or links of iron bolted to the timbers on each side all the masts, to which the shrouds of the masts are fastened. (See Shrouds, Canto 2d.) There is a large plank, or thick scaffold placed edgeways on the ship's side, thro which they pass, in order to keep the shrouds off the upper rails and gunnels. (See Gunnels, page 44.)

Now

Now in pellucid sapphires strike the view,  
 And emulate the bright celestial hue ;  
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,  
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye. 750

But here, description makes each beauty less :  
 What terms of Art can Nature's pow'rs express ?

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,  
 Propel'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides.  
 Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew, 755  
 And Jove's high hill was rising to the view ;  
 When, on the larboard quarter \*, they descry  
 A liquid column †, towering, shoot on high :  
 The foaming base extends an ample sweep,  
 Where rolling billows wake the frightened deep : 760  
 The fluid vortex in rotation flies,  
 Diffusing briny vapors o'er the skies.  
 This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head  
 In heavens immerst, embracing clouds o'erspread,

\* Quarters are those parts on the outside of the ship that reach from a-breast of the mizen-mast to the aftmost end or stern : the larboard is the left side.

† For an accurate description of a water-spout, the reader is referred to Chambers's Dictionary.

In spiral motion first, as seamen deem, 765

Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.

(The swift volution, and th' enormous train,

Let physical hypotheses explain !)

The horrid apparition now draws nigh,

And all around the whirling billows fly. 770

The guns are prim'd ; the vessel northward veers,

Till her charg'd broadside on it's center bears ;

The nitre fires ; shock'd by the thundering sound,

The air convulsive, quivers all around,

And sudden, as the noise pursu'd the flame, 775

Wide-bursting, down the horrid figure came :

Th' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,

And, felt with swift recoil her surges swell :

But soon, this transient undulation o'er,

The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more. 780

More southward now, th' increasing breezes veer,

And o'er th' horizon lybic clouds appear :

A-head they see the consecrated grove

Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.

The ship, beneath her lofty pressure, reels, 785

And to the freshening gale still deeper heels \* :

\* Heeling is inclining to either side.

The lighter fails, for summer winds and seas,  
 Are now dismiss'd, the straining masts to ease :  
 Swift on the deck the stunnage-booms all descend,  
 Where ready seamen from the yards unbend \*. 790  
 The boats then hoisted in are fixt aboard,  
 And on the deck with fastening gripes † secur'd.  
 Cape Spado rising forward they discern,  
 And leave the lessening mount of Jove a-stern.

\* To unbend, is to take the sail off from it's yard.

† Gripes are the ropes with which the boats are fastened to ring-bolts in the deck, to prevent their being tossed about by the rocking of the ship.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

G

A R G U:



## A R G U M E N T.

*The ship's progress continued—Gale strengthens—Top-sails reefed—Last appearance, bearing and distance of Cape Spado—Reflection at leaving the land—Sea rises—A squall—Top-sails double-reefed—Main-sail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another main-sail bent and set—Very strong gale—Top-sails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Courses reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Great anxiety of the pilots, in being near a lee-shore—Gallant behaviour of the sailors—A wave bursts over the deck—Its consequences—The ship labors in great distress—Guns thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of ALBERT to the crew—The fore-stay-sail hoisted and split—The head-yards braced aback—The mizen-mast cut away.*

T H E

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THE  
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

THE powerful sails with steddý breezes swell'd,  
Swift and more swift the yielding bark propel'd :  
Across her stem the parting waters run,  
As clouds by tempests wafted, pass the sun.  
Impatient thus, she darts along the shore, 5  
Till Ida's mount and JOVE's are seen no more ;  
And, while a-breast of Retimo she steers,  
A-head Malacha's prominence appears.  
Behind it's isthmus stands the cypress-grove,  
Of old devoted to superior JOVE. 10  
Here too the ruins of a tomb remain,  
Suppos'd the monarch's ashes to contain.  
This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway  
Compel'd the trembling nations to obey,  
For incest, rape and cruelty, renown'd, 15  
The Muses with eternal honor crown'd ;

For they too oft in prostituted lays,  
 To worthless princes give eternal praise.  
 Still Greece and Rome record his endless fame,  
 And hence yon mountain still retains his name. 20

But see! in confluence born before the blast,  
 A rolling dusk of clouds the noon o'ercaft,  
 In dreadful length diffus'd; the winds arise,  
 And swift the scud in dark succession flies.  
 On high, the cracking masts alternate bend, 25  
 Below, the leeward-gunnels \* deep depend.  
 The Master calls, to give the ship relief,  
 The topsails † lower, and form a single reef ‡:  
 Along each mast the yards descend amain,  
 Are man'd and reefed, then sent aloft again. 30

\* Gunnels, or Gun-wales, are the upper edges of the ship's side.

† Topsails are large square sails, of the second degree in magnitude and height, as the courses are of the first in magnitude, and the lowest.

‡ Reefs are certain spaces or divisions of the sail which are taken in or let out in proportion to the increase or diminution of the wind: in a square sail they are placed parallel to the upper edge below one another, each containing about a seventh part of it's depth, and are thus formed; at the bottom of each division there is a row of holes, stretching across the sail, through which are inserted a number of platted ropes, called points, in length each about twice the circumference of the yard, and these bind the intermediate space of canvass in plaits close up to the yard, from end to end; the sail being lowered slack down, for that purpose.

The

The shore of Candia distant now appears :  
 And nine leagues west-fouth-west Cape Spado\* bears.

Adieu ! ye pleasures of the sylvan scene,  
 Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene,  
 To me in vain on earth's prolific soil, 35  
 With summer crown'd, th' Elysian vallies smile.  
 To me those happy realms no joy impart,  
 But tantalize with pain my aching heart.  
 For them, alas ! reluctant, I forego  
 To visit storms and elements of woe. 40  
 Ye sympathetic tempests hither come,  
 And, o'er my soul, expand your fullen gloom !  
 In dismal progress, lo ! they hover near.—  
 Hail, social horrors ! like my fate severe.  
 Come hither too, Companions of the sea ! 45  
 And fearless view this awful scene with me.  
 Ye native guardians of your country's laws !  
 Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause !  
 The Muse invites you, judge if she depart  
 Unequal, from your thorny rules of art. 45  
 In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,  
 She boldly moves to meet the trying hour.

\* See the chart.

For this alone of all the warlike train,  
 That joyless wander o'er the desert main.  
 Her voice, attempting themes before unknown 50  
 To Music, sings distresses all her own.

Now heaving to the North in wide career,  
 The seas surrounding Candia's end appear.  
 The sun, retreated from the line of noon,  
 Far distant in Atlantic regions shone. 55  
 Succeeding clouds th' ethereal cope invade,  
 And wrap his waning orb in dismal shade :  
 A lowring squall obscures the southern sky,  
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly :  
 The topsails can no more it's weight sustain ; 60  
 At ev'ry hatchway \*, " reef !" they call again :  
 The halyards †, and top-bowlines ‡, soon are gone ;  
 To clue-lines § and reef-tackles || next they run ;

\* Hatchways are square holes in the decks to pass up and down through, and likewise to take in and deliver the cargo by.

† Halyards are those ropes or tackles by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered down, on the masts and stays.

‡ Bow-lines are ropes fastened to the outer edge or leech of the square-sails in three different places : their uses are to bind the weather or windward-edge of the sail tight forward on a side-wind, to keep it from shivering.

§ Clue-lines are ropes fastened to the clues, or lower-corners of the square-sails : their uses are to draw each clue up to the yards, for the more easy furling or reefing the sails.

|| Reef-tackles are ropes which run through holes at each top-sail-yard-end, and are fastened down on the edge or leech of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef ; by hauling these up, the reef-band,

The shivering sails descend; the yards are square;  
 Then quick aloft the ready crew repair: 65  
 The weather earings\*, and the lee, they pass;  
 The reef enfolded, and the points made fast.  
 Thus soon their business finish'd, they descend,  
 And, vigilant, th' approaching squall attend.  
 It comes, and lo! beneath it's boisterous rage, 70  
 All foaming white, the hostile waves engage:  
 The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,  
 And storm and cataracts tempestuous blend:  
 In deep careen † the cracking vessel falls;  
 "Brail up the mizen ‡ quick!" the Master calls: 75  
 "Man the clue-garnets §, let the main-sheet || fly!"—  
 It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!

band, which contains the holes, is bound close up to the yard, for the more readily tying the points.

\* Earings are small lines fastened to holes at the extreme parts of the reefs and head-ropes: the method of passing them is, by taking six or seven turns round the yard-end, each turn being inserted through the hole, which is called a cringle.

† Careening is lying down on either side.

‡ The mizen is a large sail bent to the mizen-mast, of an oblong figure, only that the upper-end of it is peaked or sloped: it is commonly reckoned one of the courses, which are main-sail, fore-sail, mizen and fore-stay-sail; but chiefly the main-sail and fore-sail\*.

§ Clue-garnets are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square-sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled or brailed.

|| Sheets are the ropes that extend the bottoms of all sails and

\* For the effect which this operation produces on the ship, the reader is referred to the last note of this canto.

The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,  
 Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar :  
 The ship still labors in th' oppressive strain, 80  
 Low-bending, as if ne'er to rise again :  
 " Heave up the helm a-weather \* !" RODMOND cries,  
 Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies !  
 She feels it's guiding power and veers apace ;  
 The fore-yard now directly square they brace : 85  
 Coercive sheets restrain th' inflated sail,  
 That spreads an ample concave to the gale.  
 While o'er the foam, the ship impetuous flies,  
 The helm th' attentive Timoneer † applies :  
 As in pursuit along th' aerial way, 90  
 With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,  
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,  
 Obliquely wheeling thro' the fluid space :  
 Thus, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,  
 The regent helm her motion still commands. 95

are fastened to the clues or corners : to the main-sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side ; the tack always being fast to windward close down to the gunnel, and the sheet stretched aft to leeward : tacks are only used on a side-wind.

\* The reason of putting the helm a-weather, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer.

† Timoneer, (from Timon, Ital. the Helm) the Steersman.

But now, to leeward past th' exhausted squall,  
 Their fear's dispell'd, again the wind they haul \* ;  
 The helm to starboard † moves, each shivering sail  
 Is sharply trim'd, to clasp th' augmenting gale ;  
 The mizen draws ; she springs aloof once more, 100  
 And the fore-stay-sail ‡ balances before :  
 The fore-yard then, with nervous arms is brac'd,  
 Whose larboard-tack is haul'd along the waist ;  
 Next, on the stretching sheet the seamen bend,  
 Then, haul the bow-line to the bowsprit's § end. 105  
 To top-sails now they ply ; each bunt-line's || gone,  
 Thro rattling blocks \*\* the clue-lines swiftly run ;

\* To haul the wind is to bring the ship's side to it, after she had been running more before it.

† The helm a-starboard directs the ship's head to the left or to port, and è contra ; hence, the ship running northward before the wind, the helm put a-starboard brings her stem westward.

‡ Vulgarly so called, but properly the fore-top-mast-stay-sail, is a three-cornered sail that runs upon the fore-top-mast-stay over the bowsprit : it's use is to command the fore-part of the ship, as the mizen commands the hinder or after-part, and balance each other : thus if a ship wants to cling the wind with her side, the mizen is set and the stay sail down : and if she wants to veer, the stay-sail is hoisted and the mizen brail'd up, &c.

§ The fore and fore-top-sail bow-lines are stretched to the bowsprit's end.

|| Bunt-lines are ropes which pass up behind each yard, and, leading through a block or pulley, reach down before their respective sails, to the bottom of which they are fastened : their use is to haul the foot of the sail close up to the yard, when it is to be brailed or furled.

\*\* Blocks are pieces of wood, hollowed so as to receive a little wheel or sheave within, on the edge of which the ropes run : they are so situate in different parts of the ship, as to command most of the necessary mechanism aloft, by hauling different ropes on deck.



Th' extending sheets on either side are man'd,  
 Abroad they come, the fluttering sails expand,  
 The yards again ascend each comrade mast; 110  
 The leeches \* taught, the halyards are made fast;  
 The bow lines haul'd, and yards to starboard brac'd †;  
 And straggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.

As when, by hunters gall'd, a mountain boar  
 The cultur'd glebes, and vineyards, rushes oer; 115  
 Resistless, forces thro each fencing bound,  
 Tears up the sprouts, and tramples to the ground }  
 The tender vines and shooting plants around;  
 The laboring planter, with assiduous care,  
 Attempts by props their drooping limbs to rear; 120  
 New grafts th' uprooted shrubs, in just array,  
 And from his grounds, the ruins clears away.

The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,  
 In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:

\* It has been said before that the leeches are the edges of the sail, which reach up and down, and are consequently made streight or taught when the sail is hoisted.

† Braces are the ropes that traverse or turn the yard on either side the mast: the yards are braced to starboard when the starboard-brace is hauled in, and è contra.

With brails \* refixt another soon prepar'd, 125  
 Ascending spreads along beneath the yard :  
 To each yard-arm the head-rope † they extend,  
 And soon the earings and the robands ‡ bend.  
 That task perform'd, they first the braces § slack,  
 Then, to the chesttree ||, bring aboard the tack : 130  
 And, while the lee-clue-garnet's lower'd away,  
 Taught aft the sheet they tally \*\* and belay.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grows,  
 South and by West the threatening tempest blows.  
 Auster's resistless force all air invades, 135  
 And every rolling wave more ample spreads.  
 The ship no longer can her topfails bear,  
 No hopes of milder weather now appear :

\* Brails are the clue-lines, bunt-lines and leech-lines : their uses are to haul the clues, leeches and bottoms of the sail close up to the yard ; and this is called brailing up, which I have taken the liberty to call embrailing.

† Head-rope is that to which the upper part of the sail is sewed. (See Bolt-rope, p. 61.)

‡ Rope-bands, or robands, are small ropes of a length that will take three turns round the yard : they are passed through holes under the head rope to fasten it to the yard.

§ Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack cannot come down till the braces are cast off.

|| Chesttree is a piece of wood which stands up and down edge-ways, bolted to the ship's side : there is a large hole in it, through which the tack is passed, and when the clue of the sail comes down to it, the tack is said to be aboard.

\*\* Tally is a phrase particularly used for hauling aft the sheets : to belay is to make fast.

Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,  
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain : 140  
 Embrail'd \* each topfail, and by braces squar'd,  
 The failors climb aloft and man each yard.  
 Around the fail the gaskets † are convey'd,  
 And rolling-tackles ‡ to the cap § belay'd :  
 The yards to point the wind by some are brac'd; 145  
 Some to fend down top-gallant-yards || are plac'd ;  
 Some travellers up the weather-back-stays \*\* fend ;  
 At each mast-head the top-ropes †† others bend ;

\* Clued-up is the same with embrailed.

† Gaskets are platted ropes to wrap round the sails, which is called furling them.

‡ A rolling-tackle is a rope passed through a single and double-block, so that it becomes four-fold : it's use is to confine the yard close to leeward, to keep it from galling against the mast by the motion of the ship.

§ Caps are strong, thick pieces of oak of an oblong figure, with two holes in them so fitted, that the hindmost or aftmost is bolted close down on the lower mast-head, and the foremost is for containing and keeping steady the top-mast, which slides up through it : and so of the top-gallant-mast.

|| It is usual to fend down the top-gallant-yards at the approach of a storm, to ease the mast-heads : they are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

\*\* Back-stays are long ropes, reaching from the top-mast-head to the chains, for securing the top-masts, which are the second masts in height, and stand at the head of each lower mast, as the top-gallant-mast stands at the head of the top-mast. Travellers are large rings round the back-stays, with a rope, of about six feet long, fast to each ; which being fastened to the top-gallant-yard-arms, confine them to the back stays when they are hoisted and lowered, to prevent them from swinging amongst the rigging.

†† Top-ropes are those by which yards and masts are hoisted and lowered.

The parrels \*, lifts † and clue-lines soon are gone,  
 Topped ‡, and unrigg'd, they down the back-stays run : 150  
 The yards secure along the booms § were laid,  
 And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.  
 All too clear'd up below, from toil and pain  
 The sailors hope an interval in vain ;  
 Fain harrast Nature would a respite crave, 155  
 And damp the glowing ardor of the brave :  
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,  
 And watery hills in dread succession flow.  
 With dismal aspect lowers th' extended scene,  
 New troubles, fresh difficulties convene : 160

\* Parrels are those ropes by which the yards are fastened to the masts ; being so passed round both, that the yard slides with ease up and down the mast as occasion requires : they are of three several kinds, a particular definition of which is immaterial here, as they are all constructed to serve the same purpose.

† Lifts are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms ; as, from the lower mast-heads to the lower yard-arms, and from the top-mast-heads to the top-sail-yard-arms, &c. to sustain the weight of the yard when it is manned.

‡ A yard is said to be topped, when one lift is slacked and the other hauled in, so that it forms greater or less angles with the mast ; and here, all the rigging being taken off from the top-gallant-yards, they are topped up and down, and a traveller fastened to each end, in order to slide down the back-stays, as they are lowered by the top-ropes.

§ Booms are spare masts or yards, which remain ready on deck to supply the places of those that may be carried away aloft by stress of weather, &c.

No season this from duty to descend !

*All hands on deck* must now the storm attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred king of day  
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray ;  
 His languid fires, half-lost in ambient haze,      165  
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze :  
 Till deep immerg'd, the sickening lamp descends,  
 And cheerless Night, o'er heaven her reign extends.  
 No ray of friendly light is seen around ;  
 The moon and stars in total shade are drown'd.      170

The ship no longer can whole courses bear,  
 To reef them now becomes the Master's care :  
 The failors, summon'd aft, all ready stand;  
 And man th' enfolding brails at his command——  
 But here the doubtful officers dispute      175  
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.  
 For RODMOND \*, to new methods still a foe,  
 Would first, at all events, the sheet let go :

\* This is particularly mentioned here, not because there was or could be any dispute at such a time between a matter of a ship and his chief mate, as the former can always command the latter ; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather risk every thing than forego their ancient rules, altho many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dan-

To long-try'd maxims obstinately warm,  
 Not even conviction his disputes unarm. 180  
 This, ALBERT and ARION disapprove,  
 And first to brail the tack up, firmly move.  
 " The Mariner in true experience try'd  
 " This fatal method ever will avoid :  
 " Who would secure with art the fluttering fail 185  
 " Should never first, the lee-yard-arm embrail.  
 " Should we, our canvass shivering then all o'er,  
 " Another fail immediate might be tore."  
 So ALBERT spoke, to windward at his call  
 Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul. 190  
 The tack's \* eas'd off—involv'd the doubling clue,  
 Between the pendent blocks, ascending flew.  
 The sheet and weather-brace † they now stand by,  
 Bunt-lines and lee-clue garnet next apply ;

dangerous. It is undoubtedly to the wonderful sagacity of these connoisseurs that we owe the truly English sea-maxims, of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind ; of whistling on the wind in a calm : of nailing horse-shoes on the mast, to prevent the power of witches : of nailing a fair wind to the star-board cat-head, that it may continue the whole voyage, &c. &c.

\* It has before been observed, that the tack is always fastened to windward ; therefore when the tack is cast off, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the clue or corner of the sail immediately mounts to the yard, which must be carefully done in a storm, to preserve the sail.

† It is necessary immediately to haul in the weather-brace here, when the sheet is gone, to keep the sail from tearing.

Then

Then all prepar'd, "let go the sheet!" he cries— 195  
 Loud rattling, jarring! thro the blocks it flies,  
 Beneath the lee-yard-arm expanding fills,  
 Till close embrail'd and squar'd the belly spills\*.  
 The fore-fail then secur'd, with equal care,  
 Again to reef the main-fail they repair. 200  
 While some, above the yard, o'er-haul the tye,  
 Below, the down-haul tackle † others ply.  
 Jears ‡, lifts and brails, a seaman each attends:  
 Along the mast it's mighty yard descends!  
 Now down sufficient, they securely brace; 205  
 The down-haul for a rolling-tackle § place  
 The earings and the reef-lines || are prepar'd,  
 Then, climbing pliant shrouds \*\*, they man the yard.

\* To spill a fail is to confine it from swelling out over the yard, and is done by bracing it so that the wind lays it flat against the mast; which is called bracing it a back.

† The violence of the wind forces the yard so much out, that it is necessary to hook a tackle to it (called by the above name) to haul it down, for the more conveniently reefing the fail.

‡ Jears, to the fore fail, main-fail and mizen, are the same as halyards to all other fails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

§ When the yard is down, the rolling-tackle is shifted; and one end being hooked to the mast, the other is hooked to the weather yard-arm and drawn tight, to keep the yard from swinging, so as to gall by it's friction against the mast and shrouds.

|| Reef-lines are used to the courses only, and are passed in spiral turns through the holes, and over the head of the fail successively, till they reach the extremes of the reef, and then being hauled taught, draw it up to the yard.

\*\* Shrouds are thick ropes stretching from the mast-heads down to both outsides of the ship, and are the chief support of the mast:  
 they

At whose extremes appear two able hands,  
 For no inferior skill this task demands, 210  
 To windward, foremost, young ARION strides,  
 The lee-yard-arm the gallant Boatswain rides.  
 The earings to the cringles first they bend,  
 The reef-band \* then with sinewy arms extend;  
 Around the yard the circling ends are past, 215  
 And soon the outer-turns †, and inner fast:  
 The reef-lines next, from hand to hand receiv'd,  
 Thro' eye-lid-holes and roband-legs are reev'd ‡;  
 The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,  
 Extend the worming lines, and ends belay. 220

they are doubled, and the bight or middle being clapped over the mast-head, the two lower ends are drawn taught down to the chains by lanyards.

\* The reef-band is a long piece of canvass sewed across the sail, for strengthening it in the place where the reef-holes or eye-lid holes are made, which pass through the band.

† The outer-turns are for stretching the reef taught along the yard: the inner-turns are to bind it close up to the yard.

‡ I am sufficiently sensible of the difficulty of explaining this operation to a land-reader, as there is no method to explain one term of art, but by some others, which is still leading the mind into greater labyrinths, as the ideas become more complex: I shall, however, attempt to make it intelligible by a familiar object. Suppose a curtain extended on a rod with a row of holes parallel to it's upper part, and a weight of lead stretching out the bottom of it, if a line is passed thro the holes in the parallel row, and then over the top of the curtain alternately, it is easy to conceive, that by drawing this line tight, it will draw up a great part of it: but that the line may not strain the upper ridge of the curtain, it must be passed thro the rings, which are more able to sustain the weight that hangs at the bottom. Note, *the reason of mentioning a piece of lead being hung below, is to perform the same operation that the force of wind does on a sail.*



Hadst thou, ARION ! then to leeward been,  
 Eternal darkness might have clos'd our scene ;  
 But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date  
 Severer ills to suffer and relate !

For while aloft the order they attend,  
 To furl the mainfail or on deck descend, 225  
 A wave high-heaving with stupendous roll,  
 To instant ruin seems to doom the hull\* ;  
 " O friends, secure your hold ! " ARION cries,  
 It comes all dreadful ! down the vessel lies  
 Half bury'd sideways ! while beneath it tost 230  
 Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost ;  
 Torn with resistless fury from their hold,  
 In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold ;  
 In vain to grapple pendent ropes they try,  
 The ropes alas ! a solid gripe deny : 235  
 Dash'd on the flood, they cry and pant for breath,  
 Call oft for aid and fain would combat death.  
 Th' impetuous waters booming o'er them sweep,  
 And down they sink to everlasting sleep.

\* The hull is the body of the ship.

Unable to assist, their comrades see . . . 240  
 The fated victims die beneath the lee,  
 With social sorrow their lost state bemoan,  
 Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

In sad suspense on deck the Pilots stand,  
 Nor can determine on the next command : . . . 245  
 Surrounding dangers now they ponder o'er ;  
 A storm, a lofty sea, and leeward shore !  
 " Should they, tho reefed, again the sails extend,  
 " Again, in shivering streamers they may rend ;  
 " Or, should they stand, beneath th' oppressive strain  
 " The ship may bend, and never rise again.  
 " Too late to weather \* now Morea's land,  
 " And drifting † fast on Grecia's rocky strand."  
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,  
 Where perils, unallay'd by hope, appear. . . . 255  
 Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,  
 At last to furl the courses they consent :

\* To weather a shore is to pass on the wind-side of it, which could not be done here, by reason of the violence of the storm.

† Drift is the motion and direction by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable to carry sail any longer.

That done, to reef the mizen next apply,  
Beneath it, fidelong in the waves, to try\*.

Adown the mast the yard they lower away; 260  
Then jears and topping-lift † secure belay :  
Soon, o'er the head the circling canvass past ‡,  
Around the yard and fail the gasket's past :  
The reef § enwrapt, th' inserted nittles ty'd,  
The halyards throt || and peek are next apply'd. 265  
The order's given, the yard aloft is fway'd ;  
The brails are gone ; th' extended sheet belay'd.

When sacred ORPHEUS ! on the Stygian coast,  
In notes divine implor'd his comfort lost,  
Not more adventurous was th' attempt to move 270  
Th' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,

\* To try, is to lie broadside to the direction of the wind and sea in a storm.

† Topping-lift is a tackle which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard.

‡ A piece of canvass is passed round the fail here, to prevent the gasket from cutting it when set ; and this is called balancing the mizen.

§ The reef of the mizen is at the bottom of it, and the nittles are short lines which passed through the reef-holes, are knotted under the foot-rope. (See Bolt-rope, p. 63.)

|| The throt is that part of the mizen yard which is close to the mast.

Tho fates and furies fill'd the dire domain,  
 And tortur'd souls for ever mourn'd in vain;  
 Than mine, in ornamental verse, to dress  
 The harshest founds that terms of Art express. 275  
 Such arduous toil sage DAEDALUS endur'd,  
 In mazes self-invented long immur'd;  
 Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd  
 To guide him thro that intricate abode.  
 Thus long imprison'd in the rugged way 280  
 Where PHOEBUS' daughters never aim'd to stray,  
 The thorny path fatigu'd I've wander'd o'er,  
 And now like DAEDALUS attempt to soar:  
 The verse begins in smoother notes to flow,  
 Replete with sad variety of woe. 285

As yet amid this elemental war,  
 Where Defolation, in his gloomy car,  
 Triumphant rages round the starless void,  
 And Fate on every billow seems to ride;  
 No combinations of distress appear, 290  
 To sink the seamen with unmanly fear,  
 No future ills unknown their souls apall,  
 They know no danger or they scorn it all;

Tho

Tho every rising wave more dreadful grows,  
 And, in succession dire, the deck o'erflows : 295  
 They, with severe fatigue alone opprest,  
 Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the Master's mind employ,  
 Approaching perils all his hopes destroy. 300  
 In vain he spreads the graduated chart  
 And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;  
 Across the geometric plane expands  
 The compasses to circumjacent lands ;  
 Ungrateful task ! for, no asylum found, 305  
 Death yawns on every leeward shore around !  
 While ALBERT thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,  
 The linear distances all o'er survey'd,  
 On deck the watchful RODMOND calls aloud  
 " Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud ! " 310  
 Arrous'd, he mounts, impatient to explore  
 The cause, when sudden, with tremendous roar,  
 A giant surge down rushes from on high,  
 And fore and aft diffever'd ruins lie ;  
 The hull all trembling, felt th' enormous stroke ; 315  
 The boats beneath th' impetuous pressure broke :

Torn

Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,  
 And gripes and lashings all afunder flew ;  
 Companion \*, binnacle †, in floating wreck,  
 With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck ; 320  
 The ballanc'd mizen rending to the head,  
 In fluttering fragments from it's bolt-rope ‡ fled :  
 The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams §,  
 And writh'd in labor, yawn'd their pitchy seams ||.  
 They found the well \*\*, and, terrible to hear ! 325  
 Along the line five wetted feet appear :  
 At either pump they heave the clashing brake ††,  
 And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office take ;

\* The companion is a square wooden porch, erected over the hatchway, that goes down to the cabin or apartment of the chief officers.

† The binnacle is a box which stands before the helm on deck, containing three divisions, the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the other two for the compasses which direct the ship's course and the watch-glasses.

‡ The bolt-rope surrounds every sail, their edges being sewed to it: in square sails it is distinguished by three names, viz. head-rope or upper part; leeches or sides; and foot-ropes or bottoms.

§ Beams are strong pieces of timber stretching across the ship, to keep the sides at their proper distance, and support the decks.

|| Because the seams or junctions of the planks are filled with pitch, to prevent the water from penetrating the deck or sides.

\*\* The pump-well is an apartment in the ship's hold that contains the main-mast and pumps, and is planked round, to keep the cargo clear of the pumps: it is sounded by letting a measured iron rod and line down the pump, by which they know whether the leaks increase or diminish.

†† The brake is the pump-handle, which is occasionally fixed and taken off.

RODMOND, ARION and PALEMON here  
 At this sad task all diligent appear. 330  
 As some strong citadel, begirt with foes,  
 Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose ;  
 Destruction near her spreads his black array,  
 And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;  
 Till in some fated hour against her wall 335  
 In tenfold rage the mortal thunders fall ;  
 It breaks, it bursts before the cannonade,  
 And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade ;  
 The natives long repel the hostile flood,  
 And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood.

So they with down-cast looks their pumps attend,  
 And help incessant by rotation lend ;  
 But all in vain ! for lo ! the founding clue  
 Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth they view.  
 Still o'er the deck, to aggravate their fear, 345  
 Fierce torrents rush in terrible career.  
 Nor this severe distress is found alone,  
 The ribs \*, oppress'd by ponderous cannon, groan ;

\* Ribs are the curved timbers of a ship which reach from the keel or bottom to the gunnel : by these the body of the ship is constructed, on which the out-side planks and ceiling are afterwards placed.

THE SHIPWRECK. 65

As in convulsive throes Pelorus reels  
When the next hill some fierce eruption feels : 350  
Hoarse thro his entrails roars th' infernal flame,  
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.

So, reeling from the liquid volume's height,  
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.  
Accumulating mischiefs thus arise, 355  
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies :  
For this one remedy is only known,  
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown.  
Eventful task ! which last distress requires,  
And dread of instant death alone inspires : 360  
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,  
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,  
Some fatal billow, with impetuous sweep,  
May whirl the floated wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay, 365  
No moment must neglected pass away.  
The boldest efforts of th' unconquer'd heart,  
Strong perseverance with each help of art,



Can only now their misery relieve,  
 Can only now a dawn of safety give. 370  
 Swift RODMOND and ARION downward haste,  
 With able failors on each side the waist\* :  
 They loos'd their frappings †, and the forelocks ‡ drew,  
 And every cannon from it's carriage threw :  
 Hurl'd from refounding hinges o'er the lee, 375  
 With thundering jar, they plunge into the sea.

Not with feverer agonies possess'd,  
 ALCIDES dying, felt th' envenom'd vest,  
 When Torture shot a thousand pungent pains,  
 In burning fury thro his poison'd veins : 380  
 He wept and rav'd and try'd, alas ! too late,  
 To stop the swift career of cruel fate ;  
 The baneful mantle from his body tore,  
 All clogg'd with carnage, all distain'd with gore :  
 His hope, an interval of ease procur'd ; 385  
 Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd !

\* The waist is the hollow between the quarter-deck and fore-castle, or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them.

† Frappings are the tackles and ropes by which the guns are fastened to the ship's side.

‡ Forelocks are little flat iron wedges drove into the bolt-ends to prevent their loosening in the carriages.

THE SHIPWRECK. 37

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds  
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds :  
 But short the pause of woe!— new ills impend,  
 O'er all the sky Cimmerian shades extend, 390  
 Save when the lightnings, in terrific blaze,  
 Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays.  
 Above the thunderous clouds deep-heaving flow,  
 Where grim Destruction threatens all below :  
 Beneath the storm lash't surges furious rise, 395  
 And wave uproll'd on wave affails the skies :  
 She, almost bury'd in the black profound,  
 Beholds with fiery glare huge hills surround.

With ceaseless toils and hazards thus oppress'd,  
 Dismay and anguish every soul possess : 400  
 For while, in sweeping inundation, o'er  
 The sea-beat ship, the booming waters roar,  
 No diminution of the leaks is found ;  
 The clattering pumps with constant strokes resound :  
 And round each leaping box the tough bull-hide \*,  
 By friction wore, must ever be supply'd.

\* The leather which is nailed round the pump-boxes or suckers.

66 THE SHIPWRECK.

Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,  
 And down their weary limbs thick sweats distil.  
 No ease, no respite in these sad extremes !  
 Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems !

Again the Chief th' instructive draught extends,  
 And o'er the figur'd 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,           415  
 Skill droops unequal, and experience fails.  
 The different traverses, since twilight made,  
 He on the hydrographic circle laid,  
 Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,  
 The angle of lee-way, seven points, remain'd.       420  
 Her place explor'd with mathematic art,  
 Sad consternation dampt his mighty heart.  
 When, on th' immediate line of drift he found  
 The rugged isle, with rocks and breakers bound  
 Of Falconera \*, distant only now               425  
 Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow :  
 And if on those destructive ledges tost,  
 The helpless bark with all her crew are lost.

\* See the ship's track in the chart.

As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,  
 The steep St. George and craggy Gardalor. 430  
 With him the Pilots of their hopeless state,  
 In mournful consultation long debate ;  
 Then ALBERT, from th' unconscious crew apart,  
 To them reveal'd the dictates of his heart.

“ Our bark, in this dread \* interval, no more 435  
 “ Can bear these watery mountains thunder o'er :  
 “ One only shift, tho desperate, we must try,  
 “ And that, before the boisterous storm to fly :  
 “ Then lest her sides will feel the furies' power,  
 “ Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour,  
 “ Nor must we, now bereft of every sail, 441  
 “ Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale ;  
 “ For then, if † broaching sideward to the wave,  
 “ Sea-log'd ‡, she sinks us in a liquid grave :  
 “ Vain all endeavours then to § bear away, 445  
 “ Nor helm, nor Pilot would she more obey.”

\* The hollow of the sea, where the ship tries a-hull with her side to it's direction.

† See the note of broaching too in the third Canto.

‡ A ship is said to be water-log'd, when by springing a leak she has a great quantity of water in her hold, so as to become heavy and inactive on the sea.

§ See above, page 48, note 2, as this is the same operation which is explained there.

He said ; and RODMOND, active, strong and brave,  
 From him dissenting, other counsel gave :  
 In every peril of the ocean train'd,  
 Courage and skill his mighty heart sustain'd. . . 450

“ Ah ! where, with safety, can we dare to scud  
 \* Before this tempest and pursuing flood ?  
 “ Tho' Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,  
 “ To whose safe ports appears a passage free,  
 “ Yet think this furious unremitting gale . . . 455  
 “ Deprives the ship of every ruling sail ;  
 “ And if before it she directly flies,  
 “ New ills enclose us, and new dangers rise.  
 “ A rugged shore, where lurking shelves abound,  
 “ On rocks unseen where breakers roar around, 460  
 “ Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,  
 “ Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost.  
 “ Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,  
 “ O safer that sad refuge to delay !

“ Our crew, tho' long oppress'd with toils severe, 465  
 “ Still at the pumps, confess no terror near ;

“ Shall

“ Shall we their dreadless spirits then dismay ?  
 “ Or bid the generous sparks of hope decay ?  
 “ This storm, tho terrible, may soon subside,  
 “ Or with less violence enrage the tide ; 470  
 “ Then may our leaks decrease, our fails once more  
 “ With safety guide to some relieving shore.”

Thus RODMOND spoke, in long experience try'd,  
 And ceas'd ; to which ARION soon reply'd.  
 Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun 475  
 Had yet progressive, twice nine summers run.  
 Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,  
 In thy sad school, stern NEPTUNE ! taught too well.  
 With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart  
 Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart ; 480  
 Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,  
 Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel.  
 His mind, that on each incident reflects,  
 Thus links the chain of causes and effects.

“ Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide, 485  
 “ A moment pause what purpose to decide ?  
 “ Alas !

" Alas ! from circling horrors, thus combin'd,  
 " One method of relief alone we find !  
 " Thus water-log'd, thus helpless to remain  
 " Amid this hollow, how ill-judg'd ! how vain ! 490  
 " Our sea-breacht vessel can no longer bear  
 " The floods that o'er her burst in dread career :  
 " At every pitch th' o'erwhelming waters bend  
 " Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's end :  
 " At either pump our seamen pant for breath, 495  
 " In dire dismay, anticipating death :  
 " Still all our powers th' increasing leaks defy,  
 " We sink at sea, no shore, no harbor nigh.  
 " One dawn of hope yet cheers the dismal gloom,  
 " To light and save us from the watery tomb ; 500  
 " That only ray of hope directs to veer,  
 " And bids our ship before the tempest steer.

" 'Tis urg'd, that thus without one guiding fail  
 " She scuds to rocky coasts before the gale :  
 " But Falconera's island we may shun, 505  
 " And long appears to Grecian shores our run :  
 " Our vessel then will bear the following seas,  
 " Before this raging tempest more at ease.

“ And

“ And since as soon that tempest will decay  
 “ When steering shoreward, wherefore thus delay? 510  
 “ Or there two cables join’d at length may ride  
 “ The mastless hull, long floating on the tide ;  
 “ Unknown what incidents may then appear,  
 “ But death inevitable hovers here.”

While these distressful themes PALEMEN heard, 515  
 Extreme affliction in his looks appear’d ;  
 His sinking heart confess’d a sovereign dread,  
 And from his bosom hope and vigor fled.  
 Mov’d to the soul, ARION saw his pain,  
 And social anguish throb’d in every vein : 520  
 For, all awake to friendship’s living heat,  
 In his rapt breast pathetic tremors beat ;  
 That warmly felt the tides of passion flow,  
 Alive to pleasure, and alive to woe.  
 He try’d with soft persuasion’s melting lore, 525  
 PALEMEN’S fainting courage to restore ;  
 His wounded spirit heal’d with friendship’s balm,  
 And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.  
 Now had the Pilots all events revolv’d,  
 And on their final refuge thus resolv’d. 530

L

Then



Then to the crew, whom racking doubts perplex,  
The dreadful purpose ALBERT thus directs.

“ Ye hapless partners in a wayward fate !  
 “ Whose courage now is known perhaps too late ;  
 “ Ye ! who unmov'd behold the lawless storm     535  
 “ In horrid conflict all the deep deform,  
 “ Who, patient in adversity, still bear  
 “ The firmest front when greatest ills are near !  
 “ The truth, tho painful, I must now reveal,  
 “ What till the last I purpos'd to conceal.     540  
 “ Ingulf't, all helps of art we vainly try  
 “ To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh :  
 “ Our wave-wreckt sides no longer can sustain  
 “ These fierce invasions of the bursting main.  
 “ From this, one remedy alone we find,     545  
 “ To veer, and scud before the following wind.  
 “ Perhaps even then to scenes of death we steer,  
 “ For rocky shores beneath our lee appear,  
 “ Unless by Heaven's assistance we can gain  
 “ Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main :     550  
 “ That goal indeed concludes our sad career,  
 “ But that's remote, and instant death is here.

“ But

“ But if, determin’d by the will of Heaven,  
 “ Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,  
 “ These counsels follow’d, from the watery grave, 555  
 “ Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save.

“ First every ax to hand convenient lay,  
 “ And lash secure, to cut the masts away :  
 “ The longest lines on deck must be convey’d,  
 “ And on the weather quarter-rails belay’d ; 560  
 “ If haply some alive should reach the land,  
 “ Th’ extended cords to fasten on the strand.  
 “ Whene’er loud breaking on the leeward shore,  
 “ While yet aloof, we hear the surges roar,  
 “ Thus for the imminent event prepar’d, 565  
 “ Brace fore and aft \* to starboard every yard ;  
 “ Then, broach † the vessel to the westward round,  
 “ And climb the rigging till she strikes the ground :

\* The intent of bracing the yards fore and aft here is to lie under the masts when they are cut away, in order to float them better up from off the rocks, that the men may the safer get along upon them.

† Broaching too is bringing the side to the wind in a storm, but is commonly understood to be done by accident or neglect, on account of the great difficulty in steering a ship before the storm and sea : and this is done here to bring the vessel’s broadside to the shore, so that the masts, when cut away, may possibly reach to it, in order to effect the escape of the crew.

“ When first her bottom feels the dreadful shock,  
 “ With shattered bilges on the pointed rock; 570  
 “ The ablest seamen from the shrouds descend,  
 “ And lashings \* round their waists securely bend;  
 “ Then burst the hatches † off, and every stay  
 “ And every fastening lanyard ‡ cut away :  
 “ Planks, gratings, booms and rafts to leeward cast, 575  
 “ Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast;  
 “ That buoyant lumber may sustain you o’er  
 “ The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore.  
 “ But, on the masts, if possible, remain,  
 “ The surest method safety to obtain ! 580  
 “ Tho’ great the danger, and the task severe,  
 “ Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear ;  
 “ If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,  
 “ Adieu to hope, to life itself adieu !

\* Lashings are lines to fasten any thing, and are here designed to secure the men from being washed over-board by the height of the sea while employed on deck.

† Hatches are the covers of the hatchways, of which gratings are a particular kind made to let the light pass between decks.

‡ Lanyard ; there is in the lower end of every shroud, and upper part of every chain-plate, a round block of wood, called a dead-eye, with three holes in it, and the lanyard is a rope that, passing through the holes of both dead-eyes, becomes sixfold, and draws it’s respective shroud quite taught, for the security of the mast ; so that these must all be cut away previous to the mast, in order to disengage it from the side.

“ I know

" I know among you some have oft beheld 585  
 " A blood-hound train, by Rapine's lust impel'd,  
 " On England's cruel coast impatient stand,  
 " To rob the wanderers wreckt upon their strand.  
 " Th' inhospitable office they pursue,  
 " And strip with savage haste the murder'd crew ; 590  
 " Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,  
 " Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.  
 " But dread not here such sacrilegious bands,  
 " For gentler are the natives of these lands ;  
 " Who, tho more wretched, yet are more humane, 595  
 " And shed the social tear at mortal pain.

" No more remains, but now prepare to veer,  
 " Away two skilful helmsmen aft to steer !  
 " And thou ETERNAL POWER ! whose awful sway  
 " The storms revere, and roaring seas obey ! 600  
 " On thy supreme assistance we rely :  
 " Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die !  
 " To thy unerring will submissive trust,  
 " With whom "*whatever is, is ever just.*"

Thus

Thus in a land that adverse powers distress, 605  
 That fore fatigue and peril long oppress ;  
 Whose wealth to victor-hoists becomes a prey,  
 Till all her vigor, pride and fame decay :  
 Some skilful statesman, from the ruling helm,  
 Beholds black Ruin hovering o'er his realm : 610  
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,  
 Where dangers grow and hostile unions rise :  
 Watchful remarks the mischief-planning foe,  
 Eludes their schemes, and frustrates every blow ;  
 Tries his last art the tottering state to save, 615  
 Or in it's ruins find a glorious grave.

The order now was given to bear away,  
 The order given, the Timoneers obey.  
 Both stay-sail \* sheets to mid-ships were convey'd  
 And round the fore-mast on each side belay'd. 620  
 Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,  
 They hoist,—away the flitting ruins fly !

\* It has been before mentioned, that the fore-stay-sail is one of the sails which commands the fore-part of the ship, and is for that reason hoisted at this time, to bear her fore-part round before the wind : for the same reason, after it is split, the foremost yards are braced aback, that is, to form right angles with the direction of the wind. For a further illustration of this, see the subsequent note.

But

BUT ALBERT still new remedies prepares,  
 Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares.

“ Come aft and lower the mizen-yard on deck !” 625

He calls, “ and brace the foremost yards aback !

“ Unmov'd she lies, nor will the helm obey !

“ Then quickly cut the mizen-mast away \* !”

\* When a ship is forced by the violence of a contrary wind to furl all her sails, if the storm increase and the sea continue to enlarge, she is often strained to so great a degree, that, to ease her, she must be made to run before their mutual direction ; which however is rarely done but in cases of the last necessity. Now as she has no head-way the helm is deprived of it's governing power, as the latter effect is only produced in consequence of the former ; it therefore necessarily requires an uncommon effort to wheel or turn her into any different position. It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that *Every body will persevere in it's state of rest, or moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change it's state by forces impressed ; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and is made according to the right line in which that force acts.*

By this principle it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind acting upon her sails in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon ; for the sails may be so set as to receive the current of air either directly, or more or less obliquely ; and the motion communicated to the ship must of necessity conspire with that of the wind. As therefore the ship lies in such a situation as to have the wind and sea directly on her side, and these increase to such a height, that she must either founder or scud before the storm ; the aftmost sails are first taken in, or so placed that the wind has very little power on them, and the head-sails or foremost sails are spread abroad, so that the whole force of the wind is exerted on the ship's forepart, which must therefore of necessity yield to it's impulse. The prow being thus put in motion, it's motion must conspire with that of the wind, and will be pushed about so as to run immediately before it : for this reason, when no more sail can be carried, the foremost yards are braced aback, that is, in such a position as to receive all the current of air they can contain directly, to perform the operation of head-sails ; and the mizen-yard is lowered to produce the same effect as furling, or placing obliquely the aftmost

He said ; to cut the girding stay they run,  
 Soon on each side the fever'd shrouds are gone :    630  
 The broad ax smites aloud the founding tree,  
 That tottering, crashing, tumbles o'er the lee.

Thus when some limb is seiz'd with gangren'd pains  
 That spread their baneful influence thro the veins,  
 Th' experienc'd artist all his skill applies            635  
 To check the dire contagion as it flies ;  
 But if the malady eludes his art,  
 To save the whole he wisely dooms a part :  
 To stop the course of Death's inflaming tides,  
 Th' infected member from the trunk divides.    640

most fails ; and this attempt being found insufficient, the mizen-  
 mast is cut away, which must have been followed by the main-  
 mast, if the expected effect had not taken place.

END of the SECOND CANTO.

## A R G U M E N T.

*The design and power of poetry—Transferred to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast clear'd 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, &c. famous in antiquity—Athens—SOCRATES—PLATO—ARISTIDES—SOLON—Corinth—It's architecture—Present condition—Sparta—LEONIDAS—Invasion of XERXES—LYCURGUS—EPAMINONDAS—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Former happiness and fertility—Present distress the effect of slavery— Ithaca—ULYSSES and PENELOPE—Argos and Mycenae—Macronisi—LEMNOS—VULCAN and VENUS—Delos—APOLLO and DIANA—Troy—HELEN—SESTOS—LEANDER and HERO—Delphos—Temple of APOLLO—Parnassus—The MUSES—HELICON—Return to the ship—Prodigious tempest—Sparkling of the sea—Rain—Meteors—Hail—Darkness—Lightning—Thunder—Approach of day—Discovery of land—Ship in great danger passes the island of St. George—Brought broadside to the shore—Bowsprit, fore-mast and main-top-mast carried away—Strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.*

M

T H E



---

T H E  
S H I P W R E C K.

C A N T O III.

**T**HE war of lawless passions to control,  
To melt in living sympathy the soul,  
The heart's remote recesses to explore,  
And touch it's springs when prose avail'd no more ;  
This noble purpose taught the classic lyre                   5  
In human breasts to wake celestial fire :  
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,  
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.  
When great MAEONIDES, in rapid song,  
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,                   10  
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,  
And all the burning pulses beat to arms :  
Hence war's terrific glory to display  
Became the theme of every epic lay.

And

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 63

And when his sympathetic numbers tell 15

What dire distress LAERTES' son befall,

The tragic measures, weeping as they flow,

Dissolve the soul with ecstasy of woe.

Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs,

In sun-ward flight with Pegasean wings ; 20

While distant Poets, trembling as they view

Their guiding star, his arduous track pursue.

His magic voice that rouses and delights,

Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.

But I, in cheerless clouds bewildered stray, 25

Without his sacred beam to point my way ;

And, in these dangerous fields unused to tread,

Explore the devious path with solemn dread.

'Tis true he lightly sketch'd the bold design,

But toils more joyless, more severe are mine ; 30

Since o'er that scene his pencil swiftly ran,

Subservient only to a nobler plan :

But I, perplexed in labyrinths of art,

Anatomize and blazon every part :

Attempt with plaintive numbers to display 35

The chain'd events in regular array.

Tho' hard the task, to sing in varied strains,  
 When still unchang'd the same sad theme remains!  
 O could it draw compassion's melting tear  
 For equal agonies oft seen too near; 40  
 For equal wretches oft to ruin cast,  
 On Albion's strand, before the wintry blast;  
 For all the pangs, the complicated ill,  
 Her bravest sons, her guardian failors feel!  
 Then every breast should sigh at our distress, 45  
 This were the summit of my hop'd success:  
 For this thro' mazes I my theme pursue,  
 Which nor MÆONIDES nor MARO knew.

Now, from the side the mizen-ruins clear,  
 The yielding prow at last began to veer: 50  
 "Square, fore and aft, the yards!" the Master calls,  
 "While round before th' enlarging\* wind she falls:  
 "You Timoneers! her motion close attend,  
 "For on your steerage all our lives depend!  
 "So, steady! meet her, watch the curving prow, 55  
 "And from the gale directly let her go!

\* The wind is said to enlarge when it veers from the side towards the stern, which it consequently must as the ship veers before it.

"Starboard again!" th' attentive Pilots cry,  
 "Starboard," the Timoneers again reply :  
 Then back to \* port, revolving at command,  
 The wheel rolls swiftly thro each glowing hand. 60  
 All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,  
 Scourg'd on by surges, storms and bursting skies :  
 As when enclosing harponeers affail,  
 In arctic seas, th' unconscious floating whale,  
 Their piercing irons wound his scaly side, 65  
 He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide ;  
 And, ract all o'er with lacerating pain,  
 He flies remote beneath the flood in vain.

So with resistless haste the wounded ship  
 Shoots from the chacing waves along the deep : 70  
 While, dash't apart by her dividing prow,  
 Like burning adamant, the waters glow :  
 The maddening winds with tenfold fury blend,  
 And from above huge cataracts descend.  
 High o'er the stern th' aspiring seas enlarge, 75  
 And with redoubled ire their force discharge.

\* See page 49, note 2 : the left side of the ship is called port in steering, that the helmsman may not mistake larboard for starboard, when the pilot calls. The helm is commanded by a wheel.

Now on the topmost wave up-heav'd she rides,  
 While close beneath th' enormous gulf divides ;  
 Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,  
 Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale ; 80  
 Till up-returning on succeeding hills,  
 Again, it's direful power she trembling feels ?  
 As that rebellious Angel who from Heaven  
 To regions of eternal pain was driven,  
 When dreadless he forsook the Stygian \* shore, 85  
 The distant realms of Eden to explore :  
 Sometimes sublim'd on sulphur'd clouds on high,  
 He sail'd adventurous thro th' infernal sky ;  
 Then in some dreadful vacuum plunging down,  
 Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown. 90

Even so she climbs the briny mountain's height,  
 Then down the dire abyss precipitates her flight,  
 ALBERT and RODMOND on the poop appear,  
 There to direct each guiding Timoneer ;  
 While at the head the watch ARION keeps, 93  
 To shun what cruifers wander on the deeps :  
 Where'er he moves, PALEMON still attends,  
 As if on him his only hope depends.

\* See Milt. Par. Lost, b. II.

THE SHIPWRECK. 87

While ever and anon, with warning roar,  
The Pilots call to them, *look out afore!* 100

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,  
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view,  
Faintly along the larboard bow descry'd,  
As o'er it's mountain tops the lightnings glide.

In dire amazement rivetted they stand, 105

And hear the surges beat the rocky strand;  
But scarce perceiv'd, when past the beam it flies,  
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.

That danger o'er reflects a feeble joy,  
And a faint pleasure gleams in every eye: 110

As, in th' Atlantic ocean, when we find  
Some alp of ice driven southward by the wind,  
The sultry air all sickening pants around,  
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd;

Till when the floating isle approaches nigh, 115

In cooling tides th' aerial billows fly;  
Awhile, deliver'd from the scorching heat,  
In smooth tranquillity our pulses beat.

Such transient pleasure, as they past this strand,  
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand: 120

But

Short gleams of ease alas ! those joys bestow :  
Too soon elapse our intervals of woe !

Say, MEMORY ! thou from whose unerring tongue  
Instructive flows the animated song !  
What regions now the scudding ship surround ? 125  
Regions in former ages long renown'd ;  
That, once the POETS theme, the MUSES' joy,  
Now lost in scatter'd desolation lie.  
Did they whose sad distress these lays deplore,  
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore, } 130  
Unconscious pass along each famous shore ?

They did : for in this desert, joyless soil  
No flowers of genial Science deign to smile ;  
For native tempests here with blasting breath,  
Despoil and doom the vernal buds to death ; 135  
The soul's serene with gloomy clouds deform,  
And rouse it's temper to perpetual storm.  
Then if one hapless youth among this train,  
Had rang'd fair Science ! on thy fertile plain,  
Since thy salubrious streams with power divine, 140  
To purer sense the soften'd soul refine,

Sure,

Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,  
 To learning lost, severer grief endur'd :  
 In vain might PHOEBUS' ray his mind inspire,  
 Since Fate with torrents quencht the kindling fire. 145  
 If one this pain of living death possest,  
 It dwelt supreme, ARION ! in thy breast.  
 When with PALEMEN watching in the night,  
 Beneath pale CYNTHIA's melancholy light,  
 You oft recounted those surrounding states 150  
 Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.

Immortal Athens \* first, in ruin spread,  
 Contiguous lies, at Port LIONO's head.  
 Great source of Science ! whose immortal name  
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame. 155  
 Here godlike SOCRATES and PLATO shone,  
 And, firm to truth, eternal honor won ;  
 The first for virtue's cause his life resign'd,  
 By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind :  
 The last proclaim'd aloud th' undying soul 160  
 No fatal doom to limits could control.  
 Just ARISTIDES here maintain'd the cause  
 Whose sacred precepts shine thro SOLON's laws.

\* Most of the countries described here are in the chart prefixed.



Here SOLON liv'd, the philosophic sage,  
 Who fled from PISISTRATUS' cruel rage. 165  
 Of all her noble fabrics now alone  
 Some columns stand with mantling weeds o'ergrown.  
 The wandering stranger near the port descries  
 A snow-white lion, of enormous size,  
 Of antique marble ; hence the haven's name, 170  
 Unknown to modern natives whence it came.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,  
 Whose gorgeous structures seem'd to strike the skies :  
 Whom, tho by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,  
 Greece, Egypt, Rome with admiration view'd : 175  
 Her name, for architecture long renown'd,  
 Spred like the foliage which her columns crown'd :  
 But, wide dispers'd in sad destruction, now  
 Is found adjacent on the starboard bow.

Then, further westward, on Morea's land, 180  
 Fair Misitra ! thy modern turrets stand.  
 Ah ! who unmov'd with secret woe can tell  
 That here great Lacedaemon's glory fell ?

Here

Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound,  
War burst his chains and nations shook around. 185

Here brave LEONIDAS, alas ! no more

Thro all Achaia bids her thunder roar ;

He, when the mighty XERXES from afar

Advanc'd with Persia's sumless hosts to war,

Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear, 190

And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near.

He, at Thermopylae's decisive plain,

Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious train ;

Till Oeta saw the Tyrant's conquer'd host,

In gasping millions, bleed on Grecia's coast. 195

Thus vanquish'd haughty Asia heard thy fame,

And Thebes and Athens trembled at thy name.

Thy state, supported by LYCURGUS' laws,

Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause.

Even great EPAMINONDAS strove in vain 200

To curb thy spirit with the Theban chain :

But ah ! how low that free-born spirit now !

Thy abject sons to haughty Tyrants bow :

A false, degenerate, superstitious race

Infest thy region, and it's name disgrace ! 205

Not distant far Arcadia's blest domains  
 Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.  
 Thrice happy soil ! where still serenely gay  
 Fair FLORA breath'd around perpetual May :  
 Where buxom CERES bade each fertile field      210  
 Spontaneous gifts, in rich profusion, yield.  
 The guiltless shepherds, o'er these silvan plains,  
 To rural pleasures sung their artless strains ;  
 Or with th' enamor'd Maid supremely blest,  
 When melting raptures warm'd each youthful breast, 215  
 Reclining in some flower-bedeckt alcove,  
 Dissolv'd the warbled notes to dying love ;  
 Soft as the happy Swain's enchanting lay  
 That pipes *among the shades of Endermay*.  
 Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand      220  
 Subjects her natives and despoils her land :  
 In lawless rapine nurst, a sanguine train,  
 With midnight ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Fam'd Argos here in ruins too we find,  
 Whose Monarch all the powers of Greece combin'd, 225  
 And led in strong array the warrior-hosts  
 Across th' Agean main to Dardan coasts.

Unhappy

Unhappy King! who, on a hostile shore  
 Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;  
 And when restor'd to native realms at last, 230  
 To reap the harvest of his troubles past,  
 There found a perjur'd friend and faithless wife,  
 Who sacrific'd to impious lust his life.

Adjacent to Arcadia stretch these plains,  
 And, o'er their realms, a powerful Tyrant reigns. 235

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies  
 The long-sought isle of ITHACUS the wise,  
 Where fair PENELOPE, of him depriv'd,  
 To guard her honor endless schemes contriv'd.  
 She, only shielded by a stripling son, 240  
 Her lord ULYSSES long to Ilium gone,  
 The warm attacks of suitor-kings repel'd,  
 And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;  
 True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,  
 Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last. 245

Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,  
 Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;  
 For

For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,  
 With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast :  
 For whom so long they labor'd to destroy 250  
 The lofty turrets of beleaguer'd Troy :  
 Here driven by furious storms, from Ilion lost,  
 Th' unhappy, faithless HELEN first was tost.  
 The port an image bears of Parian stone,  
 Th' antiquity to present Greeks unknown. 255

Next, Delos in th' Aegean seas is found,  
 Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround.  
 High honor'd isle ! on whose immortal shore,  
 PHOEBUS and CYNTHIA, fair LATONA bore.  
 Thy sacred strand surrounding Greece rever'd ! 260  
 Thy hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd !  
 But now, a desert, unfrequented land,  
 No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

North-eastward farther near Natolia's coast,  
 Stands Lemnos' fertile region, VULCAN's boast : 265  
 Where in her rage avenging JUNO hurl'd  
 Him, from Olympus, to this nether world :

Here

Here his eternal anvils first he rear'd,  
 Then, forg'd by Cyclopæan art, appear'd  
 Thunders that shook the world with dread alarms, 270  
 And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms.  
 Here, with the vilest of th' empyreal race,  
 A wretch deform'd, devoid of every grace,  
 In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of Love:  
 Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move? 275

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,  
 That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore:  
 Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,  
 Thro the long records of succeeding time!  
 Who saw protecting gods from Heaven descend 280  
 Full oft, her royal bulwarks to defend:  
 Tho chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,  
 With Fate the gods and heroes fought in vain.  
 This refuge of perfidious HELEN's shame  
 At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame: 285  
 By Time's deep-piercing coultter harrow'd o'er,  
 Unknown the spot that once great Ilium bore:  
 No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,  
 But corn and vines o'erspread her cultur'd plains.

Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore, 290  
 Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore !

Not distant far from Ilion's famous land,  
 In counterview, appears the Sestian strand,  
 Where beauteous HERO, from the turret's height  
 Display'd her cresset each revolving night, 295  
 Whose gleam directed lov'd LEANDER o'er  
 The raging Hellespont from Asia's shore ;  
 Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast  
 She saw her hapless lover's body tost :  
 Then felt her bosom agony severe, 300  
 Her bright eyes trembling pour'd th' incessant tear :  
 Raving, in all the pangs of wild despair  
 She beat her swelling breast, she tore her hair ;  
 On dear LEANDER'S name in vain she cry'd,  
 Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide : 305  
 Th' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,  
 And proudly from the strand it's freight convey'd.

Far west of Phrygian plains we next explore,  
 Beyond Aegean seas the Delphic shore,

T H E S H I P W R E C K. 97

The sacred oracle of PHOEBUS here 310  
Taught every age and nation to revere ;  
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,  
August the fabric ! elegant it's stile !  
The roof, where fretted tablatures appear'd,  
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd ; 315  
The shafts of Parian porphyry were fram'd,  
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd ;  
On brazen hinges turn'd the ponderous doors,  
And checquer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors :  
APOLLO's priests, before the holy shrine, 320  
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine ;  
Against the sun's descending beam 'twas plac'd,  
With stringed harps and branching laurels grac'd ;  
Around the fane, engrav'd by VULCAN's hand,  
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand ; 325  
Here AESCULAPIUS' snake display'd his crest,  
And burning glories sparkled on his breast,  
While Death and pale Disease, in headlong flight,  
Shot from his ardent eye's inspiring light.  
Of this great temple, thro' the world renown'd, 330  
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.



Contiguous here, with lofty woods o'erspred,  
 Parnassus rears to Heaven it's honor'd head :  
 Along the vales unfading laurels grow,  
 And aromatic flowers perpetual blow : 335  
 The warbling birds on every spray above,  
 To living rapture wake the vocal grove :  
 While o'er th' eternal spring that laughs beneath,  
 Elyfian zephirs pour their spicy breath :  
 Here with immortal harps the sacred Nine 340  
 Exalt to extasy their airs divine ;  
 All sadly-sweet the balmy currents roll,  
 And sooth to softest peace the tortur'd soul ;  
 Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,  
 And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay : 345  
 While all alive the breathing hills around,  
 On odorous gales, seraphic tunes resound :  
 Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,  
 Or melts in joy amid ambrosial bowers.

Stop wandering thought ! methinks I feel their strains  
 Diffuse a magic languor thro my veins.  
 Awake, O MEMORY ! from th' infectious dream,  
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme !

Depart

Depart the realms that smiling peace bestow,  
 Where flowers of Eden ever-vernal grow ! 355  
 Depart the streams that o'er enchanted ground,  
 In lucid maze, Aonian vales surround !  
 Bid all the rosy seats of ease farewell,  
 Where love and gay delight forever dwell !  
 These scenes to indolence the spirits thrill, 360  
 And o'er the foul Lethæan dews distil :  
 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 ! 365

Now, thro the parting wave impetuous bore,  
 The scudding vessel stem'd th' Athenian shore ;  
 The Pilots o'er her quarters still inspect  
 Each chacing billow, and her course direct ;  
 The steersmen every bidden turn apply 370  
 The whirling spokes in swift succession fly.  
 As some bold leaders, on the broken rear,  
 To guard a vanquish'd host's retreat, appear ;  
 Indignant they recede and long oppose  
 Superior armies that around them close ; 375

Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,  
And guide the flight in one continued line.

Thus they conduct the flying bark before  
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore :  
Up-roll'd they rise, in firey radiance bright, 380  
The poop o'er-towring with enormous height :  
With laboring throes she rolls on either side,  
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide ;  
Thus strain'd, her joints in sicken'd languor play,  
As ice-flakes part beneath the potent ray. 385  
The blast howls doleful thro the blocks and shrouds,  
And big rains burst alternate from the clouds :  
At each mast-head, diffusing livid rays  
Amid the gloom, volatic meteors blaze :  
From wintry magazines, that sweep the sky,  
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly :  
A mournful contrast Heaven's profound invades, 390  
That now is bury'd in impervious shades,  
Now, flashing round intolerable light,  
Redoubles all the horror of the night : 395  
Such flaming horror Amos' \* son foretold  
Down-rushing on th' Assyrian King of old :

\* Isaiah, chap. xxx.

Such horror, Sinai's trembling hill o'erspred,  
 When Heaven's loud clarion thunder'd from it's head.  
 Agast on deck the shivering wretches stood, 400  
 While Fear and chill Despair congeal'd their blood.  
 And lo! all-terrible THE KING OF KINGS  
 Thro the sad sky, array'd in lightning, springs :  
 Tremendous panoply ! his right arm bare,  
 Red-burning, shoots destruction thro the air ! 405  
 Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,  
 Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes !  
 Wide-bursts in dazzling sheets the sulphur'd flame,  
 And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame.  
 Not fiercer tremors shook the world beneath, } 410  
 When, writhing in the pangs of cruel death, }  
 The sacred LORD OF LIFE resign'd his breath. }  
 Loud and more loud the roaring peals enlarge,  
 And blue on deck the firey tides discharge ;  
 Sick earth convulsive groans from pole to pole,  
 And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roll : 415  
 Thou wouldst have thought eternal ruin, hurl'd  
 From Heaven, burst down all-blazing on the world.

The retrospect stands full before my sight,  
 Reveal'd in all it's mournful shade and light ;

Even

Even now my ear, with quick vibration, feels 420  
 Th' explosion burst in strong-rebounding peals ;  
 Swift thro my pulses glides the kindling fire,  
 As lightning quivers on th' electric wire.  
 But ah ! the languid colors vainly strive  
 To bid the scene in native hues revive. 425

But lo ! at last, from seven-fold darkness born,  
 Forth-issues now long-hop'd the livid morn.  
 Hail, sacred vision ! who, on orient wing,  
 The cheering dews of light propitious bring :  
 All Nature smiling hails the vivid ray, 430  
 And gives her beauties to returning day :  
 All but our ship, that tost on raging seas,  
 Can find no gleam of hope, no dawn of ease :  
 For, from the top, emerging, now they see  
 The rising hills of Greece along the lee. 435  
 So the lost lover views that fatal morn  
 On which, for ever from his bosom torn,  
 The maid ador'd resigns her blooming charms,  
 Decreed to bless the happy bridegroom's arms.  
 So to ELIZA dawn'd that cruel day 440  
 That snatcht AENEAS from her sight away ;

That

That, never to return, beheld him fly  
 And leave the nymph in deep despair to die.  
 O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,  
 Obscure thy living glories from our sight ! 445  
 Let no vain splendor of thy smiling beam  
 Contrast the dreadful grandeur of my theme !  
 Go, with thy smiles, adorn the happy plain,  
 And gild the scenes where ease and pleasure reign !  
 But let dark horror here alone preside, 450  
 Most fit the tragic incidents to guide,

But now, while morning-beams the sky o'erspread,  
 Fast rise the sable Attic hills a-head.  
 Swift o'er the roaring flood the vessel flies,  
 And all confess St. George's cliffs arise ; 455  
 Above the rest a conic crag is seen,  
 That stands superior on a barren green :  
 Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,  
 And full a-head it's eastern ledges bear.  
 To steer more eastward ALBERT still commands,  
 And shun, if possible, the fatal strands.  
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,  
 And all their skill relentless Fates oppose ;

For,

For, when the prow more eastward they direct,  
 Enormous floods burst o'er the quivering deck, 465  
 While, as she wheels, unable to subdue  
 Her curves, they still expect to broach her to\*.  
 Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee  
 The trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea:  
 And if pursuing waves she scud before, 470  
 Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;  
 A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,  
 And death appears in horrid forms around.  
 Thus, while as yet a ray of safety gleams,  
 They guide their bark between the dire extremes. 475

Not half so dreadful to AENEAS' eyes,  
 The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,  
 When PALINURUS from the helm descry'd  
 The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,  
 While, in the West with fatal yawn disclos'd, 480  
 His onward course Charybdis' gulf oppos'd:

\* The great difficulty of steering the ship before the sea, at this time is occasioned by it's striking her on the quarter when she makes the least angle on either side, which often forces her stern round, and brings her broadside to the wind and sea, and is only an effect of the same cause that is explained before. See the last note of Canto 2d.

The double dangers he alternate view'd,  
And cautiously his arduous path purfu'd.

So they attempt St. George's shoals to clear,  
Which close beneath the larboard \* beam appear. 485  
With terrible irruption, bursting o'er  
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar :  
Hoarse thro the vales the raging tempest raves,  
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.  
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore, 490  
The parting ship that instant is no more ;  
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,  
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too :  
But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,  
Tho scarce her length in distance from the land. 495  
Swift, as the weapon quits the Scythian bow,  
The burning billows part beneath her prow ;  
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,  
Born on the tempest's wings, the isle she past.  
In all the torture of th' afflicted mind, 500  
They view and leave the safe domains behind.

\* Any distance directly abreast of the ship, or on a line with her beams, is called on the beam ; before the beam is any angle from that right line towards the stem, or fore and aft line, which lyes at right angles with it.



Would all the wealth bestow that India yields,  
To pass alive and safe to yonder fields.

When, doom'd forever to Peruvian mines,  
The fetter'd victim realms of day resigns, 505  
Tho in th' abyss, where joyless midnight reigns,  
Forlorn he drags Oppression's galling chains,  
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize,  
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes,  
Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way, 510  
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,  
While lost to hope the captive thinks in vain  
Of scenes he never must behold again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,  
And tall Colonna rears it's head on high, 515  
Where marble columns, long by time defac'd,  
Moss-cover'd on the lofty cape are plac'd,  
There rear'd by fair Devotion to sustain  
In ancient times TRITONIA's sacred fane.  
The circling beech in murderous form appears, 520  
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears!

The

The seamen now in wild amazement see  
 The scene of ruin rife beneath the lee :  
 Voraginous, along the furge-lasht strand,  
 Death's horrid jaws that never close expand. 525

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,  
 More rapid, more impatient seems to fly ;  
 Swift from their minds elapse all dangers past,  
 As, dumb with terror, they behold the last :  
 In every vein the refluent blood congeals, 530  
 And every bosom mortal tremor feels.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast,  
 While thronging sailors climb each shivering mast ;  
 The ship no longer now must stem the land,  
 And, "hard a starboard !" is the last command : 535

While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,  
 The prow swift wheeling to the westward flies ;  
 The yards to starboard all were sharply brac'd ;  
 Twelve sailors up the fore-cat-harpings \* haste ;  
 Desperate asylum ! charg'd with fatal woe ! 540

For lo ! while dips immerst the plunging prow,  
 Down-press'd by watery weight the bowsprit bends,  
 And, loosen'd o'er the stem, deep-crashing rends :

\* Cat-harpings are ropes which draw in the shrouds parallel to the yard, that the yard may the more easily be braced sharp.

Beneath the bow the floating ruins lie ;  
 The fore-mast totters unsustain'd on high, 545  
 And, as she rises on th' up-lifting sea,  
 With all it's load down-tumbles o'er the lee ;  
 Falling, it bears a lamentable scream,  
 And hurls the struggling wretches in the stream ;  
 While, in the common wreck, the twisting stay \* 550  
 Drags the main-top-mast by the cap away.  
 They try opposing floods to mount in vain,  
 And, panting, would the vessel's side regain ;  
 Weak hope, alas ! they buffet long the wave,  
 And grasp at life, tho' sinking in the grave : 555  
 Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,  
 They yield to Fate's unerring stroke at length ;  
 The burying waters close around their head  
 They sink forever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain the weather-shrouds embrace, 560  
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case :  
 Transfixt with terror at th' approaching doom,  
 Self-pity in their breasts alone has room :

\* The main top-mast stay comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as it's support.

Yet ALBERT, RODMOND, with PALEMON near,  
 And young ARION on the mast appear ; 565  
 Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,  
 In every look distracting thoughts confess.  
 Begirt with all the horror of the main  
 They view th' adjacent shore, but view in vain.  
 Such torments in the drear abodes of hell, 570  
 Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell ;  
 Such torments lacerate the damned breast,  
 That fees remote the mansions of the blest :  
 Heaven's saving aid their suppliant cries implore,  
 But Heaven, relentless ! deigns to aid no more. 575

Ye sacred shades ! whose rules reform the heart,  
 And sooth the passions by celestial art,  
 With lenient balm allay the smart of woe,  
 And virtue and tranquillity bestow !  
 Ah ! would your sacred influence triumph here, 580  
 Where courage, vigor, hope submit to fear ?  
 Altho you teach us at the latest breath  
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death ;  
 Alas ! th' exalted lectures here must fail,  
 Nor all th' elaborate science ought avail. 585

Im-

Immortal ZENO's self would, trembling, see  
 Inexorable Fate beneath the lee :  
 And EPICURETUS at the sight in vain  
 Attempt his stoic firmness to retain :  
 Had SOCRATES, for godlike virtue fam'd 590  
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,  
 Spectator of such various horrors been,  
 Even he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.

It comes ! the dire catastrophe draws near,  
 Laft furious on by Destiny severe ! 595  
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,  
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath.  
 Since I, all-trembling in extreme distress,  
 Must still the horrible result express,  
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above ! 600  
 This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove :  
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain !  
 Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain !

In vain, alas ! the axes were prepar'd,  
 For every wave now smites the quivering yard \* ; 605

\* At this time the sea ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast-head without being washed overboard.

High o'er the deck they spread a dreadful shade,  
 Then deluge down in terrible cascade,  
 Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,  
 And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore :  
 Swift up the mounting billow now she flies, 610  
 Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,  
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground—  
 Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps resound !  
 Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,  
 And o'er up-heaving surges wounded reels. 615  
 Again she plunges, hark ! a second shock  
 Splits wide her 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 620  
 With strong convulsion rends the solid oak :  
 Ah Heaven ! behold her mighty frame divides,  
 And, crashing, bursting, spreads in ruin o'er the tides !

O ! could my song with sacred MARO's art  
 Awake to sympathy the feeling heart ! 625  
 Like him the smooth and mournful numbers dress  
 In all the pomp of exquisite distress !

Then,

Then, too severely taught by cruel Fate  
 To suffer all the perils I relate,  
 Then might I with unrival'd strains deplore 630  
 Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,  
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;  
 Some on a broken crag are struggling cast,  
 And there by oozy tangles grapple fast ; 635  
 Awhile they bear th' o'erwhelming billow's rage,  
 And with their fate unequal combat wage ;  
 Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego  
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :  
 Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown 640  
 Against the ridges, die without a groan.  
 Three with PALEMÓN 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 ; 645  
 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 beech, a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom 650  
 Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!  
 What scenes of misery present thy view!  
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew!  
 Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,  
 O'erspread with corfes! red with human blood. 655  
 So pierc'd with anguish hoary PRIAM gaz'd,  
 When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd,  
 While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,  
 Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.  
 Thus with his helpless partners till the last, 660  
 Dire refuge! ALBERT hugs the floating mast;  
 His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,  
 But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;  
 For now strong nature's sympathetic chain  
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain; 665  
 His faithful wife forever doom'd to mourn  
 For him, alas! who never shall return;  
 To black adversity's approach expos'd,  
 With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:  
 His lovely daughter left without a friend, 670  
 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 resign'd, 675  
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,  
 His out-streht arms the Master's legs enfold—  
 Sad ALBERT feels the dissolution near,  
 And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear ;  
 For death bids every clinching joint adhere. } 680  
 All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,  
 And, " O protect my wife and child ! " he cries :  
 The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound !  
 He gasps ! he dies ! and tumbles to the ground !

Five only left of all the perish'd throng, 685  
 Yet ride the pine that 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. 690  
 Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,  
 Didst thou, incautious ! from the wreck depart ?

Alas !

Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,  
 Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die :  
 And now fore-wounded, thou perhaps art tost 695  
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost ;  
 Thus thought ARION, anxious gazing round,  
 In vain, his eyes no more PALEMÓN found.  
 The demons of destruction hover nigh,  
 And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly : 700  
 And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,  
 Two next ARION furious tears away.  
 Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp ! they bleed !  
 And groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed !—  
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar ! 705  
 ARION sinks ! and MEMORY views no more !—

Ha ! total night and horror here preside !  
 My stun'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide !  
 It is the funeral knell ! and gliding near,  
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear !— 710

But lo ! emerging from the watery grave,  
 Again they float incumbent on the wave !

Again the dismal prospect opens round,  
 The wreck, the shores, the dying and the drown'd !  
 And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks, 715  
 Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,  
 Their faithless hold no longer can retain,  
 They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again !

Two with ARION yet the mast upbore,  
 That now above the ridges reacht the shore : 720  
 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 waves retreat, 725  
 Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.  
 O heaven ! deliver'd 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. 730  
 To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,  
 With trembling ardor, of unequal praise ;

In every heart dismay with wonder strives,  
 And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;  
 Her magic powers their exil'd health restore, 735  
 Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,  
 And oft these perils of the deep descry,  
 Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,  
 Anxious had clim'd Colonna's neighboring height; 740  
 When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,  
 Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;  
 The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around!  
 And those yet breathing on the sea-washt ground!  
 Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts, 745  
 Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;  
 Strait down the vale with hastening steps they hied,  
 Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore,  
 The first adventurous youth who reacht the shore;  
 Panting, with eyes averted from the day, 750  
 Prone, helpless, on the tangly beech he lay——

It

It is PALEMON!—oh! what tumults roll  
 With hope and terror in ARION's soul!  
 If yet unhurt he lives again to view 755  
 His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!  
 With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,  
 And share the future good or ill unknown.  
 ARION thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!  
 That bleeding MEMORY forrows to relate, 760  
 While yet afloat on some resisting rock,  
 His ribs were dashed and fractur'd with the shock:  
 Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd  
 In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!  
 Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspred, 765  
 And clog'd 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 array'd,  
 Thy image, lovely ANNA! hung portray'd; 770  
 Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,  
 Suspended in a golden chain was seen:  
 Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,  
 Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,

What

What force of art, what language could express 775

Thine agony ? thine exquisite distress ?

But thou, alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain

For him thine eyes shall never see again !

With dumb amazement smote, ARION gaz'd,

And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd ; 780

PALEMÓN then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,

In faltering accents thus his friend address'd.

“ O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,

“ Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;

“ Are we then exil'd to this last retreat 785

“ Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?

“ Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,

“ Inchanting hopes, forever now destroy'd !

“ For wounded far beyond all healing power,

“ PALEMÓN dies, and this his final hour : 790

“ By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,

“ At once cut off from fortune, life and love !

“ Far other scenes must soon present my sight,

“ That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.

“ Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son, 795

“ Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !

“ How

" 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, 800  
 " 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 805  
 " 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 ! 810  
 " Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,  
 " When parted hence to England's distant shore ;  
 " Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,  
 " To him the tragic story first relate,  
 " Oh ! friendship's generous ardor then suppress ! 815  
 " Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress,  
 " Nor let each horrid incident sustain  
 " The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.

“ Ah! then remember well my last request,  
 “ For her who reigns forever in my breast; 820  
 “ Yet let him prove a father and a friend,  
 “ The helpless maid to succour and defend.  
 “ Say I this suit implor’d with parting breath,  
 “ So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!  
 “ But oh! to lovely ANNA shouldst thou tell 825  
 “ 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; 830  
 “ Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,  
 “ Is all PALEMON rescu’d 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, 835  
 “ Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,  
 “ But strives in vain—the chilling ice of death  
 “ Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:  
 “ Resign’d, she quits her comfortless abode,  
 “ To course that long, unknown, eternal road--- 840

R

“ O ever-



" O ever-living source of sacred light !  
 " Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight !  
 " Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,  
 " Where peril, pain and death prevail no more !

" When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear, 845  
 " That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,  
 " Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,  
 " To absence, sorrow and despair consign'd,  
 " O ! then, to swell the tides of social woe,  
 " That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow, 850  
 " Thou who hast taught the tragic harp to mourn  
 " In early youth o'er royal FREDERIC'S \* urn,  
 " While MEMORY dictates, this dire SHIPWRECK tell,  
 " And what distress thy wretched friend befall !  
 " Then while, in streams of soft compassion drown'd,  
 " The swains lament and maidens weep around ; 856  
 " And lisping children, toucht 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.*" 860

\* A Monody on the death of that prince, wrote by the Author when fifteen years old.

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 !

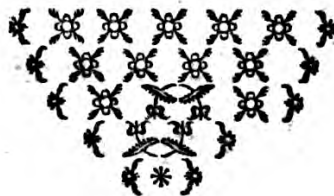
As thus defac'd in death PALEMÓN lay, 869  
 ARION gaz'd upon the lifeless clay,  
 Transfixt he stood, with awful terror fill'd,  
 While down his cheek the silent drops distil'd.

“ O ill-star'd votary of unspotted truth !  
 “ Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth, 870  
 “ Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,  
 “ He will obey, tho painful, thy demand :  
 “ His tongue the dreadful story shall display,  
 “ And all the horrors of this dismal day !  
 “ Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred ! 875  
 “ What anguish to the living and the dead !  
 “ How hast thou left the widow all-forlorn,  
 “ And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn !  
 “ Thro life's sad journey hopeless to complain !  
 “ Can sacred justice these events ordain ?—— 880

124 THE SHIPWRECK.

“ But O my soul !, avoid that wonderous maze  
“ Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays !  
“ As thro this thorny vale of life we run,  
“ Great CAUSE of all effects, *Thy will be done !*”

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd, 885  
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd :  
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread  
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead.  
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,  
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd. 809  
The generous natives, mov'd 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.



O C C A S I O N A L  
E L E G Y.

**T**HE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains  
    Dissolve in dying languors on the ear :  
Yet **PITY** weeps, yet **SYMPATHY** complains,  
    And dumb **SUSPENCE** awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But, O sad **MEMORY** ! thou, whose conscious power  
    O'er all presides since that event befel,  
It's links of future woe before his hour,  
    In sorrowful connexion chain'd, canst tell.

From

From young ARION first the news receiv'd,  
 With terror pale unhappy ANNA read ;  
 With inconsolable distress she griev'd,  
 And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled.

In vain, alas ! the gentle virgin wept,  
 Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom ;  
 O'er her soft fabric stern diseases crept,  
 And gave the lovely victim to the tomb.

A longer date of woe the widow'd wife  
 Her lamentable lot afflicted bore ;  
 Yet both were rescu'd from the chains of life,  
 Before ARION reacht his native shore.

The Father unrelenting phrenzy stung,  
 Untaught in VIRTUE'S school distress to bear ;  
 Severe remorse his tortur'd bosom wrung,  
 He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

But

But O, PALEMÓN ! if thy shade can hear

The voice of FRIENDSHIP still lament thy doom ;

Yet to the sad oblation bend thine ear,

That breathes in vocal incense o'er thy tomb,

Ye lost companions of distress adieu !

Your toils and pains and dangers are no more :

The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,

And ocean smite in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, furcharg'd 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.

128 OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

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 escap'd to endless rest,  
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What

What tho no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,  
 Your hour of death to gazing crouds shall tell,  
 Nor weeping friends attend your fable bier,  
 Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

The tutor'd 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 sculptur'd pile displays your name,  
 Like those who perish in their country's cause;  
 What tho no epic Muse in living lays  
 Records your dreadful daring with applause,

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown,  
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;  
 And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown  
 The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet



130 OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

Yet shall REMEMBRANCE from OBLIVION'S veil

Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,

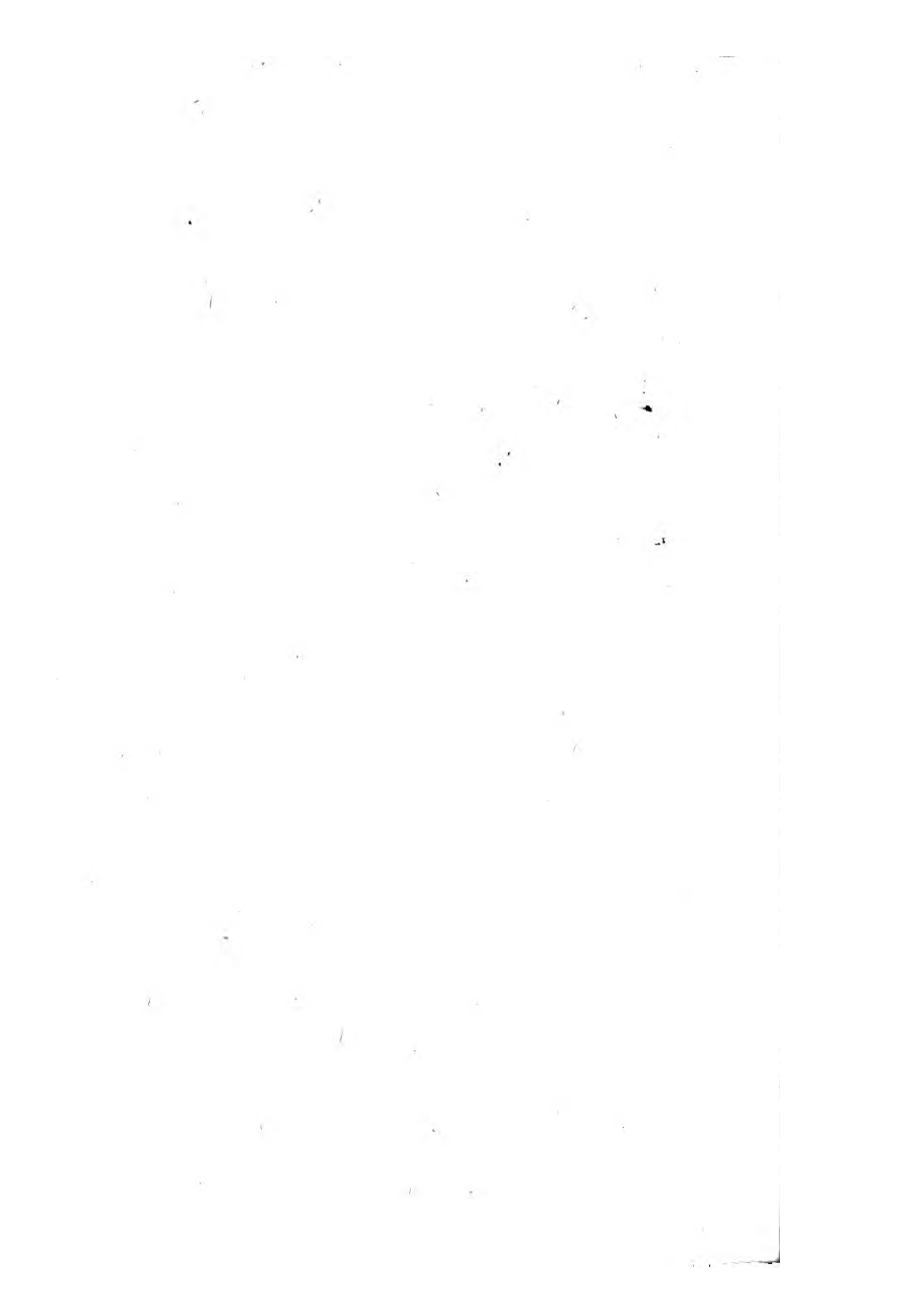
And soft COMPASSION at your tragic tale,

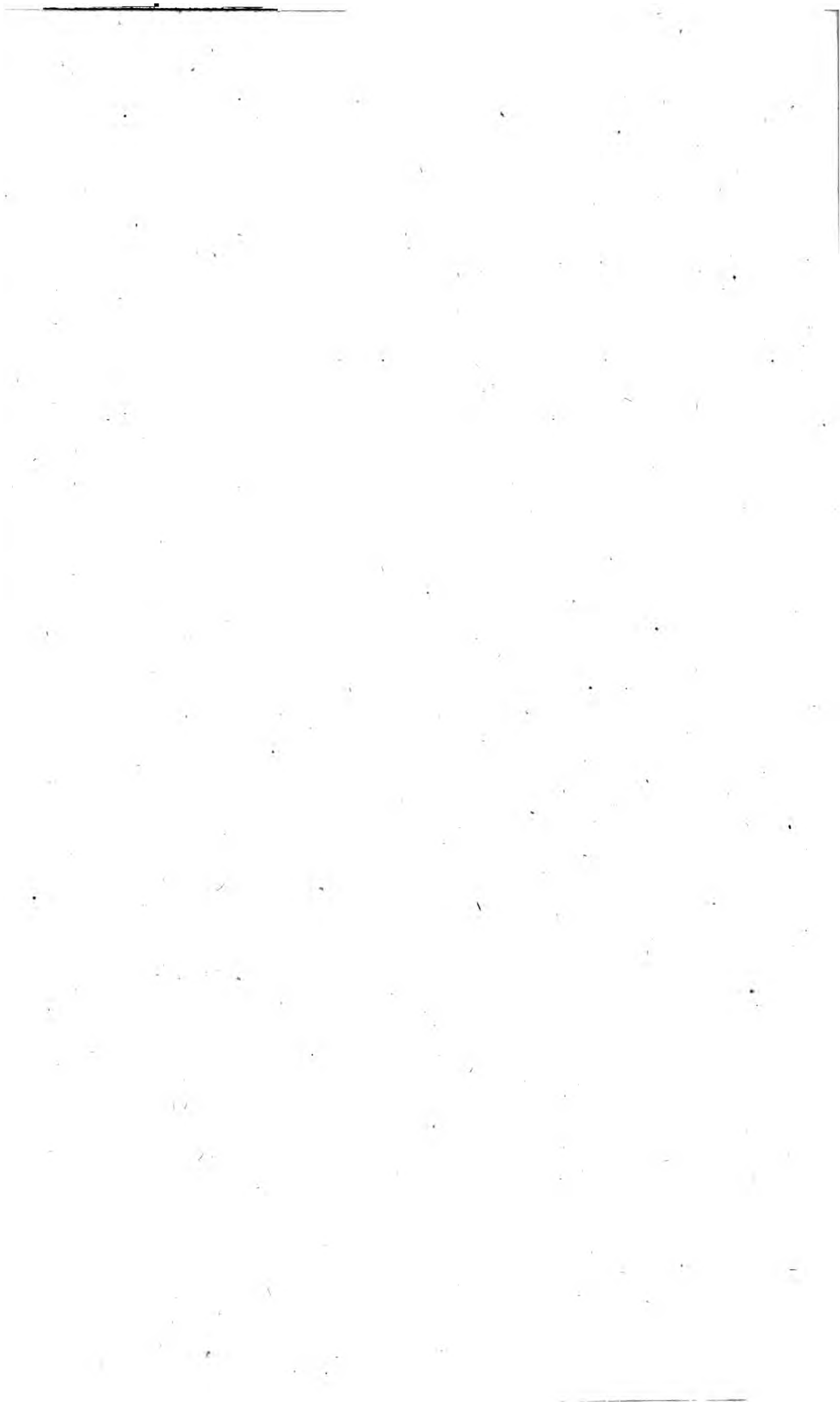
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

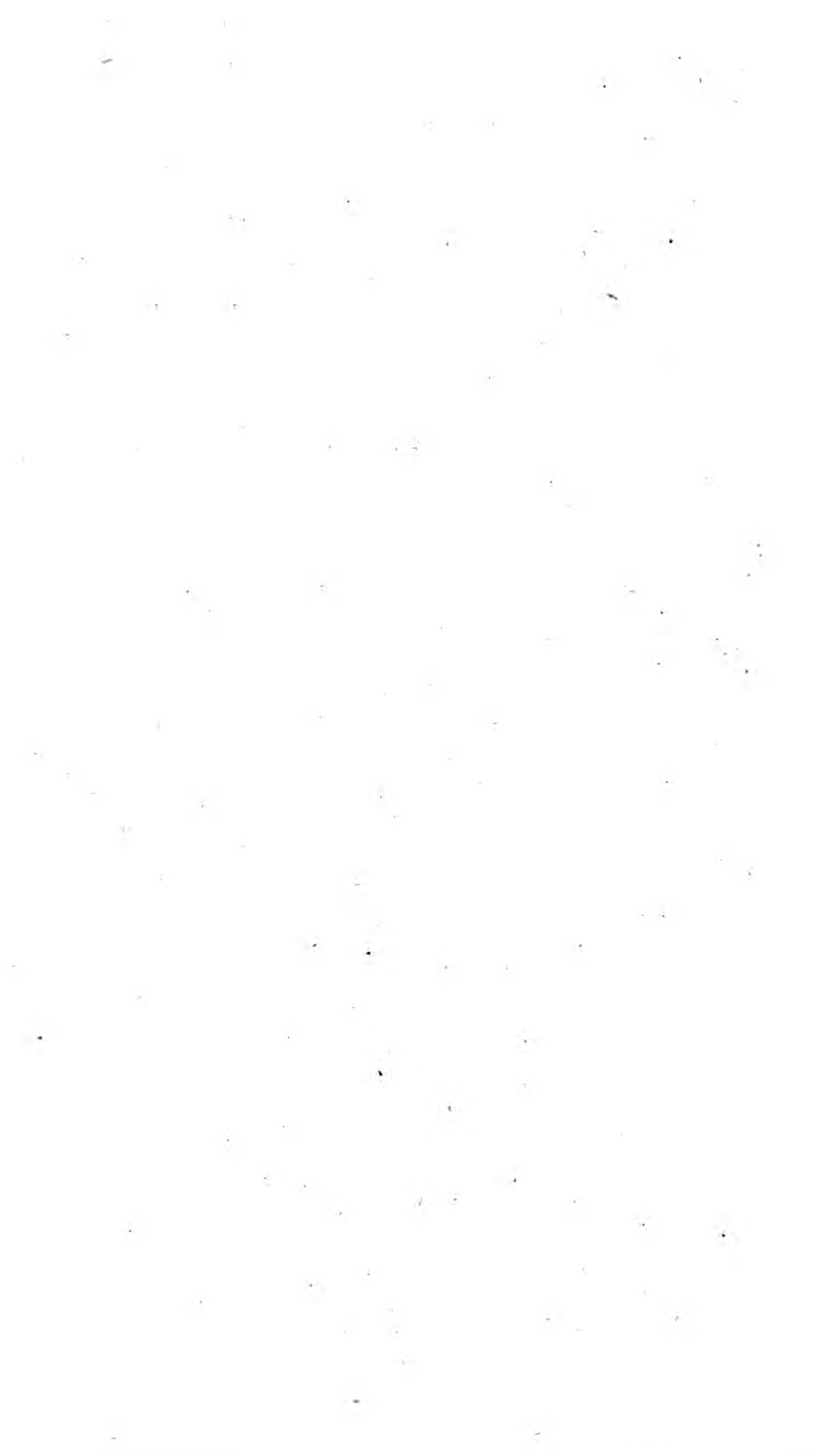
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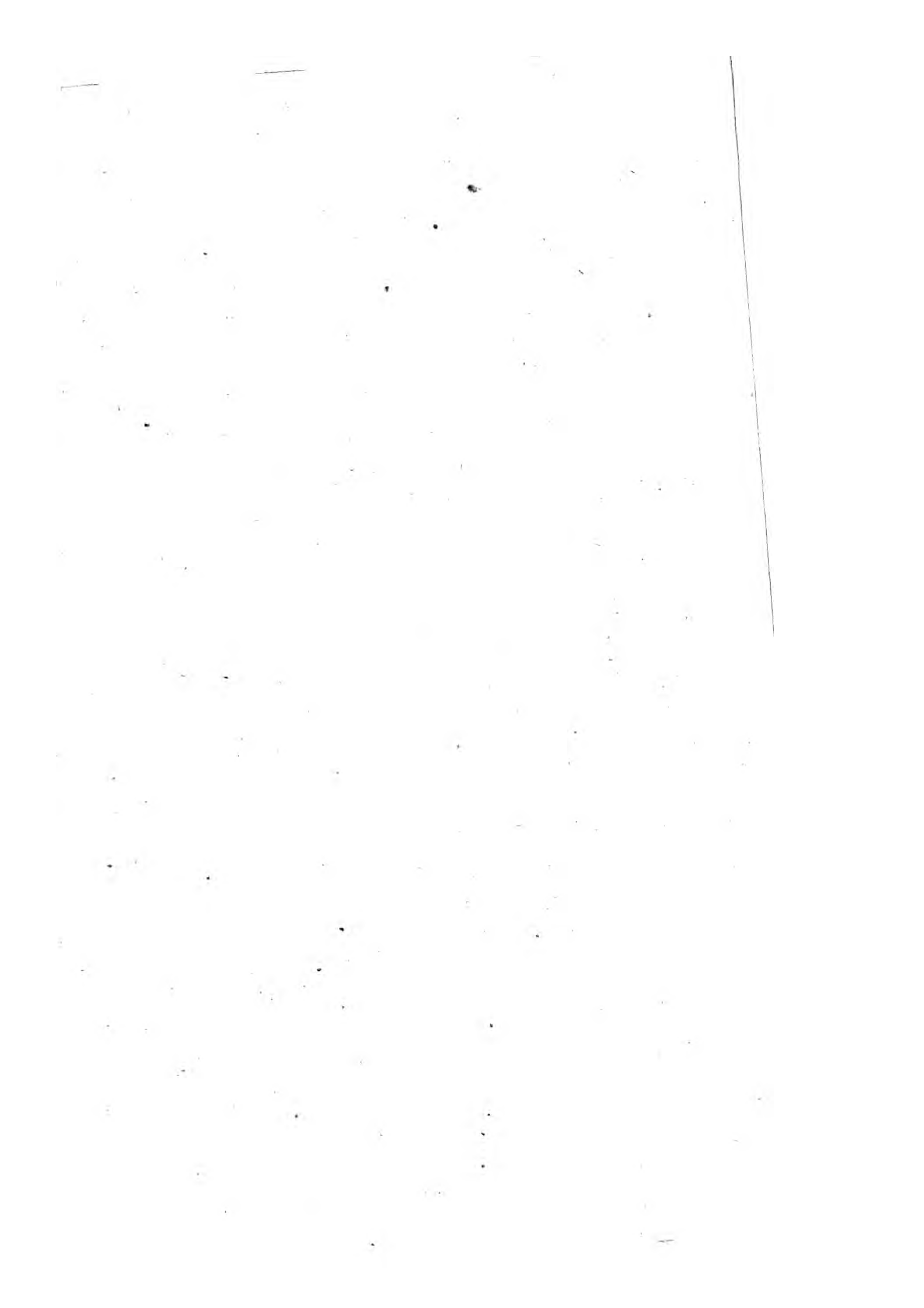














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