



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

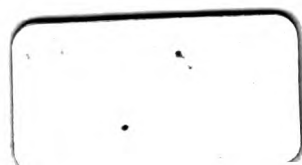


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





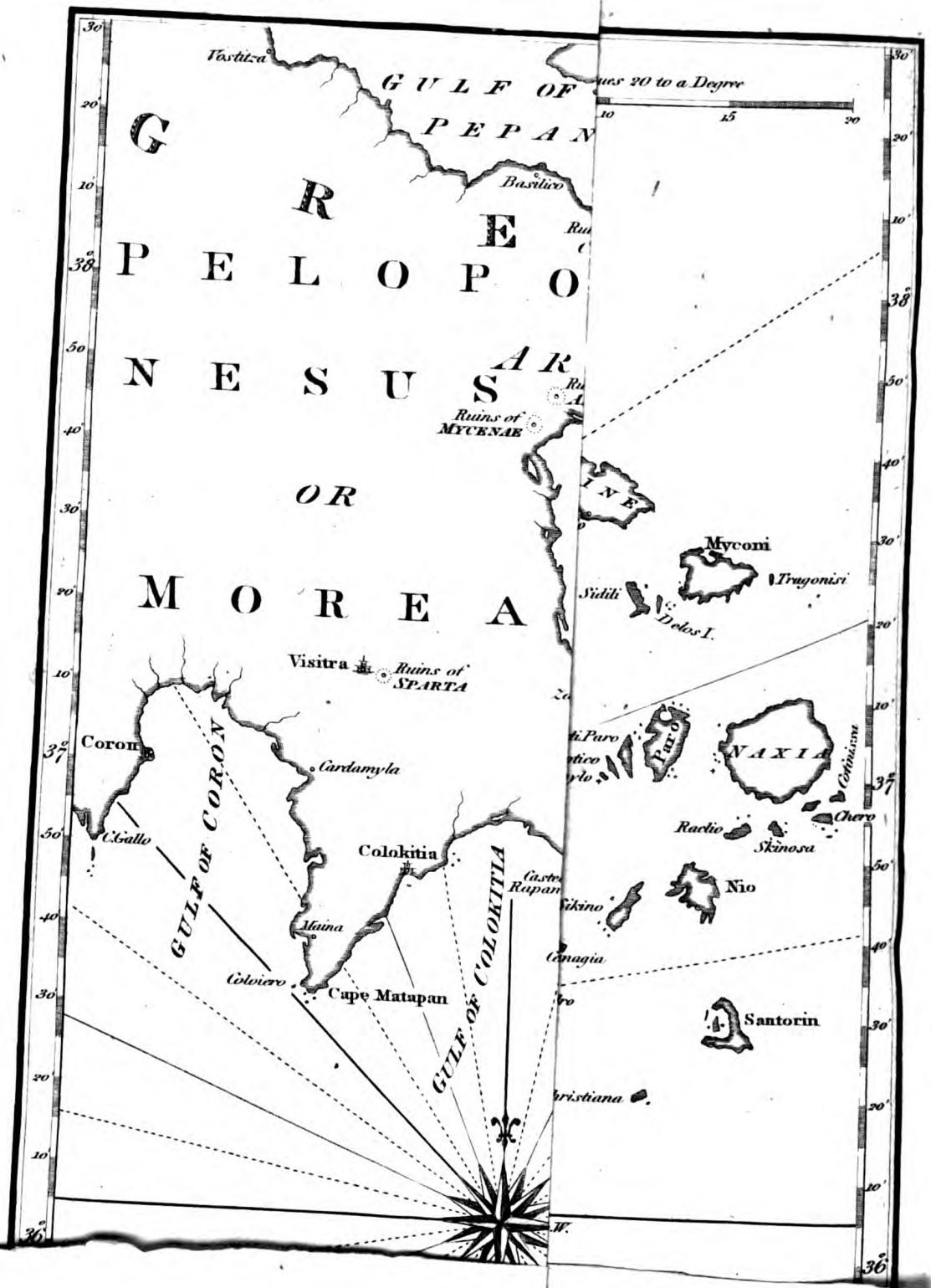
600087543X







28 v. 2. 142



THE
S H I P W R E C K,
A POEM.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER,

A SAILOR.

COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER EDITIONS.

----- quæque ipsa miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. VIRG. Æn. Lib. ii.

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

EMBELLISHED WITH DESCRIPTIVE ENGRAVINGS,

BY ROBERT DODD,

MARINE PAINTER.



LONDON:

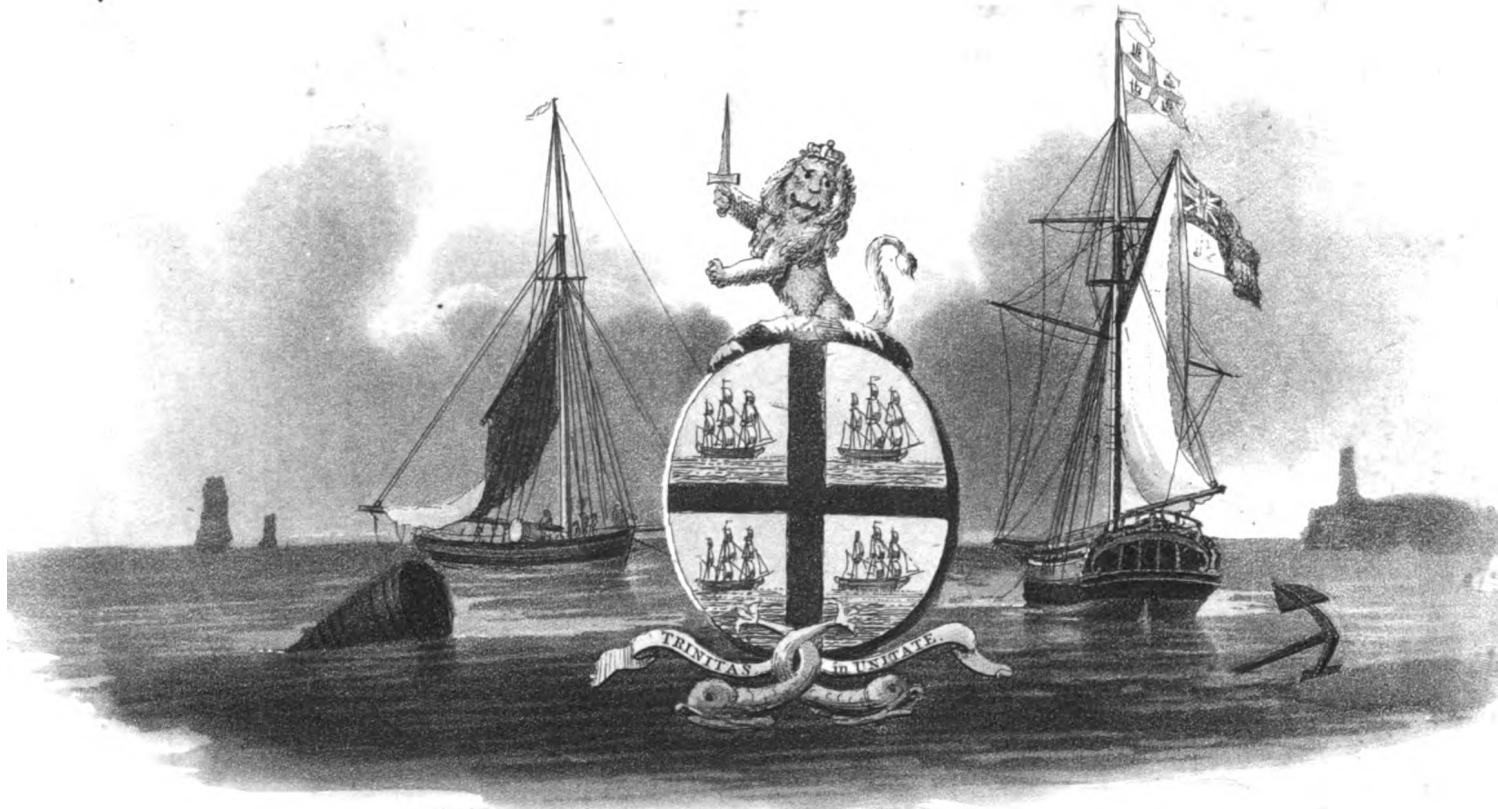
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BAYNES, 54, PATERNOSTER-ROW:

BY JOHN JACKSON, LOUTH.

1811.

280. l. 145

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
5800 S. UNIVERSITY AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637



To the Right Hon^{ble} & Hon^{ble}
 The Elder Brethren of the
 CORPORATION of TRINITY HOUSE,
 Deptford Strand,
 London.

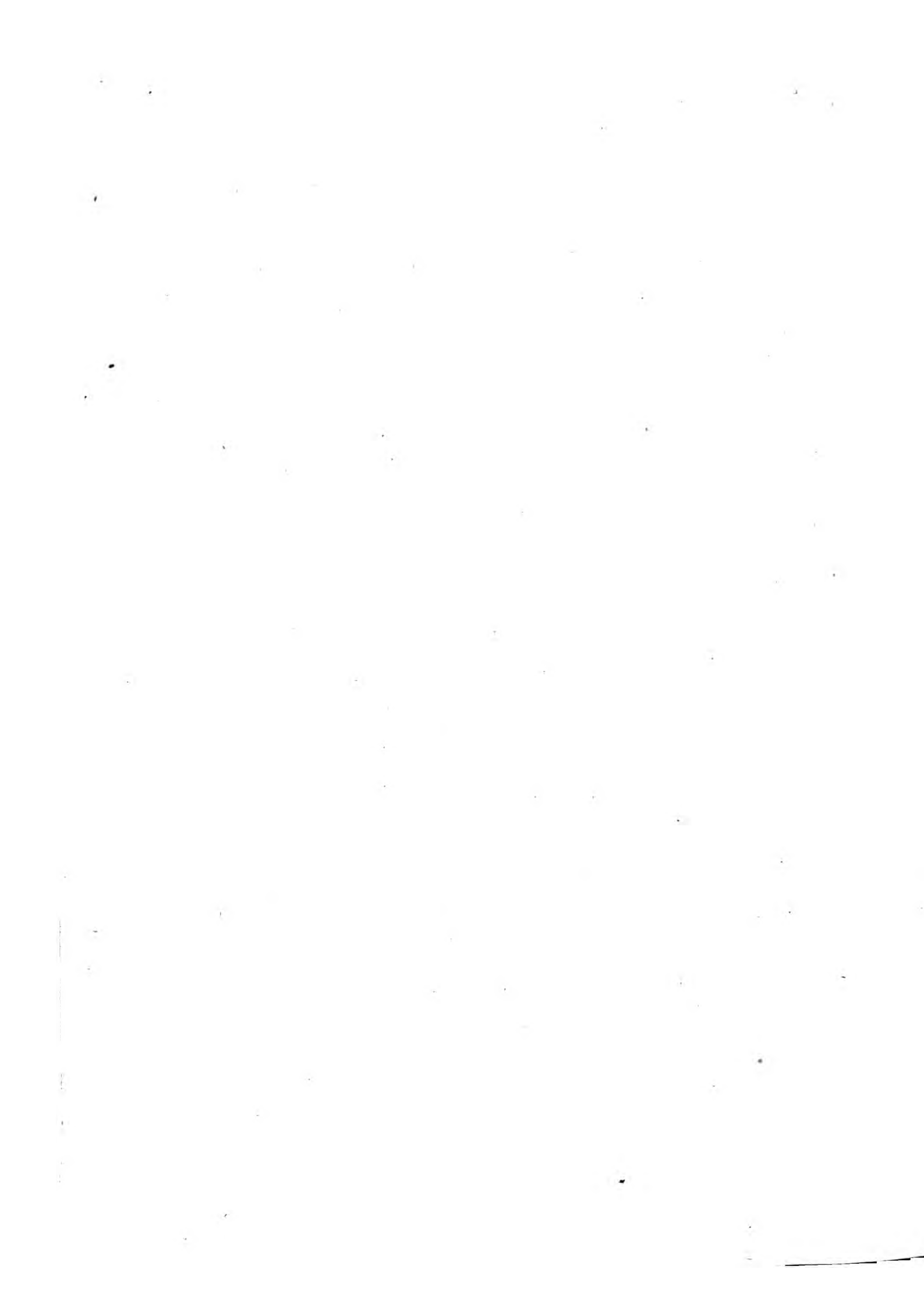
This new Edition of *Falconer's Poem of the Shipwreck*,
 (with the descriptive Plates, is with their Permission)
 respectfully dedicated, by their most obedient,
 and obliged Servant,

London,
 March, 1808.

ROBERT DODD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great estimation in which this Poem has always been held by the Public, has induced the Artist (Editor of this Volume) to take up the plan of delineating several of the beautiful and sublime subjects with which the Work abounds; and thus bring to view the different evolutions which the Author so forcibly and pathetically describes, as practised by Mariners in a Storm; which he trusts may not prove unacceptable to the admirers of **FALCONER**.



A

SKETCH OF THE PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

ALL that is known of the early part of FALCONER'S life, is, that he was born at Edinburgh, about the year 1730, of obscure Parents; and from what may be gathered from his writings, he seems, against his inclination, to have been compelled to take to a seafaring life; being at a very early age bound an apprentice to a Merchant Vessel at Leith.

Whether he sailed to the different foreign parts, and climates, which he enumerates in speaking of himself in this Poem, during his servitude in this Vessel, is uncertain, for we find that he was engaged at Alexandria as second Mate of the *Britannia*, a large Merchant Ship in the Levant trade, before he had completed his eighteenth year, a very early age to hold such a situation; but as true genius will surmount many and great difficulties, our Author's ability as a Seaman to fit him for that station, might be equal to his accomplish-

b

ments as a Poet. For three years after this, we find him displaying his poetical powers in a small poem, published at Edinburgh in 1751: entitled, *A Poem, sacred to the Memory of Frederick, Prince of Wales.*

From this time till the year 1762, there are not any certain memoirs to be traced respecting him, although it is probable he was, for the chief part of that time, in the merchant service as Mate of a Ship. In the spring of this year he published *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in three Cantos, by a Sailor.* The Subject of this admirable composition, is the loss of the *Britannia*, on board of which he had embarked at Egypt, for *VENICE*, and on some commercial occasion touched at the Island of *CANDIA*, where being becalmed about four days, he gives beautiful descriptions of Nature, and the state of the Island, with the surrounding scenery. The Ship proceeding on her Voyage encountered a violent Storm, which drove her on the coast of *GREECE*, where she was wrecked near *CAPE COLONNA*, three of the Crew only surviving, including himself, whom he describes under the character of *ARION*. That he was a Mariner on board, and exposed to all the horrors he so forcibly and pathetically describes, is evident from many passages of the Poem.

The first Edition was printed in quarto, by A. Millar, for the Author, embellished with a Chart of the Ship's track, and the elevation of a Merchant Ship, with her Masts and Rigging, and was dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the *DUKE of YORK*, then a Rear Admiral in the Fleet commanded by Sir *EDWARD HAWKE*. The success of the Poem immediately drew *FALCONER* from his obscurity: and being patronized by the *DUKE of YORK*, who was pleased to honor him with distinguished marks of his favor, and advised to quit the merchant service and enter the *ROYAL*

NAVY; he was accordingly rated a Midshipman on board Sir EDWARD HAWKE'S Ship the ROYAL GEORGE.

We now find FALCONER a petty Officer in the ROYAL NAVY at the age of Thirty-two; he did not however continue longer a Midshipman than the following year 1763, when his friends considering the complementary time of service wanting to qualify him to pass for a Lieutenant's commission, advised him to exchange the military for the civil department in the Royal Navy; which advice he accepted, and was soon after appointed Purser of the GLORY, a Thirty-two Gun FRIGATE.

Shortly after the publication of the first Edition, the Monthly Review gave a candid and favorable opinion of its merits, which redounded greatly to the reputation FALCONER had already acquired; and to show in what estimation the able commentator held the Poem, we think his remarks should be inserted in this sketch of the Author's life

“ It has frequently been observed, that true genius will surmount every obstacle which opposes its exertion: how unfavorable soever the situation of a Seaman may be thought to the Poet, certain it is the two characters are not incompatible; for none but an able Sailor could give so didactic an account, and so accurate a description of the Voyage and catastrophe here related; and none but a particular favorite of the MUSES could have embellished both with equal harmony of numbers, and strength of imagery.

“ On the Ship's putting to Sea from the PORT of CANDIA, the Poet takes an opportunity of making several beautiful marine descriptions; such as the prospect of the Shore; a shoal of Dolphins; a Water-spout; the method of taking an Azimuth; and working the Ship. In the second Canto, the Ship having cleared the Land, the Storm begins; and with it the consultation of the Pilots, and operations of the

Seamen; all which the Poet has described with an amazing minuteness, and has found means to reduce the several technical terms of the marine, into smooth and harmonious numbers. HOMER has been admired by some, for reducing a catalogue of Ships into tolerably flowing verse; but who, except a poetical Sailor, the nursling of APOLLO, educated by NEPTUNE, would ever have thought of versifying his own sea-language? what other Poet would ever have dreamt of *Reef-tackles, Haliards, Cluc-garnets, Buntlines, Lashings, Lanniards*, and fifty other terms equally obnoxious to the soft Sing Song of modern poetasters?

“ Many of his descriptions are not inferior to any thing in the *ÆNEID*; many passages in the third and fifth books of which, our Author has had in view: they have not suffered by his imitation; and his Pilot appears to much greater advantage than the *PALINURUS* of VIRGIL.

“ Nor is the Poet’s talent confined to the description of inanimate Scenes: he relates, and bewails, the untimely fate of his Companions in the most animated and pathetic strains. The close of the Master’s address to the Seamen, in the time of their greatest danger, is noble and philosophical. It is impossible to read the circumstantial account of the unfortunate end of the Ship’s Crew, without being deeply affected by the Tale, and charmed with the manner of the relation.”

While FALCONER remained a Midshipman in the *ROYAL GEORGE*, he wrote an Ode, which he addressed to the DUKE of YORK on his second departure from England, as Rear Admiral, which he composed in the Cable-tier of that Ship, to which he used to retire during occasional absences from his Messmates, as related by one of them.* That he was

* Rear Admiral Hunter, then a Midshipman in the same Ship.

possessed of strong poetic powers is evinced in this Ode, and more especially if we consider the place where it was written, amidst the noise and bustle of a first-rate Ship of War.

O D E

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM
ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

AGAIN the royal streamers play !
 To glory Edward hastes away :
 Adieu ye happy sylvan bowers,
 Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await !
 Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
 In purple ornaments of state !
 Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
 Bids the tragic muse complain
 Where Satire treads the comic stage,
 To scourge and mend a venal age ;
 Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
 And melting symphonies congenial play !
 Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell
 In flowery vales of peace, farewell !
 In vain the goddess of the myrtle grove
 Her charms ineffable displays ;
 In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
 Which spring's unfading bloom arrays :
 In vain her living roses blow,
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow ;
 The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore :

Arcadian ease no longer charms,
 For war and fame alone can please!
 His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
 To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry seas.

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore,
 For war and fame alone can please :
 To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry seas.

Though danger's hostile train appears
 To thwart the course that honour steers ;
 Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
 Despising peril and dismay :
 His country calls ; to guard her laws,
 Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns ;
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines :
 Hark! his sprightly clarions play :
 Follow where he leads the way !
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his sprightly clarions play :
 Follow where he leads the way !
 The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
 Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
 The thorny coast of Virtue run,
 When, taught by her unerring voice,
 He made the glorious choice :
 Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
 Youth's genial ardours to subdue :
 For Pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd ;
 Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
 In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
 And struck his ravish'd sight.
 Transfix'd, amaz'd,
 Alcides gaz'd :
 Enchanting grace,
 Adorn'd her face,
 And all his changing looks confess
 Th' alternate passions in his breast ;
 Her swelling bosom half reveal'd ;
 Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
 A thousand tender pains instill'd,
 A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd :
 Persuasion's sweetest language hung
 In melting accent on her tongue :
 Deep in his heart the winning tale
 Infus'd a magic power ;
 She prest him to the rosy vale,
 And show'd the Elysian bower :
 Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove :
 Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
 And won by love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

CHORUS.

Ah! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
 And won by love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to nature's soft alarms!

Assist, ye guardian powers above!
 From ruin save the son of Jove!
 By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
 And check'd the fatal flame;
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels,
 Inspir'd with awe,
 He turning saw
 The nymph divine
 Transcendent shine;
 And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd:
 His eyes with ardent motion roll,
 And love, regret, and hope divide his soul.
 But soon her words his pain destroy,
 And all the numbers of his heart
 Return'd by her celestial art,
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
 Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
 His happy steps the realm explore
 Where guilt and error are no more:
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away;
 Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign :
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
 Like him the royal youth she won :
 Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
 To curb the power of Spain and France :
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
 And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !
 The wat'ry profound,
 Awak'd by the sound,
 All trembles around :
 While Edward o'er the azure fields
 Fraternal honour wields :
 High on the deck above he stands,
 And views around his floating bands
 In awful order join :
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
 Deep sounding, swells along the main,
 Extend th' embattled line.
 Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
 The ships their horrid tubes display,
 Tier over tier in terrible array,
 And wait the signal to destroy :
 The sailors all burn to engage :
 Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
 And shake the vaulted skies !
 Exulting with Bacchanal rage.
 Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
 Whose power is superior to thine !
 And when his proud squadrons appear,
 The trident and chariot resign !

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
 Whose power is superior to thine !
 And when his proud squadrons appear,
 The trident and chariot resign !

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
 Let thy hills and vales rejoice :
 O'er remotest hostile regions
 Thy victorious flags are known ;
 Thy resistless martial legions
 Dreadful move from zone to zone ;
 Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
 And all the trembling globe control :
 Thy seamen, invincibly true,
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue ;
 To thy great trust,
 Severely just,

All dissonant strife they disclaim ;
 To meet the foe
 Their bosoms glow,
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !
 Triumphant strike each living string ;
For him, in ecstasy divine,
 Your choral Io Pæans sing !
For him your festive concerts breathe !
For him your flowery garlands wreath !
 Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
 Ye fauns of the woods,
 Ye nymphs of the floods,
 The musical current prolong !
Ye sylvans that dance on the plain,
 To swell the grand chorus, accord !
Ye Tritons that sport on the main,
 Exulting, acknowledge your lord !
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
 That floating proclaim
 Our Admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind.

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
 Ye sylvans, that dance on the plain,
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
 The musical current prolong!

O! while consenting Britons praise,
 Those votive measures deign to hear;
 For thee the muse awakes her lays,
 For thee th' unequal viol plays,
 The tribute of a soul sincere.
 Nor thou, illustrious Chief! refuse
 The incense of a nautic muse!
 For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
 But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main?
 Deep on my grateful breast
 Thy favor is imprest:
 No happy son of wealth or fame
 To court a royal patron came!
 A hapless youth, whose vital page
 Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
 To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
 Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.
 The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.
 Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire!
 Exalt to rapture every happy line!
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire!
 And swell each note with energy divine;
 No more to plaintive sounds of woe
 Let the vocal numbers flow!

Perhaps the Chief to whom I sing
 May yet ordain auspicious days,
 To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
 And tune to war the nervous string.
 Though all the powers of genius he possess,
 For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
 Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
 With daring pencil can display
 The fight that thunders on the watery way,
 And all its horrid incidents express?
 To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong!
 Source of my hope, and patron of my song.

CHORUS.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong!
 Source of my hope, and patron of thy song.

The reception of the *Shipwreck*, being so flattering to our Author, induced him to correct, enlarge, and improve it in a second Edition which he published in 1764, with upwards of one thousand additional lines, whereby the Poem was enriched with new descriptions and characters, including the beautiful episode of Palemon and Anna.

The year following he published *The Demagogue*; a satirical poem, on the political squabbles of the day, in which, whether prompted by principle, or the view of ingratiating himself with the then Ministry, he with much acrimony censures the public conduct of the late Lord Chatham and several of his partizans, particularly Churchill and Wilkes.

In 1769 he printed the celebrated *Dictionary of the Marine*, to which he had dedicated several years application—a

work replete with Nautical knowledge, and of the utmost utility to those who would acquire a proficiency in Naval affairs. And in this year he also published a third Edition of the Shipwreck, with other alterations and improvements, which added to the fame he already had acquired.

About this time he was appointed Purser of the *AURORA* Frigate, Captain Lee, which was then ordered to carry out to India, Commissioners *VANSITTART*, *SUROFTON*, and *FORD*, who touching at the Cape of Good Hope on their Passage out, sailed from thence about the 21st December the same year, and have never since been heard of. It is conjectured by some that the Ship by some accident had taken fire at Sea, and by others, with equal probability, that she might have foundered; however, after weathering many vicissitudes of storms and calms, poor *ARION* found a watery grave at last.

Before we conclude this account of the Author's literary life, we will subjoin one of his lighter pieces, descriptive of the manners of our junior Naval Officers, and their abodes on the Orlop* deck of a Man of War.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Aid me, kind Muse! so whimsical a Theme
 No Poet ever yet pursu'd for Fame;
 Boldly I venture on a Naval scene,
 Nor fear the Critic's frown, the Pedant's spleen:
 Sons of the OCEAN, we their rules disdain,
 Our bosom's honest, and our style is plain:

*The Orlop is the lowermost deck in the Ship, being laid upon the Hold-beams, and is far below the surface of the Water, where the Midshipmen's births are, also those of the Surgeons' Mates.

Let HOMER's heroes, and his gods delight,
 Let MILTON with infernal legions fight ;
 His favorite Warrior, polish'd VIRGIL show ;
 With love, and wine, luxurious HORACE glow—
 Be such their subjects ; I another choose,
 As yet neglected by the laughing Muse.

Deep in that Fabric, where Britannia boasts
 O'er seas to waft her thunder, and her hosts,
 A Cavern* lies ! unknown to cheering day ;
 Where one small taper lends a feeble ray ;
 Where wild Disorder holds her wanton reign,
 And careless Mortals frolic in her train—
 Bending beneath a Hammock's friendly shade,
 See ÆSCULAPIUS all in arms display'd ;
 In his right hand th' impending steel he holds,
 The other round the trembling victim folds ;
 His gaping Myrmidon the deed attends ;
 While in the pot the crimson stream descends ;
 Unaw'd young GALEN bears the hostile brunt,
 Pills in his rear, and CULLEN in his front ;
 Whilst, muster'd round the medicinal pile,
 Death's grim militia stand in rank and file.

In neighbouring mansions, lo ! what clouds arise ;
 It half conceals its owner from our eyes ;
 One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
 To prove the Mid in high Olympus dines.
 Let us approach—the preparation view !
 A COCKPIT BEAU is surely something new :

* The Cockpit.

To him JAPAN her varnish joys denies ;
 Nor bloom for him the sweets of Eastern skies ;
 His rugged limbs no lofty Mirror shows,
 Nor tender Couch invites him to repose :
 A pigmy glass upon his Toilet stands,
 Crack'd o'er, and o'er, by awkward clumsy hands ;
 CHESTERFIELD'S page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
 An half-eat biscuit, CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride,
 Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
 And form a chaos to th' intruding eye—
 At length this Meteor of an hour is drest,
 And rises an ADONIS from his Chest :
 Cautious he treads, lest some unlucky slip,
 Defiles his cloathes with Burgou, or with Flip :
 These rocks escap'd, arrives *in statu quo* ;
 Bows ; dines and bows ; then sinks again below.

Not far from hence a joyous GROUP are met,
 For social mirth and sportive pastime set :
 In cheering Grog the rapid course goes round,
 And not a care in all the circle's found ;
 Promotion, Mess-Debts, absent Friends, and Love
 Inspir'd by Hope, in turn their topics prove :
 To proud Superiors then they each look up,
 And curse all Discipline in ample cup.

Hark ! yonder voice in hollow murmur swells ;
 Hark ! yonder voice the Mid to DUTY calls !
 Thus summon'd by the Gods, he deigns to go,
 But first makes known his Consequence below :
 At Slavery rails, scorns lawless Sway to Hell,
 And damns the power allow'd a white lapel.

Vows that he's free!—to stoop, to cringe, disdains—
Ascends the Ladder, and resumes his Chains.

In canvass'd Birth, profoundly deep in thought,
His busy mind with Sines, and Tangents, fraught,
A Mid reclines!—in calculation lost!

His efforts still by some intruder crost:

Now to the Longitude's vast height he soars,

And now formation of Lapsious explores:

Now o'er a field of Logarithms bends,

And now, to make a Pudding he pretends:

At once the Sage, the Hero, and the Cook,

He wields the Sword, the Saucepan and the Book,

Oppos'd to him a sprightly Messmate lolls,

Declaims with GARRICK, or with SHUTER, drolls;

Sometimes his breast great CATO's virtue warms,

And then his task the gay LOTHARIO charms;

CLEONE's grief his tragic feelings wake,

With RICHARD's pangs th' ORLOPIAN CAVERNS shake!

No more the Mess for other joys repine,

When Pea-Soup entering shews 'tis time to dine.

But think not meanly of this humble Seat,

Whence sprung the Guardians of the BRITISH FLEET:

Revere the Sacred Spot, however low,

Which form'd to Martial acts—an HAWKE! an HOWE!

GENERAL CONTENTS

OF THE P O E M.

	PAGE		PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1	A tremendous Sea shipped	60
		The Well sounded	61
		Guns thrown overboard	63
FIRST CANTO.		Speeches of the Officers, on their alarming situation	67
Character of Albert, Master	14	Albert's Exhortation	74
——— of Rodmond, first Mate	15	Mizen Mast cut away	79
——— of Arion, second Mate	16		
——— of Palemon, Son of the Mer- chant	18		
Description of a Calm, at Noon	21	THIRD CANTO.	
History of Palemon and Anna	23	Ship veers before the Wind	86
Description of a serene Sun-set	33	Island of Falconera	88
——— of Moonlight	35	View of the renowned Cities of Greece	90
——— of Morning	36	Scudding	98
——— of the Ship as she leaves the Land	37	Day-break	101
		Lee Shore—Cliffs of the Isle of St. George	ibid
		Land of Athens	103
SECOND CANTO.		Ship laid broadside to the Sea	105
Description of a Water-spout	45	She strikes and parts asunder	108
——— of a dying Dolphin	46	Death of Palemon	117
——— of a threatening Sky	48		
The Squall	49		
Ship driven out of her Course	50		
Portentous Sun-set	54		
Different Opinions of the Officers	55	Occasional Elegy, which concludes the Poem	119
Four Seamen lost from the Yard Arm	57		

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Published by A. MILLAR, (for the Author,) in Quarto; 1762; embellished with a Chart of the Ship's Path from Candia, to Cape Colonna, and an Elevation of a Merchant Ship with her Masts and Rigging.

THE Author of this Poem thinks it necessary to acquaint the Public, that it was not his first intention to swell the Work with so many Notes; to avoid which, he proposed to refer his Reader to any of the modern Dictionaries, which he might find most proper for explaining the sea-phrases, occasionally mentioned in the Poem; but upon strict examination, finding most of them deficient in the technical Terms expressed there, he could not recommend them, without forfeiting his claim to the Capacity assumed in the Title-page, of which he is more tenacious than of his Character as a Poet.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

Published by A. MILLAR, in Octavo, 1764.

IT 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; to avoid this, he proposed to refer his readers to any of the modern Dictionaries, which should be thought most proper for explaining the technical terms occasionally mentioned in the Poem; but after a strict exami-

nation 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 was 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, the gentlemen of the sea, for whose entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one tenth part of the purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the Public, has encouraged the Author to give it a strict and thorough revision; in the course of which, he flatters himself, it will be found to have received very considerable improvements.

*Somerset House,
October 1, 1769.*

About the time Falconer sailed for India.

* Can a Sea-Officer be so ignorant as to mistake the names of the most common things in a Ship?

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
VIGNETTES AND PLATES

IN THIS VOLUME,

Designed and Engraved by ROBERT DODD, Marine Painter.

FIRST VIGNETTE

Is intended to represent the Author in the character of a Sailor, (of which he says, he is more tenacious than that of a Poet), in a Cave by the Seaside, in a musing attitude.—Introduction, Page 1, Line 9.

'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this Cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing.

SECOND VIGNETTE, CANTO I.

The Parting of PALEMON and ANNA.—Page 31, Line 15.

With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice in vain,
And urg'd by strong attraction met again.
At last by cruel Fortune torn apart——

The scene is described as being in the environs of the River, for which a sequestered spot in Greenwich Park is chosen, with a view of the Royal Hospital in the distant ground, by Moonlight, which is beautifully described in a former verse :

The night was silent and advancing fast,
The Moon o'er Thames her silver Mantle cast.

And in Page 29.

Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the Night !
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight.

THIRD VIGNETTE, CANTO II. PAGE 65.

Again the Chief th' instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figur'd plain attentive bends :
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the Sun's refulgent throne ;
But here, alas ! his Science nought avails !
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.

The Master, on examining the Ship's situation, which at this time is eminently dangerous, consults with the Mates, whether they shall veer and scud before the Wind, or still keep their trying in the trough of the Sea ; and thereby gives rise to a debate, in which the Author has drawn a most interesting picture of a true veteran Seaman, in the character of RODMOND.—Page 68, Line 21.

RODMOND, in many a scene of Peril tried,
Had oft the Master's happier skill descried ;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the Naval Art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart ;

Alike to him each Climate and each Blast ;
 The first in danger, in retreat the last.
 Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd Events,
 From ALBERT his opinion thus dissents.

FOURTH VIGNETTE, CANTO III. PAGE 116.

After the dissolution of the Ship, the fury of the Tempest being considerably abated, ARION having recovered strength, finds his Friend PALEMON on the Beach mortally wounded, and is attending to his dying request, that he would with tenderness impart the sad tale to his Father.

Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
 Oh ! then remember well my last request,
 For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
 Yet let him prove a Father and a Friend,
 The helpless Maid to succour and defend.
 Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
 So Heaven befriend him at the hour of death !
 But oh ! to lovely ANNA shouldst thou tell,
 What dire untimely end thy Friend befel,
 Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
 And lightly touch the lamentable Tale ;
 Say that my love, inviolably true,
 No change, no diminution ever knew ;
 Lo ! her bright Image, pendent on my neck,
 Is all PALEMON rescu'd from the wreck ;
 Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
 I struggled life and this alone to save.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE
FIRST CANTO.*

PLATE I.—PAGE 9.

Portrait of the BRITANNIA, under an easy Sail, as having just left the Port of Alexandria, with a view of the Pharos ; and an Egyptian Gern in the Offing, making for the Harbour, in serene weather.

A Ship from EGYPT, o'er the Deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for VENICE held ;
Of fam'd BRITANNIA were the gallant crew,
And from that Isle her name the Vessel drew.

PLATE II.—PAGE 12.

A view of the Ship with her Sails furled, as moored in the Harbour of Candia, in hot hazy weather, the top of Mount Ida enveloped in misty Clouds.—N. B. There being several Views of the Ship in the Harbour, I would wish the Observer to consider them as taken from different Points, which will account for the diversity of the Landscape, as well as varied Positions of the Ship.

The Ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her Anchors bite the golden sand :
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent Deep.

PLATE III. NOON-DAY CALM.—PAGE 21.

In this View more attention is paid to the Description of a sultry Noon-day Sky, than to the figure of the Ship, which is merely represented in a foreshortened position, with her Sails loose, which is commonly the case

in a Harbour or Roadstead, in fine Weather, for the benefit of airing or drying them.

A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
 And held th' unwilling Ship in strong arrest.
 High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.

PLATE IV. SERENE SUNSET.—PAGE 33.

In this Plate, as in the foregoing, the chief intention is paid to represent the Poet's Description of a serene Evening, although the figure of the Ship here affords a more pleasing View than the former.

The Sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
 Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene ;
 The glassy Ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
 And lo ! his surface lovely to behold,
 Glows in the West, a Sea of living gold !
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
 The Skies with pomp ineffable array.

PLATE V. MOONLIGHT.—PAGE 34.

Deep Midnight now involves the livid skies,
 While infant breezes from the shore arise.
 The waning Moon, behind a watery shroud,
 Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud ;
 A mighty ring around her silver throne,
 With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
 Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

After this description follow the dream of ARION, and the order for unmooring : this being accomplished, the Sails are set, with light and variable

breezes, which are succeeded by a calm, when the Boats are manned to tow the Ship's head off the Shore, which is the subject of this Plate.

A calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent shore ;
 The boats with rowers mann'd are sent before ;
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately Ship they tow.

PLATE VI. MORNING.—PAGE 36.

With winning postures, now the wanton Sails
 Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
 The swelling Stud-sails now their wings extend,
 Then Stay-sails sidelong up the Stays ascend.
 While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd ;
 With Yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The figure of the Ship in this Plate, is strictly conformable to the foregoing Description. A light air of wind on the Larboard Quarter, inclinable to shift, occasions the Yards to be frequently braced up, or squared to catch the varying breeze. The Scene, a hazy Sunrise, with Natives of Candia viewing the Vessel as she sails along the coast.

The Natives, while the Ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the Seas.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE
 SECOND CANTO.

PLATE VII. THE WATER-SPOUT.—PAGE 45.

The Ship at this time is pursuing her course with a favorable Wind and a press of Sail set ; when, from the Larboard, or weather side of the

Vessel, they discover the Phenomenon represented in the foreground of this Plate; which was painted from the Description of some eminent Naval Characters, who have been eye-witness of such Scenes.

When, from the left approaching, they descry
 A liquid Column towering shoot on high,
 The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful Deep :
 Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.

PLATE VIII. BREAKING THE WATER-SPOUT.—PAGE 45.

The Ship is represented as having borne up, or veered from the wind, in order to bring her broadside to bear on the Column, and firing her Guns, which is the usual method of dispersing the Spouts, when they happen to approach near a Ship.

The guns were prim'd—the Vessel northward veers,
 Till her black Battery on the Column bears.
 The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound
 Convulsive shook the slumb'ring air around,
 The watery Volume, trembling to the sky,
 Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high.

PLATE IX. THE WIND INCREASING.—PAGE 47.

A View of the Ship to Leeward, stooping to the pressure of her Canvass, being under what is termed a press of plain Sail, the Studding Sails being taken in, and the Royals lowered, in order to their being taken in also: in this Position, she is represented as lying Gunnel to.

Now, while on high the freshening gale she feels,
 The Ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
 Th' auxiliar Sails that court a gentle breeze,
 From their high stations sink by slow degrees.

The wind, that still th' impressive Canvass swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding Bark impell'd.

PLATE X. THE SQUALL.—PAGE 50.

Represents the Ship as having put before the Wind with her Topsails on the Cap, after they have been reefed a second time, scudding under her Fore-sail, during the Squall.

Bear up the helm a-weather ! RODMOND cries ;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The Prow with secret instinct veers apace ;
And now the Foresail right athwart they brace :
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying Sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping Gale.

PLATE XI. THE SHIP HAULS HER WIND.—PAGE 58.

This gives a Lee View of the Ship, when the Squall has gone off, and the double-reefed Topsails rehoisted, and close hauled to the Wind.

But now the transient Squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.

PLATE XII. STORMY SUNSET.—PAGE 54.

The Wind and Sea having increased to a violent Tempest, the Ship is not able to carry her Topsails, and is here represented under her Courses, that is, her Foresail, Mainsail, and Mizzen, at the approach of a dismal Night, and a heavy Sea.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray ;
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk, a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immerg'd, the languid orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends.

PLATE XIII. THE COURSES REEFED.—PAGE 56.

In this View, there is just light enough to make darkness visible, and the Ship discoverable on her beam ends, on the edge of a tremendous roll of the Sea, the Seamen on the Main Yard having reefed the Sail, and waiting further orders: four Seamen are washed off the lee Yard-arm, which from the downprest position of the Ship is immersed in the wave.

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
 To furl the Mainsail, or on deck descend ;
 A Sea, upsurging with tremendous roll,
 To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
 Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
 The shock, and on her side half buried reels.
 The sail half buried in the whelming wave,
 A fearful warning to the Seamen gave.

PLATE XIV. THE SHIP TRYING.—PAGE 70.

The situation of the Ship is now extremely dangerous, from the numerous leaks prevailing over their exertion at the Pumps.

Sounding her depth, they eye the wetted scale,
 And, lo ! the Leaks o'er all their power prevail.

The Master in consultation with his Mates, having resolved to put before the Wind, rather than risk the danger of foundering in the present dangerous Sea, he addresses the Crew, and gives his orders for bearing away.

The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
 That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
 Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try,
 To weather leeward Shores, alas ! too nigh.
 Our crazy Bark no longer can abide
 The Seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;

And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
 That in this raging Sea she cannot live,
 One only refuge from despair we find :
 At once to wear, and scud before the wind.

PLATE XV. ATTEMPTING TO WEAR.—PAGE 78.

The difference of Situation in this from the last Plate, still in the Hollow of the Sea, is, that, in the latter, the Helm is lashed a-lee, or to the leeward side ; in this it is hard a-weather, or to the windward side. The Fore Topmast Staysail is hoisted, to incline the Ship's head to leeward ; but that attempt failing, in consequence of the Sail blowing to pieces, the second resource is the lowering down the Mizzen-yard and bracing the Fore and Fore-topsail Yards aback (which is the View given in this Plate) ; but this also failing, the Mizzen-mast is at length cut away.

The order now was given to bear away ;
 The order given, the Timoneers obey.
 High o'er the Bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
 But scarce the yielding Prow its impulse knew,
 When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !—
 Yet ALBERT new resources still prepares,
 And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
 “ Away there, lower the Mizzen-yard on deck !”
 He calls, “ and brace the foremost yards aback !”

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE
 THIRD CANTO.

PLATE XVI. SCUDDING.—PAGE 88.

The Mizzen-mast being cut away, and the wreck cleared, the Ship scuds before the gale, under bare Poles, and is represented passing very close to the Island of Falconera.

Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
 When FALCONERA's rocky height they view ;
 High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
 The glimmering Watch-tower casts a mournful light.

PLATE XVII. PASSING ST. GEORGE —PAGE 101.

Daybreak now appears in the eastern Sky, surcharged with rain, without any relaxation of the Gale.

But, lo ! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
 Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.

The Ship at this time is scudding past the north-east end of the Island of St. George, distant about four leagues from the place of her dissolution.

With boundless involution, bursting o'er
 The marble Cliffs, loud dashing surges roar ;
 Hoarse through each winding creek the Tempest raves,
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves ;
 Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
 To crush the trembling Ship unnumber'd snares.
 But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
 Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.

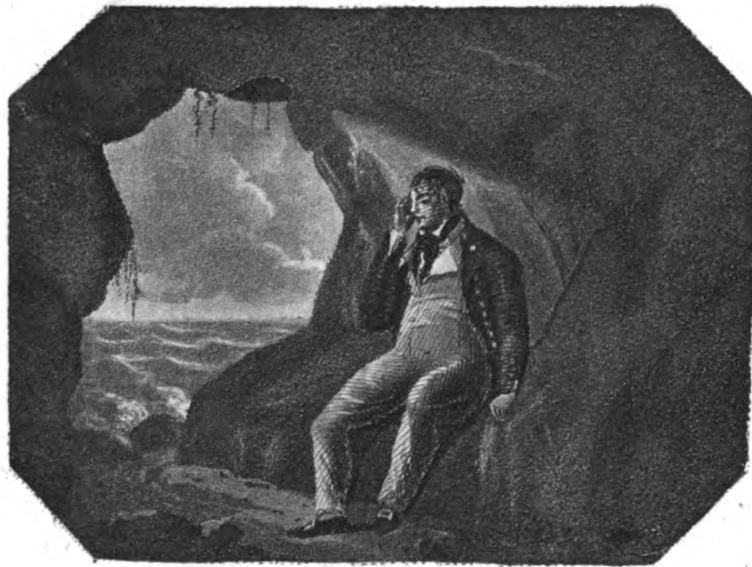
PLATE XVIII. WRECK OF THE SHIP.—PAGE 108.

They having hauled to the Wind, with her Broadside to the shore, the Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main-topmast, being carried away, she drives on shore, a little to the Westward of Cape Colonna (for which see the Chart of the Ship's track), and is entirely lost.

Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble Rock :

Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated Victims shuddering roll their eyes,
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
At length asunder torn, her Frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the Tides.

(*T. S. W.*)
(SHIPWRECK,)
in three Cantos.



*"His mine retired beneath this Cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the Sea-beat shore,
See other themes of deep distress to sing."*

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE POEM.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms ;
While Albion's Naval Sons dread Thunders roll,
In vengeance, o'er the Deep, from pole to pole ;
Sick of the scene, where War, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land ;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death ;
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this Cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of Battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming Arms ring dreadful on the plain :

But, o'er the scene while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies ;
Till Hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all Science, Arts, and Arms belong ;
Who bid the Trumpet of eternal Fame
Exalt the Warrior's and the Poet's name ;
Or to soft sounds, in softer notes, express
The variegated pang of deep distress ;
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair Morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful Lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain ;
Or listen'd to th' enchanting voice of Love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove,
O ! by the hollow Blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;
By the long Surge that foams through yonder Cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring Wave ;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe !
The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore,
Of wand'ers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.

Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine !
Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wint'ry Tempests roar ?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd Fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train ?—
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless Deep to rove :
Alternate change of Climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,
Where polar Skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial Suns for ever glow :
Smote by the freezing or the scorching Blast,
' A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,'
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador ;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains !
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way !
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway ;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.

In regions where th' Almighty's chast'ning hand
With livid Pestilence afflicts the land ;
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of Want and Misery severe !
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled Line,
The hostile Ships in flaming Combat join ;
Where the torn Vessel, Wind and Wave assail,
Till o'er the crew Distress and Death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
Pursu'd his weary steps with lasting hate !
Rous'd by her mandate, Storms of black array
Winter'd the Morn of Life's advancing day ;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling Spark of vital fire.—
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
(What hope to win ?) the coy, reluctant Muse ;
Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble Hope destroy !
His verse no laurel-wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd Brass to tell the Poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let list'ning Sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale !
And lo ! the power that wakes th' eventful Song
Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along :

She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kind'ling Scene propitious light !
In her right-hand an ample Roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years ;
With every wise and noble art of Man,
Since first the circling hours their course began :
Her left a silver Wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look ; on radiant wings, that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails ; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores ;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and MEMORY is her name.
 O first-born daughter of primeval Time !
By whom transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone ;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light !
Whose wing unerring glides through time and place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space !

Say, on what Seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fatal Ship befell,
Assail'd by storms ! and girt with hostile shores !
Arise ! approach ! unlock thy treasur'd stores :
Say from what point the dreadful Tempest blew ?
And of what nation were the hapless Crew.

First Canto:

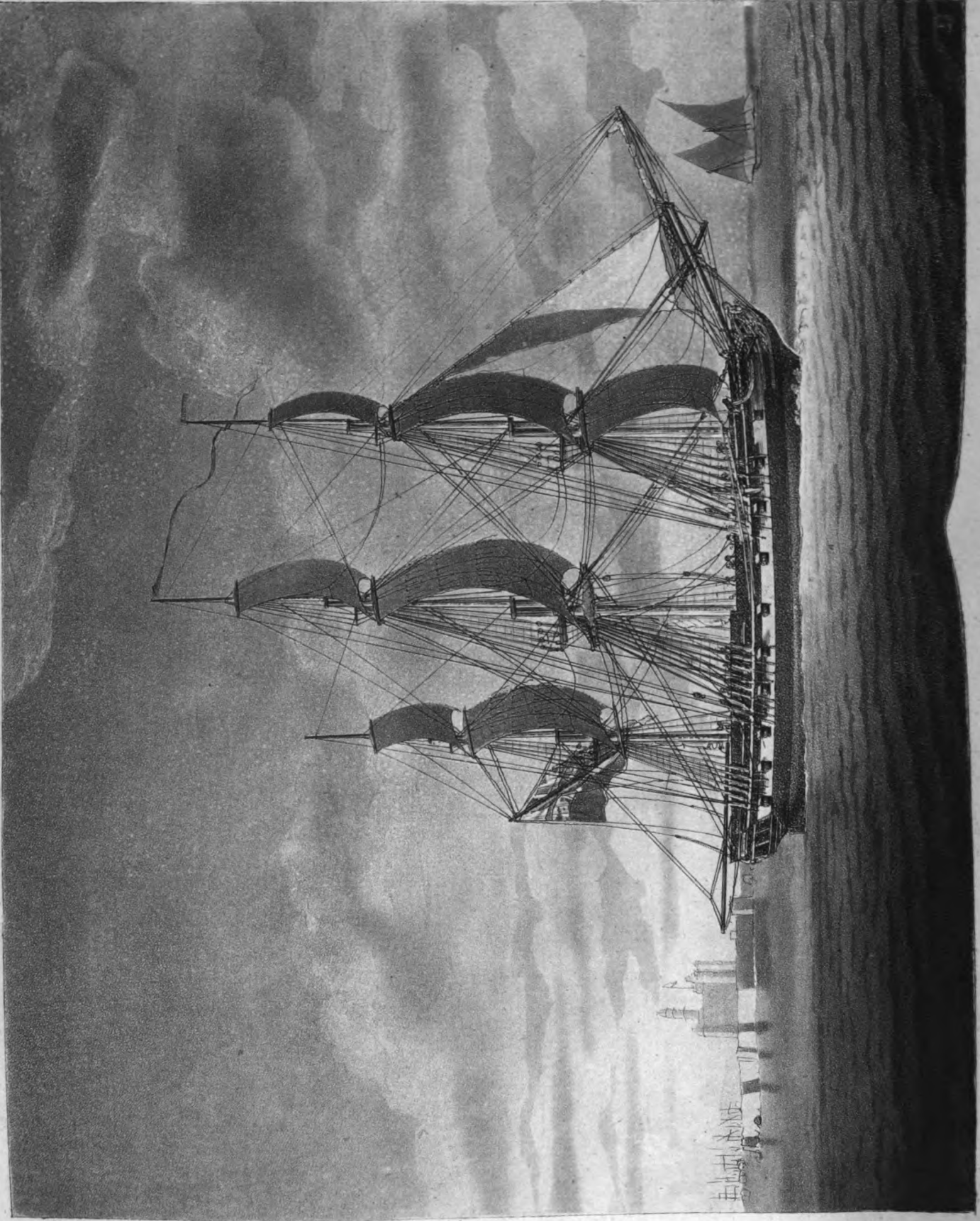
The Scene of which lies near the City of Candia.

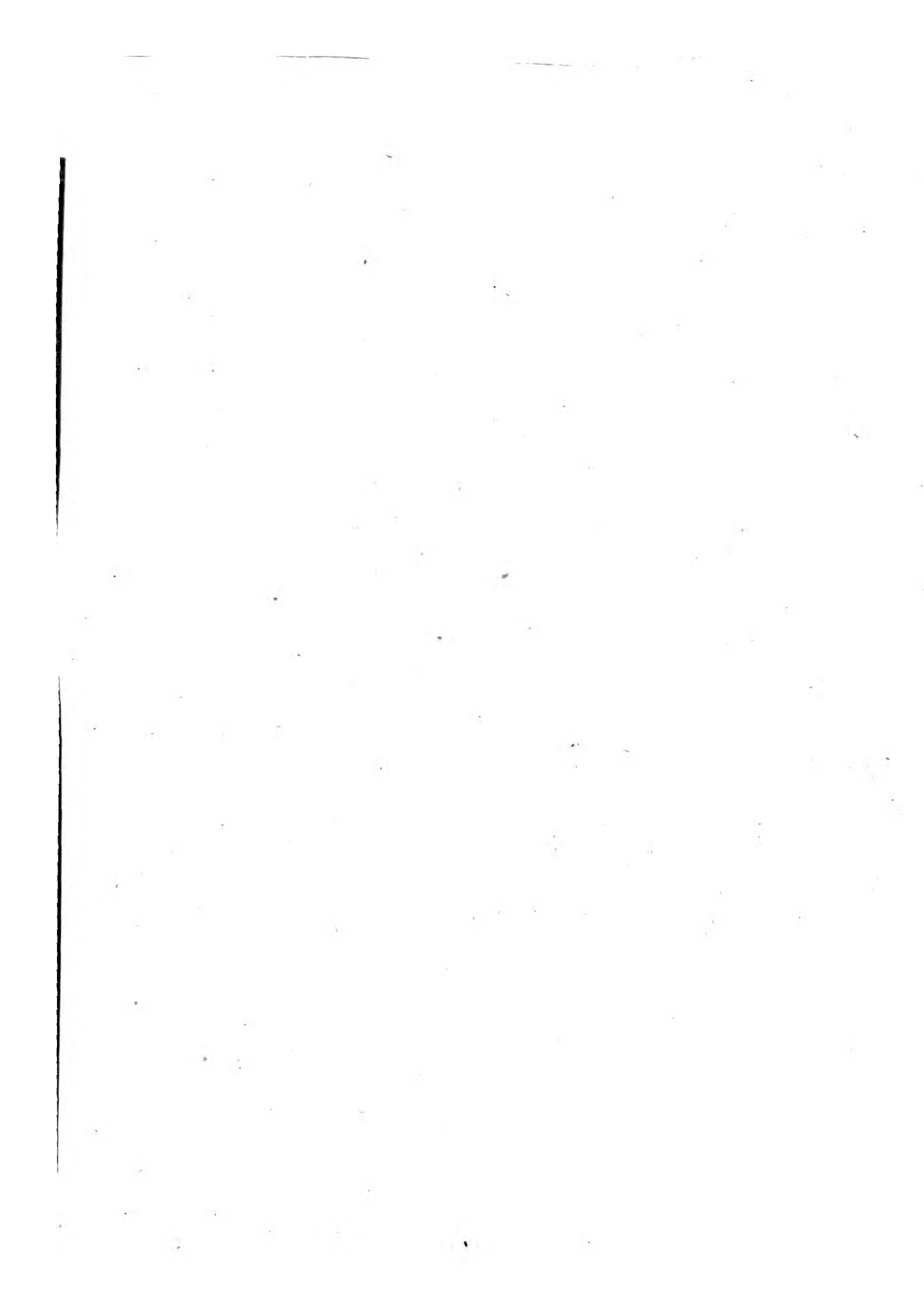
TIME, about four Days and a Half.

ARGUMENT.

Retrospect of the Voyage—Arrival at Candia—Ancient State of that Island—Present State of the adjacent Isles of Greece—The Season of the Year—Character of the Officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Description of a serene Evening—Midnight—The Ship weighs Anchor and is towed to Sea—State of the Weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring Shores—Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth—Description of the Ship as seen from the Land.









THE
SHIPWRECK.

THE FIRST CANTO.

A SHIP from EGYPT, o'er the Deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for VENICE held ;
Of fam'd BRITANNIA were the gallant crew,
And from that Isle her name the Vessel drew.
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd ;

And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare ;
Though warn'd full oft the slippery track to shun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
Long absent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerless Ocean were inur'd to roam :
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the Sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the Vessel spread her ample sail
From ALBION'S coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwear'ing wafted her eommercial store :
The richest ports of AFRIC she had view'd,
Thence to fair ITALY her course pursu'd ;
Had left behind TRINACRIA'S burning isle,
And visited the margin of the NILE.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling Voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw ;

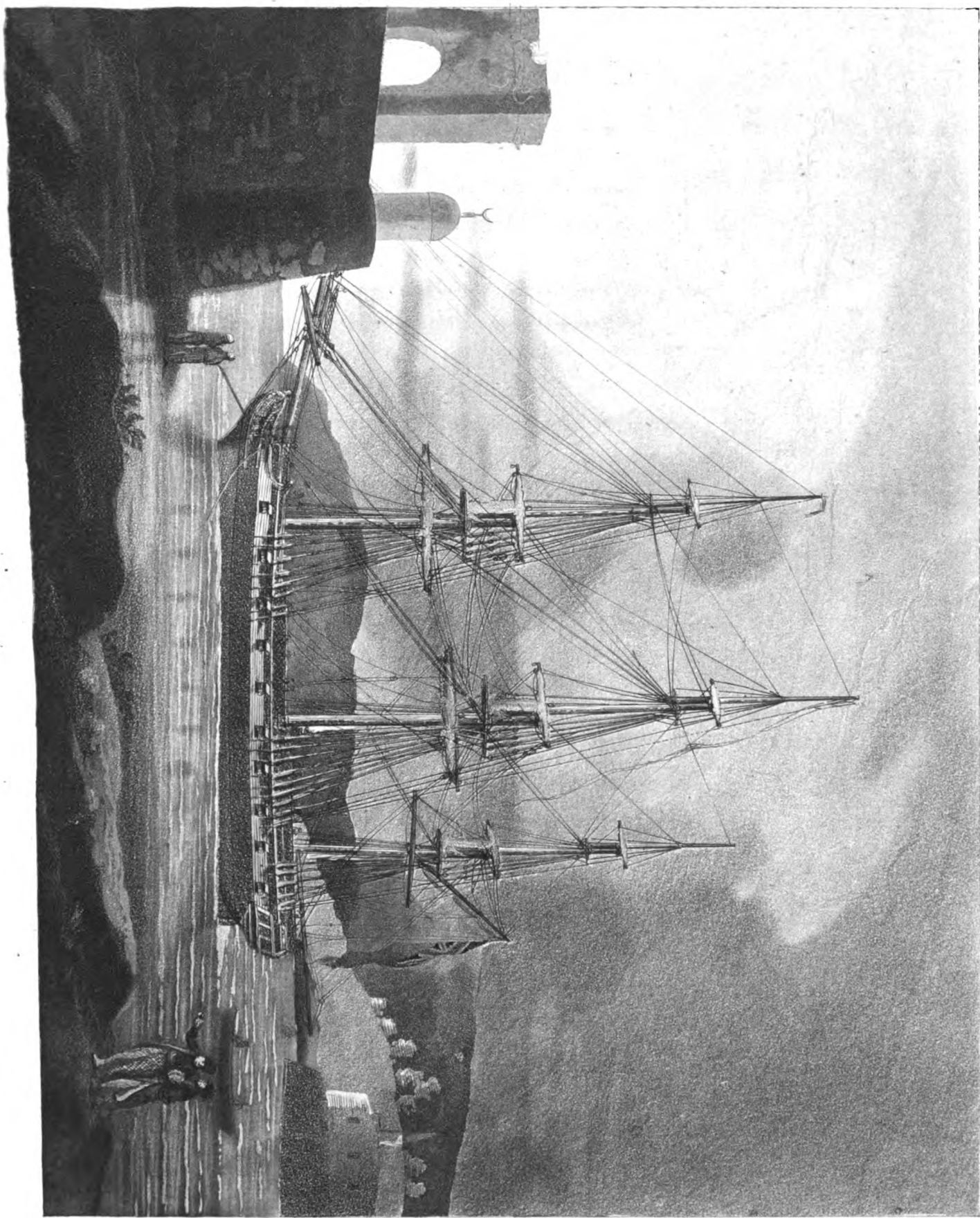
But from gay VENICE soon expect to steer
 For BRITAIN'S coast, and dread no perils near.
 A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
 That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide,
 Their ships through GRECIAN seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion call'd to touch at CANDIA'S shore,
 Which, bless'd with favouring Winds, they soon explore ;
 The Haven enter, born before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar,
 Mark the fell track of desolating War!
 Here Art and Commerce with auspicious reign,
 Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain!
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young Pleasure led the jocound Hours along.
 In gay luxuriance CERES too was seen
 To crown the vallies with eternal green.
 For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
 What ALBION is, fair CANDIA then appear'd.—
 Ah! who the flight of Ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her Sons is broke;
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
 No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For rude Oppression quench'd its genial fires:
 But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of GREECE around.

What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
There Hope ne'er dawns, and Pleasure never smiles ;
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil,
A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming VENUS, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore :
No lovely HELENS now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of GREECE to arms :
No fair PENELOPES enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on ALBION's happier plains !

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the Sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run ;
And on th' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The Ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,





The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching Storms.
True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the Master's soul appals :
Th' advancing Season warns him to the main—
A Captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain !
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from CANDIA'S bay ;
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire !
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant Crew,
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew !
Can sons of NEPTUNE, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid Gold ?

They can ! for Gold, too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart :
This crowns the prosperous Villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause :
This strews with roses Life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode ;
With slaughter'd Victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay Vessel, and her daring Band,
Experienc'd ALBERT held the chief command :
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd :
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
Abroad confest the Father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just—the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the Ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by Seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the Moon through Heav'n's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide ;
While Earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sink the poles,
Light and attraction, from her genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force :
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The Chief beheld tempestuous Oceans roll ;
His genius, ever for th' event prepar'd,
Rose with the Storm, and all its dangers shar'd.

The second powers and office RODMOND bore :
A hardy son of ENGLAND'S furthest shore ;
Where bleak NORTHUMBRIA pours her savage train
In sable Squadrons o'er the northern main :
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe ! to fair AUGUSTA'S port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal Sands,
They claim the danger ; proud of skilful bands ;
For while with darkling course their Vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er Bar and Shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm ; sagacious of the ground !
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd ;
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode :
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such RODMOND was ; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind ;
Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of Truth ;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze Compassion rising in the soul !
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
 While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.
 Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal !
 Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
 Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell :
 Thus RODMOND, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
 The sacred social passions never knew :
 Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud ;
 Bold without caution ; without honours proud ;
 In art unschool'd ; each veteran rule he priz'd,
 And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
 Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
 With Skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
 Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
 When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To RODMOND next, in order of command,
 Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
 But what avails it to record a name
 That courts no rank among the sons of Fame ?
 While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
 His bosom danc'd to Nature's boundless charms ;
 On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
 Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower ;
 But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
 The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.

Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
 Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless Sea,
 With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
 Where Science and the tuneful sisters rove.
 Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
 Antiquities of Nations now no more ;
 To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
 And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone,
 In vain—for rude Adversity's command,
 Still on the margin of each famous land,
 With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
 And every gate of Hope against him clos'd.
 Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
 To call ARION this ill-fated swain !
 For, like that Bard unhappy, on his head
 Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
 Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
 With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
 And both the raging Surge in safety bore,
 Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
 This last, our tragic Story from the wave
 Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save ;
 With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
 While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.
 Such were the Pilots—tutor'd to divine
 Th' untravell'd course by geometric line ;

Train'd to command and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, PALEMON was his name :
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for ALBERT's beauteous daughter bled ;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming ANNA mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her PALEMON told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale :
O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent ;
The blushing Maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unhear'd, they breath'd alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
PALEMON's Father heard the tale confest.

Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair Youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true !
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil,
With Avarice to pollute that generous soil ;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the Parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming Maid :
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy !
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim ;
Oft led the Youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers, enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevail'd.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain ;
In absence now his only hope remain'd,
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while PALEMON heard his doom.
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom :

In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind :
 To thee, brave ALBERT, was the charge consign'd.
 The stately ship, forsaking ENGLAND'S shore,
 To regions far remote PALEMON bore,
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
 Still lov'd fair ANNA with eternal truth :
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The Moon had circled twice her wayward zone
 To him since young ARION first was known ;
 Who, wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
 In ALEXANDRIA'S port the Vessel found ;
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
 Oft, by pale CYNTHIA'S melancholy light,
 With him PALEMON kept the watch of night :
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
 Perhaps ARION soon the cause divin'd,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind :
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow ;
 He, with PALEMON oft, recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.

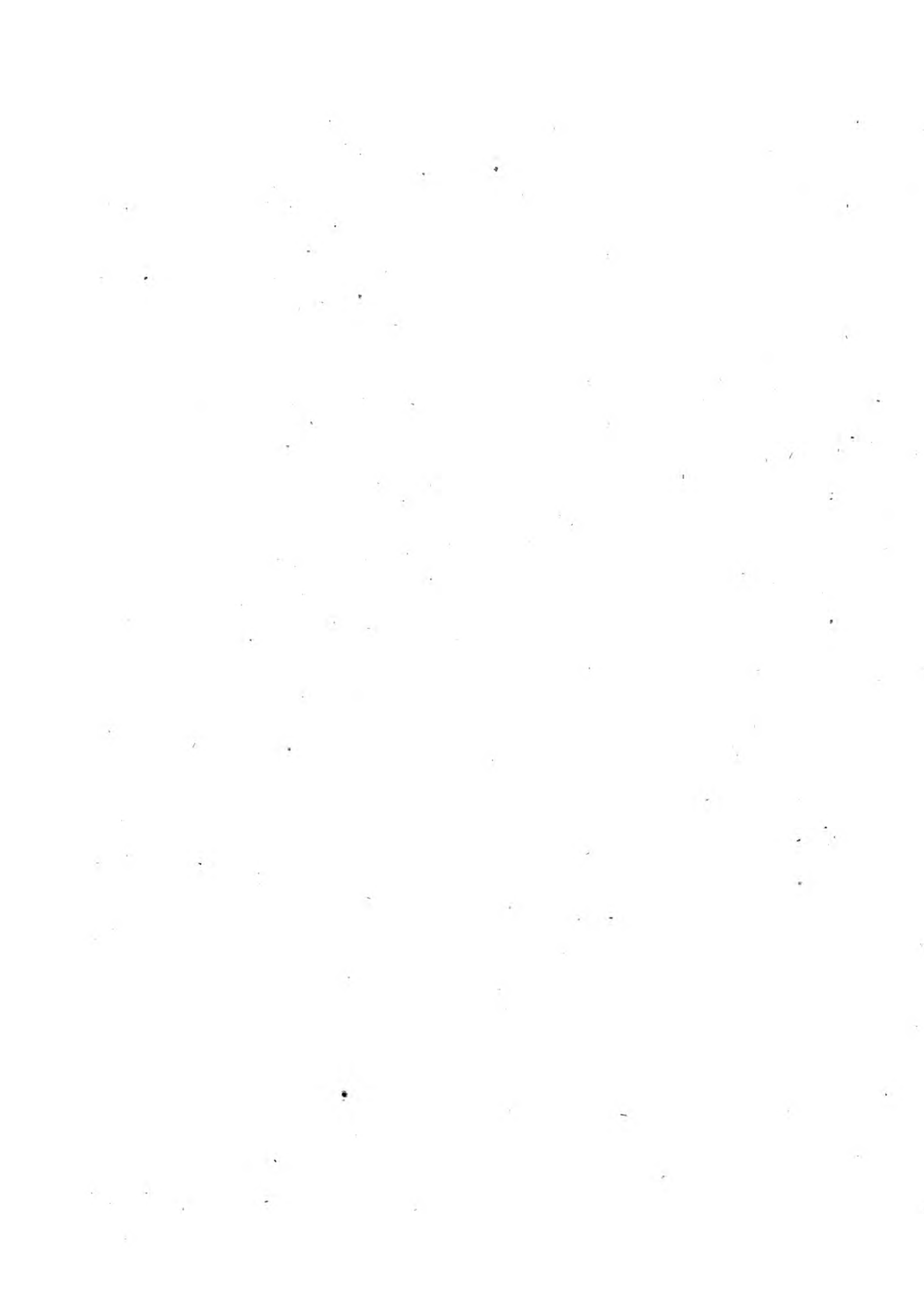
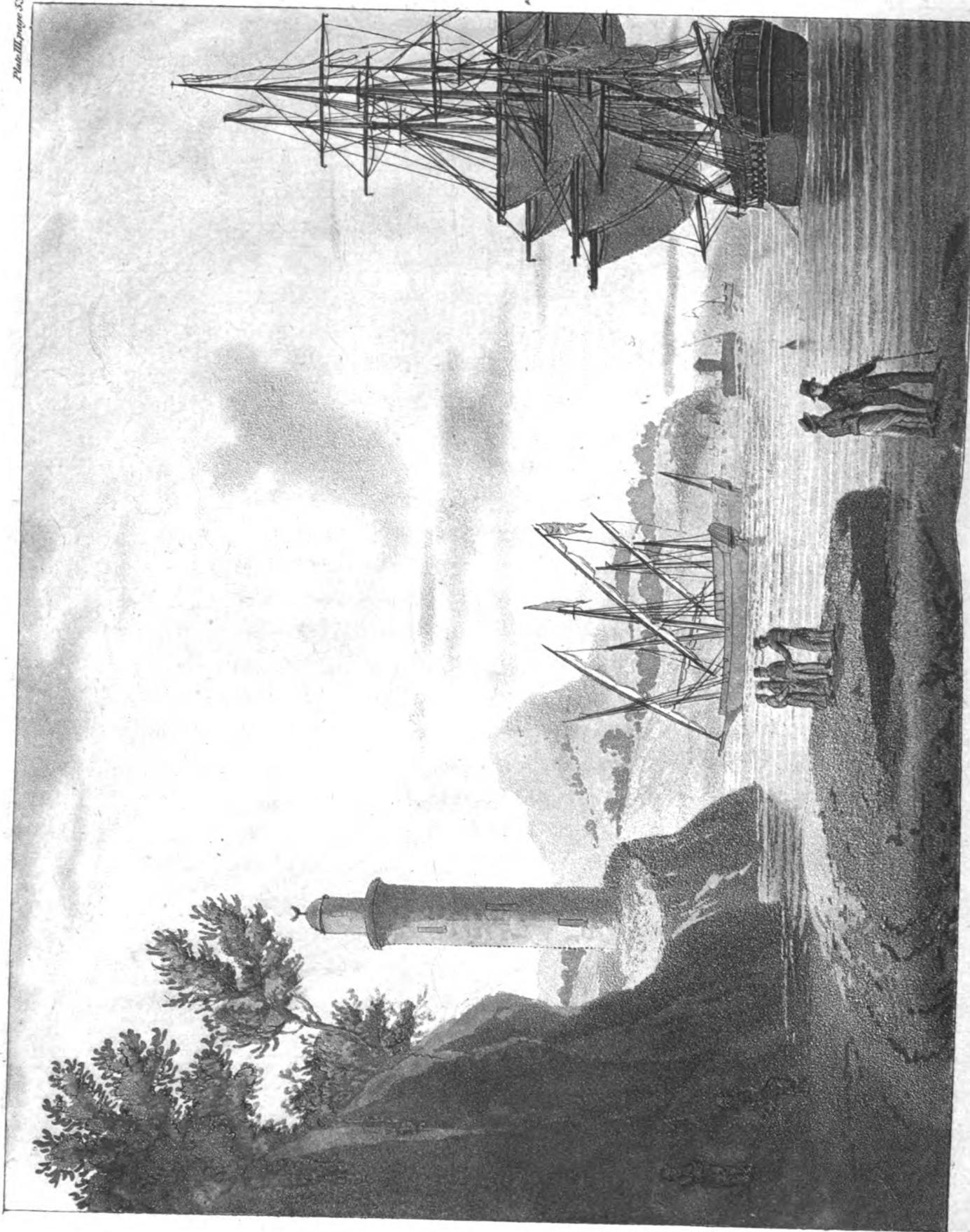


Plate III, page 53.



The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

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

A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
And held th' unwilling Ship in strong arrest.
High in his charriot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er IDA flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil, the Sailor's range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more :
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
RODMOND a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—
But with ARION from the sultry heat
Of noon, PALEMON sought a cool retreat.
And lo ! the Shore with mournful prospects crown'd ;
The Rampart torn with many a fatal wound ;

The ruin'd Bulwark tottering o'er the strand ;
 Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.
 What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread !
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
 Till barbarous OTTOMAN at last prevail'd ;
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

But now before them happier scenes arise !

ELYSIAN vales salute their ravish'd eyes :
 Olive and Cedar form'd a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 The Myrtles here with fond caresses twine ;
 There, rich with Nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
 And lo ! the Stream renown'd in classic song,
 Sad LETHE, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the Citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove :
 Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
 And with sweet Melancholy charm'd the soul,
 Here first PALEMON, while his pensive mind
 For consolation on his Friend reclin'd,
 In Pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
 Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
 " Too true thy words ! by sweet remembrance taught,
 My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought :

In vain it courts the solitary shade,
 By every action, every look betray'd!—
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal :
 Yet sure, if right PALEMON can divine,
 The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
 Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
 And prove the kind companion of his woe.

“ ALBERT thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
 In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
 Yet never Seaman more serenely brave
 Led BRITAIN'S conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
 Where full in view AUGUSTA'S spires are seen,
 With flowery Lawns, and waving Woods between,
 A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
 Where THAMES, slow winding, rolls his ample tide.
 There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
 A pious Daughter and a faithful Wife.
 For his return, with fond officious care,
 Still every grateful object these prepare ;
 Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
 Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

“ This blooming Maid in Virtue's path to guide,
 Her anxious Parents all their cares applied :
 Her spotless soul where soft compassion reign'd,
 No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd,

Not fairer grows the lilly of the vale,
 Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale :
 Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
 Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms ;
 Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
 The smile of Maiden-innocence express'd ;
 While Health, that rises with the new-born day,
 Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May,
 Still in her look Complacence smil'd serene ;
 She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene.

“ 'Twas at that season when the fields resume
 Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom :
 Yon Ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore
 To THAMES' fair banks her costly tribute bore :
 While thus my Father saw his ample hoard,
 From this return, with recent treasures stor'd,
 Me, with affairs of Commerce charg'd, he sent
 To ALBERT'S humble Mansion ; soon I went—
 Too soon, alas ! unconscious of th' event :
 There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw :
 There wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
 My ever charming ANNA ! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone ;
 O ! while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour

When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught;
When as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid ;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook !
With all her powers dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love ;
She strove in vain ! subdu'd by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine.—
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes, to see my lovely Maid.
Full oft where THAMES his wand'ring current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour, through flowery meads.
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.
While the sweet Nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd :
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was hers, and Innocence and Truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !
My suit prevail'd ; for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—

Thrice happy hours ! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day !
For here, the sigh that soft Affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
ELYSIAN scenes, too happy long to last !
Too soon a Storm the smiling dawn o'ercast !
Too soon some Demon to my Father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice ;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless Wind :
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure :
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd ;
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd ! alas ! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain !
His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt ;
With stern command to ALBERT's charge he gave
To waft PALEMÓN o'er the distant wave.

" The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
 And only waited now the leading gale.
 'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
 The heart-felt torments of despairing Love :
 Th' impatient wish that never feels repose ;
 Desire that with perpetual current flows ;
 The fluctuating pangs of Hope and Fear ;
 Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near !
 Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
 The western breezes inauspicious blew,
 Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
 The Vessel parted on the falling tide ;
 Yet Time one sacred hour to Love supplied.
 The Night was silent, and, advancing fast,
 The Moon o'er THAMES her silver mantle cast.
 Impatient Hope the midnight path explor'd,
 And led me to the Nymph my soul ador'd.
 Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear ;
 She came confest ! the lovely Maid drew near !
 But ah ! what force of language can impart
 Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart !—
 O ! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
 The trembling ecstacies of genuine love !
 When, with delicious agony, the thought
 Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;
 Your secret sympathy alone can tell
 What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell ;

O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
 While Love with sweet enchantment melts the soul !
 " In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest
 The blushing Virgin sunk upon my breast ;
 While hers congenial beat with fond alarms ;
 Dissolving softness ! Paradise of charms !
 Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
 Our blending spirits, that each other drew !
 O bliss supreme ! where Virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt !
 Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire !
 ' Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love,' she cries,
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
 ' For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
 Such flattering fond ideas entertain ?
 My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd
 To joys decreed for some superior Maid.
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of Grief,
 Where never gentle Hope affords relief.
 Go then, dear Youth ! thy Father's rage atone !
 And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone !
 The hovering anger yet thou mayst appease ;
 Go then, dear Youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas !
 Find out some happier daughter of the town,
 With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;

Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
 Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
 Too well thou know'st good ALBERT'S niggard fate,
 Ill fitted to sustain thy Father's hate :
 Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
 That fatal to my Father thus may prove !
 On me alone let dark affliction fall !
 Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
 Then, haste thee hence, PALEMON, ere too late,
 Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate !'

“ She ceas'd ; while anguish in her angel-face
 O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
 Not HELEN, in her bridal charms array'd,
 Was half so lovely as this gentle Maid.
 ‘ O soul of all my wishes !’ I replied,
 ‘ Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide ?
 Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth !
 To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;
 And I, perfidious ! all that sweetness see
 Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?
 Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
 PALEMON in the silent earth entomb !
 Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night !
 Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight ;
 By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
 That sweet possession only knows to heal !

By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep !
 Where Fate and Ruin sad dominion keep ;
 Though tyrant Duty o'er me threat'ning stands,
 And claims obedience to her stern commands ;
 Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
 Her smile or frown shall never change my love !
 My heart, that now must every joy resign,
 Incapable of change, is only thine !—

“ ‘ O cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,
 And the sad clouds of Sorrow melt away,
 While through the rugged path of life we go,
 All Mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
 The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
 Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
 For this prosperity with brighter ray,
 In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
 Thou too, sweet Maid ! ere twice ten months are o'er
 Shalt hail PALEMON to his native shore,
 Where never Interest shall divide us more.’

“ Her struggling Soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
 Now found an interval of short relief ;
 So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
 Beneath the wintery Sun's departing beam.
 With warning haste the shades of Night withdrew,
 And gave the Signal of a sad adieu !
 As on my neck th' afflicted Maiden hung,
 A thousand racking thoughts her spirit wrung.

She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
 Too oft, alas ! the wandering lover's grave !
 With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
 And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
 While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
 She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
 ' Look down with pity, O ye powers above !
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding Love !
 Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more :
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain !
 Bid every guardian minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-lov'd Youth defend !'
 —With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice in vain
 And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion stream'd in either heart ;
 Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.—
 Forlorn of hope the lovely Maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft.
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
 While her sad swain embark'd upon the Deep."

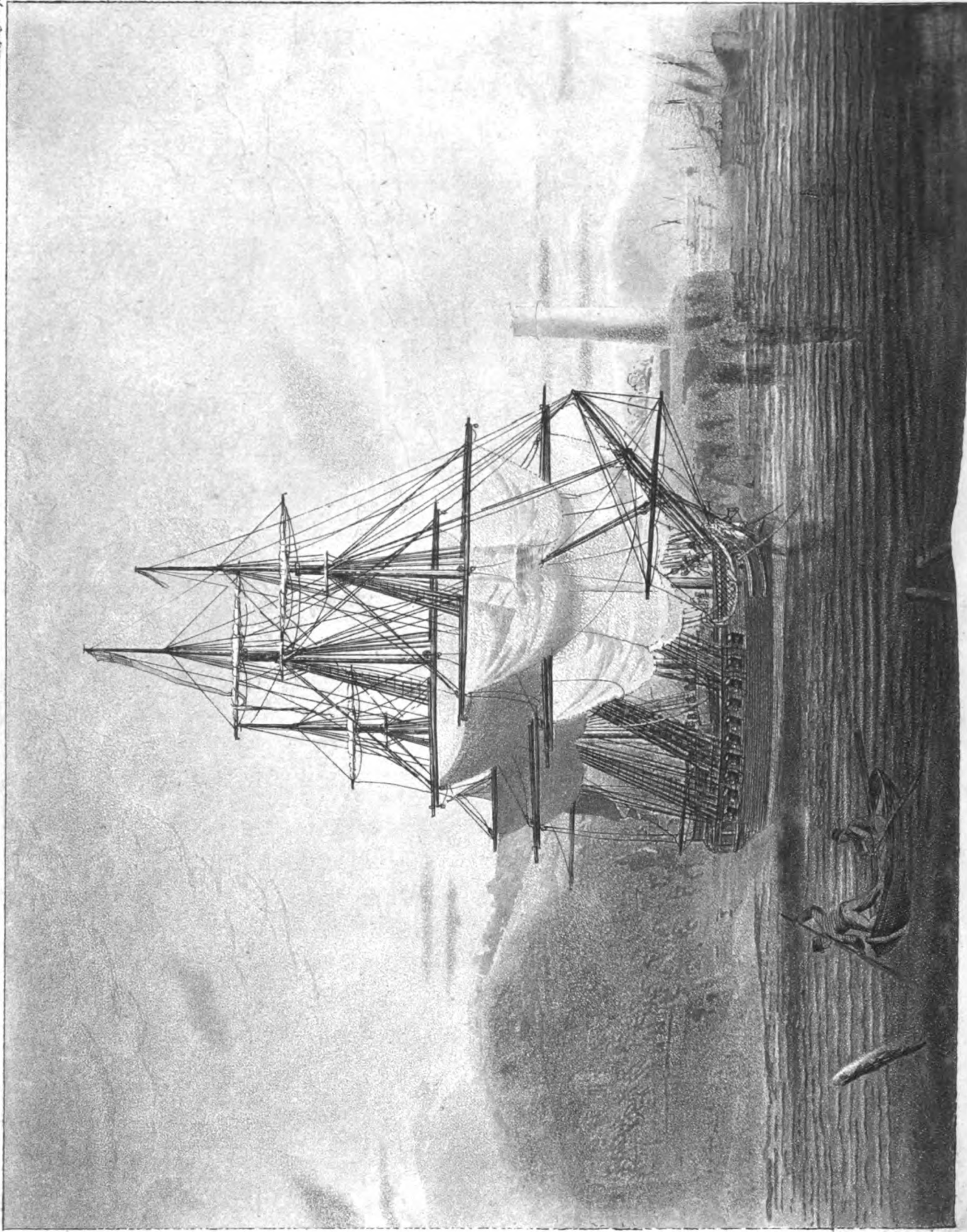
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
 PALEMON'S bosom felt a sweet relief.

The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
 Where all-forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate :
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender Maids, in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls ;
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal !
 Ah ! may no wanderer of the faithless Main
 Fear through your breast the soft delicious bane !
 Whose fatal tenderness approve
 The blissful bliss of their ardent love.
 O ! woe ! the Friendship's counsel, learn to shun
 Whom thousands are undone !
 O ! woe ! the Youth, returning o'er the plain,
 At the lonely margin of the Main,
 First, with attention rous'd, ARION ey'd
 The graceful Lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
 His frame the happiest symmetry display'd ;
 And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
 In every look the PAPHIAN graces shine,
 Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
 With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
 Like young ADONIS or the Son of May.



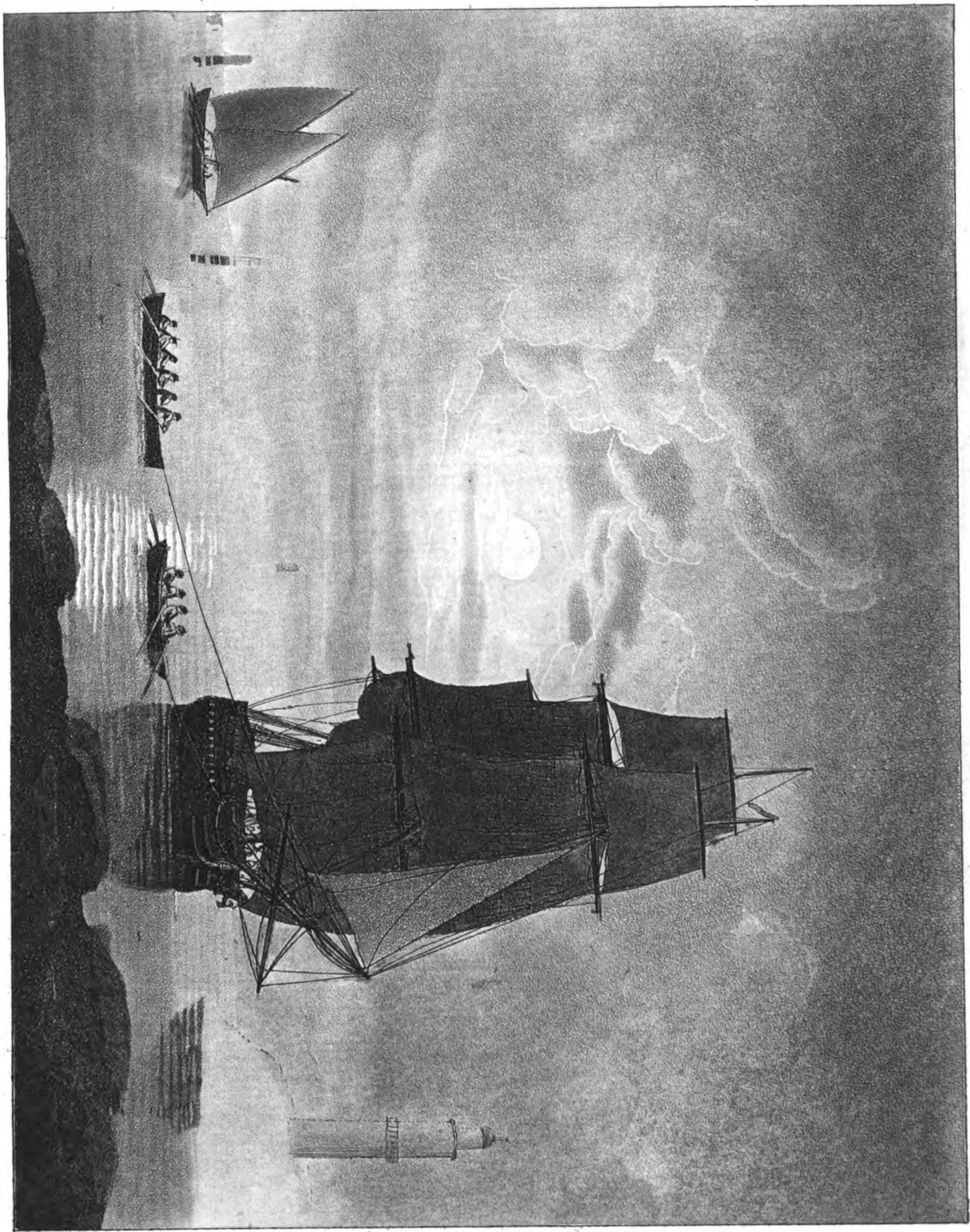
Photo. Cooper 37.

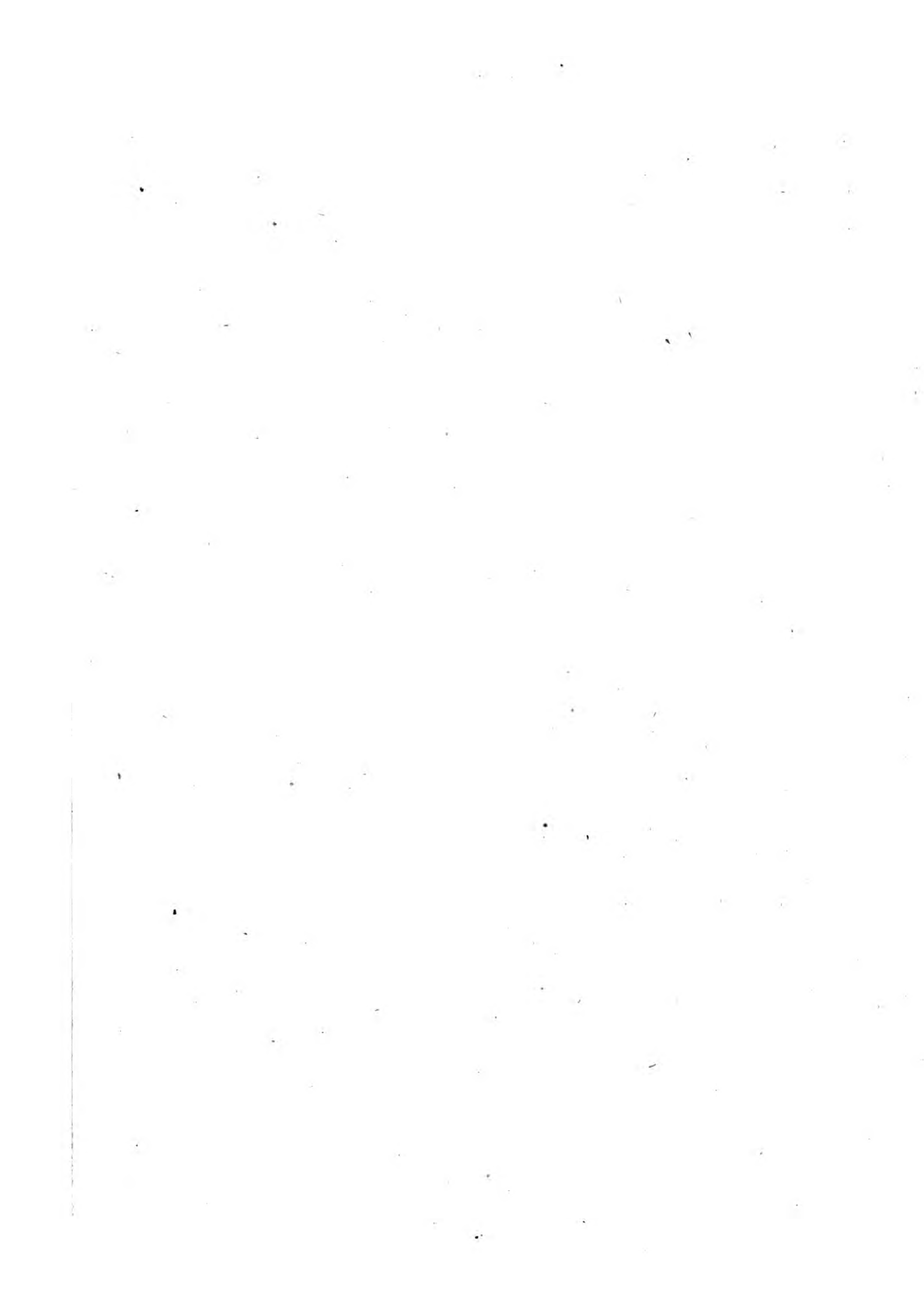


Not CYTHEREA from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the TROJAN plain !
The Sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene,
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain :
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green Ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy Ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo ! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The Skies with pomp ineffable array,
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns !
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the Songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;
With joyful eyes th' attentive Master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—

Now the radiant VESPER leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er Land and Main.
Round the charg'd bowl the Sailors form a ring,
By turns recount the wonderous Tale, or sing ;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain :
Then some the Watch of Night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep Midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning Moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty Ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deem'd a Signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young ARION sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming ANNA, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane :
Anon, tremendous Lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen !
Now with PALEMÓN up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring Deep,
With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
Sweet ANNA charm'd them with the voice of love.





Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
 While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of Hell,—
 Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
 Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung ;
 Thrice with shrill note the Boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor ! proclaims a boisterous cry :
All hands unmoor ! the cavern'd rocks reply !
 Rous'd from repose, aloft the Sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the Windlass arm.
 The order given, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their Engine round ;
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound. }
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy Cave,
 The ponderous Anchor rises o'er the Wave.
 Along their slippery Masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend :
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And through inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in th' EGYPTIAN quarter soon decay.
 A Calm ensues ; they dread th' adjacent Shore ;
 The Boats with rowers man'd are sent before :

With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately Ship they tow.
 The nervous Crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of CANDIA rend.
 Success attends their Skill ; the danger 's o'er :
 The Port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
 Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.
 She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
 But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent vapours, IDA's height,
 Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight.
 North-east the guardian isle of STANDIA lies,
 And westward FRESCHIN's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton Sails
 Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
 The swelling Stud-sails now their wings extend,
 Then Stay-sails sidelong up the Stays ascend :
 While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd ;
 With Yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim Horizon lowering Vapours shroud,
 And blot the Sun, yet struggling in the cloud :
 Through the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
 His glaring Orb emits a sanguine blaze.
 The Pilots now their rules of art apply,
 The mystic needle's devious aim to try,

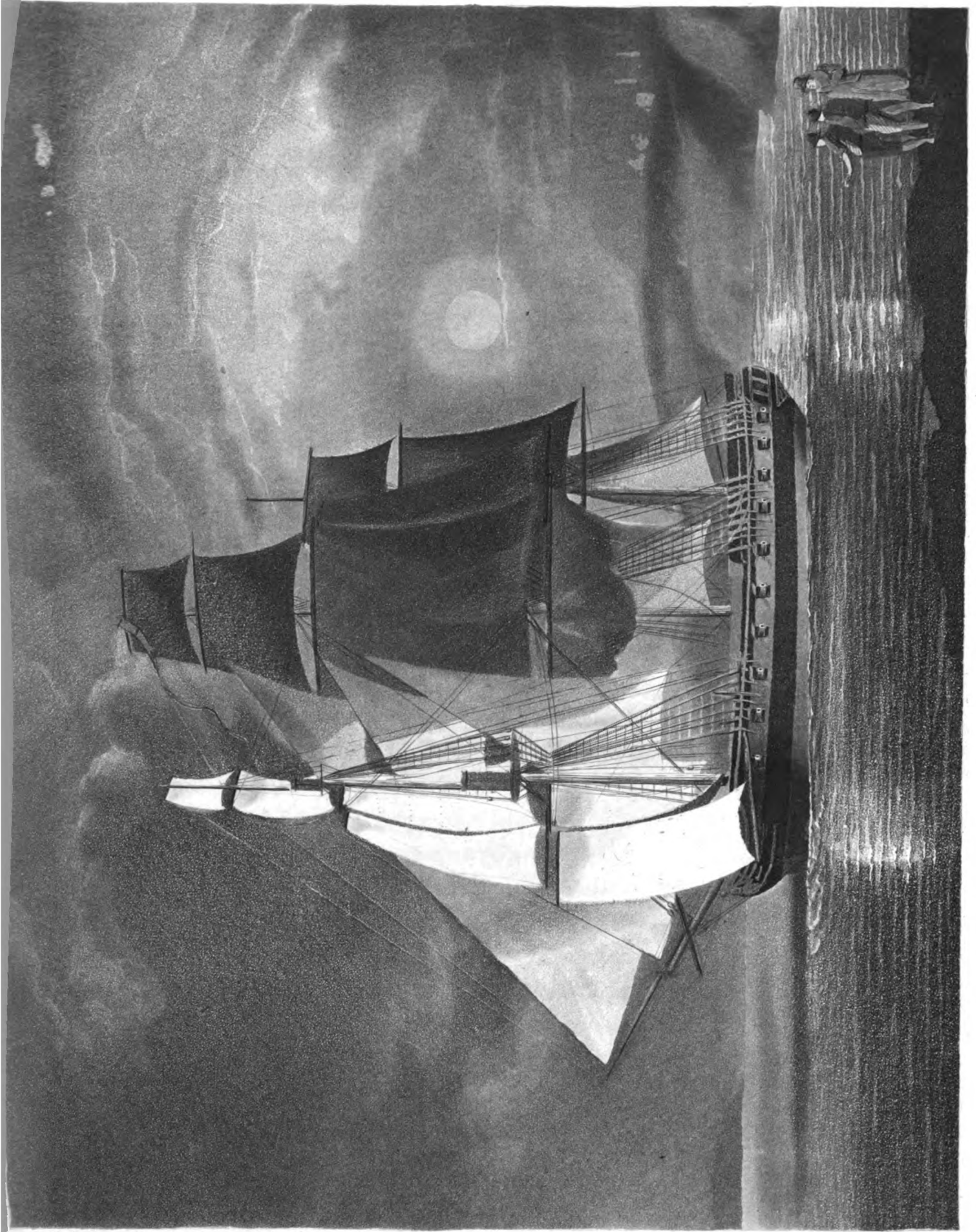


Illustration of the ship "The Fish" No. 4, 1840.



The Compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
 The Quadrant's shadows studious they survey :
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
 Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Their sage experience thus explores the height
 And Polar distance of the source of light :
 Then through the Chiliad's triple maze they trace
 Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
 No more th' attentive Pilot's eye beguil'd.

The Natives, while the Ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the Seas.
 Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
 While trembling through the green translucent stream.
 The Wales, that close above in contrast shone,
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
 BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow,
 Gaz'd o'er the vassal Wave that roll'd below :
 Where'er she mov'd, the vassal Waves were seen
 To yield obsequious and confess their Queen.
 Th' imperial Trident grac'd her dexter hand,
 Of power to rule the Surge, like MOSES' wand,
 Th' eternal empire of the Main to keep,
 And guide her Squadrons o'er the trembling Deep.

Her left, propitious, bore a mystic Shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field.
There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild Billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud Chariot round the vanquish'd Main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, Rocks, and Whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal Shield from NEPTUNE she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated on her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd Prow—from van to rear
Th' Artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling Sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad Stern a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young Hero, here a royal Maid.
Fair ENGLAND'S genius in the Youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,

The warlike Nymph with fond regard survey'd :
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,
 Like young *ALCIDES*, or the God of war,
 Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw ;
 Serene, yet firm ; though mild, impressing awe.
 Her nervous arm inur'd to toils severe,
 Brandish'd th' unconquer'd *CALEDONIAN* spear.
 The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
 Sung to the Harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
 Blue was her rocky Shield ; her piercing eye
 Flush'd like the meteors of her native sky ;
 Her Crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
 And o'er her Helmet gleam'd the northern star.
 The warrior Youth appear'd of noble frame,
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame :
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
 Renown'd in song—the terror of the foe !
 The Sword, that oft the barbarous North defied,
 The scourge of tyrants ! glitter'd by his side.
 Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
 The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone.
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
 Whose strings unlock the Witches' midnight spell,
 Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell—

Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
 The songs of Heaven! the music of the spheres!
 Borne on NEWTONIAN wing, through air she flies,
 Where other Suns to other systems rise!—
 These front the scene conspicuous—over head
 ALBION'S proud oak his filial branches spread;
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
 Beneath their feet, the Father of the flood;
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perch'd by the martial Maid the bird of Jove;
 There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an ENGLISH mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail:
 Here frown'd the God that wakes the living gale—
 High o'er the Poop the flattering winds unfurl'd
 Th' imperial Flag that rules the watery World.
 Deep-blushing Armors all the tops invest,
 And warlike Trophies either quarter drest:
 Then tower'd the Masts; the Canvas swell'd on high;
 And waving Streamers floated in the sky.
 Thus the rich Vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair Virgin on her bridal day:
 Thus, like a Swan, she cleaves the watery plain,
 The pride and wonder of th' ÆGEAN main.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Second Canto:

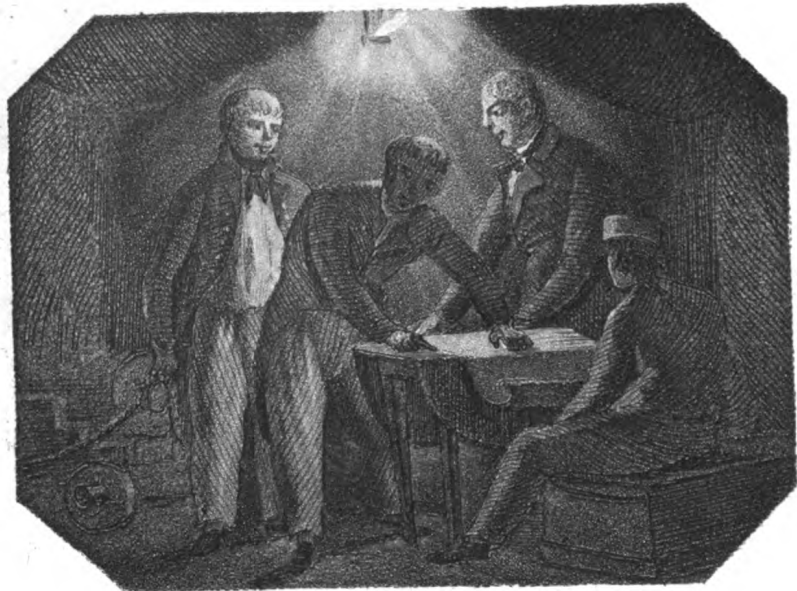
*The Scene at Sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the
Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve Leagues north-
ward of Cape Spado.*

**TIME, from Nine in the Morning, till One o'Clock of the following
Morning.**

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the Land—The Breeze continues—A Water-spout—
Beauty of a dying Dolphin—The Ship's Progress along the Shore—Wind
strengthens—The Sails reduced—A Shoal of Porpoises—Last Appearance
of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A Squall—The Sails further diminished—
Mainsail split—Ship bears away before the Wind—Again hauls upon the
Wind—Another Mainsail fitted to the Yard—The gale still increases—
Topsails furled—Top-gallant Yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sunset—
Courses reefed—Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm—Anxiety
of the Pilots from their dangerous Situation—Resolute Behaviour of
the Sailors—The Ship labours in great Distress—The Artillery thrown
overboard—Dismal appearance of the Weather—Very high and dangerous
Sea—Consultation and Resolution of the Officers—Speech and Advice of
Albert to the Crew—Necessary Disposition to veer before the Wind—
Disappointment in the proposed Effect—New Dispositions equally un-
successful—The Mizzen-mast cut away.





THE
SHIPWRECK.

THE SECOND CANTO.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene !
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd the ELYSIAN vallies smile !
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.

For these, alas ! reluctant I forego, '

To visit Storms and elements of woe !

Ye tempests ! o'er my head congenial roll,

To suit the mournful music of my soul !

In black progression, lo ! they hover near—

Hail, social Horrors ! like my fate severe !

Old Ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone

The secret Deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.

Approach, ye brave Companions of the sea,

And fearless view this awful Scene with me !

Ye native guardians of your country's laws !

Ye bold assertors of her sacred Cause !

The Muse invites you—judge if she depart,

Unequal from the precepts of your art.

In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,

Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,

Propell'd by gentle gales, the Vessel glides.

RODMOND exulting, felt th' auspicious wind,

And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—

The thoughts of Home, that o'er his fancy roll,

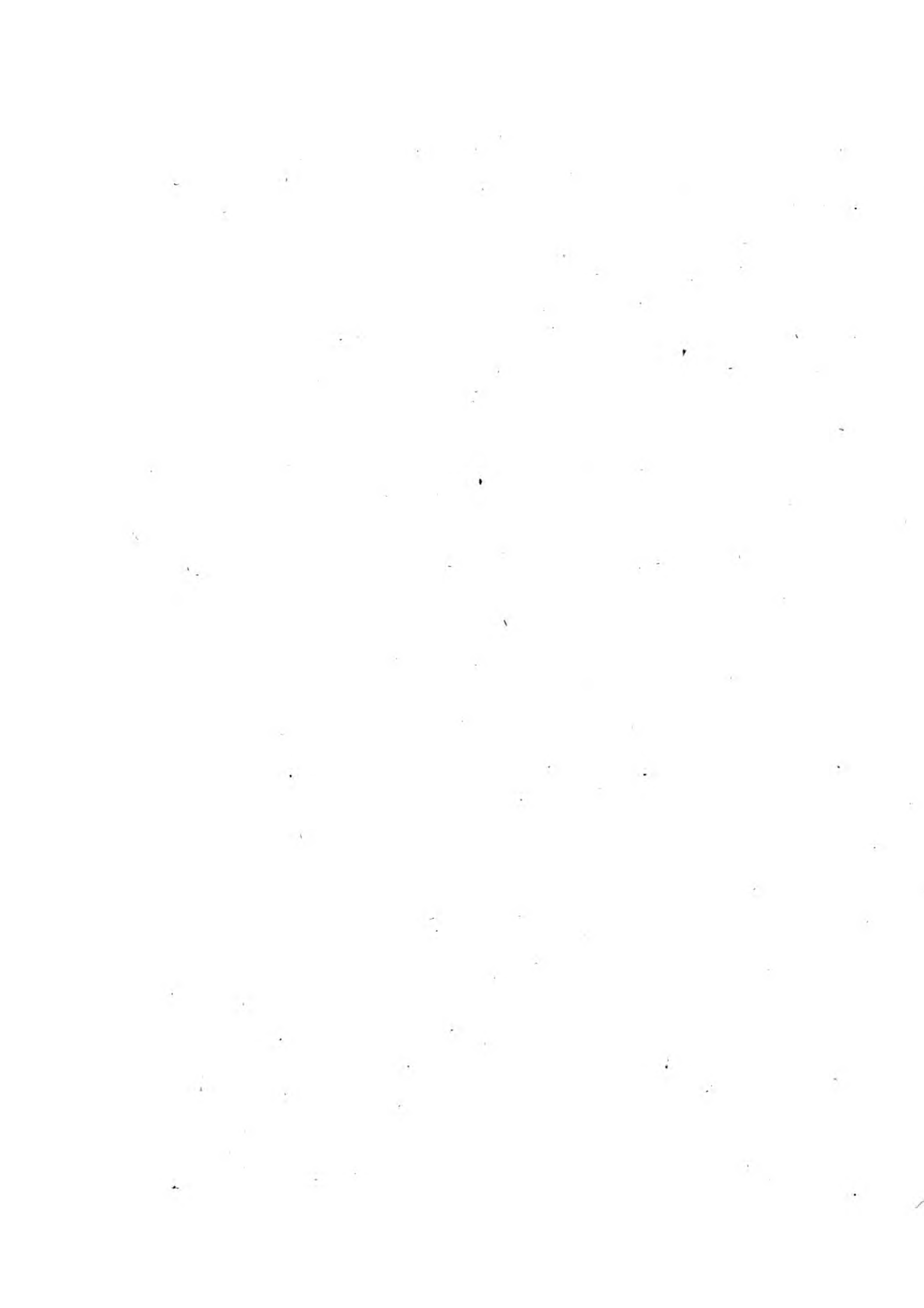
With trembling joy dilate PALEMON's soul :

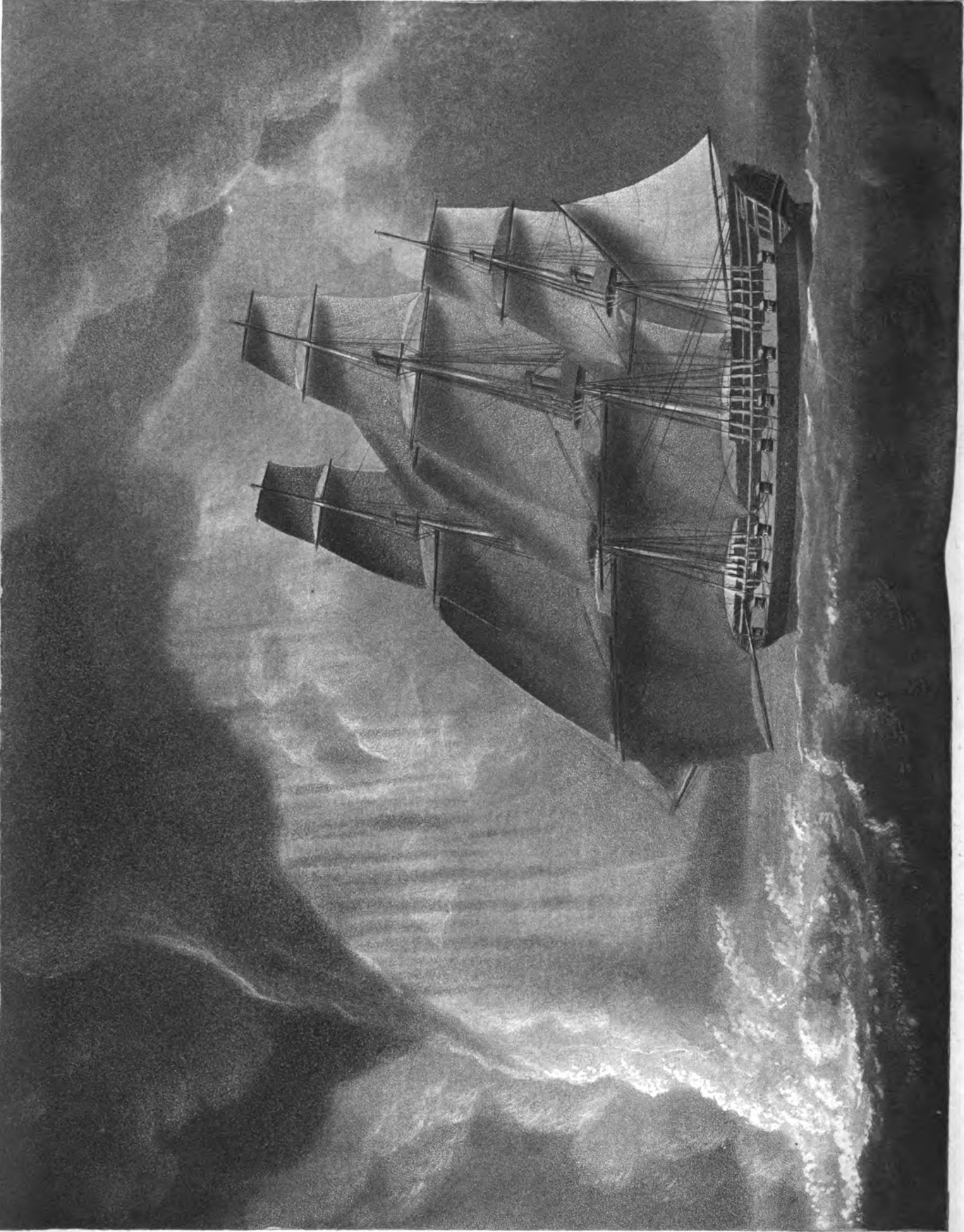
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray

Distress recedes, and Danger melts away.

Already BRITAIN's parent cliffs arise,

And in idea greet his longing eyes !





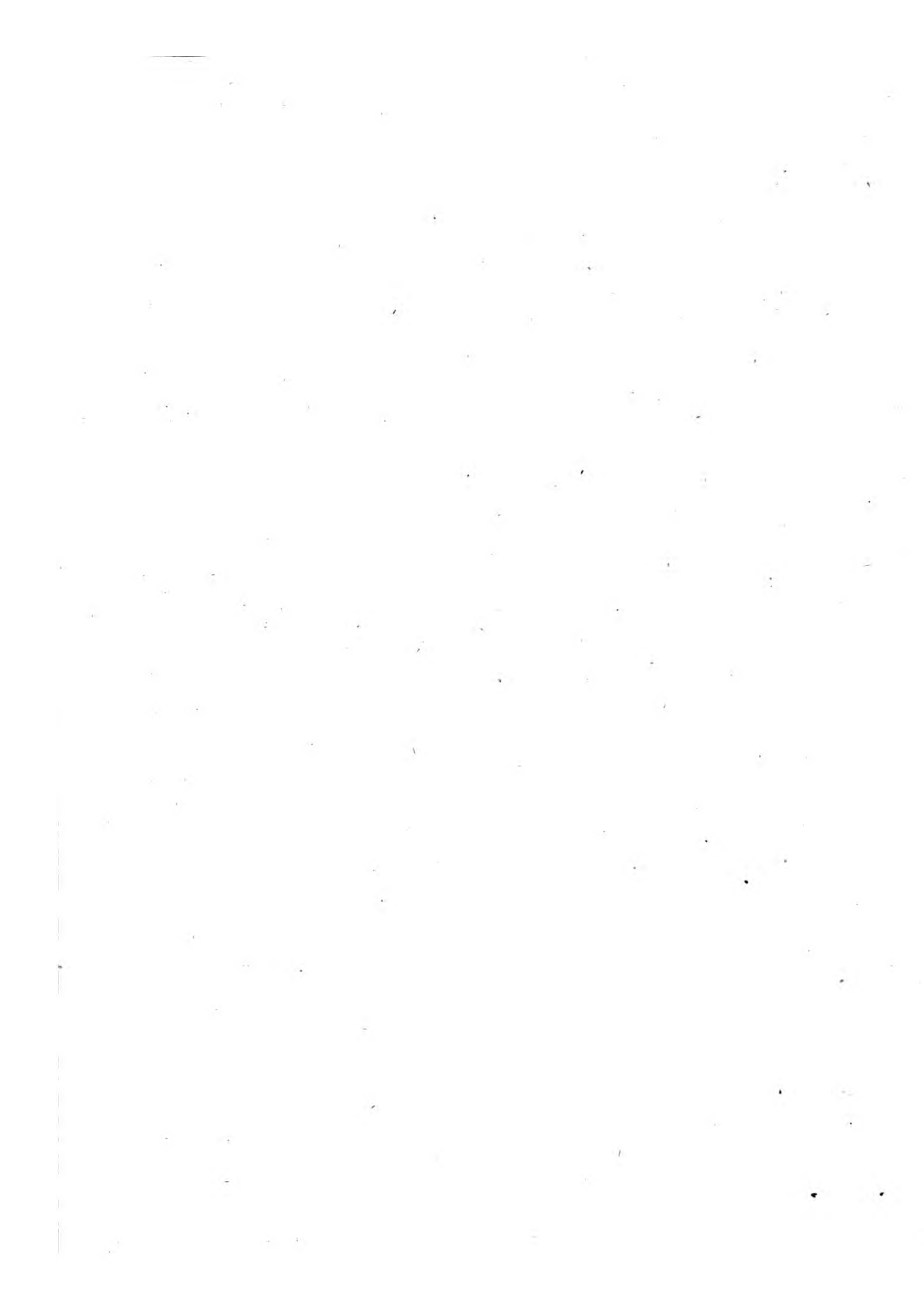
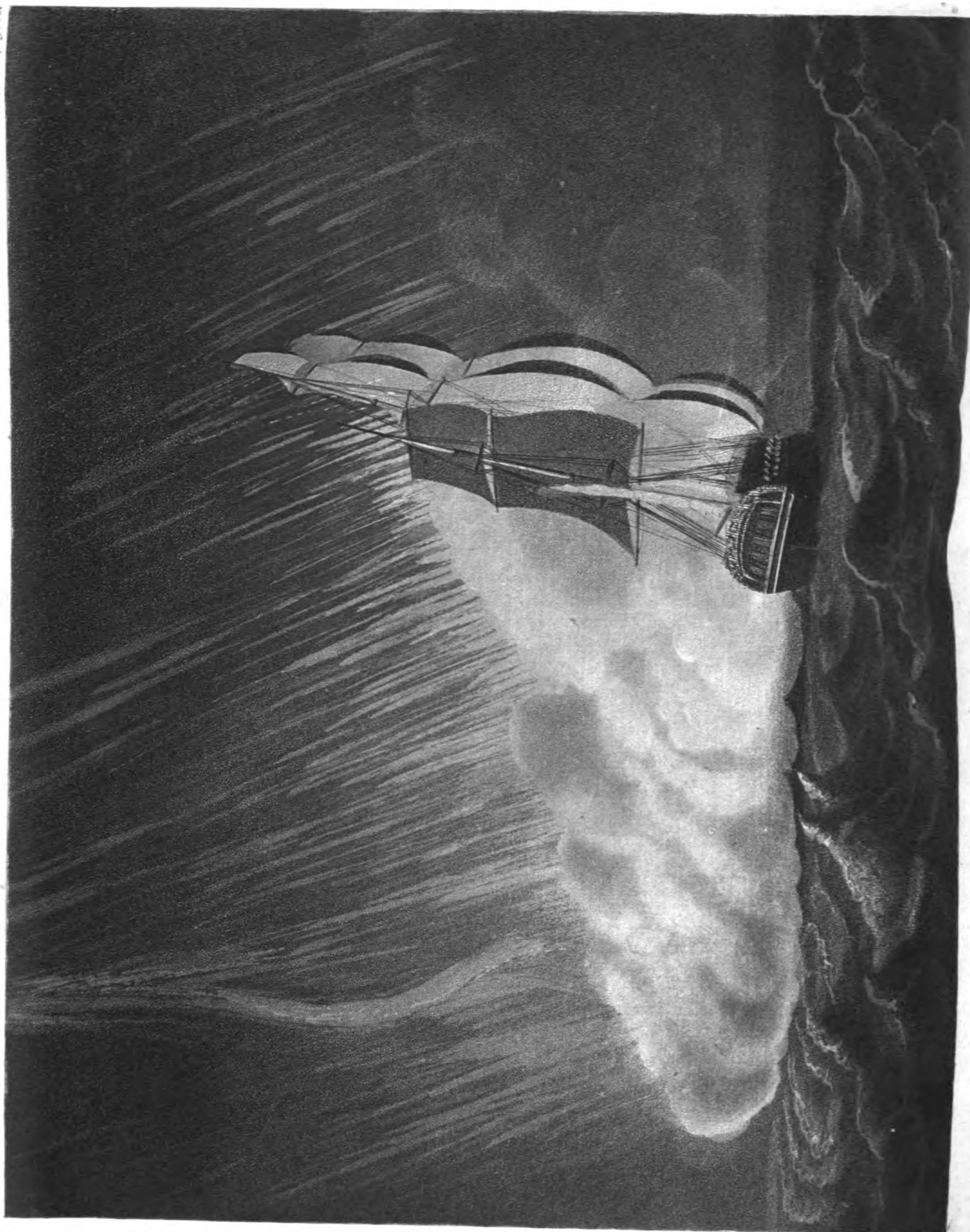


Plate VIII page 55.

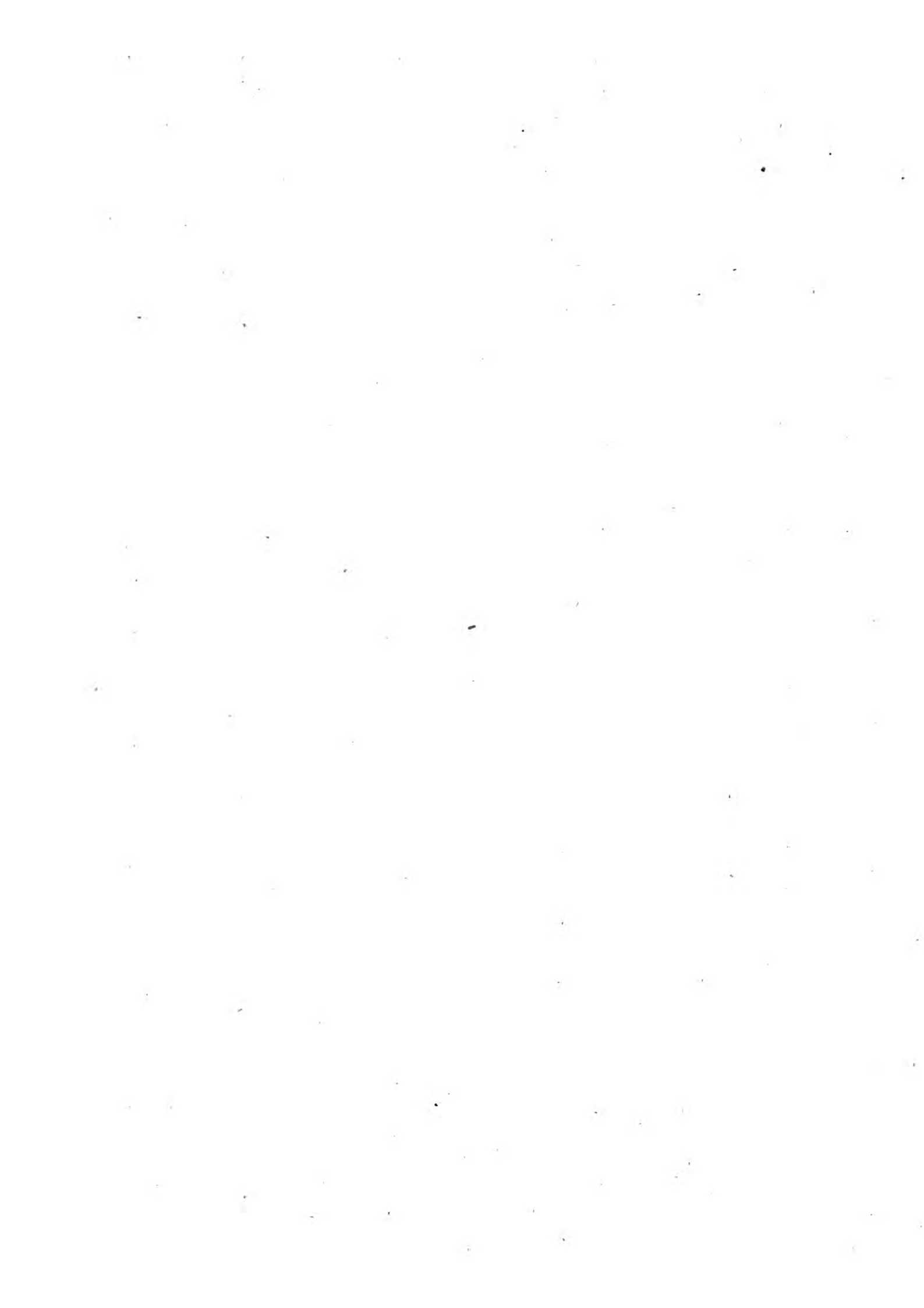


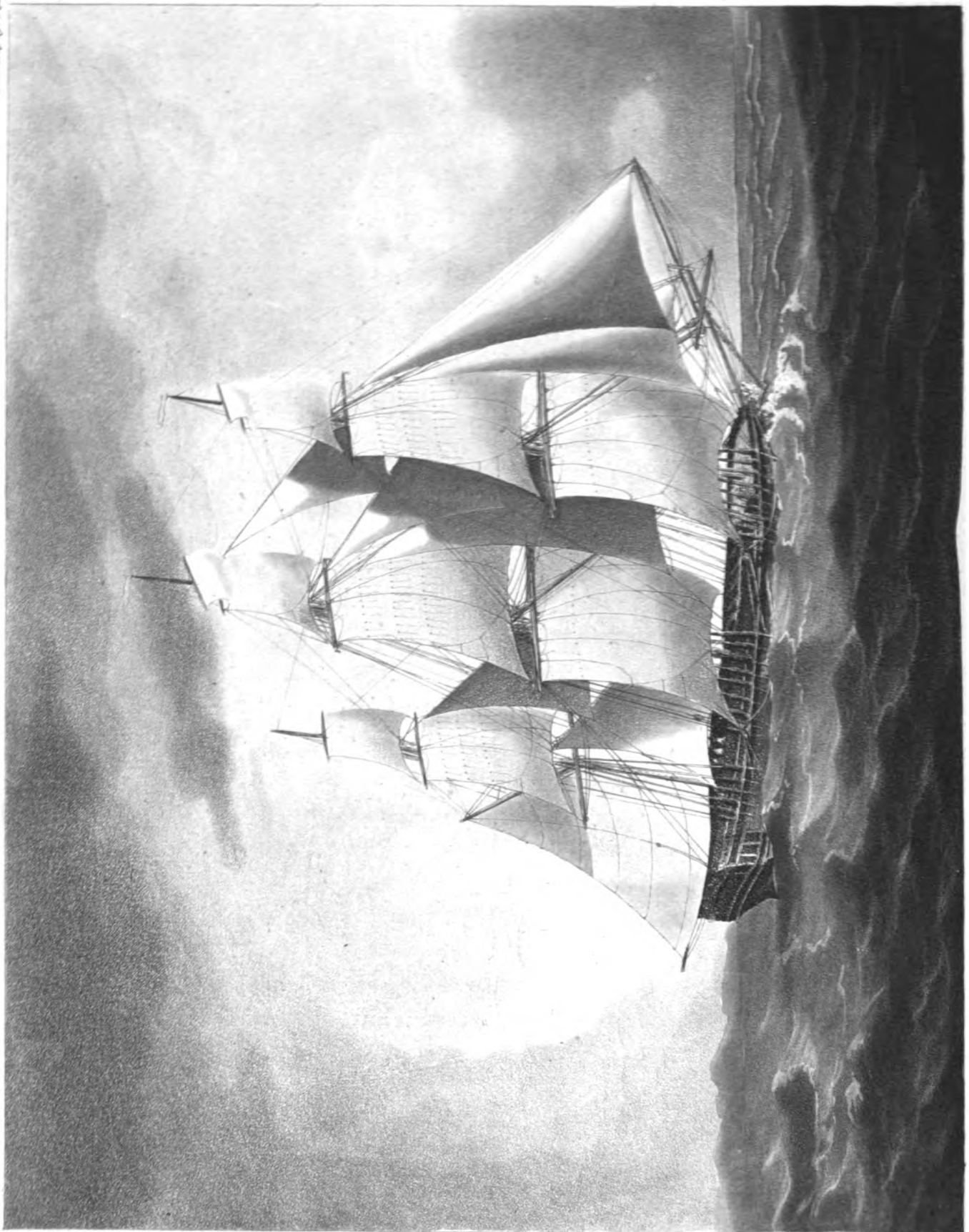
Each amorous Sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they th' impressive dart of Love can feel,
Whose stubborn Souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful Maid expects th' approaching Youth.
In distant bosoms equal ardours glow ;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.

Tall **IDA's** summit now more distant grew,
And **JOVE's** high hill was rising on the view ;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid Column towering shoot on high,
The foaming base the angry Whirlwind sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep :
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun Night and horror through the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train
Let sages vers'd in Nature's lore explain !
The horrid Apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling Surges fly !
The guns were prim'd—the Vessel northward veers,
Till her black Battery on the Column bears.
The nitre fir'd ; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumb'ring air around,
The watery Volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high !

Th' affrighted Surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The Sea subsides ; the Whirlwinds rage no more.

While southwards now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to CRETAN JOVE,
The thirsty Canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aërial tide ;
And now, approaching near the lofty Stern,
A shoal of sportive Dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam'd refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing Ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the Crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy ! near the triple prong.
RODMOND, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends.
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain ;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And fitting life escapes in sanguine rills,





With radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight !
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o'er profusely drest ;
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye ;
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
 But here description clouds each shining ray—
 What terms of Art can Nature's powers display ?

Now, while on high the freshening gale she feels,
 The Ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
 Th' auxiliar Sails that court a gentle breeze,
 From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
 The watchful ruler of the helm no more
 With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore ;
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wondrous Magnet, guides the wayward prow.—
 The wind, that still th' impressive Canvass swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding Bark impell'd.
 Impatient thus she glides along the Coast,
 Till far behind the hill of Jove is lost ;

And, while aloof from RETIMO she steers,
 MALACHA's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon Isthmus stands the cypress Grove
 That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of JOVE.
 Here too, memorial of his name ! is found
 A Tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
 This gloomy Tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
 The trembling States around to slavery broke,
 Through GREECE, for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The Muses rais'd to high OLYMPUS' throne.—
 For oft, alas ! their venal Strains adorn
 The Prince, whom blushing VIRTUE holds in scorn.
 Still ROME and GREECE record his endless fame,
 And hence yon Mountain yet retains his name.

But see ! in confluence borne before the Blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky Noon o'ercast :
 The blackening Ocean curls ; the Winds arise ;
 And the dark Scud in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln Canvass bends the Masts on high,
 Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie,
 The Sailors now, to give the Ship relief,
 Reduce the Topsails by a single reef.
 Each lofty Yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
 Down the tall Masts the topsails sink amain ;
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.

More distant grew receding CANDIA'S shore ;
And southward of the west Cape SPADO bore.

Four hours the Sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er ATLANTIC regions shone :
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A Squall deep lowering blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the Topsails can no more sustain,
Reef Topsails, reef ! the Boatswain calls again.
The haliards and top-bowlines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering Sails descend ; and now they square
The Yards, while ready Sailors mount in air.
The weather earings and the lee they past ;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching Squall attend.
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the Deep.
In such a Tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The Wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the Clouds impend,
And Storm and Cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling Vessel lies—
Brail up the Mizen, quick ! the Master cries,

Man the Clue-garnets ! let the Main-sheet fly !
 The boisterous Squall still presses from on high,
 And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
 Through the torn Mainsail bursts with thundering force.
 While the rent Canvass flutter'd in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stooping Bark inclin'd.—
 Bear up the helm a-weather ! **RODMOND** cries ;
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
 The Prow with secret instinct veers apace ;
 And now the Foresail right athwart they brace ;
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying Sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping Gale.
 While o'er the foam the Ship impetuous flies,
 Th' attentive Timoneer the Helm applies.
 As in pursuit along th' aërial way,
 With ardent eye, the Falcon marks his prey,
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space ;
 So, govern'd by the Steersman's glowing hands,
 The regent Helm her motion still commands.

But now, the transient Squall to leeward past,
 Again she rallies to the sullen blast.
 The Helm to starboard turns—with wings inclin'd,
 The sidelong Canvass clasps the faithless wind,
 The Mizen draws : she springs aloof once more,
 While the Fore-Staysail balances before.

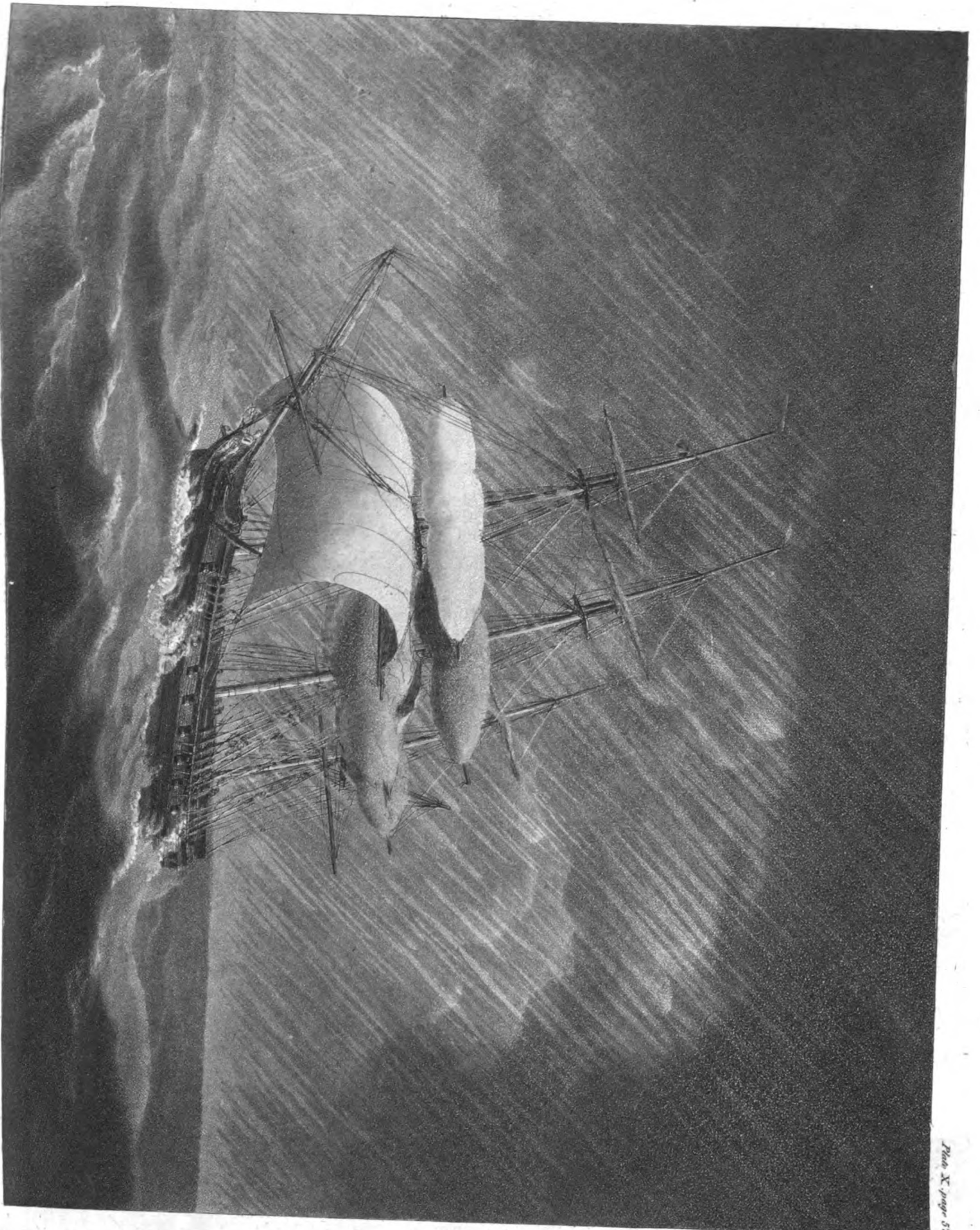
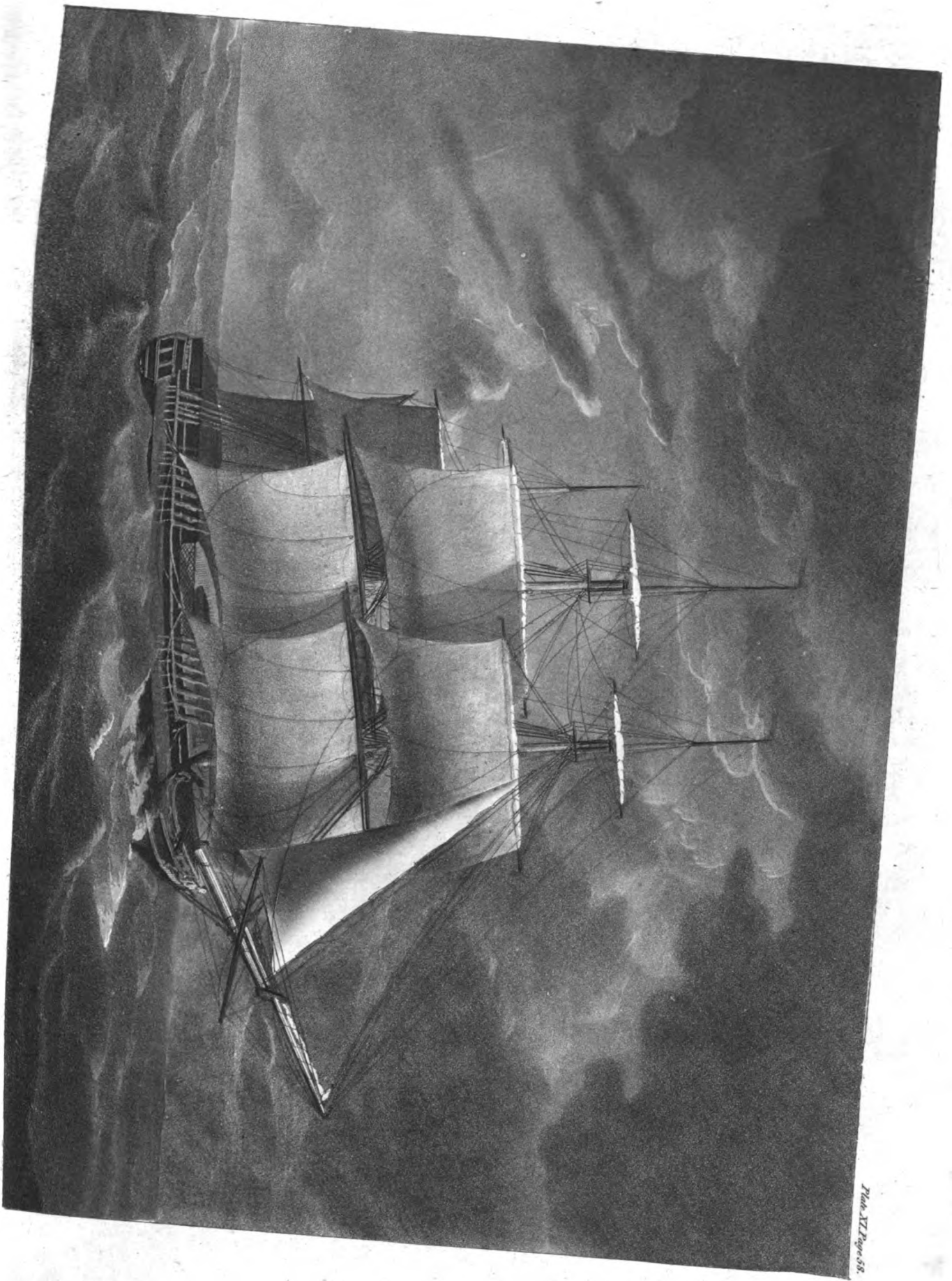


Photo X, page 57





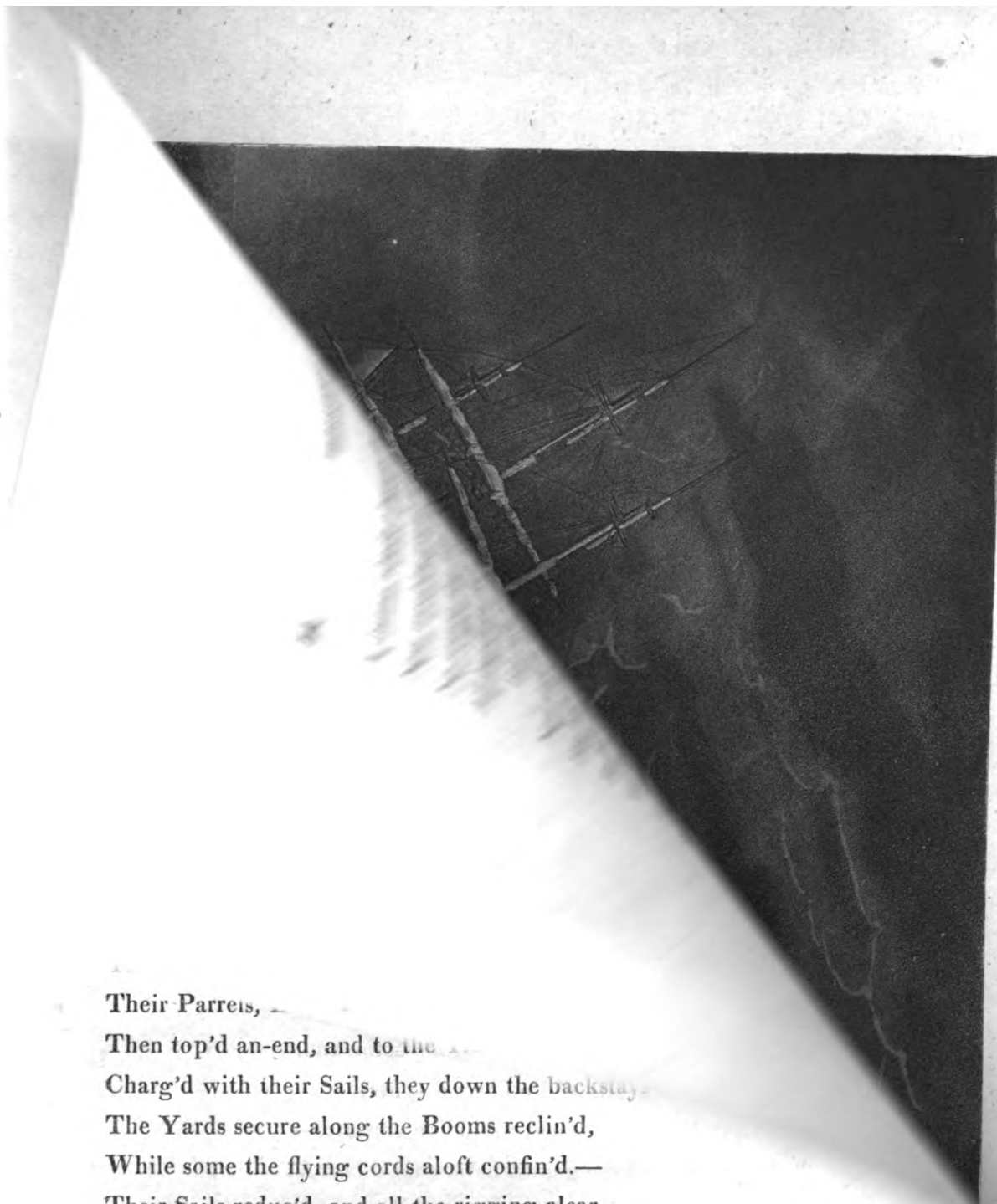
The Foresail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
 They near the Prow, th' extended Tack confin'd ;
 Then on the leeward Sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the Bowline to the Bowsprit end.
 To Topsails next they haste—the Buntlines gone,
 The Clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery run :
 On either side below the Sheets are mann'd :
 Again the fluttering Sails their skirts expand.
 Once more the Topsails, though with humbler plume,
 Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
 Again the Bowlines and the Yards are brac'd,
 And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The Sail by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent.
 With brails re-fix'd another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the Yard.
 To each Yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
 And soon their earings and their roebins bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces slack,
 Then to its station drag th' unwilling Tack ;
 And, while the lee Clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the Sheet they tally and belay.

Now to the North, from AFRIC's burning shore,
 A troop of Porpoises their course explore :
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide.

Their track as while the hoary Waves retain,
 The billow's sparkling trails along the Main.
 These fleetest Coursers of the finny race,
 When the rolling Clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
 Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
 To scan the fury of th' approaching Storm.

THE COURIER now no more beneath her lee
 Protects the Vessel from th' insulting Sea :
 Her hidden ord'rs arms impatient of control,
 Roll afloat their secret Deeps the billows roll.
 Ships were the bulwarks of the friendly Shore,
 And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
 The fattering wind, that late, with promis'd aid,
 From Cassock's bay th' unwilling Ship betray'd
 No longer laws beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
 Lost on the tide she feels the Tempest blow,
 And draws the vengeance of so fell a foe.
 As the proud Horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting prances to the bloody fray,
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 Not less tumultuous in the shock of fight ;
 Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding Vessel dances on the tide.—
 Fierce and more fierce the gathering Tempest grew,
 South, and by West, the threat'ning Demon blew.

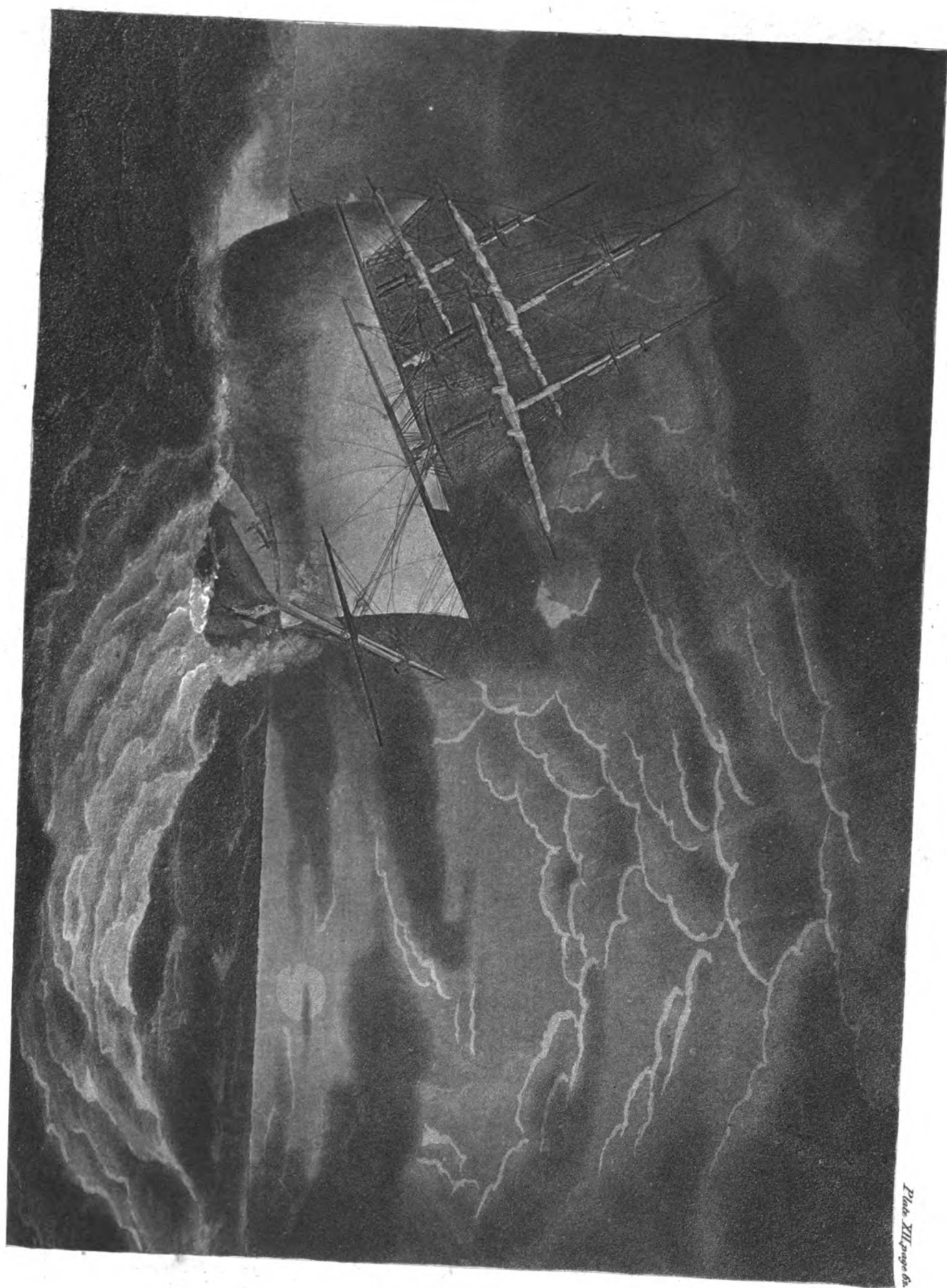


 Their Parrels, —
 Then top'd an-end, and to the ...
 Charg'd with their Sails, they down the backstay
 The Yards secure along the Booms reclin'd,
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
 Their Sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the Crew relax from toils severe.
 Awhile the spirits, with fatigue opprest,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest:
 But with redoubling force the Tempests blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow.

A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning Skies
 New troubles grow ; new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend !—
 All hands on deck, th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred Lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray ;
 His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
 Till deep immerg'd the languid orb descends,
 And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends !
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;
 No ray of friendly light is seen around :
 The Moon and Stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The Ship no longer can whole courses bear ;
 And now to reef them is the Master's care :
 The Sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band !
 Attend th' enfolding Brails at his command.
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.—
 RODMOND, whose genius never soar'd beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
 Still to the hostile fury of the Wind
 Releas'd the Sheet, and kept the Tack confin'd ;
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form.





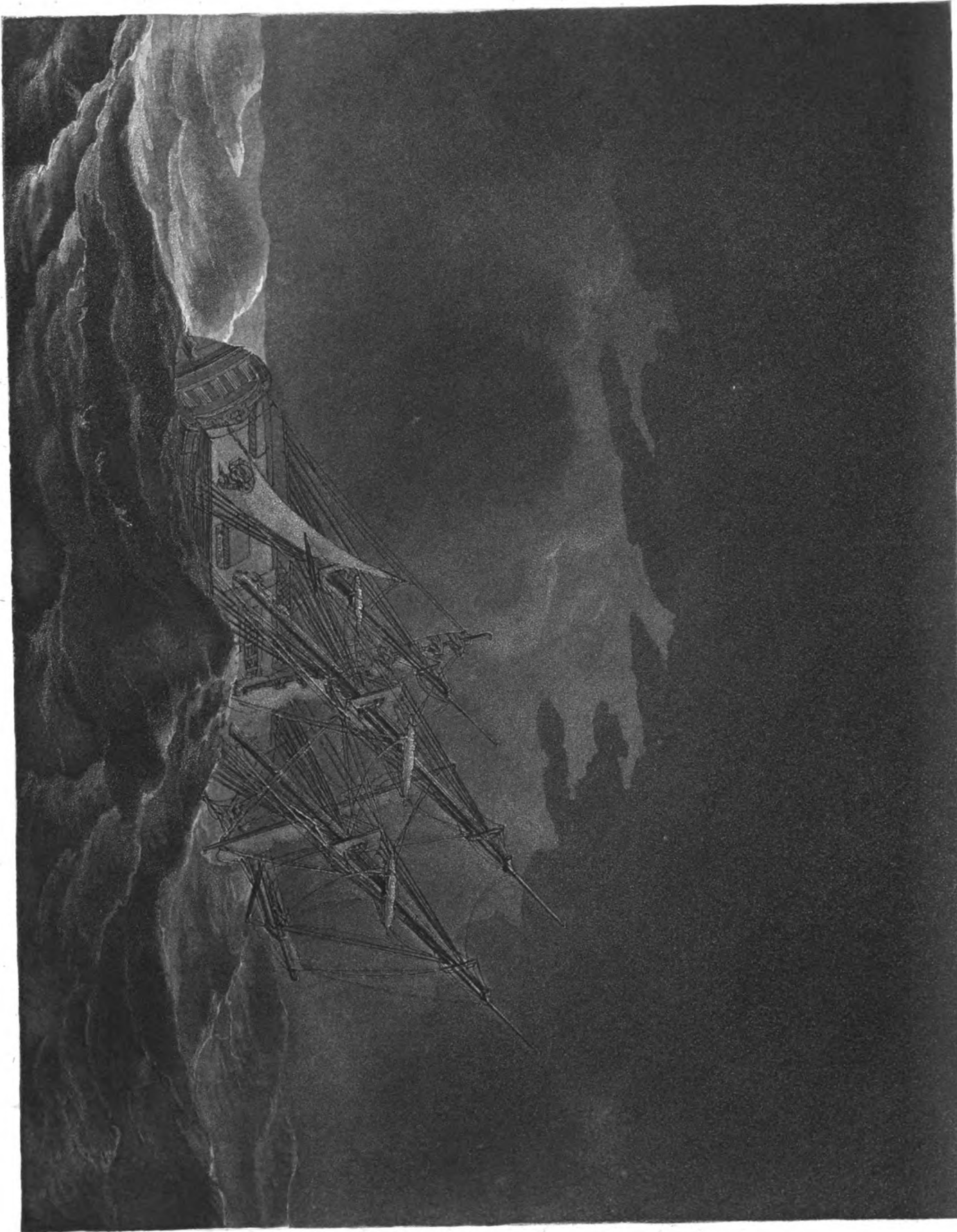
But the sage Master this advice declines ;
With whom ARION in opinion joins.—
The watchful Seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning Cause foretells th' Effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid Sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious Gale ;
And he who strives the Tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee Yard-arm.
The Master said ;—obedient to command,
To raise the Tack the ready Sailors stand.—
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving Clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The Sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ;
The lee clue-garnet, and the buntlines ply.
Thus all prepar'd—*Let go the Sheet!* he cries ;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies :
Shivering at first, till by the Blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee Yard-arm the Canvass swell'd ;
By spilling-lines embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The Foresail then secur'd, with equal care,
Again to reef the Mainsail they repair.—
While some, high mounted, overhaul the tye,
Below the down-haul tackle others ply.

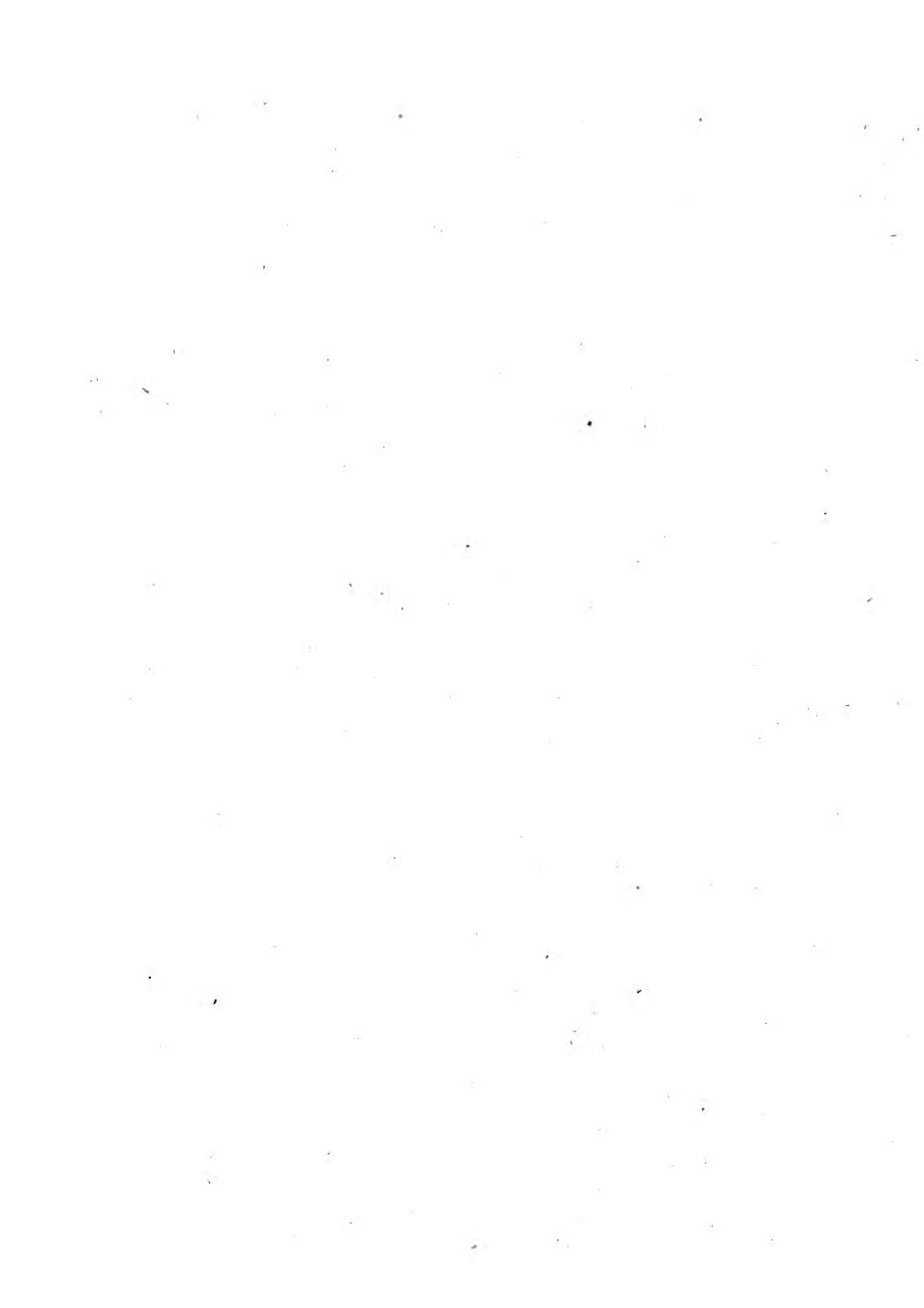
Jears, Lifts, and Brails, a Seaman each attends,
And down the Mast the willing Yard descends.
When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place :
The reef-lines and the earing now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant Shrouds, they man the Yard.
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
ARION there, the hardy Boatswain here ;
That in the van to front the Tempest hung ;
This round the lee Yard-arm, ill omen'd ! clung.
Each Earing to its Cringle first they bend ;
The Reef-band then along the Yard extend :
The circling Earings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns they bind.
From hand to hand, the Reef-lines next receiv'd,
Through eyelet-holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
The Reef in double folds involv'd they lay ;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou ARION ! held the leeward post,
While on the Yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.—
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate !

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the Mainsail or on deck descend,

Richard P. ...





A Sea, up-surg'ing with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
O friends ! secure your hold ! ARION cries ;
It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the Skies !
Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
The shock, and on her Side half-buried reels :
The Sail, half-buried in the whelming wave
A fearful warning to the Seamen gave :
While from its margin, terrible to tell !
Three Sailors with their gallant Boatswain fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the Yard infold :
In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !
Prone on the midnight Surge, with panting breath,
They cry for aid, and long contend with Death.
High o'er their heads the rolling Billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their Comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee !
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan ;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !
In dark Suspense on deck the Pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Though still they knew the Vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;

Though still the waters by no secret wound,
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
A Storm, a dangerous Sea, and leeward shore !
Should they, though reef'd, again their Sails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend ;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd Ship may never rise again ;
Too late to weather now MOREA's land,
Yet verging fast to ATHENS' rocky strand.—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by Hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the Courses they consent.
That done, to reef the Mizen next agree,
And try, beneath it sidelong, in the Sea.

Now down the Mast the sloping Yard declin'd,
Till by the jeers and topping-lift confin'd ;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles tied,
To hoist the shorten'd Sail again they hied.
The order given, the Yard aloft they sway'd ;
The Brails relax'd, th' extended Sheet belay'd :
The Helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred ORPHEUS, on the STYGIAN coast,
 With notes divine implor'd his Consort lost ;
 Though round him perils grew in fell array,
 And Fates and Furies stood to bar his way ;
 Not more adventurous was th' attempt, to move
 The Powers of Hell with strains of heavenly love,
 Than mine, to bid th' unwilling Muse explore
 The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
 Such toil th' unwearied DÆDALUS endur'd,
 When in the CRETAN labyrinth immur'd ;
 Till Art her salutary help bestow'd,
 To guide him through that intricate abode.
 Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
 That never heard the sweet PIERIAN lay,
 The Muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,
 Now spreads, like DÆDALUS, a bolder wing ;
 The Verse begins in softer strains to flow,
 Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
 That scatters Desolation from afar,
 Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
 To sink the Seamen with unmanly fear.
 Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
 They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post :
 Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
 Indignant from the social hour they spurn.

Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the Vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal ;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
But e'en the generous spirits of the Brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave :
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the Master's mind employ :
Approaching Perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated Chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
In vain athwart the mimic Seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task ! for no asylum trac'd
A passage open'd from the watery waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The Path to every friendly Port around.
While ALBERT thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful RODMOND cries aloud,
Secure your lives ! grasp every man a Shroud !—
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast ;
When o'er the Ship, in undulation vast,
A giant Surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.—

SHIP SPRINGS A LEAK.

As when, BRITANNIA's empire to maintain,
Great HAWKE descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of Battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the Storm their shatter'd Navies groan,
The trembling Deeps recoil from zone to zone :
Thus the torn Vessel felt th' enormous stroke ;
The Boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
Companion, Binnacle, in floating wreck,
With Compasses and Glasses strew'd the deck.
The balanc'd Mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled :
The Sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They sound the Well, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
RODMOND, ARION, and PALEMON here,
At this sad task, all-dilligent appear.
As some fair Castle shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile Arms ;
Grim War around her plants his black array,
And Death and Sorrow mark his horrid way ;

Till in some destiu'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal Thunders fall :
The Ramparts crack, the solid Bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shatter'd Breach ascend ;
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard,
 So the brave Mariners their Pumps attend,
And help, incessant, by rotation lend ;
But all in vain ; for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone ;
The ribs oppress'd by ponderous Cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortur'd Sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels PELORUS, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central Thunders rend his groaning frame.—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate vindictive all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave ;
To plunge the nerves of Battle in the wave :
From their high platforms thus th' Artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan :
But arduous is the Task their lot requires ;
A Task that hovering Fate alone inspires :

For, while intent the yawning Decks to ease,
 That ever and anon are drench'd with Seas,
 Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
 May whirl the helpless Wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay !
 Too soon th' eventful moments haste away !
 Here PÉRSEVERANCE, with each help of Art,
 Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
 These only now their misery can relieve ;
 These only now a dawn of safety give !—
 While o'er the quivering Deck, from van to rear,
 Broad Surges roll in terrible career,
 RODMOND, ARION, and a chosen crew,
 This office in the face of death pursue,
 The wheel'd Artillery o'er the deck to guide,
 RODMOND descending claim'd the weather-side :
 Fearless of heart the Chief his orders gave,
 Fronting the rude assaults of every Wave.
 Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the Deep,
 Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untam'd he stood ; the stern ærial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
 Meanwhile ARION, traversing the waist,
 The cordage of the leeward Guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the Metal plac'd.
 Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling Cannon threw.

Then from the windward battlements unbound,
RODMOND'S associates wheel'd th' Artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous Arms across the steep defile:
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The Ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the Seas and Winds.
Such ease ALCIDES felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd Mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late,
To stop the swift career of cruel Fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of seven-fold pangs endur'd!
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
CIMMERIAN darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above, all Ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below.
Beneath, the storm-lash'd Surges furious rise,
And Wave uproll'd on Wave, assails the Skies:
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The Ship, half-swallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
Dismay and anguish every heart possest!

For, while with boundless inundation o'er
The sea-beat Ship th' involving Waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume ;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove ;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The Pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill :
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems !
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems.

Again the Chief th' instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figur'd plain attentive bends :
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the Sun's refulgent throne :
But here, alas ! his Science nought avails !
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.

Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the Master's heart,
When FALCONERA'S rugged Isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound ;
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless Bark with all her Crew are lost :
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. GEORGE and rocky GARDALOR.
With him the Pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her Chiefs appal,
When some proud City verges to her fall ;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd Trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied Pillars rais'd aloft their head :
But here the Queen of Shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view !
Dire was the Scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower ;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour !
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by Peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the Master-Seaman stood ;
Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise ;

Thus to his partners, by the Crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the Chief referr'd :

“ Ye faithful Mates, who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your Master's care !
To you, alas ! 't were fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well !
This Morn with fav'ring gales the Port we left,
Though now of every flattering Hope bereft :
No Skill, nor long Experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive Blast.
These Seas, where Storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning Winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands ;
A leaky Ship, embay'd by dangerous lands.
Our Bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find ;
To shun the fury of the Seas and Wind :
For in this hollow Swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more :
Yet this or other ills she must endure ;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure !
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try ;
To perish here, or from the Storm to fly.

The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
 For various reasons I prefer the last.
 'Tis true, the Vessel and her costly freight,
 To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
 Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
 To equal votes our counsels I resign ;
 Forbid it Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
 I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
 But should we now resolve to bear away,
 Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
 Nor can we, thus bereft of every Sail,
 Attempt to steer obliquely on the Gale :
 For then if broaching sideward to the Sea,
 Our dropsied Ship may founder by the lee :
 No more obedient to the Pilot's power,
 Th' o'erwhelming Wave may soon her frame devour."

He said ; the listening Mates with fix'd regard,
 And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
 Important was the question in debate,
 And o'er their counsels hung impending Fate.
 RODMOND, in many a scene of Peril tried,
 Had oft the Master's happier skill descried ;
 Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
 Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
 Of long experience in the Naval Art,
 Blunt was his Speech, and naked was his Heart :

Alike to him each Climate and each Blast ;
 The first in danger, in retreat the last :
 Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd Events,
 From ALBERT his opinion thus dissents :
 " Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower !
 Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
 With Death before still opening on the view ?
 Our Bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
 Sore shatter'd by the ruffian Seas and Wind ;
 Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
 Chas'd by this Tempest and outrageous Sea ?
 For while its violence the Tempest keeps,
 Bereft of every Sail we roam the Deeps :
 At random driven, to present death we haste,
 And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
 In vain the gulf of CORINTH, on our lee,
 Now opens to her Ports a passage free ;
 Since, if before the Blast the vessel flies,
 Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
 Here FALCONERA spreads her lurking snares ;
 There distant GREECE her rugged shelves prepares :
 Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
 The splitting Bark that instant were no more ;
 Nor she alone, but with her all the Crew,
 Beyond relief, were doom'd to perish too.

Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

“ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the Danger with a doubtful hope,
Though sorely buffeted by every Sea,
Our Hull unbroken long may try a-lee ;
The Crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their Pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious then, the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?
Prudence forbids !—This southern Tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing Moon :
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly Tide.
These leaks shall then decrease : the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving Shore.”

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man,
At either Pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the Vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo ! the Leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.

And now the senior Pilots seem'd to wait
ARION'S voice, to close the dark debate.



Though many a bitter Storm, with perils fraught,
 In NEPTUNE'S school the wandering stripling taught,
 Not twice ten Summers yet matur'd his thought.
 So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
 It fell at last innoxious on his heart.

His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
 In patient indolence resign'd to Fate :
 But now the Horrors that around him roll,
 Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul :

“ With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
 The dark distresses on each side combin'd ;
 While here we linger in the pass of Fate,
 I see no moment left for sad debate,
 For, some decision if we wish to form,
 Ere yet our Vessel sink beneath the Storm,
 Her shatter'd state, and yon desponding Crew,
 At once suggest what measures to pursue.
 The labouring Hull already seems half fill'd,
 With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd.
 As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
 Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight !
 Thus drench'd by every Wave, her riven deck,
 Stript and defenceless, floats a naked Wreck ;
 Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
 These fell invasions of the bursting main.
 At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
 Beneath their load, the quivering Bowsprit-end.

A fearful warning ! since the **Masts** on high,
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either **Pump** our **Seamen** pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating **Death**.
Still all our powers th' increasing **Leaks** defy :
We sink at **Sea**, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the watery tomb ;
That bids us shun the death impending here—
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.

“ 'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the **Gale**
Precludes the help of every guiding **Sail** ;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
But haply **FALCONERA** we may shun :
And far to **GRECIAN** coasts is yet the run :
Less harass'd then, our scudding **Ship** may bear
Th' assaulting **Surge** repell'd upon her rear.
E'en then the wearied **Storm** as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven, by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the **Sea**,
The **Hull** dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd **Cables** on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind **Heav'n**, with interposing power,
May curb the **Tempest** ere that dreadful hour:

But here engulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey."

He said ; PALEMON saw, with grief of heart,
The Storm prevailing o'er the Pilot's art :
In silent terror and distress involv'd
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom ; with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering Swain explor'd
The midnight Wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd ;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the Songs of hell.
ARION saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd ;
And, all awake to Friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas ! no season this for tender love ;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove.—
With Comfort's soothing voice, from Hope deriv'd,
PALEMON's drooping spirit he reviv'd ;
For Consolation oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.

Now had the Pilots all th' events resolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd ;
When, like the faithful Shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling Wolf approach his fleecy folds ;

To the brave Crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose ALBERT thus directs :

“ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;
Ye ! who unmov'd behold this angry Storm
With terrors all the rolling Deep deform ;
Who, patient in Adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near !
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward Shores, alas ! too nigh.
Our crazy Bark no longer can abide
The Seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging Sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find ;
At once to wear, and scud before the wind.
Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer ;
For broken Shores beneath our lee appear ;
But that's remote, and instant Death is here :
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the GRECIAN main ;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at Anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the Blast subside.

“ But, if determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helples Bark at last ashore is driven,

These counsels follow'd, from the watery grave
Our floating Sailors on the Surf may save.

“ And first, let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the Masts and Rigging from the board.
Then to the Quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the Vessel and the shore.
The longest Cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd.
So they, who haply reach alive the Land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible Event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every Yard ;
So shall our Masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken Rocks our Seamen save.
Then westward turn the Stem, that every Mast
May shoreward fall, when from the Vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground :
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our Sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the Deck to tend ;
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board :

Let the broad axes next assail each Mast ;
 And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward cast,
 Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
 Our brave Companions through the swelling tide,
 This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er
 The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
 But as your firmest succour, till the last,
 O cling securely on each faithful Mast !
 Though great the danger, and the task severe,
 Yet bow not to the tyranny of Fear !
 If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
 Adieu to Hope ! to Life itself farewell !

" I know, among you some full oft have view'd
 With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
 On ENGLAND'S vile inhuman shore who stand,
 The foul reproach and scandal of our land !
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the Strand.
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd Crew,
 Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the Main,
 Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
 But dread not this !—a Crime to GREECE unknown !
 Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown ;
 Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distrest ;
 Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
 Oft to the friendless Stranger yield relief."

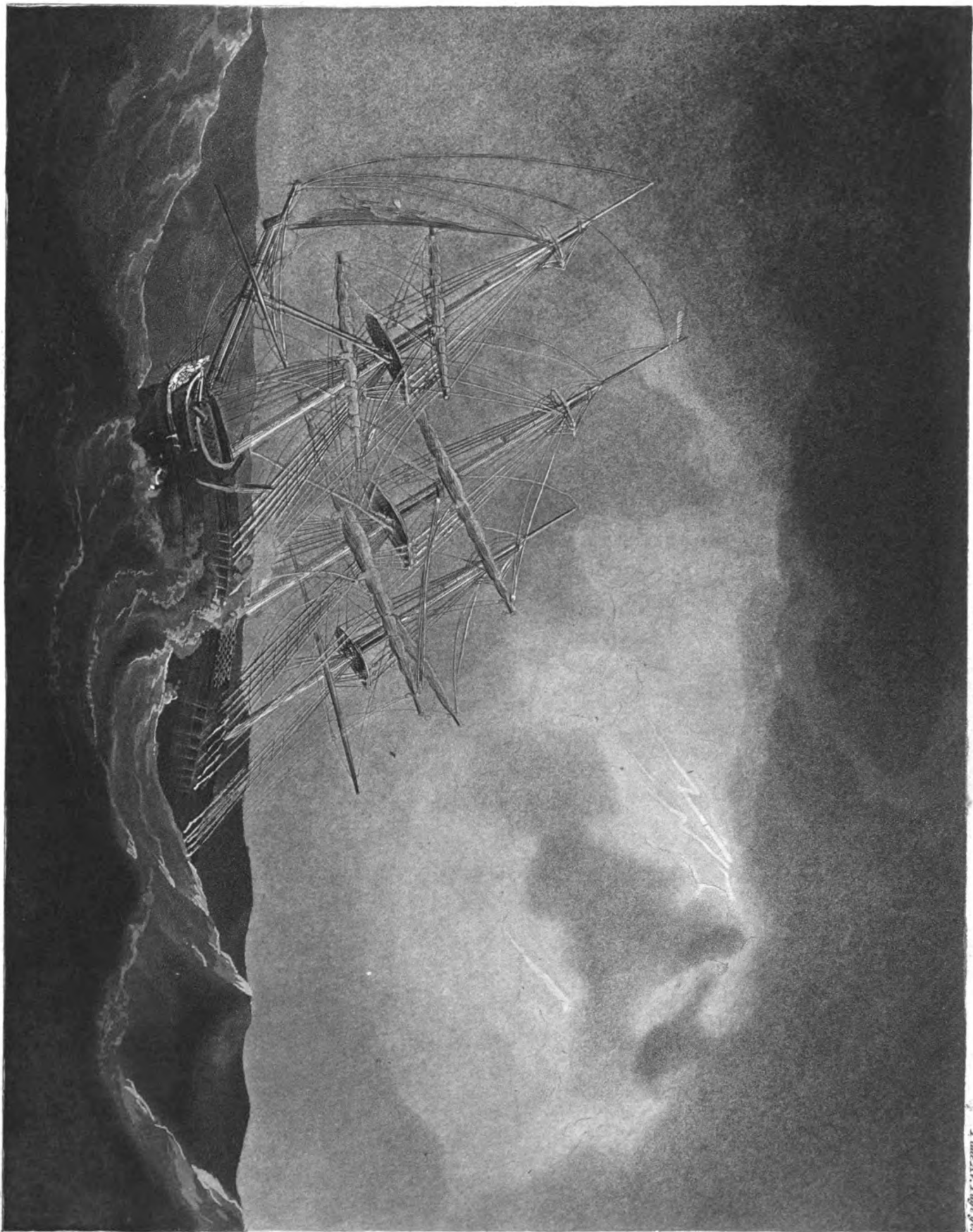
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
 Detested for a while their Native Land.
 They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the Laws,
 That thus forgot her guardian Sailors' cause.
 Meanwhile the Master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

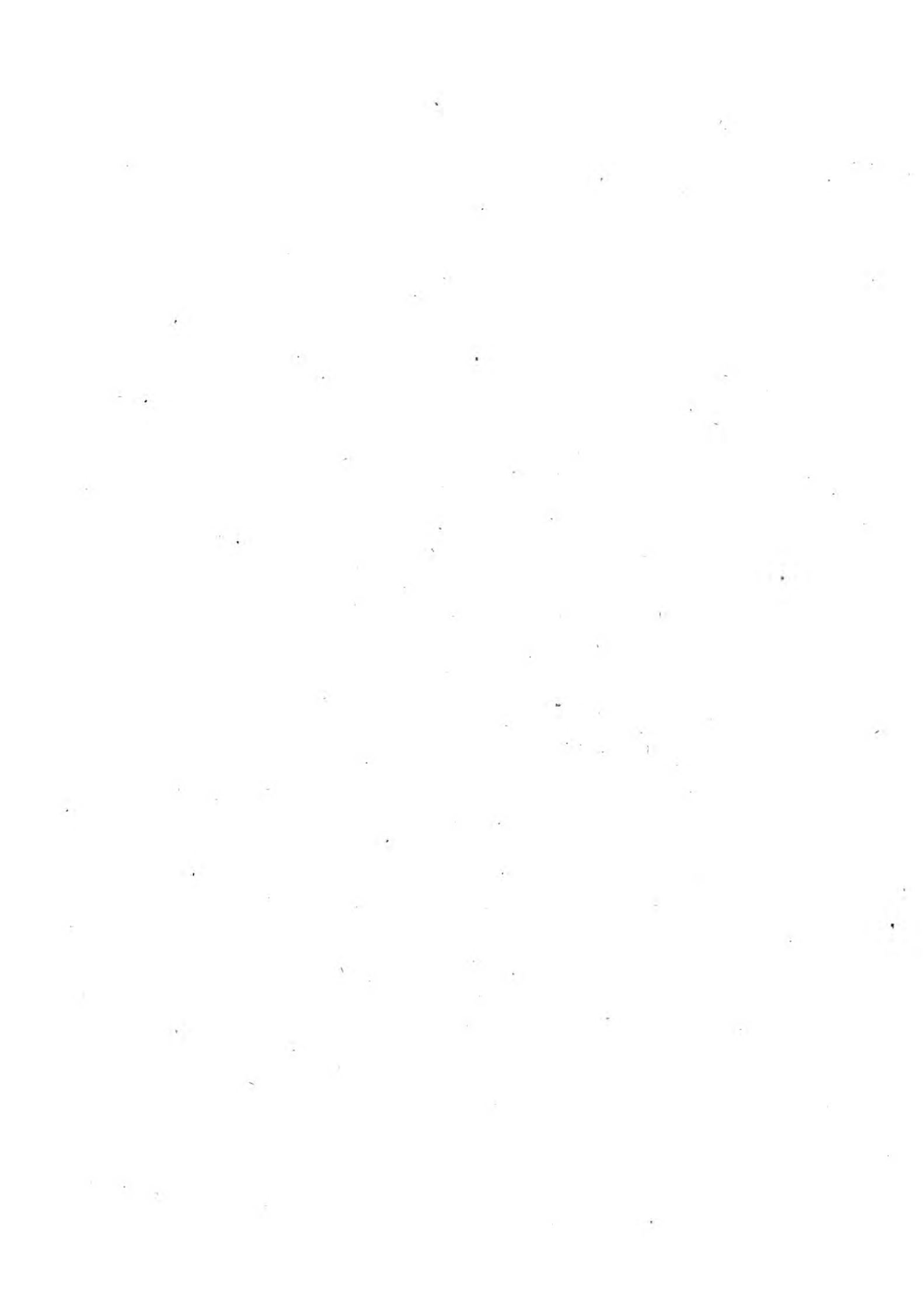
“ No more remains—but now a trusty band
 Must ever at the Pumps industrious stand :
 And while with us the rest attend to wear,
 Two skilful Seamen to the helm repair !—
 ‘ O Source of Life ! our refuge and our stay !
 ‘ Whose voice the warring Elements obey,
 ‘ On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
 ‘ Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die !
 ‘ Perhaps this Storm is sent, with healing breath,
 ‘ From neighbouring Shores to scourge disease and death !
 ‘ 'Tis ours on thine unerring Laws to trust :
 ‘ With thee, great Lord ! “ whatever is, is just.”

He said ; and with consenting reverence fraught,
 The Sailors join'd his Prayer in silent thought :
 His intellectual eye, serenely bright,
 Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
 Thus in a Land, that lasting Wars oppress,
 That groans beneath misfortune and distress ;
 Whose Wealth to conquering Armies falls a prey,
 Her Bulwarks sinking, as her Troops decay ;

Some bold sagacious Statesman, from the helm,
 Sees desolation gathering o'er his Realm :
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,
 Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise ;
 With deep attention marks th' invading Foe,
 Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow ;
 Tries his last art the tottering State to save,
 Or in its ruins finds a glorious Grave.

Still in the yawning trough the Vessel reels,
 Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills :
 On either side they rise ; tremendous Scene ;
 A long, dark, melancholy vale between.
 The balanc'd Ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt th' impression of the Waves and Wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclin'd ;
 But ALBERT from behind the balance drew,
 And on the Prow its double efforts threw.—
 The Order now was given to bear away ;
 The order given, the Timoneers obey.
 High o'er the Bowsprit stretch'd, the tortur'd sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
 But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
 When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !—
 Yet ALBERT new resources still prepares,
 And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
 “ Away there, lower the Mizzen-yard on deck !”
 He calls, “ and brace the foremost yards aback !”





His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires ;
While to the Helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.—
“ Haste, with your weapons cut the Shrouds and Stay ;
And hew at once the Mizen-mast away !”
He said ; th’ attentive Sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated Pine bold RODMOND stands ;
Th’ impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;
Brandish’d on high, it fell with dreadful sound ;
The tall Mast, groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash’d with sores, the tottering structure rings ;
And crashing, thundering o’er the Quarter swings.

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

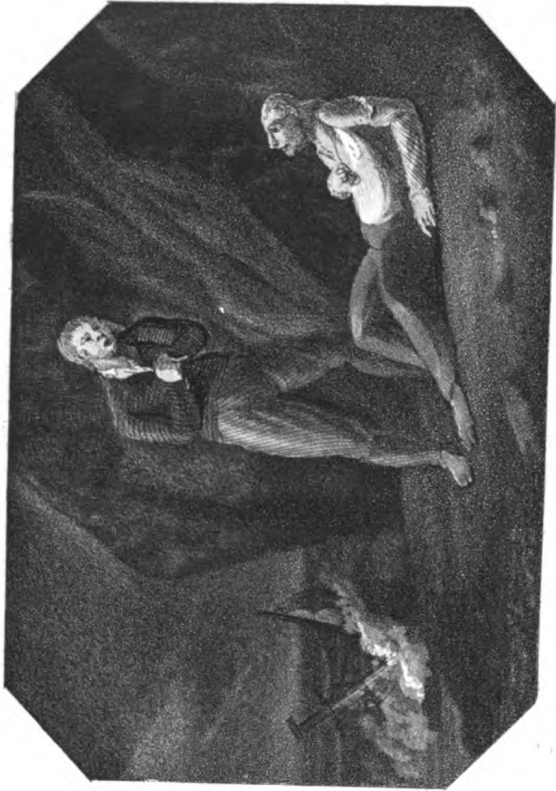
Third Canto:

The Scene extends from that Part of the Archipelago which lies ten Miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona, in Attica.

TIME, Seven Hours, from One till Eight in the Morning.

ARGUMENT.

The Design and Influence of Poetry—Applied to the Subject—Wreck of the Mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the Wind—Her violent Agitation—Different Stations of the Officers—Appearance of the Island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece, renowned in Antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern Appearance—Arcadia; its former Happiness and Fertility—Present Distress, the Effect of Slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycæne—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos—Leander and Hero—Delphos—Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The Subject resumed—Sparkling of the Sea—Prodigious Tempest, accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors—Darkness, Lightning, and Thunder—Approach of Day—Discovery of Land—The Ship in great Danger passes the Island of St. George—Turns her Broadside to the Shore—Her Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main-topmast carried away—She strikes a Rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the Crew.



THE
SHIPWRECK.

THE THIRD CANTO.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human Savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame.

'Twas theirs the lawless Passions to control,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul :
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval Night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.—
When great MÆONIDES, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of Battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborne, on PEGASEAN wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs ;
While distant Poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress LAERTES' Son betel,
The strains, meandering through the maze of woe,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolv'd the chains of Death ;
Each Bard in epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
'Tis mine, alas ! through dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray !

While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
 Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
 To me in vain the bold MÆONIAN lyre
 Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire !—
 Full oft indeed, that mournful Harp of yore
 Wept the sad Wanderer lost upon the shore ;
 But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.
 'Tis mine, th' unravell'd prospect to display,
 And chain th' Events in regular array ;
 Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
 While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains !
 Thrice happy ! might the secret powers of Art
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart !
 Might the sad numbers draw Compassion's tear
 For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near ;
 For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
 On ALBION's strand, beneath the wintery blast ;
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
 Her bravest sons, her faithful Sailors know !
 So pity, gushing o'er each BRITISH breast,
 Might sympathize with BRITAIN's sons distrest :
 For this, my Theme through mazes I pursue,
 Which nor MÆONIDES nor MARO knew.
 Awhile the Mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
 Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind :

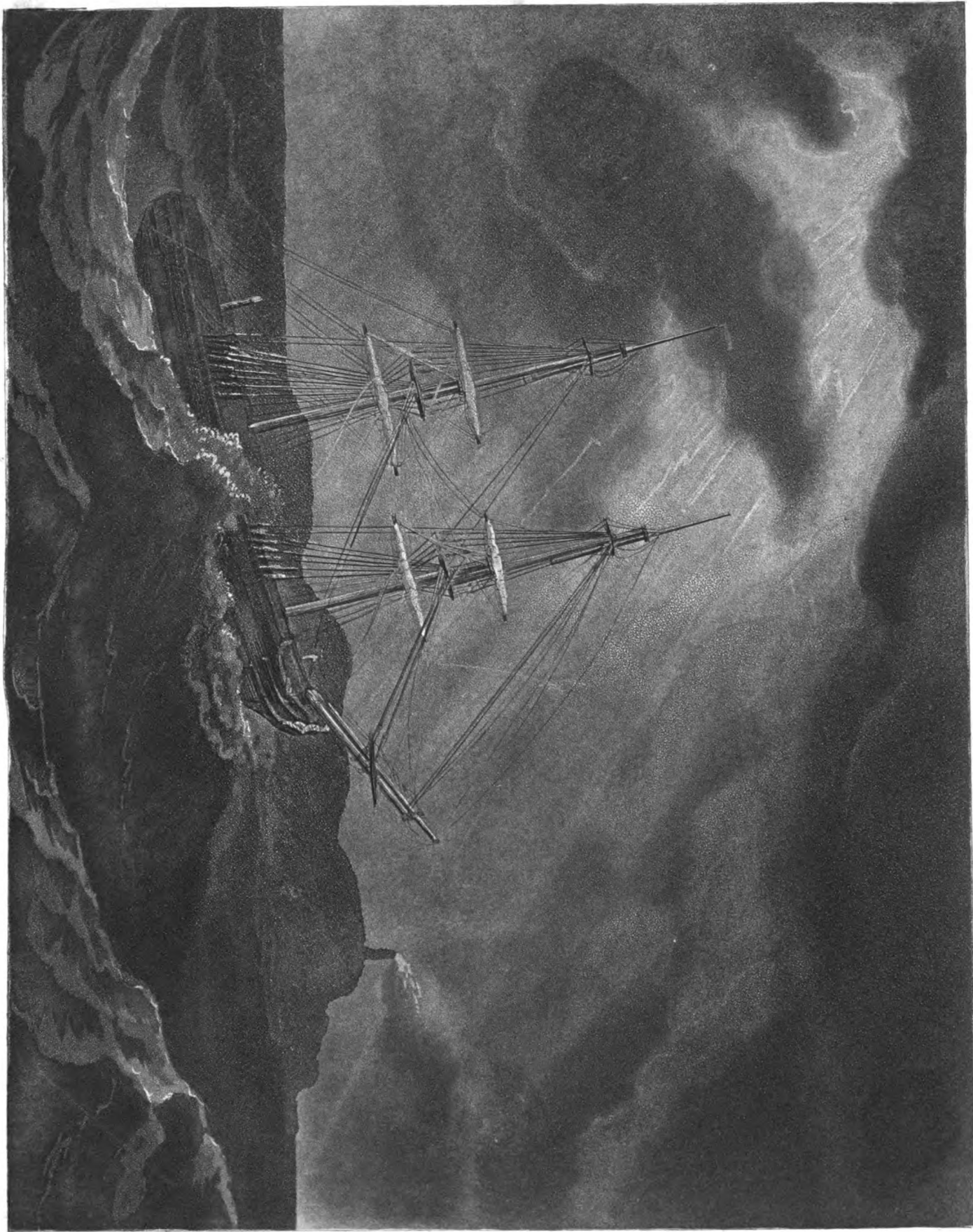
The wounded Serpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant Prow began to veer ;
And while around before the wind it falls,
“ Square all the Yards ! ” th' attentive Master calls—
“ You Timoneers, her motion still attend !
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So, stedly ! meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind ! ”
“ Starboard again ! ” the watchful Pilot cries ;
“ Starboard,” th' obedient Timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
The wheel revolves ; the ringing axle burns !
The Ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea ;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by Surges, Storm, and bursting Skies.

As when the masters of the lance assail,
In HYPERBOREAN Seas, the slumbering Whale ;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide ;
In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;
His life-blood gushes through th' inflaming wound :
The wounded Bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the Main ;

While, dash'd apart by her dividing Prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright !
Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the Gale ;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.

As that rebellious Angel who, from Heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven ;
When dreadless he forsook the STYGIAN shore,
The distant realms of EDEN to explore ;
Here, on sulphureous Clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd ;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of Night was thrown :
E'en so she scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The Masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward Course amid the gloom,
The watchful Pilots different posts assume.

ALBERT and RODMOND, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each Timoneer.
High on the Prow the guard ARION keeps,
To shun the Cruisers wandering o'er the deeps :
Where'er he moves, PALEMÓN still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends :
While RODMOND, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, " Look out afore !"—
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When FALCONERA'S rocky height they view ;
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering Watch-tower casts a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the Breakers lash the rugged strand :
But soon beyond the shore the Vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.—
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
Thus, in th' ATLANTIC, oft the Sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,
Some Alp of Ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply :
In cooling stream th' aerial billows fly ;





Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.
 So, when their trembling Vessel past this Isle,
 Such visionary joys the Crew beguile :
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

Say, MEMORY ! thou, from whose unerring tongue
 Instructive flows the animated song !

What Regions now the flying Ship surround ?
 Regions of old through all the World renown'd ;
 That, once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
 Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
 Unskill'd in GRECIAN or in ROMAN lore,
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
 Sad Ocean's Genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower :
 Here Fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
 The generous climate of the Soul deform.
 Then if among the wandering Naval train,
 One Stripling exil'd from th' AONIAN plain,
 Had e'er, entranc'd in Fancy's soothing dream,
 Approach'd to taste the sweet CASTALIAN stream,
 (Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
 To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine,)

His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,
 Alien to joy ! sincerer grief possest :
 Yet on the youthful mind, th' impression cast,
 Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
 There, all unquench'd by cruel Fortune's ire,
 It glows with unextinguishable fire.

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 ;
 Here godlike SOCRATES and PLATO shone,
 And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
 The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,
 By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind ;
 The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
 The Soul's fine essence, never could expire.
 Here SOLON dwelt, the philosophic Sage,
 That fled PISISTRATUS' vindictive rage.
 Just ARISTIDES here maintain'd the Cause,
 Whose sacred Precepts shine through SOLON's laws.
 Of all her towering Structures, now alone,
 Some scatter'd Columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown.
 The wandering stranger, near the Port descries
 A milk-white Lion of stupendous size ;
 Unknown the Sculptor ; Marble is the frame ;
 And hence th' adjacent Haven drew its name.

Next in the gulf of ENGIA, CORINTH lies,
 Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
 Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdu'd,
 GREECE, EGYPT, ROME, with awful wonder view'd.
 Her name, for PALLAS' heavenly art renown'd,
 Spread, like the foliage with her Pillars crown'd.
 But now, in fatal desolation laid,
 Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on MOREA'S land,
 Fair MISITRA ! thy modern turrets stand.
 Ah ! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
 That here great LACEDÆMON'S glory fell ?
 Here once she flourished, at whose trumpet's sound,
 War burst his chains, and Nations shook around.
 Here brave LEONIDAS, from shore to shore,
 Through all ACHAIA bade her thunders roar :
 He, when imperial XERXES, from afar,
 Advanc'd with PERSIA'S sunless troops to war,
 Till MACEDONIA shrunk beneath his spear,
 And GREECE dismay'd beheld the Chief draw near :
 He, at THERMOPYLÆ'S immortal plain,
 Their force repell'd with SPARTA'S glorious train.
 Tall CETA saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
 In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
 Thus vanquish'd ASIA trembling heard thy name,
 And THEBES and ATHENS sicken'd at thy fame !

Thy State, supported by LYCURGUS' laws,
 Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
 E'en great EPAMINONDAS strove in vain
 To curb that spirit with a THEBAN chain.
 But ah ! how low her free-born spirit now !
 Her abject sons to haughty Tyrants bow ;
 A false, degenerate, superstitious race,
 Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace !

Not distant far, ARCADIA's blest domains
 PELOPONNESUS' circling shore contains.
 Thrice happy soil ! where still serenely gay,
 Indulgent FLORA breath'd perpetual May ;
 Where buxom CERES taught th' obsequious field,
 Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield ;
 Then with some rural Nymph supremely blest,
 While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
 Each faithful Shepherd told his tender pain,
 And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
 Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand
 Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
 In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
 With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus lies
 The long-sought isle of ITHACUS the wise ;
 Where fair PENELOPE her absent lord,
 Full twice ten years, with faithful love deplor'd.

Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
 She, guarded only by a stripling son,
 Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
 And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
 With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
 But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
 True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
 The beauteous Princess triumph'd at the last.

ARGOS, in GREECE forgotten and unknown,
 Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;
 ARGOS, whose monarch led the GRECIAN hosts
 Far o'er the ÆGEAN main, to DARDAN coasts.
 Unhappy Prince ! who on a hostile shore,
 Fatigue and Danger, ten long winters bore ;
 And when to native Realms restor'd at last,
 To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
 A perjur'd friend, alas ! and faithless wife,
 There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life !—
 Fast by ARCADIA stretch these desert plains ;
 And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair Isle of HELENA is seen,
 Where adverse winds detain'd the SPARTAN Queen ;
 For whom in arms combin'd the GRECIAN host,
 With vengeance fir'd, invaded PHRYGIA'S coast ;
 For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
 The sacred turrets of imperial TROY.

Here, driven by JUNO's rage, the hapless dame,
 Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd ILION came.
 The port, an image bears of PARIAN stone,
 Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
 That sacred PHŒBUS and DIANA bore.
 DELOS, through all th' ÆGEAN seas renown'd,
 (Whose coast the rocky CYCLADES surround,)
 By PHŒBUS honour'd and by GREECE rever'd!
 Her hallow'd groves e'en distant PERSIA fear'd.
 But now, a silent unfrequented land!
 No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by ASIA's western bound,
 Fair LEMNOS stands, with rising marble crown'd;
 Where, in her rage, avenging JUNO hurl'd
 Ill-fated VULCAN from th' ethereal world.
 There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
 Then, forg'd by CYCLOPEAN art, appear'd
 Thunders, that shook the Skies with dire alarms,
 And, form'd by skill divine, VULCANIAN arms.
 There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace,
 And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
 The beautiful Queen of Love in wedlock dwelt:
 In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?

Eastward of this appears the DARDAN shore,
 That once th' imperial towers of ILIUM bore.

Illustrious TROY ! renown'd in every clime,
 Through the long annals of unfolding time !
 How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
 Thou saw'st thy tutelar Gods in vain descend ?
 Though Chiefs unnumber'd in her Cause were slain,
 Though Nations perish'd on her bloody plain ;
 That refuge of perfidious HELEN'S shame
 Was doom'd at length to sink in GRECIAN flame :
 And now by Time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
 The seat of sacred TROY is found no more :
 No trace of all her glories now remains !
 But Corn and Vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
 Silver SCAMANDER laves the verdant shore ;
 SCAMANDER oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore !

Not far remov'd from ILLION'S famous land
 In counter-view appears the THRACIAN Strand ;
 Where beauteous HERO, from the turret's height,
 Display'd her cresset each revolving night ;
 Whose gleam directed lov'd LEANDER o'er
 The rolling HELLESPONT, to ASIA'S shore,
 Till, in a fated hour, on THRACIA'S coast
 She saw her lover's lifeless body tost ;
 Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
 Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd th' incessant tear :
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
 She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—

On dear LEANDER'S name in vain she cried ;
 Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide :
 The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
 And proudly flow'd exulting in its freight !

Far west of THRACE, beyond the ÆGEAN main,
 Remote from Ocean, lies the DELPHIC plain.
 The sacred Oracle of Phœbus there,
 High o'er the Mount arose, divinely fair !
 ACHAÏAN marble form'd the gorgeous pile :
 August the fabric ! elegant its style !
 On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors ;
 And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
 The Roofs, where storied tablature appear'd,
 On columns of CORINTHIAN mould where rear'd :
 Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
 And round the hollow Dome bright jewels flam'd.
 APOLLO'S suppliant Priests, a blameless train !
 Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane :
 To front the Sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd ;
 With golden Harps, and living Laurels grac'd.
 The Sciences and Arts around the shrine
 Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine !
 Here ÆSCULAPIUS' snake display'd his crest,
 And burning glories sparkled on his breast :
 While from his eyes insufferable light,
 Disease and Death recoil'd, in headlong flight.

Of this great Temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
PARNASSUS lifts to Heaven its honour'd head ;
Where from the deluge sav'd, by Heaven's command
DEUCALION leading PYRRHA, hand in hand,
Re-peopled all the desolated land.

Around the Scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers through the vocal grove ;
While, o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young Zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions, breathe.
Fair daughters of the Sun ! the sacred Nine,
Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine ;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove,
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest Peace the tortur'd soul ;
While hill and vale with choral voice around,
The music of immortal Harps resound.
Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy Hours,
Still scattering where she moves ELYSIAN flowers !

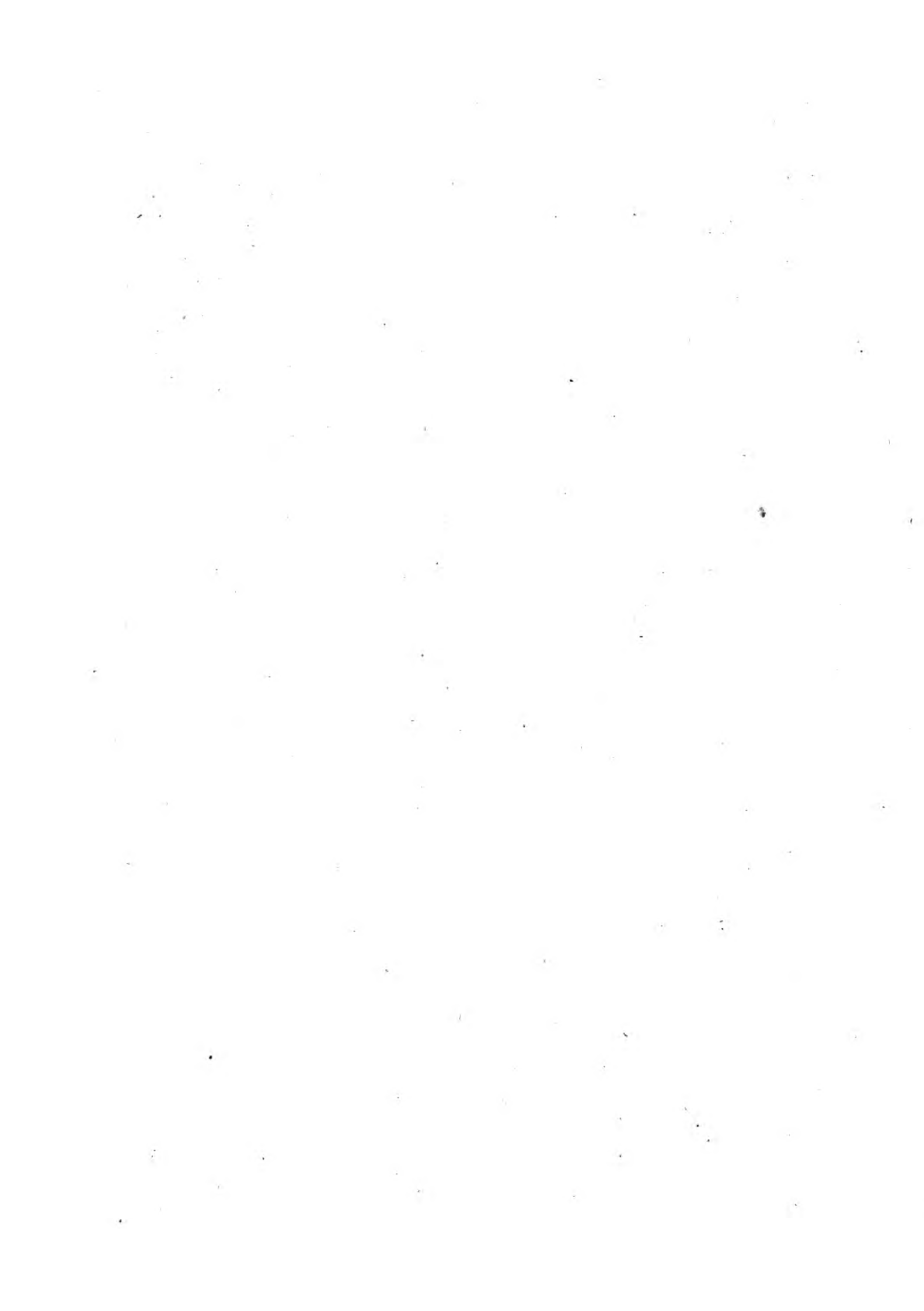
E'en now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—
Adieu, ye Vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where EDEN's blossoms ever-vernal blow !

Adieu, ye Streams, that o'er enchanted ground
 In lucid maze th' AONIAN hill surround !
 Ye fairy scenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
 And young Delight, for ever, O farewell !
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,
 And o'er the sense LETHEAN dew's distil !
 Awake, O MEMORY, from th' inglorious Dream !
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme !
 Collect thy powers ! arouse thy vital fire !
 Ye Spirits of the Storm, my verse inspire !
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the Main,
 In torrent pour along the swelling Strain !

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling Deeps,
 Her course to ATTIC shores the Vessel keeps ;
 The Pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
 Still with the wheeling Stern their force repel.
 For, this assault should either Quarter feel,
 Again to flank the Tempest she might reel,
 The Steersmen every bidden turn apply ;
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
 Thus when some conquer'd Host retreats in fear,
 The bravest leaders guard the broken rear :
 Indignant they retire, and long oppose
 Superior Armies that around them close ;
 Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
 And guide the flight in one embodied line.

So they direct the flying Bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the Shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd ;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the Poop th' audacious Seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell Conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the Nations ruin and distress ;
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the Tempest foams ;
And o'er the trembling Pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now Thunders wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan !
The Ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The Skies asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
Th' impetuous Hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the Masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous Meteors blaze.
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;

Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the Night.
Such terror SINAI'S quaking hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd ;
And here, to one ill-fated Ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !—
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes !
Loud and more loud the rolling Peals enlarge
And blue on deck their blazing tides discharge :
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood ;
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' etherial frame.
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light ;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing Scene unequal to sustain.





But lo ! at last from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn.
Hail, sacred Vision ! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring !
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day :
All but our Ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of Hope descried.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of GREECE emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The Nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to ELIZA dawn'd that cruel day
That tore ÆNEAS from her arms away ;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in Clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign ;
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding Vessel flies,
Full in her van ST. GEORGE'S Cliffs arise :

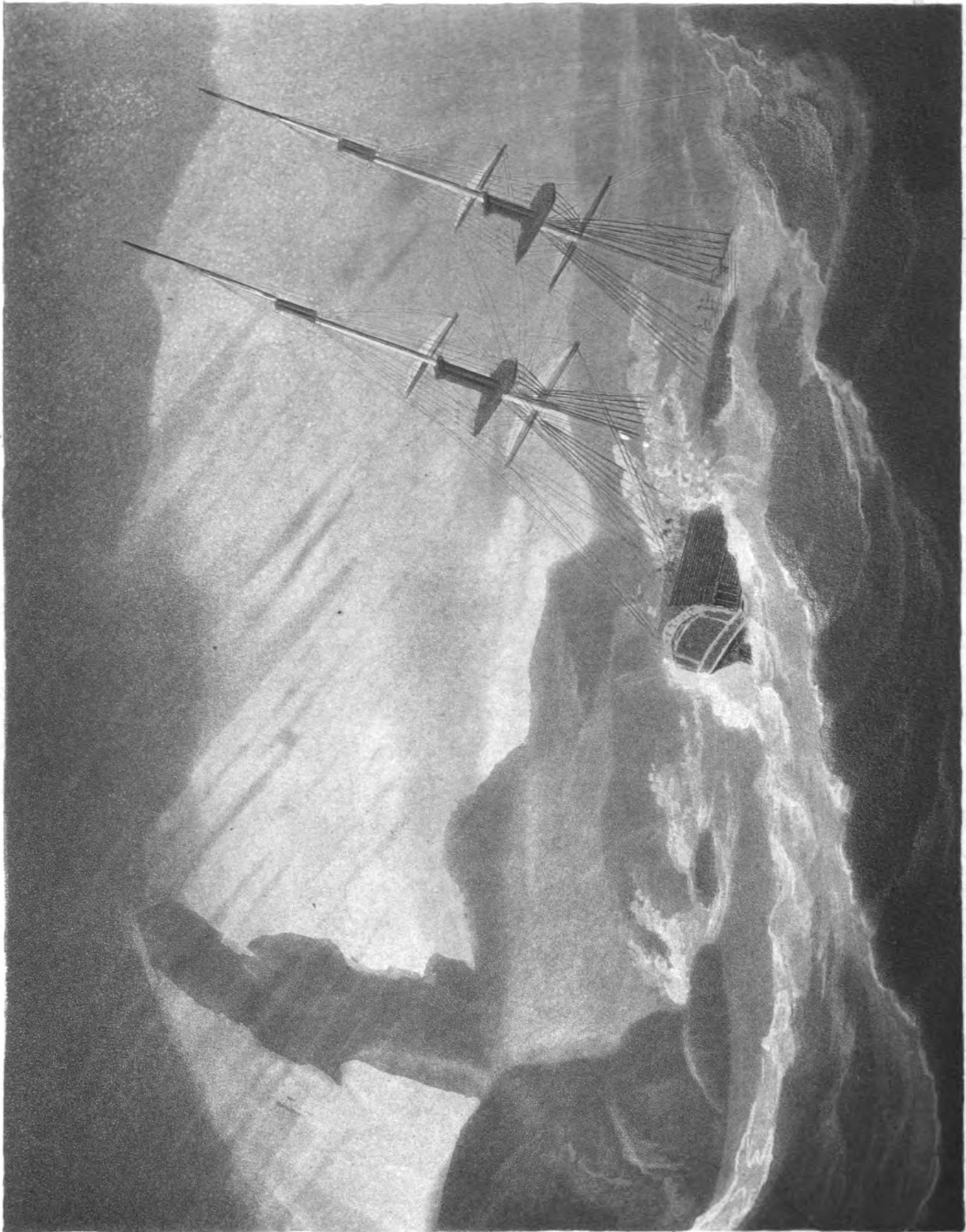
High o'er the rest a pointed Crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading Sea ;
And if the following Surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful Shore :
A Shore where Shelves and hidden Rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, ANCHISES' wandering son
Was seen the straits of SICILY to shun :
When PALINURUS from the helm descried
The Rocks of SCYLLA, on his eastern side ;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path CHARYBDIS' gulf oppos'd.
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling Bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring Vessel flies,
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble Cliffs, loud dashing Surges roar ;

Hoarse through each winding creek the Tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling Ship unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal Strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land:
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
And foreward bounding, with tumultuous haste,
As on the Tempest's wing the Isle she past.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The Sailors view this refuge left behind ;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore !

When in the dark PERUVIAN mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning Captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day ;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the Victim pines in pain,
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now ATHENIAN mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge COLONA frowns on high ;
Beside the Cape's projecting verge are plac'd
A range of Columns, long by time defac'd ;

First planted by Devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, TRITONIA'S sacred fane.
 Foams the wild Beach below, with madd'ning rage,
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly Heaven fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the Main the feverish weight:
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
 Through the rent Cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
 A Flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale Helmsman with eternal night:
 RODMOND, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind:
 And, while around his sad Companions crowd,
 He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
 " Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !" he cries ;
 " Thy only succour on the Mast relies !" —
 The Helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course ;
 Quick to th' abandon'd wheel ARION came,
 The Ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
 Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
 So gaz'd young PHAETON, with pale dismay,
 When, mounted in the flaming Car of day,
 With rash and impious hand, the stripling tried
 Th' immortal coursers of the Sun to guide.—



The Vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
Fate spurs her on :—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the Sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the Seamen ey'd the Strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand ;
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now, on the trembling Shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The genius of the Deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring ;
The Fatal Sisters on the Surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the Prore.—
The Steersmen now receiv'd their last command,
To wheel the Vessel sidelong to the Land.
Twelve Sailors, on the Foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the Top ascend ;
Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging Prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-press'd by watery weight the Bowsprit bends,
And from above the Stem deep-crashing rends.
Beneath her Bow the floating ruins lie ;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :

And now the Ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall Fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful Stay
 Drags the Main-topmast from its post away.
 Flung from the Mast, the Seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods their Vessel to regain ;
 The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
 The hostile waters close around their head,
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost Companions' fate.
 The heart, that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
ALBERT and RODMOND and PALEMON here,
 With young **ARION**, on the Mast appear !
 E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals ;
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Inclos'd with all the dæmons of the Main,
 They view'd th' adjacent Shore, but view'd in vain.
 Such Torments in the drear abodes of Hell,
 Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
 Such Torments agonize the damned breast,
 While Fancy views the mansions of the Blest.

For Heaven's sweet help, their suppliant cries implore ;
But Heaven relentless deigns to help no more !

And now, lash'd on by Destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful Scene drew near !
The Ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, Rocks rise, and Breakers roar beneath !—
In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with Philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of Death.
Even ZENO's self, and EPICETUS old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had SOCRATES, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this Scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess !—
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above,
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove.
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain !
Nor let this total ruin whirl my Brain !

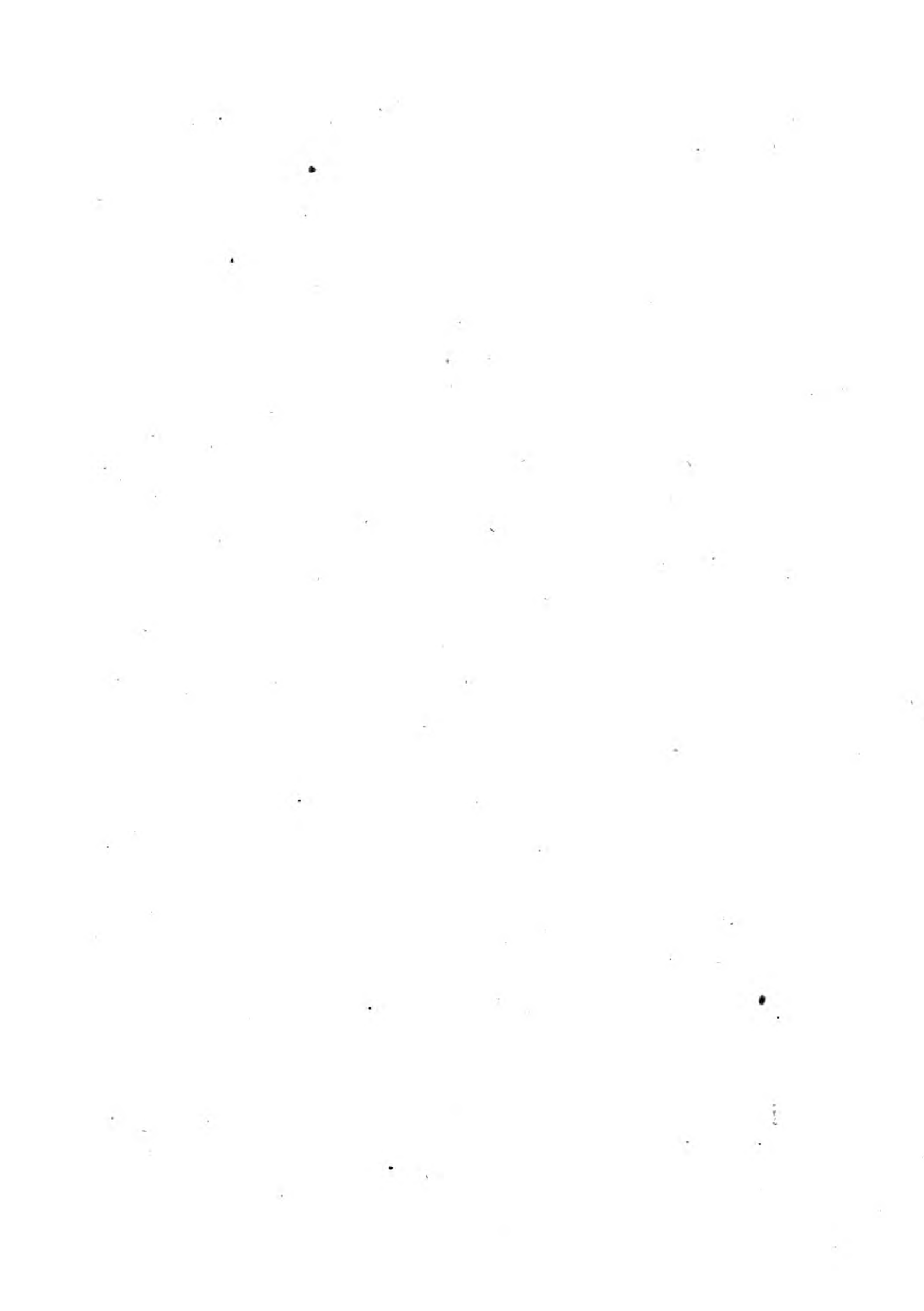
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious Seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the Ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the Surge, to Heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the Skies,

Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground ;
 Earth groans ! Air trembles ! and the Deeps resound !
 Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,
 And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
 So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
 The bleeding Bull beneath the murderer's blows.
 Again she plunges ! hark ! a second Shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble Rock :
 Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
 The fated Victims shuddering roll their eyes,
 In wild Despair ; while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
 Till like the Mine, in whose infernal Cell
 The lurking dæmons of destruction dwell,
 At length asunder torn, her Frame divides,
 And chrashing spreads in ruin o'er the the Tides.

O were it mine, with tuneful MARO's art,
 To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
 Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
 In all the pomp of exquisite distress !
 Then, too severely taught by cruel Fate
 To share in all the perils I relate,
 Then might I with unrivall'd Strains deplore
 Th' impervious horrors of a Leeward Shore.

As o'er the Surge the stooping Main-mast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty Seamen clung ;





Some, struggling, on a broken Crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming Billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their Fate to 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
On marble ridges die without a groan.
Three with PALEMON on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on Oars and Rafts descend.
Now on the Mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving Tide ;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling Breakers heave on shore alive ;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless Crew !—

Next, O unhappy Chief ! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb !
What Scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying Crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses ! red with human blood !
So, pierc'd with anguish, hoary PRIAM gaz'd,
When TRØY'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 to the last,
Sad refuge! ALBERT hugs the floating Mast;
His Soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now soft Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful Wife for ever 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,
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;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the Master's legs infold—
Sad ALBERT feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For Death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my Wife and Child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng,
Yet ride the Mast which shoreward drives along;

With these ARION still his hold secures,
 And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.
 O'er the dire prospect as for Life he strives,
 He looks if poor PALEMEN yet survives.
 Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou, incautious! from the Wreck depart?
 Alas! these Rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once beyond relief must die;
 And now sore wounded thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy Cavern lost:
 Thus thought ARION; anxious gazing round,
 In vain, his eyes no more PALEMEN found.
 The Dæmons of destruction hover nigh,
 And thick their mortal Shafts commission'd fly:
 And now a breaking Surge, with forceful sway,
 Two next ARION furious tears away.
 Hurl'd on the Crag, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
 And, groaning, cling upon th' illusive Weed!—
 Another Billow bursts in boundless roar!
 ARION sinks! and MEMORY views no more!
 Ha! total Night and Horror here preside!
 My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing Tide!
 It is the funeral knell; and gliding near,
 Methinks the Phantoms of the dead appear!
 But lo! immerging 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,
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 reach'd the Shore :
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
And Life's faint embers now rekindling glow ;
Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the Beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on Perdition's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid Incense they bestow,
That damp with Death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each Soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise ;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives ;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of GRECIANS who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the Deep desery,

Rous'd by the blust'ring Tempest of the night,
 Anxious had climb'd COLONA's neighbouring height :
 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-wash'd ground !
 Though lost to Science and the nobler Arts,
 Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts ;
 Straight down the Vale with hastening steps they hied,
 Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
 The first advent'rous youth that reach'd the shore ;
 Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
 Prone, helpless, on the tangly Beach he lay—
 It is PALEMON ;—O what tumults roll
 With Hope and Terror in ARION's soul !
 “ If yet unhurt he lives again to view
 His Friend, and this sole remnant of our Crew !
 With us to travel through this foreign Zone,
 And share the future good or ill unknown ! ”
 ARION thus : but ah ! sad doom of Fate !
 That bleeding MEMORY sorrows to relate :
 While yet afloat on some resisting Rock
 His ribs were dash'd 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'erspread,
 And clogg'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 pourtray'd ;
 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 force of art, what language, could express
 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 pale, ARION gaz'd,
 And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd ;
 PALEMON then, with cruel pangs oppress,
 In faltering accents thus his Friend address :
 " 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
 Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet !
 Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
 Enchanting Hopes, for ever now destroy'd !
 For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
 PALEMON dies, and this his final hour :

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,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thine head with anguish and despair !
Such dire effects from Avarice arise,
That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the Soul.
But, O Thou sacred Power ! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening Ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp Remorse his feeble Age !
And you ARION ! who with these the last
Of all our Crew survive the SHIPWRECK past—
Ah ! cease to mourn ! those friendly tears restrain ;
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to ENGLAND'S distant shore ;
Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the Tragic Story first relate,
O ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress :

Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 The lengthen'd Tale to aggravate his pain.
 Ah! then remember well my last request,
 For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
 Yet let him prove a Father and a Friend,
 The helpless Maid to succour and defend.
 Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
 So Heaven befriend him at his hour of Death!
 But O! to lovely ANNA shouldst thou tell
 What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
 Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
 And lightly touch the lamentable Tale:
 Say that my Love, inviolably true,
 No change, no diminution ever knew;
 Lo! her bright Image, pendent on my neck,
 Is all PALEMON 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,
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee;
 But strives in vain;—the chilling ice of Death
 Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath:
 Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode,
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road,—
 O sacred Source of ever-living Light!
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!

Direct her onward to the peaceful Shore,
Where Peril, Pain, and Death, are felt no more !

“ When thou some Tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity’s eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste Hearts, by mutual passion 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,
While MEMORY dictates, this sad SHIPWRECK tell,
And what distress thy wretched Friend befel !
Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown’d,
The Swains lament, and Maidens weep around ;
While lisping Children, touch’d with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th’ unconscious tear ;
O then this Moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.”

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

As thus defac’d in death PALEMON lay,
ARION gaz’d upon the lifeless clay,
Transfix’d he stood, with awful terror fill’d,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill’d.

“ O ill-starr’d Votary, of unspotted Truth !
Untimely perish’d in the bloom of youth,

Should e'er thy friend arrive on ALBION'S land,
 He will obey, though painful, thy command :
 His tongue the dreadful Story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day !
 Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred !
 What anguish to the living and the dead !
 How hast thou left the Widow all forlorn,
 And ever doom'd the orphan Child to mourn ;
 Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
 Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
 But, O my soul ! avoid that wond'rous maze
 Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays !
 As through this thorny Vale of life we run,
 Great Cause of all Effects, *Thy will be done !*"

Now had the GRECIANS on the beach arriv'd,
 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.
 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.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY,

CONCLUDING THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear ;
Yet PITY weeps, yet SYMPATHY complains,
And dumb SUSPENSE awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

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

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

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

Relentless Frenzy shall the FATHER sting,
Untaught in Virtue's school Distress to bear ;
Severe Remorse his tortur'd Soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in Despair.

Ye lost Companions of distress, adieu !
Your Toils and Pains and Dangers are no more !
The Tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While Ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the Blast, surcharg'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, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home ;
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from Scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery Waste you stray,
While Hunger and Disease your life consume,
While parching Thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of Health to bloom.

No more you feel **CONTAGION's** mortal breath
That taints the **Realms** with misery severe :
No more behold pale **FAMINE**, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering **Drum**, the **Trumpet's** swelling strain,
Unheard shall form the long-embattled **Line** :
Unheard, the deep foundations of the **Main**
Shall tremble when the hostile **Squadrons** join.

Since **Grief**, **Fatigue**, and **Hazards** still molest
The wandering **Vassals** of the faithless **Deep**,
O ! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of **Death** to gazing crowds shall tell ;
Nor weeping **Friends** attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing-bell :

The 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 though no sculptur'd **Pile** your name displays,
Like those who perish in their **Country's** cause ;
What though 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 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.

NOTES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

FIRST CANTO.

Page 15. Line 11. *O'er Bar and Shelf the watery path they sound,
With dexterous arm.*

A **BAR** is known in Hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, that has been collected, by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a River, or Haven, so as to render navigation difficult, and often dangerous. A **SHELF**, or **SHELVE**, is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sandbanks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water.—**FALCONER.**

In that great Nursery of our Seamen, the Coal Trade, Boys are early trained to heave the Lead, and take the Helm; and being compelled by necessity to be frequently sounding, as almost the whole of their passage from Tynemouth Bar to the River Thames, is intersected with numerous sands, through whose difficult and dangerous channels they navigate as often by night as by day; from constant practice they become dexterous both at heaving the Lead and working their Vessels; frequently having in a dark night to turn to windward, through those passages.

*Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in many tracks, with course inclin'd.*

Therefore it must be allow'd, that in intricate navigation they must have the superiority over Seamen that have only seen foreign service.

Page 15, Line 17. *But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.*

FALCONER in this passage is either unjust, or erroneous, in this part of their character; for, the ROYAL NAVY has always had, and at this day has, several thousands of well-disciplined Seamen, reared in that valuable Nursery; our great circumnavigator, COOK, was also a nursling of that school, who neither drooped nor relaxed in his different voyages round the Globe.

Page 15, Line 25. *Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board.*

That such acts of barbarism have been committed on some parts of the coasts of this great commercial Kingdom, is most shamefully true, and to the disgrace of the Magistracy in the vicinity where those inhuman scenes have taken place. Well might our Poet say, "while tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword," those wretches have been allowed to carry off their plunder with impunity, though at the present time it is in a great measure redressed: since a few have been tried and executed for entering Wrecks, and plundering the Cargo.

But our Author is wrong in ascribing such inhumanity to the Inhabitants of Northumberland; and if ever such practices existed in that County, they have undergone a happy revolution, as may be seen from the following

Account of the Signals made at Bambrough Castle, in the county of Northumberland, in case Ships or Vessels are perceived in Distress, and of the charitable Institutions established there for their Assistance and Relief: first published by the Direction of the Trustees of Nathaniel, late Lord Crewe, with the Approbation of the Master, Pilots, and Seamen, of the Trinity House, Newcastle.

SIGNALS.

1. A Gun (a nine-pounder), placed at the bottom of the tower, to be fired as a signal in case any ship or vessel be observed in distress, viz.

Once, when any ship or vessel is stranded or wrecked upon the Islands, or any adjacent rock.

Twice, when any ship or vessel is stranded or wrecked behind the castle, or to the northward of it.

Thrice, when any ship or vessel is stranded or wrecked to the southward of the castle: in order that the custom-house officers and tenants, with their servants, may hasten to give all possible assistance; as well as to prevent the wreck from being plundered.

2. In every great storm two men on horseback are sent from the castle to patrol along the coast from sunset to sunrise, that in case of any accident one may remain by the ship, and the other return to alarm the castle. Whoever brings the first notice of any ship or vessel being in distress, is entitled to a premium in proportion to the distance from the castle, and if between twelve o'clock at night and three o'clock in the morning, the premium to be double.

3. A large flag is hoisted when there is any ship or vessel seen in distress upon the Fern Islands or Staples, that the sufferers may have the satisfaction of knowing their distress is perceived from the shore, and that relief will be sent them as soon as possible. In case of bad weather, the

flag will be kept up, a gun fired morning and evening, and a rocket thrown up every night from the north turret, till such time as relief can be sent. There are also signals to the Holy Island fishermen, who, from the advantage of their situation, can put off for the Islands, at times when no boat from the main land can get over the breakers. Premiums are given to the first boats that put off for the Islands to give their assistance to ships or vessels in distress, and provisions and liquors are sent in the boats.

4. A bell on the south turret will be rung out in every thick fog as a signal to the fishing boats; and a large swivel, fixed on the the east turret, will be fired every fifteen minutes as a signal to the ships without the Islands.

5. A large weathercock is fixed to the top of the flag-staff, for the use of the pilots.

6. A large speaking trumpet is provided, to be used when ships are in distress near the shore, or are run aground.

7. An observatory or watch-tower is built on the east turret of the castle, where a person is to attend every morning at daybreak during the winter season, to look out if any ships are in distress.

8. Masters and commanders of ships or vessels in distress, are desired to make such signals as are usually made by people in their melancholy situation.

Assistance, Stores, and Provisions, prepared at Bambrough Castle, for Seamen, Ships, or Vessels, wrecked or driven ashore on that Coast or Neighbourhood.

1. Rooms and beds are prepared for seamen shipwrecked, who will be maintained in the castle for a week (or longer, according to circumstances), and during that time be found with all manner of necessaries.

2. Cellars for wine and other liquors from shipwrecked vessels, in which they are to be deposited for one year, in order to be claimed by the proper owners.

3. A store-house ready for the reception of wrecked goods, cables, rigging, and iron. A book is kept for entering all kinds of timber and other wrecked goods, giving the marks and description of each, with the date when they came on shore.

4. Four pair of screws for raising ships that are stranded in order to their being repaired. Timber-blocks and tackles, handspikes, cables, ropes, pumps, and iron, ready for the use of shipwrecked vessels.

N. B. But if taken away, to be paid for at prime cost.

5. A pair of chains, with large iron rings and swivels, made on purpose for weighing ships (of 1000 tons burden), that are sunk upon the rocks or in deep water.

N. B. These chains are to be lent (*gratis*) to any person having occasion for them, within forty or fifty miles along the coast, on giving proper security to re-deliver them to the trustees.

6. Two mooring-chains of different lengths are provided, which may occasionally be joined together when a greater length is required.

7. Whenever any dead bodies are cast on shore, coffins, &c. will be provided gratis, and also the funeral expences paid.

Page 21, Line 25. *And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd.*

The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable Siege of CANDIA, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1699; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable Fortress in the Universe. This Siege had continued for twenty-five years, though sometimes it went languidly on. The operations of the last two years and four months, were vigorous and incessant. According to Ricaut, who was in Turkey at the time, in those twenty-eight months the Venetians lost, in killed or wounded, thirty thousand nine hundred and eighty-five men; and the Turks one hundred and eighteen

thousand seven hundred and fifty-four men. The reader, by this account, may judge of the obstinacy on both sides.

Page 35, Line 10. *And with their levers soon the Windlass arm.*

The Windlass is a machine used in Merchant-ships instead of a Capstan to heave up the Anchors from the bottom, &c. It is a large cylindrical piece of timber, moving round on its axis in a vertical position, and is supported at its two ends by two pieces of wood, called knight-heads, which are placed on the opposite sides of the cheek near the foremast: it is turned round by levers, called handspikes, which are for this purpose thrust into square holes morticed through the body of the machine.

The lower part of the Windlass is usually about a foot above the deck. It is, like the Capstan, furnished with strong pauls, to prevent it from turning backwards by the effort of the cable, when charged with the weight of the Anchor, or strained by the violent jerking of the Ship in a tempestuous sea. The pauls, which are formed of wood or iron, fall into notches cut in the surface of the Windlass, and lined with plates of iron. Each of the pauls being accordingly hung over a particular part of the Windlass, falls eight times into the notches at every revolution of the machine; because their eight notches are placed on its circumference under the pauls; so, if the Windlass is twenty inches in diameter, and purchases five feet of the Cable at every revolution, it will be prevented from turning back or losing any part thereof at every seven inches nearly, which is heaved in upon its surface.

As this machine is heaved about in a vertical direction, it is evident that the effort of an equal number of men acting upon it will be much more powerful than on the Capstan; because their whole weight and strength are applied more readily to the end of the lever employed to turn it about; whereas in the horizontal movement of the Capstan, the exertion of their

force is considerably diminished. It however requires some dexterity and address to manage the handspike to the greatest advantage; and to perform this the Sailors must all rise at once upon the Windlass, and fixing their bars therein, give a sudden jerk at the same instant, in which movement they are regulated by a sort of song pronounced by one of their number. The most dexterous managers of the handspike in heaving at the Windlass are generally supposed to be the Colliers of Northumberland; and of all European Mariners, the Dutch are certainly the most awkward, and sluggish in this manœuvre.—FALCONER.

Page 36, Line 2. *Aloof to sea the stately Ship they tow.*

Towing is the operation of drawing a Ship forward by means of ropes, from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her. Towing is chiefly used, as in the present instance, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by a current or swell of the Sea.—FALCONER.

Page 36, Line 17. *The swelling Stud-sails now their wings extend,
And Stay-sails sidelong up the Stays ascend.*

Stud, or *studding-sails*, are long narrow sails, which are extended in moderate and steady breezes beyond the skirts of the principal ones, where they appear as wings to the yard-arms.

The TOPMAST and TOPGALLANT *studding-sails* are those which are set on the outside of the Topsails and Topgallant-sails. They are spread at the foot by booms, which slide out on the extremities of the lower and Topsail yards, and their heads or upper edges are attached to small yards, which are hoisted up to the Topsail and Topgallant yard arms. The lower *studding-sails*, which are spread beyond the leeches of the Main and Fore-sails, are fixed nearly in the same manner, only that the boom which extends the

foot, is hooked to the chain by means of a gooseneck, or else swings off with the sail to which it is suspended, being kept steady abaft by a rope called the guy.

Staysails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted upon their respective stays when the wind crosses a Ship's course, either directly or obliquely.

Page 37, Line 1. *The Compass plac'd, to catch the rising ray.*

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

Page 37, Line 17-19. *Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam.*

At the time of FALCONER'S writing, the bottoms were generally painted white, the utility of coppering them not being then discovered. The Wales are the range of strong planks extending along a Ship's side throughout the whole length, at different heights, and serving to reinforce the decks and form the curves, by which the Vessel appears light and graceful upon the water.—FALCONER.

Page 40, Line 17. *Deep blushing armours all the tops invest.*

TOP ARMOURS, a rail about three feet high, extending the width of the Top on the after side, supported by staunchions, and equipped with a netting and covered with canvass painted red.—TOP, a sort of platform surrounding the lower mast head, from which it projects on all sides like a scaffold. The principal use of the Top is to extend the topmast shrouds, so as to form a greater angle with the mast, and thereby give additional support to the latter. It is sustained by certain timbers fixed upon the hounds and

checks of the Masts, and called the tressel-trees and cross-trees. The Top is also very convenient to contain the materials necessary for extending the small sails, and for fixing and repairing the rigging and machinery with greater expedition.

In Ships of war, the Tops are furnished with swivels, musketry, and other fire-arms, and are guarded with a fence of hammocks in the time of action. Finally, the Top is employed as a place for looking out either in the day or night.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

SECOND CANTO.

Page 45, Line 11. *When from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid Column towering shoot on high.*

IN the first edition, this passage is strikingly incorrect, when compared with the subsequent lines; and FALCONER, in the third edition, has only half corrected himself: it originally stood thus:

When on the larboard quarter they descry.

This could not be the case, because, had the phenomenon appeared on the larboard quarter, the Ship in that instance must of necessity have hauled close to the wind, in order to bring her broadside to bear on it, instead of veering northward (as expressed in a subsequent line). It would perhaps have better run thus, *When from the larboard Bow they now descry*; for in that case the Vessel must necessarily veer, that her guns might bear on the object. I submit this remark to nautical readers, and at the same time wish to observe, that, like the AUTHOR, I have chosen the middle channel between the extremes of Bow and Quarter; *When from the left, &c.*

An Editor who has gone before me, has chosen FALCONER'S original text (*larboard quarter*), and has embellished the subject with a very high-finished Vignette, which represents the Ship as having veered to the north, which of course brings her stern toward the column, at which she is firing her stern chases, although it is written :

*The Guns were prim'd, the Vessel northward veers,
Till all her Broadside on the center bears :
The nitre fir'd, &c.*

Page 48, Line 17. *The blackening Ocean curls, the Winds arise,
And the dark scud in swift succession flies.*

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

Page 48, Line 20. *Low in the wave the leeward cannon lies.*

When the wind crosses a Ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the Ship upon which it acts, is called the weather-side ; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the Ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated ; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.—FALCONER.

Page 48, Line 22. *Reduce the Topsails by a single reef.*

The Topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and maguitude. Reefs are certain divisons or spaces by which the principal

sails are reduced when the wind increases ; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.—FALCONER.

Page 49, Line 11-15. *Halliards—Bow-lines—Clue-lines—Reef-tackles—Earrings.*

Halliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when they are to be extended or reduced.

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

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

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

Page 49, Line 26. *Brail up the Mizzen quick!*

The MIZEN is the aftermost, or the hindmost of the fixed sails of a Ship, extended sometimes by a gaff, and sometimes by a yard, which latter crosses the mast obliquely, the fore end reaching almost down to the deck, and the after end peaked up as high above the middle of the yard, which is attached to the mast; the head and fore leech of the mizen are laced upon the gaff (or yard), and to the mast, and the sheet hauls out near the tafferel.

Page 50, Line 1. *Man the Clue-garnets! let the Main-sheet fly!*

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

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

Page 50, Line 7. *Bear up the helm a-weather!*

The helm is said to be a-weather, when the tiller or bar by which it is managed, is turned to the side of the Ship next to the wind, in contradistinction to a-lee, or the side from the wind.

Page 50, Line 14. *Th' attentive Timoneer.*

The seaman whose post is at the helm, is here called the Timoneer (from Timonnier, Fr. the steersman).

Page 50, Line 23. *The helm to starboard turns—*

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

Page 50, Line 26. *While the fore-staysail balances before.*

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

Page 51, Line 1. *They near the Prow th' extended Tack confin'd.*

The Tack is a strong rope used to confine the foremast lower corners of the courses and staysails in a fixed position, when the wind crosses the Ship's course obliquely. The same name is also given to the rope employed to pull out the lower corner of a studding-sail to the extremity of its boom. The main-sail and fore-sail of a Ship are furnished with a tack on each side, which is formed of a thick rope, tapering to the end, and having a knot wrought upon the largest end, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail; the tack therefore extends the sail to windward, while the sheet extends it to leeward. The fore-tack, when extended, leads through a block, at the outer end of a spar or boom, projecting from the Ship's bow, and is called a bumkin; the main-tack is extended to the chess-tree, which is a timber bolted perpendicularly on the Ship's side, in which there is a hole, through which the tack reaves.

Page 51, Line 5. *The Buntlines gone!*

BUNTLINES—ropes fastened to cringles on the bottoms of the square sails, to draw them up to their yards; they are inserted through certain blocks above, on the upper part of the yard, whence passing downwards on

the fore part of the sail, they are fastened below to the lower edge, or foot of the sail, in several places of the bolt-rope.

Page 51, Line 11. *Again the Bowlines and the Yards are brac'd,
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.*

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

And all the entangled cords. This reading admits of some dispute, whether *cord* is a Seaman's phrase: some may contend that it should be written *ropes*, as it is in the first edition, the word *cord* not being used on board of a Ship; though every rope in the whole furniture of a Ship, from the *best bower cable* down to the smallest line, comes under the general denomination of cordage: therefore, as the word occurs in other parts of the work, I have judged it best to follow the third edition, which there is no doubt received the Author's last correction.

Page 51, Line 15. *With brails refix'd another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And soon their earings and their roebins bend.*

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

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

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

Page 51, Line 19. *That task perform'd, they first the braces slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack ;
And, while the lee clue-garnet 's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.*

In this operation of setting the main-sail, the lee-braces are slackened, because they confine the yard, so as to prevent the tack from coming down to the chess-tree, its station when said to be on board. *Taught*, implies stiff, tense, or extended straight: and tally is a phrase, particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the Ship's stern. To belay is to make it fast.

Page 53, Line 8. *The yard by rolling tackles then confin'd.*

The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the Ship in a turbulent Sea.—FALCONER.

Page 53, Line 13-20 *TOP-GALLANT-YARDS, TRAVELLERS, BACK-STAYS,
TOP-ROPES, PARRELS, LIFTS, BOOMS.*

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

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

Back-stays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the Ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the efforts of the wind upon the sails.

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

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

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

The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, and are placed fore and aft between the main and foremast.—FALCONER.

Page 54, Line 15. *The Ship no longer can whole courses bear.*

The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.—FALCONER.

Page 55, Line 12. *To raise the Tack, the ready Sailors stand.*

It has been remarked before, that the tack is always fastened to windward; accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.—FALCONER.

Page 55, Line 15-17. *The Sheet and Weather-brace they now stand by.*

To stand by a rope, is to take hold of it, and be in readiness either to ease it away or haul it in. And in this instance a Seaman stands by the sheet in order to cast it off, while others stand by the weather-brace at the same time to haul it in.

Page 55, Line 17. *Thus all prepar'd—Let go the Sheet! he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing Wheel it flies;
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd,
By spilling-lines embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.*

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

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

Page 55, Line 25. *While some high mounted overhaul the tye,
Below the down-haul tackle others ply.
Jears, lifts, and brails, a Seaman each attends,
And down the mast the willing yard descends.*

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

Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the halliards (note, p. 136) are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.—FALCONER.

Page 56, Line 5-14. REEF-LINES, SHROUDS, REEF-BAND, OUTER AND INNER TURNS.

Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eyelet holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

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

The reef-band is a long piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvass in the place where the eyelet holes of the reef are formed.

The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.—FALCONER.

Page 57, Line 1. *A Sea, upsurging with tremendous roll.*

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

Page 58, Line 9-10. *Too late to weather now MOREA'S land,
And drifting fast on ATHENS' rocky strand.*

To weather a shore is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the Storm. Drifting is at that motion and direction, by which a Vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail, or at least is restrained to such a portion of sail as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring produced by the turbulence of the Sea.—FALCONER.

Page 58, Line 16. *And try beneath it, sidelong in the Sea.*

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

Page 58, Line 18. *Till by the jeers and topping lift confin'd.*

The topping lift (or, as it is now termed, the peak halliards), which both hoists and tops the upper end of the mizen yard, is a kind of tackle leading through an assemblage of blocks, from a span on the yard. This line and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of *points* for this purpose; they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope or lower edge of the sail.

Page 61, Line 11. *Companion, Binnacle, in floating wreck,
With Compasses and Glasses strew'd the deck.*

The COMPANION is a sort of wooden Porch placed over the ladder, or stair-case, that leads down to the Cabin of a Merchant-Ship.

The BINNACLE is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions; the middle one for a Lamp or Candle, and the two others for Mariner's Compasses. There are always two Binnacles on the deck of a Ship of War, one of which is placed before the Master, at his appointed station, which is generally on the foremost part of the quarter-deck: in old sea-books it was called Bittacle.—FALCONER.

Page 61, Line 17-19. *They sound the Well,
At either pump they ply the clanking Brake.*

The WELL is an apartment in a Ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks is easily discovered. The Brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

Page 63, Line 25. *Meantime ARION traversing the waist.*

The WAIST is that part of a Ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and fore-castle, being usually a hollow space, with an ascent of several steps to either of those places. When the Waist of a Merchant-ship is only one or two steps of descent from the quarter-deck and fore-castle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.—FALCONER.

Page 65, Line 25. *Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd.*

The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a Ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the

wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.—FALCONER.

Page 66, Line 3. *When FALCONER'S rugged Isle he found
Within her drift.*

FALCONER, ST. GEORGE, GARDALORE, three Islands in the Archipelago, immediately in the Ship's track, in scudding before the wind. The first lies twenty-six leagues north of Cape MALACHA, in CANDIA, the other two at the entrance of the gulf ENGLIA.

Page 70, Line 1. *Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.*

SCUDDING is the movement by which a Ship is carried precipitately before a Tempest, and is either performed with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which is then called scudding under bare poles: as a Ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a gale of wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual efforts of the winds and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most eminent danger.

The hazards to which this operation subjects the Vessel, are a pooping sea, the difficulty of steering to prevent broaching to, and the want of sufficient sea-room.

A sea striking the Ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder. In broaching to suddenly she is threatened with being immediately overset, and for want of sea-room she is endangered by shipwreck on a lee shore.

Page 71, Line 20. *As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!*

The state of a Ship water-logged, is by receiving a great quantity of water into her hold by leaking; she thus becomes so heavy and inactive on

the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the decks. In this dangerous situation there is no resource for the Crew, except to free her by the pumps, or to abandon her by getting into the *Boats*; for the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuating from place to place; the Ship entirely loses her stability, and is almost totally deprived of the use of her sails, which only operate to accelerate her destruction.

Page 75, Line 14. *Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.*

The intention of bracing the yards fore and aft here is to lie under the masts when they are cut away, in order to bear the masts the better off the rocks, that the men may get safer along upon them.—FALCONER.

Page 78, Line 20. *High o'er the Bowsprit stretch'd, the tortur'd Sail.*

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 foremast 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.—FALCONER.

Page 79, Line 5-6. *Haste, with your weapons, cut the shrouds and stay,
And hew at once the Mizzen-mast away!*

Further to illustrate the nautical notes already given, the Author has subjoined the following explanatory information.

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

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

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

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the Ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies, along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the Ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a Ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

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

Hence it is easy to conceive how a Ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in

lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the Ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind part of the Ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the Ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the Ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counter-balance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for wearing. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to wear, in order to save the Ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

THIRD CANTO.

Page 86, Line 4. *The long reluctant prow began to veer :
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards! th' attentive Master calls.*

As the Ship begins to veer, the yards are squared, in order to facilitate the progress of the Ship's head to leeward. By squaring is meant the arranging them directly athwart the Ship's length.

Page 86, Line 7. *You Timoneers her motion still attend!
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So steady! meet her.*

The difficulty of steering a Ship when scudding before a gale, has before been noticed, and will account for the caution of ALBERT, first in ordering two of the ablest seamen to the helm, and now for the anxiety with which he gives them directions :

“ *Starboard, again!*” *the watchful Pilot cries;*

“ *Starboard,*” *th’ obedient Timoneer replies.*

This in sea language is called conning: the Pilot gives the word, and is answered by the Helmsman in the same word and tone, to show that he does not mistake the order.

The perfection of steering consists in a vigilant attention to the motion of the Ship’s head, so as to check every deviation from the line of her course, in the first instant of its motion, and in applying as little of the power of the helm as possible. By this she will run more uniformly in a straight path, as declining less to the right and left; whereas, if a greater effort of the helm is employed, it will produce a greater declination from the course, and not only increase the difficulty of steering, but also make a crooked and irregular track through the water.

The phrases used in steering a Ship vary according to the relation of the wind to her course. Thus if the wind is fair or large, the phrases used by the PILOT or Officer who superintends the steerage, are Port, Starboard, and Steady. The first is intended to direct the Ship’s course further to the right, the second is to guide her further to the left; and the last is designed to keep her exactly in the line on which she advances according to her prescribed course.

The Helm is usually composed of three parts, viz. the Rudder, the Tiller, and the Wheel, except in small vessels, where the wheel is unnecessary. In order to facilitate the management of the helm, the tiller-rope in all large vessels, is wound about the axle of the wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a windlass.

Page 105, Line 17. *The Steersmen now receiv’d their last command*

To wheel the Vessel sidelong to the Land.

The intention at this time of putting the Ship’s broadside toward the shore, is, that in case of the masts being cut away, they might fall towards the shore.

Page 105, Line 26. *The Foremast totters, unsustain'd on high—*

From the loss of its support, the bowsprit, to which it is stayed: in a violent lift of the sea, the Ship rolls it away, and with it drags the main-topmast, whose stay leading to the head of the foremast, consequently depends upon it for its support.

Page 108, Line 15-16. *At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the Tides.*

In an edition, printed in 1804, this passage is embellished with a finely engraved plate, designed to represent the dreadful catastrophe; to which I must pay the acknowledgment, that, as the representation of a Shipwreck, it is highly meritorious, both in design and execution, yet at the same time I must declare my astonishment that neither the Artist nor the Editor have paid sufficient attention to the geographical situation of CAPE COLONNA, when they make the Ship to be wrecked to the Eastward of it instead of the West: for, could she have passed to the eastward, she would have been enabled to take shelter under its lee, as may be easily demonstrated by examining the chart of the Ship's track.

THE END.



