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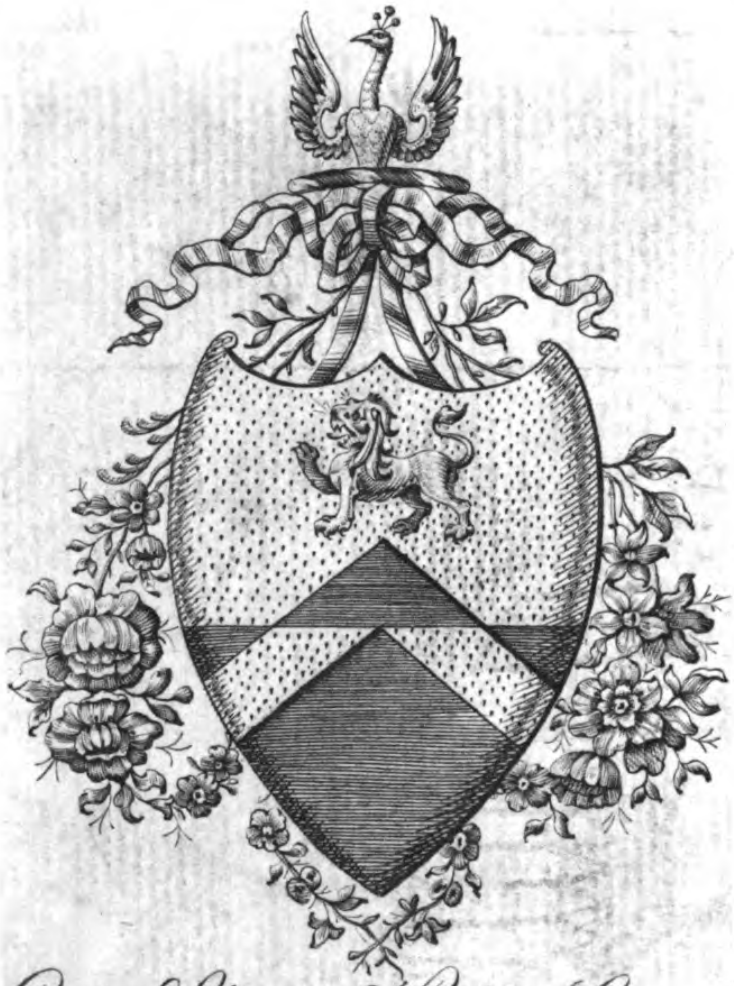

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THE

SHIPWRECK;

A POEM:

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

WILLIAM FALCONER.

..... quæque ipse misserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.....
Virg. Æn. Lib. ii.

A NEW EDITION;

WITH

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR,

AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed by J. Cundee, Ivy-Lane;

FOR T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

" A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
" Who nought could boast but a desire to be
" A *Poet*, and obtain a name in *letters*."

THIS ingenious writer was a native of Scotland, having been, as supposed, born in one of the villages on the coast of Fife; but his parents, in consequence of some domestic misfortunes, removed to a seaport town in England, where they both died of an epidemic disorder, and left William a destitute orphan. He was bred to the sea, and spent the greatest part of his life as a sailor, but in a very low station. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn how a man, thus untutored, and busily employed in such an active capacity, had either talents or leisure to court the Muses:—how a youth, so unfavourably situated for literary acquisitions, had imbibed that taste and knowledge which have ranked him so high among the British Poets; but such information, however desirable, cannot be

ascertained, and it is to be regretted that he has not left behind him some memoirs of a life, which, from his situation, must have been chequered with incident, and would, in all probability, have been far more interesting than the biography of Bards in general. His poetic talents have, however, rescued his name from oblivion, and verified the adage :—

" Poeta nascitur, non fit."

We are informed, indeed, by the ingenious Editor of the works of Burns, that Falconer, while serving on board a man of war, attracted the notice of Campbell, author of " Lexiphanes," who took him for his servant, and delighted in giving him instruction. Under such a kind master, our author, no doubt, profited considerably; and as merit generally overcomes all difficulties, he began to exercise his genius at an early age.

In 1751 he published, at Edinburgh, " A Poem, sacred to the memory of Frederick Prince of Wales;" though the confined nature of this loyal effusion afforded him but little opportunity of displaying his descriptive and imaginative powers, yet there was that harmonious versification in it which gave sufficient demonstration of a rising genius. But it is justly remarked, that the complimentary efforts of inexperienced and obscure bards are seldom or ever noticed; and such, we believe, was the fate of this poem. Whenever merit appears in the character of either a *petitioner* or *flatterer*, neglect or contempt is generally the reward! Our author still continued to struggle with the hardships of his profession; and it appears, his difficulties were likewise attended with misfortunes; for in some lines, afterwards addressed to his patron the Duke of York, he stiles himself, " A hopeless youth, whose vital page was one sad lengthened tale of woe." Among these misfortunes may be included, his sufferings during a voyage from

Alexandria to Venice, where, having suffered shipwreck, only three of the crew escaped. It was this melancholy incident which gave birth to the effort of his Muse, which, by striking out a new path in description, procured him no small fame. When the event really happened cannot be ascertained; but "The Shipwreck, a poem, in three Cantos, by a SAILOR," was first published in the year 1762. This work he inscribed to Edward Duke of York, next brother to his present Majesty; and for the illustration of several passages in it, very judiciously prefixed a chart of the ship's way, and a section of the ship itself. To arrest the attention of his reader, and render his poem doubly interesting, his well-chosen motto,—

> "..... Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
> Et quorum pars magna fuit."

declared it to be a tale of *facts*, not fiction, for that he himself had not only witnessed, but had been a chief sharer in those misfortunes he describes: of this he gives further assurance in many parts of his poem, and in the exordium thus modestly intimates his humble situation:—

> Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
> Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
> Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
> To plow the tide where winter's tempests roar?
> Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
> Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!
> Far from the Muse's academic grove,
> 'Twas his the vast and tractless 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 coast 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 chace,
Adversity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattl'd line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel winds and waves assail,
Till o'er her 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 listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale!

The novelty and interest of this poem not only procured a favourable reception from the public, but established the author's fame as a poet. Its versification is varied and melodious; its description, being drawn from reality, strong, glowing, and often original; and the characters so well chosen and pourtrayed, that though remote the scene, it is pregnant with domestic sorrow. Who can read the story of Palemon without shedding the tear of pity? Technical terms indeed were unavoidable, and required the assistance of notes to render them intelligible to those unacquainted with sea phrases; but it is *here* the author displays the greatest ingenuity; he introduces new ideas; and notwithstanding the harshness of nautical expressions, most admirably preserves the harmony of sounds: few masters, of cultivated verse, could have managed the difficult theme with so much dexterity. The lover of pathetic sentiment will find much to excite his sympathy in the circumstances of the story, though this part of the poem is necessarily more trite than the descriptive. Many passages of the latter might be selected as singularly excellent; upon the whole, the "Shipwreck" is a piece which has made a real and valuable addition to the stock of English poetry, and has not only afforded much entertainment to landmen, but been of considerable utility to mariners.

The success of this poem redounded highly to the reputation of the author, who now emerged from the obscurity of his former situation, and through the patronage of the royal Duke, whom he further complimented by "An Ode on his Second Departure from England, as Rear Admiral," he obtained the lucrative employment of purser to the Royal George, one of the finest ships in his Majesty's navy. Gratitude then induced him to enter the field of political controversy, as one of the

party of "King's Friends;" accordingly his next effort was a satyrical peace, entitled "The Demagogue;" in which Mr. Pitt, (afterwards created Earl of Chatham) as well as those of his partisans and adherents, Wilkes, Churchill, &c. were treated with the same kind of virulence which the severe author of the *Rosciad* had so unsparingly employed against all Scotchmen and placemen.

In 1764 he published a new edition of "The Shipwreck," with considerable additions, having protracted it to the length of about one thousand lines more than the former, by several new descriptions, episodes, characters, &c.

In 1769 he published his admirable professional work, called "The Marine Dictionary," 4to. which might have perpetuated his name in another branch of literature, had not his poetical reputation stood foremost. He also published about this time, a third edition of "The Shipwreck," with other alterations, which was then, and has been ever since, a favourite with the public.

At the close of the above-mentioned year (1769) he embarked with several East India supercargoes on board the Aurora frigate, in expectation of improving his fortune in those climes which had proved so successful to former adventurers. This vessel was never heard of after her departure from the Cape of Good Hope in December, and there is no doubt but that she was lost by some accident, with all the crew! Thus perished our author in the bosom of the waves, the occasional fury of which and consequent disasters, he has so forcibly and elegantly described; thus leaving behind him a work to perpetuate his name, more durable, and far more honourable, than any monument which the artist's hand could erect: a work which affords ample proof of nautical ability, as well as poetical talents, and of which it has been observed by a learned and judicious com-

mentator, "That if Homer has been justly admired for reducing a catalogue of ships into tolerable flowing verse, what praise must be due to Falconer, that poetical sailor, the nursling of Apollo, educated by Neptune, who has versified his own sea language with equal skill and propriety!"

THE ORDER IN WHICH THE ENGRAVINGS ARE TO BE PLACED.

THE ANNEXED ENGRAVING

Is intended to represent

AN ELEVATION OF A MERCHANT SHIP,

COMPLETELY RIGGED,

In illustration of the following Poem.

.....

DESCRIPTION.

Bowsprit and Rigging.

1 Bowsprit. 2 Jibb Boom and Horses. 3 Bobb Stays. 4 Gammoning. 5 Spritsail Yard. 6 Spritsail Topsail and Yard. 7 Spritsail Lifts, see Lifts. 8 Spritsail Braces. 9 Spritsail Clue Lines. 10 Spritsail Sheets.

Spritsail, Topsail, and Rigging.

7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 10 Sheets. 11 Hallyards.

Jibb Boom and Rigging.

12 Jibb furl'd on the Boom. 13 Jibb Hallyards. 14 Jibb Stay. 15 Fore-top-gallant Stay. 16 Fore topmast Stay. 17 Fore topmast Stay-sail. 18 Netting for ditto. 19 Forestays.

Fore Topgallant Mast and Rigging.

1 Mast. 5 Yard and Sail. 6 Shrouds. 7 Lifts. 11 Hallyards. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 10 Sheets. 3 Cap.

Foretop Mast and Rigging.

3 Cross Trees. 6 Shrouds. 11 Staysail Hallyards. 4 Back Stays. 5 Yard and Sail hoisted.

Fore Topsail and Rigging.

7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 12 Reef Tackles. 13 Reefs. 14 Points. 15 Earings. 16 Bunt Lines. 11 Hallyards. 17 Bow Lines.

Fore-Mast and Rigging.

5 Yard and Sail. 21 Crowfoot. 6 Shrouds. 18 Rattlings. 3 Top. 19 Lannyards. 20 Dead Eyes. 11 Tye and Jears. 22 Tacks. 10 Sheets. 9 Clue Garnets. 16 Bunt Lines. 23 Leech Lines. 17 Bow Lines. 7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 24 Horses and Stirrups.

Maintop Gallant-Mast and Rigging.

1 Mast. 5 Yard and Sail. 6 Shrouds. 7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 17 Bow Lines. 9 Clue Lines. 10 Sheets. 2 Cap. 25 Stay. 11 Staysail Hallyards. 11 Hallyards.

Maintop-Mast and Rigging.

3 Cross Trees. 25 Middle Staysail and Hallyards. 6 Shrouds. 4 Back Stays. 25 Stay and Staysail Hallyards. 5 Yard and Sail.

Maintop-Sail and Rigging.

7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 10 Sheets. 16 Bunt Lines. 11 Hallyards. 17 Bow Lines. 12 Reef Tackles.

Main-Mast and Rigging.

5 Yard and Sail. 6 Shrouds. 18 Rattlings. 21 Crowfoot. 25 Stay. 3 Top. 19 Lannyards. 20 Dead Eyes. 11 Tye and Jears. 22 Tacks. 10 Sheets. 9 Clue Garnets. 16 Bunt Lines. 23 Leech Lines. 17 Bow Lines. 7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 24 Horses and Stirrups.

Part of the Hull.

A. Head. B. Rails. C. Cult Water. D. Bow. + Chains. E. Catt Heads. F. Boat on the Booms. G. Chess Tree. H. Quarter. I. Taffarel. K. Poop. L. Poop Lanthorn. M. Ensign. N. Companion. O. Binnacle. P. Wheel. R. Hawse Hole.

Mizen Topgallant-Mast and Rigging.

1 Mast. 5 Yard and Sail. 6 Shrouds. 7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 10 Sheets. 2 Cap. 25. Stay.

Mizen Topmast and Rigging.

3 Cross Trees. 25 Stay and Staysail Hallyards. 6 Shrouds. 4 Back Stays. 5 Yard and Sail.

Mizen Topsail and Rigging.

7 Lifts. 8 Braces. 9 Clue Lines. 16 Bunt Lines. 10 Sheets. 17 Bow Lines. 11 Hallyards.

Mizen-Mast and Rigging.

5 Yard and Sail. 3 Top. 25 Stay. 26 Stay-sail. 6 Shrouds. 27 Brails. 10 Sheet. 11 Reef. 5 Cross Jack Yard. 21 Crowfoot. 19 Lannyards

THE ANNEXED ENGRAVING

[illegible] represent

[illegible] A MERCHANT SHIP,

COMPLETELY RIGGED,

In illustration of the following Poem.

[illegible]

[illegible] Hawse Hole.

[illegible] Lines.

[illegible] 25 [illegible]

Mizen [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

16 [illegible]

Mizen-[illegible]

5 Yard [illegible] Stay.

26 Stay-sail. [illegible] 27 Brace.

30 Sheet. [illegible]

Yard. 21 [illegible] Lanyard.

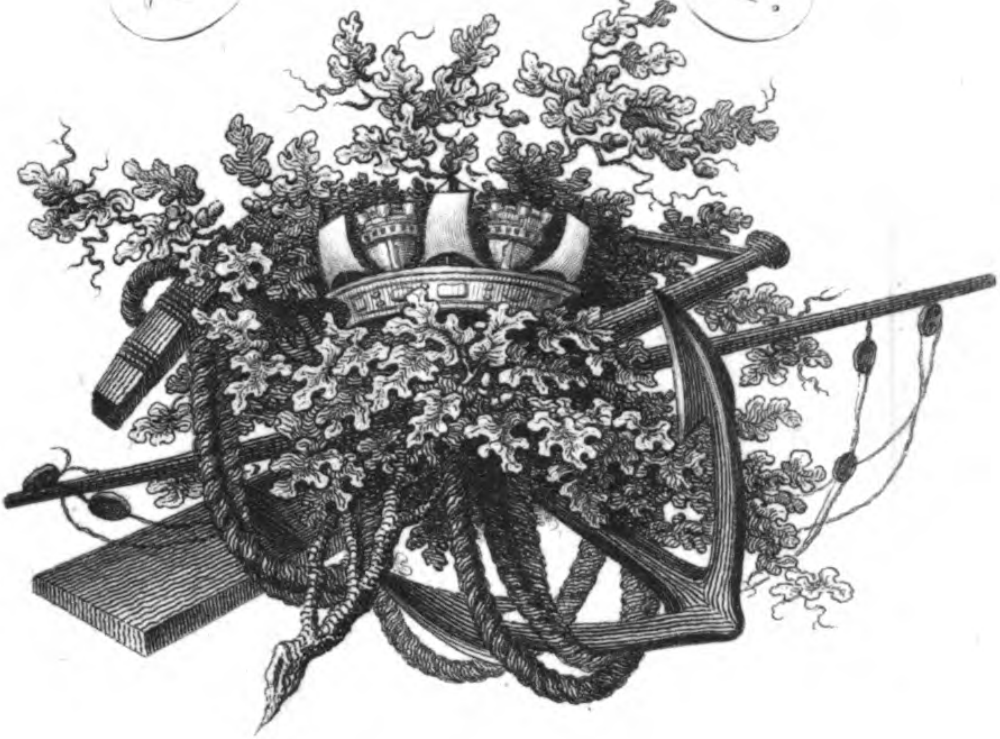
M
C
A
15
14
13
16
17
8
7
9
10

The Argument.

[illegible] the [illegible] Innovation [illegible] opinions [illegible] Poem [illegible] Epoch [illegible] Prologue [illegible] former part of the poem [illegible] Candia [illegible] state of that island [illegible] character of the [illegible] Evening [illegible] Night of the weather [illegible] shores [illegible] coast as seen from the land [illegible] near the city of Candia [illegible] about [illegible] and holy.

[illegible] by [illegible]

CANTO THE FIRST.



The Argument.

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

The Scene is near the city of Candia; and the Time about four days and a half.

Pub. Dec. 1803, by J. Cundee, Ivy Lane, London.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand 5
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, 10

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. 16
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 wat'ry way. 20
Immortal train! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd, 25
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, while th' enchanting voice of Love,
While all Elysium warbled thro' the grove: 30

The Suppliant's Fears.

Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colors give my verse to glow, 35
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine; 40
Ah! will they leave Pïeria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?—
Far from the Muses' academic grove, 45
'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. 50

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! 55
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, 60
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; 66
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: 70

Ver. 52. Shakespeare. * Darien.

Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her 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 75
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 wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse! 80
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 85
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 Lethean banks along: 90

She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!---
In her right-hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man, 95
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, 100
She sails; and, swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wand'ring thought from Lethe's shores.
To things long past a second date she gives, 105
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, 110

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 thro' time and place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space; 116
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?---
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores! 120

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 125
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd:
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare,

Tho' 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 131
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 Heav'n, in pity to severe distress, 135
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, 140
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd, 145
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, 150
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, 155
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide,
Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blest with favoring winds, they soon explore:
The haven enter, borne before the gale, 160
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, 165
Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain:
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green. 170
For wealth, for valor, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.---
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The freeborn spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke! 175
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! 180
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 sev'nth year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil. 135
No blooming Venus, on the desart 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 inchant the eye, 190
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains! 195

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on the 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: 201
For sickening 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, 205
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 ---210
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, 220
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew!
Can sons of Neptune, gen'rous, 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: 225
This crowns the prosp'rous 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, 230
And smooths the furrows of the treach'rous main.
O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd ALBERT held the chief command.
Tho' train'd in boist'rous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd. 235
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 240
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 thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone. 245
He saw the moon thro' heav'n's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sink the poles,

Rodmond, second in command.

Light and attraction, from their genial source, 250
He saw still wand'ring 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; 255
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; 261
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; 265
For while with darkling course their vessels weep,
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelf the wat'ry path they sound,
With dext'rous arm; sagacious of the ground!

Ver. 268. A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of

His Character.

Fearless they combat every hostile wind, 270
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. 275
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! 281
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— 285
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!

earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Arion next in command.

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; 291
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; 295
Yet tho' full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
To RODMOND next in order of command, 300
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, 304
His bosom danc'd to Nature's boundless charms.
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flow'r:

But frowning Fortune with untimely blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree, 310
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewel 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: 315
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravel'd zone.
In vain!—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd, 320
And every gate of Hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pïerian train,
To call ARION this ill-fated swain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed. 325
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 330
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' untravel'd course by geometric line; 335
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, 340
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! 345
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming ANNA mourn'd the cause in vain.

Their mutual Affection.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of pow'r to melt the female breast with ease.
To her PALEMON told his tender tale, 350
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,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love: 355
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast, 360
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 lib'ral heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true! 365
Full oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With av'rice to pollute that gen'rous soil:

That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won, 370
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 flatt'ring promise of his future joy! 375
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, 380
And Pleasure's syren 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. 385
Deep anguish, while PALEMON heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a sadd'ning gloom.

Sends his Son abroad.

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, 391
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, 395
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 wand'ring here, thro' many a scene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found; 400
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, 405
Some painful secret of the soul confest.

Perhaps ARION soon the cause divin'd,
Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chastity of silent woe;
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow; 410
He, with PALEMON, oft' recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to mem'ry by th' adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own. 415
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore:
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.
These o'er the inferior naval train preside, 420
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. 425
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.

Desolate State of Candia.

Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign, 430
And black remembrance drown in gen'rous 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: 435
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; 440
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.

* The memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Full twice twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd,
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd; 445
While thund'ring 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, 450
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. 455
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wand'rers 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 460
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: 465
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd!
The pride of gen'rous woe disdains appeal.
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right PALEMON can divine, 470
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 tho' by fortune plac'd; 475
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 flow'ry lawns and waving woods between;
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride, 480
Where Thames, flow winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live, the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.

For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare; 485
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 apply'd:
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd, 490
No voice untun'd, no sick'ning folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms: 495
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction drest,
The smile of maiden innocence exprest;
While health, that rises with th' new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene; 500
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;

Of his lost Anna.

Yon' ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore: 505
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. 510
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 515
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone.
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her pow'r,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttr'ing spirits first th' infection caught; 520
When, as I gaz'd, my fault'ring 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 pow'rs dissenting reason strove 525
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. 530
Full oft' where Thames his wandr'ing current leads,
We rov'd at ev'ning hours thro' flow'ry 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, 535
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! 540
My suit prevail'd; for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips pursuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.

Love disapproved.

Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay, 545
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! 550
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, 555
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. 560
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. 565

The rig'rous doom was fix'd, alas! how vain 565
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 PALEMON o'er the distant wave. 570

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; 575
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, 580
Hast'ning the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to Love supply'd.
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The Moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.

Craig del. Armstrong sc

Parting of Palemon and Anna.

Pub.d Sep.r 1. 1803 by J. Cundee Iry Lane.

Impatient Hope [illegible]
And led me to [illegible]
Soon her quick footsteps [illegible]
She came confest! the love [illegible]
But ah! what [illegible] language [illegible]
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd [illegible] her heart!
Oh! 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 [illegible]
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bo[illegible]
O'er all the nerves what tender tu[illegible]
While love, with sweet enchantmen[illegible]
In transport lost, by trembling [illegible]
The blushing virgin sunk upon my [illegible]
While her's congenial beat with [illegible]
Dissolving softness! paradise [illegible]
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm [illegible] flew
Our bending spirits, that each other [illegible] 605

Fancy of Palamon and Emilia

Pub.d Sept.r 1803 by J. Cundee Ivy Lane

Impatient Hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning ear;
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart 590
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
Oh! 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; 595
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, 600
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our bending spirits, that each other drew! 605

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 sorrows burst with interrupting sighs, 611
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flatt'ring fond ideas entertain?
My heart, thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid; 615
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hopes afford relief.
Go then, dear youth; thy father's rage atone;
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!
The hov'ring anger yet thou may'st appease; 620
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. 625

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 gen'rous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove:
On me, alone, let dark affliction fall, 630
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all!
Then haste thee hence, PALEMON, e'er too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate!
She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel face
O'er all her beauties show'r'd celestial grace. 635
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth! 640
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! 645

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, 650
Where Fate and Ruin sad dominion keep!
Tho' 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! 655
My heart, that now must ev'ry joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go, 660
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. 665

Sympathy.

Thou too, sweet maid! e'er 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; 670
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung, 675
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung,
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft', alas! the wand'ring lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispel'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear. 680
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to Heav'n in suppliant sighs:
Look down with pity, Oh ye Powers above!
Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding love;

Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore, 685
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! 690
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, 695
One sad farewel, 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. 700
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, 705
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 710
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal!
Ah! may no wand'rer of the faithless main,
Pour thro' your breast the soft delicious bane! 715
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
Oh! warn'd by Friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain, 720
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First with attention rouz'd, ARION eyed
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. 725

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.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain 730
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 ev'ning lay. 735
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, 740
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!
Glows in the west a sea of living gold! 745

While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around inchantment reigns!
While yet the shades on Time's eternal scale, 750
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— 755
Now 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 wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main, 760
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. 765

The waning moon, behind a wat'ry 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; 770
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: 771
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen!
Now with PALEMON up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above 780
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 thund'ring sound 784
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.

The ship weighs Anchor.

Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boist'rous cry:
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply.
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm, 790
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 ev'ry turn the clanging pauls resound.
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave, 795
The pond'rous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slipp'ry masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide. 800
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:

Ver. 791. The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind-in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically, by a number of long bars or levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the *pauls*, ver. 794.

Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play, 805
And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread the adjacent shore:
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fast'ned to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow. 810
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.

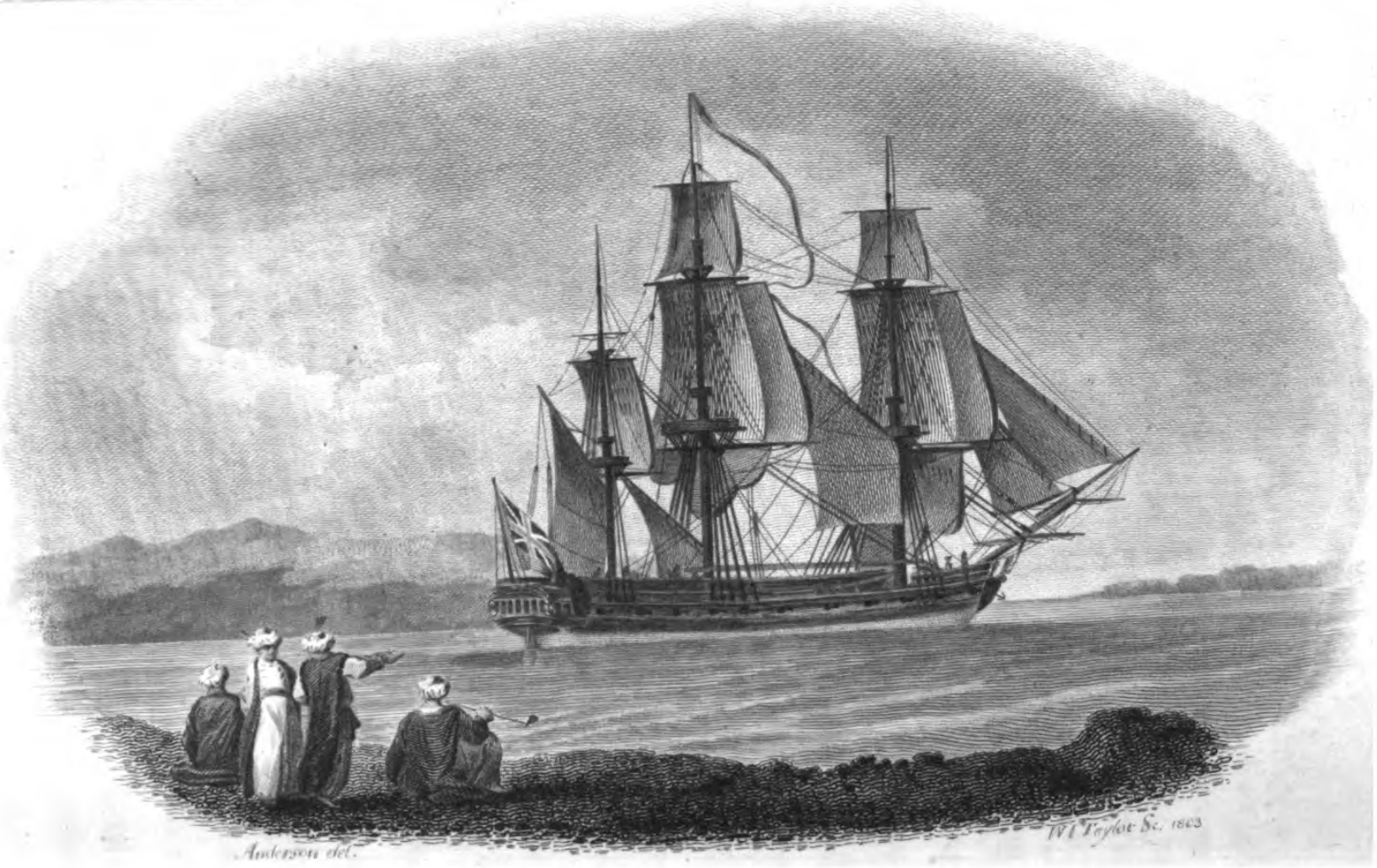
Now Morn, her lamp pale glimm'ring on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night. 816
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapors, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight. 820

Ver. 810. Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward by means of ropes extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

MAKING FROM CANDIA

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 the adjacent shore:
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before;
With cordage fast'ned to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow. 810
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Cecilia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er;
The port is doubled and [illegible] more.
New Morn, [illegible] pale glimmering on the sight,
[illegible] Night. 815
[illegible] array'd,
[illegible] shade
Above [illegible] height,
Tremendous [illegible] emerges on the sight. 820

Ver. 810. Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward by means of ropes extended from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.



SAILING FROM CANDIA.

Taking the sun's Azimuth.

North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
With whining postures now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stud-sails now their wings extend, 825
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wand'ring breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.
The dim horizon low'ring vapors shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud: 830
Thro' 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.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray, 835
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!

Ner. 825, 816. Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course, either directly or obliquely.

Ver. 835. The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order

The Britannia's majestic Appearance.

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. 840
Their sage experience thus explores the height,
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then thro' the chiliad's triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place,
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd, 845
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. 850
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.
The wales, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.

---

to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

Ver. 853. The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of

Her supremacy.

BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow, 855
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, 860
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 wat'ry field.
There her bold Genius in his floating car, 865
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 871
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—

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

Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest; 875
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. 880
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, 885
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'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, 890
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.

Subject Continued.

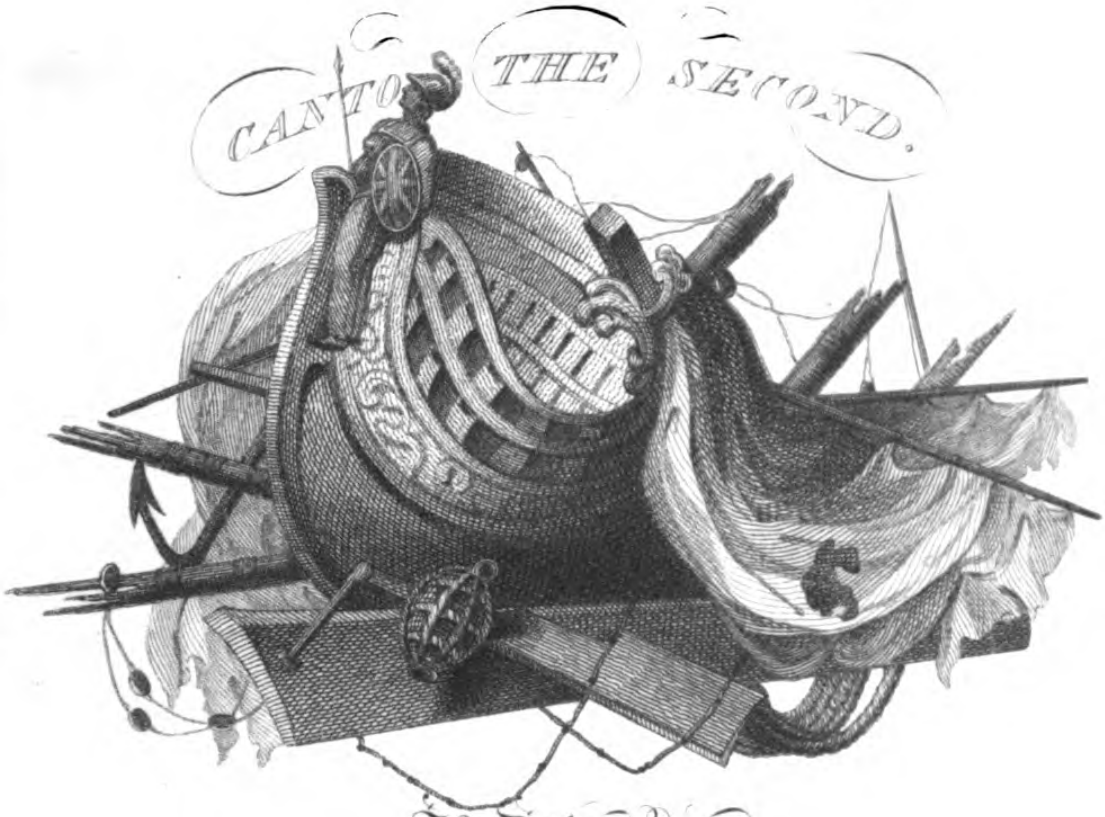
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's ev'ning skies she saw; 895
Serene, yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore, 900
That oft' her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'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. 905
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 barb'rous North defy'd, 910
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; 915
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy thro' the gulphs of hell---
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of heaven! the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air she flies, 920
Where other suns to other systems rise!---
These front the scene conspicuous---overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood--- 925
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; 930
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale---
High o'er the poop the flatt'ring winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.

Continued.

Deep blushing armors all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest: 935
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, 940
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF CANTO I.



The Argument.

Reflection on leaving the land. The gale continues. A water spout. Beauty of a dying dolphin. The ship's progress along the shore. Wind strengthens. The sails reduced. A shoal of porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea rises. A squall. The sails further diminished. 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 mainyard 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. Severe fatigue of the crew. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert to the crew. Necessary disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed effect. New dispositions equally unsuccessful. The mizen mast cut away. — The Scene lies in the sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado. The Time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

Pub. Sep. 1. 1803. by J. Cundee, Ivy Lane, London.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

Reflections.

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 th' Elysian vallies smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart, 5
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! 10

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, 15
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. 20
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, 25
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. 30

A Water-spout.

Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
Even they th' impressive dart of Love can feel, 35
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 ardors glow;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.— 40
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 tow'ring shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps, 45
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scatt'ring dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volution and the enormous train
Let sages vers'd in Nature's lore explain! 50

A Shoal of Dolphins.

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, 55
Convulsive, shook the slumb'ring air around,
The wat'ry 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. 60
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove 65
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. 70

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, 75
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. 80
Th' upturning points his pond'rous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal jav'lin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight! 85
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' enamel'd lawn; 90

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; 95
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's pow'rs display?
Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels. 100
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, 105
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: 110

Wind increases.

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 115
A tomb in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slav'ry broke,
Thro' Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne.--- 120
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, 125
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.

Ver. 128. 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.

The Sails reduced.

While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie. 130
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; 135
And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Ver. 130. 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 prest 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.

Ver. 132. The topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Clouds thicken.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone: 140
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A squall deep low'ring blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain, 145
Reef topsails, reef, the boatswain calls again!
The haliards and top-bowlines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:

Ver. 147. Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

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

Ver. 148. Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails, to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close-reefed or furled.

Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the 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. Ver. 152.

The shiv'ring sails descend: and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air. 150
The weather-earings and the lee they pass'd;
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, 155
Upturns the whit'ning 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. 160
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 boist'rous squall still presses from on high,

Ver. 151. Earings are small cords by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

Ver. 162. The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen-mast.

And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course, 165
Thro' the torn main-sail bursts with thund'ring 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. 170

Ver. 163. Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the main-sail and fore-sail as the clue lines are upon all other square sails. See note on ver. 148.

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 a 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.

Ver. 169. The helm is said to be *a-weather* when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

The Helm turned to Starboard.

The prow with secret instinct veers apace;
And now the fore-sail 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, 175
Th' attentive timoneer the helm applies.
As in pursuit along the aërial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space; 180
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 side-long canvass clasps the faithless wind. 186

Ver. 176. Timoneer (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmsman, or steersman.

Ver. 185. The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left or to port,

Sails, &c. replaced.

The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail balances before.
The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend, 191
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.
To top-sails next they haste---the bunt-lines gone,
The clue-lines thro' their wheel'd machin'ry run:
On either side below the sheets are mann'd: 195
Again the flutt'ring sails their skirts expand.
Once more the topsails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.

---

and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a-starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

Ver. 188. This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmast-stay-sail, 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.

The Braces cast loose.

Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd,
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd. 200
The sail by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins flutt'ring is unbent.
With brails refix'd another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend, 205
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;

Ver. 199. 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.

Ver. 203. The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are in a general sense called brails.

Ver. 205. The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

Ver. 206. Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

Ver. 207. Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

A Shoal of Porpoises.

And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay. 210

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide.
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain, 215
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm. 220

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.

Ver. 210. Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended straight: and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling *aft* the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay is to fasten.

Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore, 225
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flatt'ring wind; that late with promis'd aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.--- 230
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray,
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might, 235
But reels 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 southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew. 240
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;

All Hands employed.

Clued up each topsail, and by braces squar'd, 245
The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yard by rolling tackles then confin'd.
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff thro' the storm he cries: 250
Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
Now some to strike top-gallant-yards attend;
Some trav'lers up the weather-backstays send;
At each mast-head the top-ropes others bend. 255

Ver. 248. 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.

Ver. 253. 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.

Ver. 254. Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the back-stays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards, by confining them to the back-stays,

The Sails again reduced.

The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels, lifts, and braces soon remove:
Then topt an-end, and to the trav'lers tied,
Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-stays slide.
The yards secure along the booms reclin'd, 260
While some the flying cords aloft confin'd.---

in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

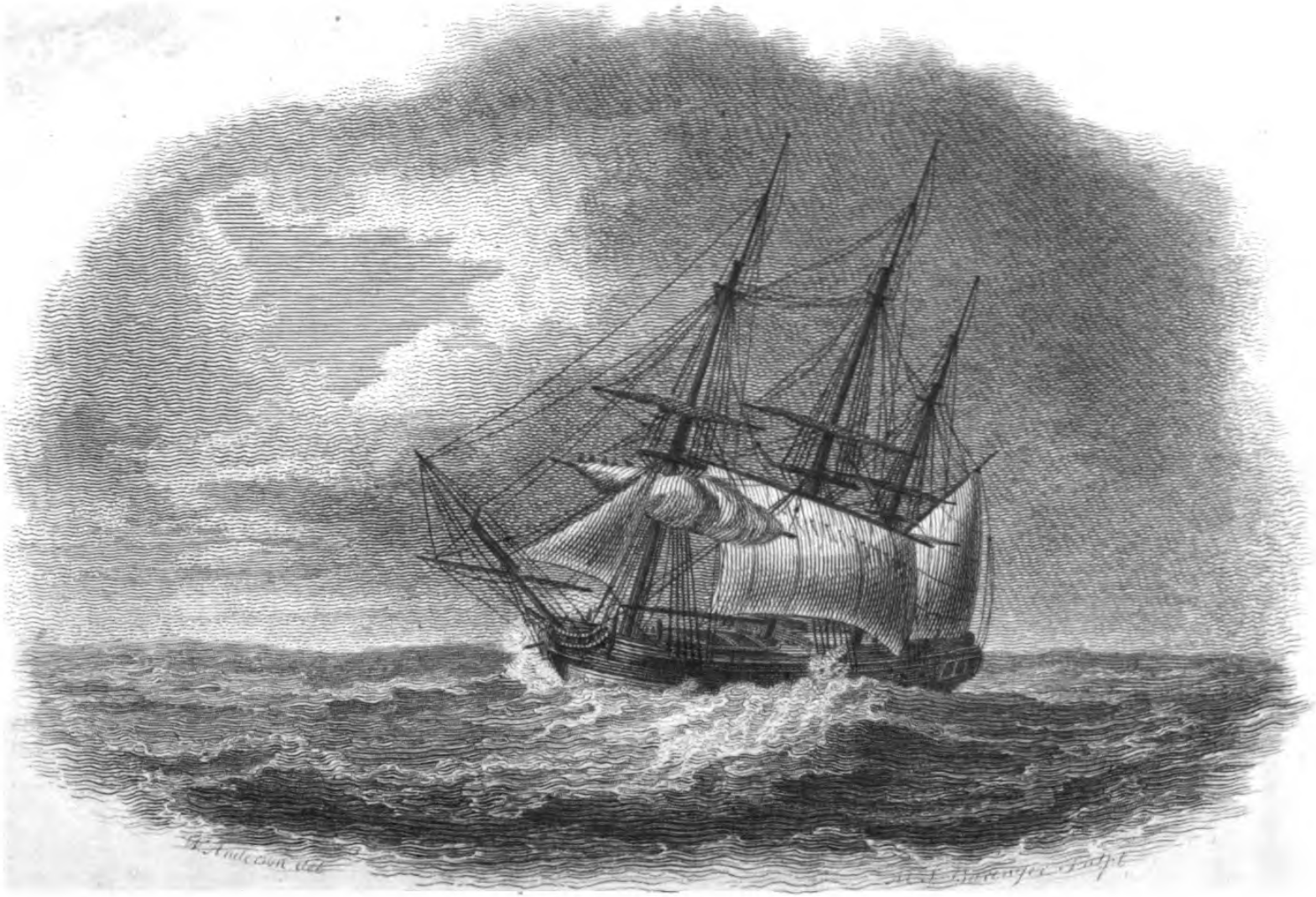
Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

Ver. 255. Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

Ver. 257. The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called *topping*, ver. 258.

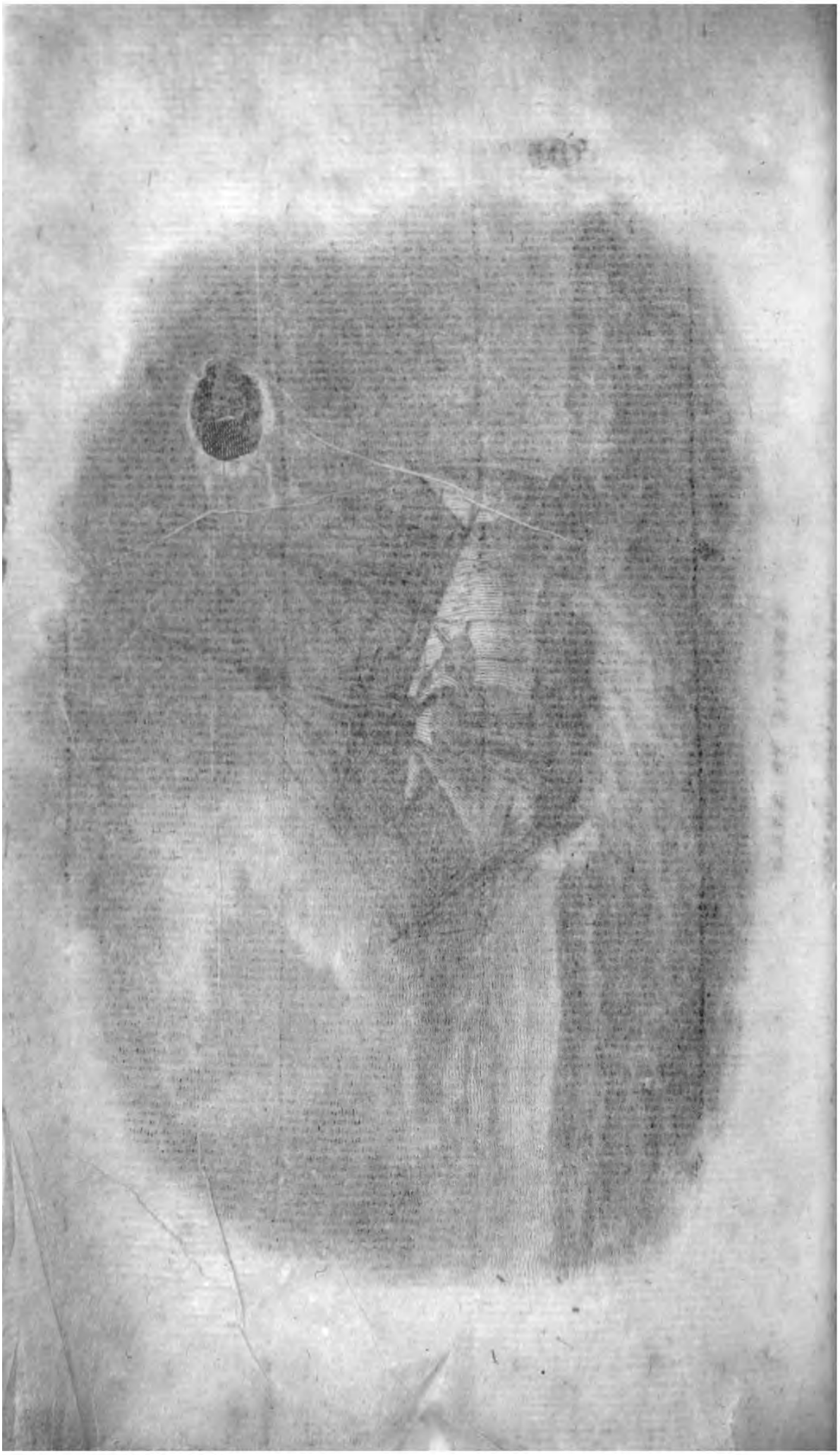
Ver. 260. The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.



GALE AT SUNSET.

Pub.d Sept.r 1.st 1809 by J. Cundee Ivy Lane.

Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigg[illegible]
Awhile the crew relax from toils seve[illegible]
Awhile their spirits, w[illegible] fatigue oppress,
In vain expect th' ab[illegible] hour of re[illegible]
But with redoubling fo[illegible] tempests fl[illegible],
And wat'ry hills in tol[illegible] succession flow
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
New troubles grow; new difficulties ris[illegible]
No season this from duty to de[illegible]
All hands on deck th' eventful hour [illegible]
His race perform'd, the sacred lam[illegible]
Now dipt in western [illegible]
His sick'ning fires half [illegible]
Retract along the dus[illegible]
Till deep immerg'd [illegible]
And now to cheerles[illegible]
Sad evening's hour, [illegible]
No flaming pomp, no [illegible]
No ray of friendly li[illegible] 280
The moon and star[illegible] crown'd



Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest: 265
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And wat'ry 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! 270
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 sick'ning fires half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze; 275
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns;
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast;
No ray of friendly light is seen around: 280
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the sheet !* he cries; 310
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
Shiv'ring 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. 315
The foresail then secur'd with equal care,
Again to reef the mainsail they repair.---
While some, high-mounted, over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul tackle others ply.
Jears, lifts and brails, a seaman each attends, 320
Along the mast the willing yard descends.

Ver. 314. 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.

Ver. 319. The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle. See the note on line 248.

Ver. 320. Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and

Duly performed.

When low'r'd sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
The reef-lines and their earings now prepar'd, 324
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.

---

mizen, as the haliards (note 147,) are to all inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

Ver. 324. 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.

Ver. 325. 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.

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; 365
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.
Tho' still they knew the vessel's armed side 370
Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
Tho' still the waters, by no secret wound,
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dang'rous sea, and leeward shore! 375
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in flutt'ring 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; 380
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. 385
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 jears and topping-lift confin'd.

Ver. 380. To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

Ver. 387. To try, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a farther illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

Ver. 389. The topping-lift, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen-yard (see note 257); 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 (see notes 132, 148); they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound. 391
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied,
The order giv'n, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd. 395
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;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array, 400
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt, to move
The pow'rs of hell with strains of heav'nly love,
Than mine, to bid th' unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore. 405
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;

Ver 396. Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee side. See note 130.

Seamen despise Fear.

Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him thro' that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way, 410
That never heard the sweet Pïerian lay,
The Muse, that tun'd to barb'rous sounds her string,
Now spreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe. 415

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.
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast, 420
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.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide,
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side. 425
No future ills unknown their sons appal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!

But even the gen'rous spirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave:
A short repose alone their thoughts implore, 430
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; 435
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 wat'ry waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound, 440
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, 447

The Ship in great Distress.

A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain, 450
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: 455
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke,
The boats beneath the thund'ring deluge broke;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machin'ry strews the deck, 460
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled,
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams, 464
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.

They attend the Pumps;

At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
RODMOND, ARION, and PALEMON here, 470
At this sad task all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way, 475
Till in some destin'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 480
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard.

Ver. 466. The well is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or dimunition of the leaks are easily discovered.

Ver. 468. The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

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. 485
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs oppprest by pond'rous cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height.
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes, 490
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies. 495
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artill'ry thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan:
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hov'ring fate alone inspires!

Guns thrown overboard.

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. 505
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their mis'ry can relieve; 510
These only now a dawn of safety give!—
While o'er the quiv'ring 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, 515
The wheel'd artill'ry o'er the deck to guide.
RODMOND descending claim'd the wheather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave. 519
Like some strong watch-tow'r nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,

Operation thereof.

Untam'd he stood; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
Meanwhile ARION, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd, 525
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' artill'ry round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile 531
The pond'rous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thund'ring they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds. 536
Such ease Alcides felt when clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;

Ver. 524. The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecastle, and having the upper-deck for its base, or platform.

When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel Fate. 540
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, 544
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash thro' the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above all æther, 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: 550
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 555
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,
Thro' many a winding channel first they rove; 560
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' 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, 565
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! 569
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems!

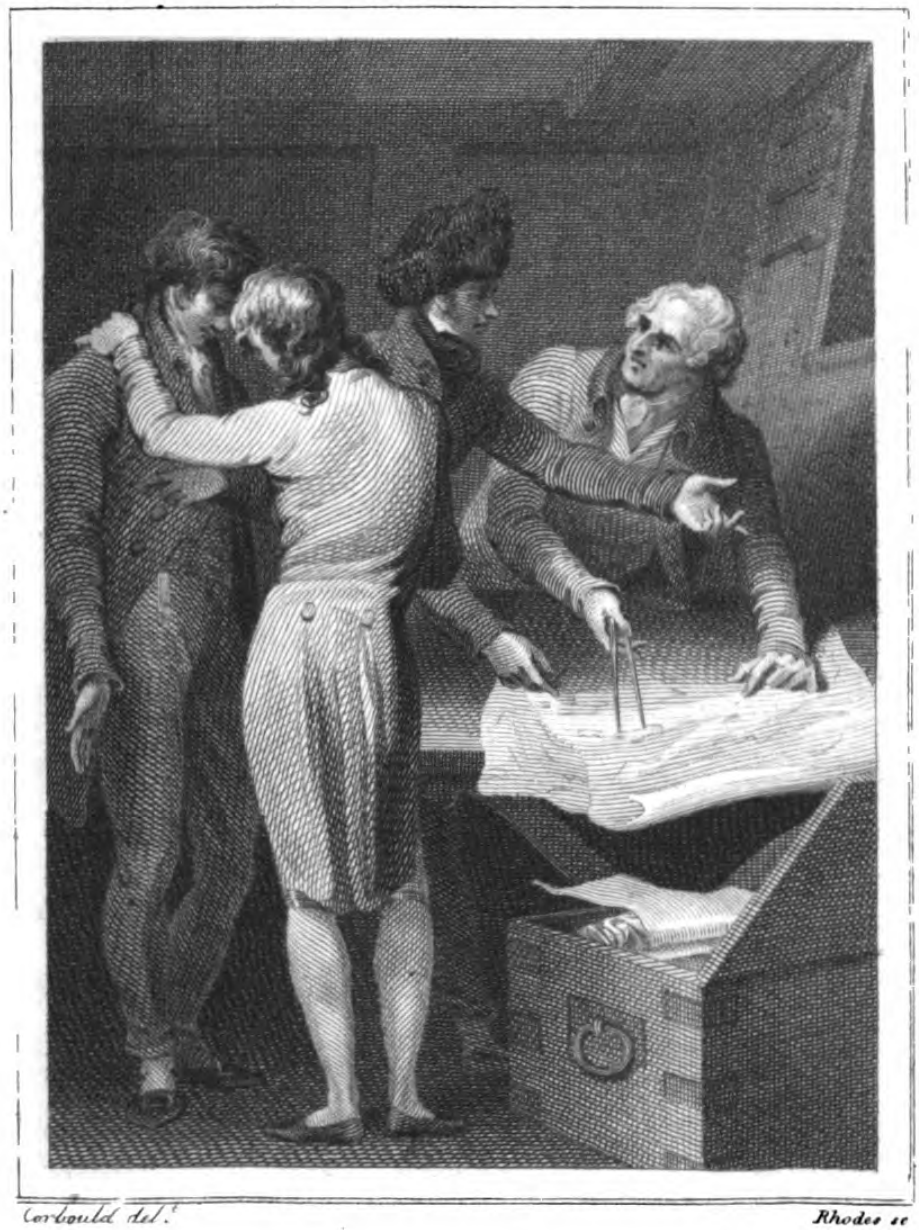
Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plain attentive bends:
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his science nought avails! 575
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;

Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord. 580
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, 585
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. 590
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—

Ver. 579. 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.

[illegible] broad angle or lee-way explor'd,
As [illegible] across the graduated chord. 580
Her place discov'ry'd by the rules of art,
[illegible] shock [illegible] heart;
[illegible] bound,
[illegible] and breakers bound;
For [illegible] tost, 585
[illegible] are lost;
[illegible] that danger o'er,
[illegible] by Gardalor.
[illegible] hopeless state
[illegible] consultation now debate. 590
[illegible] doubts her chiefs appal,
[illegible] some proud city verges to her fall;
While Ruin [illegible] around, and pale Affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—

[illegible] 9. The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven [illegible] at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived [illegible] government of the sails and helm



Corbould del.t Rhodes sc

The Consultation.

Pub.d Sep.r 1. 1803 by J. Cundee Ivy Lane.

No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread, 595
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 show'r;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour! 600
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; delib'rate to advise; 605
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! 610
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress already known too well!
This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:

No skill nor long experience could forecast 615
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 dang'rous lands. 620
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, 625
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. 630
These only in our pow'r 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, 635
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 dang'rous reins of purblind pow'r!
But should we now resolve to bear away, 641
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, 645
Our dropsy'd 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 list'ning mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard. 650
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending Fate.
RODMOND, in many a scene of peril try'd,
Had oft the master's happier skill descry'd,

Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own. 656
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, 661
From ALBERT his opinion thus dissents.
Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpow'r!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue, 665
With death before still op'ning 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? 670
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps
At random driv'n, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.

And gives his Reasons.

In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee, 675
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; 679
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, 685
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Tho' sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee; 690
The crew, tho' harrass'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 605
May change its quarter with the changing moon:
Its rage, tho' 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. 700

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man,
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale, 705
And lo! the leaks o'er all their pow'rs 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. 710
Tho' many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wand'ring stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought,

So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart. 715
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, pond'ring in my mind 720
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, 725
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 thro' an hundred leaks distill'd.
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight, 730
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. 735
At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quiv'ring 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, 740
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our pow'rs 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 wat'ry 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 driv'n before it on the wat'ry waste, 750
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. 755
Even then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driv'n by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
Their hull dismasted there awhile may ride, 760
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heav'n, with interposing pow'r,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and found'ring while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey. 765

He said; PALEMON saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art:
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdued, 770
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wand'ring 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, 776
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; 780
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.— 785
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'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. 791
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;

The proposed Refuge.

Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform; 795
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, tho' grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all help of arts we vainly try, 800
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, 805
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.
Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here: 810
Yet there, by Heav'n's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;

Ver. 807. For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
  But if, determin'd by the will of Heav'n, 815
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driv'n,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.
  And first let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard. 820
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, 825
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thund'ring on the leeward shore,
While let aloof we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard; 830
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: 836
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dang'rous business of the deck to 'tend; 840
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 thro' the swelling tide, 846
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! 850
Tho' 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, 855
With murd'ring 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 wand'rers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue, 860
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 barb'rous tyranny opprest, 866
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. 871
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. 758
No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!
O Source of Life! our refuge and our stay! 880
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 neighb'ring shores to scourge disease and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust: 886
With thee, great LORD! "whatever is, is just."
He said; and with consenting rev'rence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright! 890
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;

Whose wealth to conq'ring armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay; 895
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 the invading foe; 900
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow:
Tries his last art the tott'ring 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: 905
On either side they rise! tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.

Ver. 907. 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.

To the Right and Left by turns.

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; 910
But ALBERT from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—

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 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.*

They bear 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. 916

Veering or wearing, ver. 641, 807, 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 seamen is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hinder part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her forepart, 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 hindpart of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually

Without Success.

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. 920

along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind, ver. 916. The forepart accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion, and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the headway, 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 veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer in order to save the ship from destruction, ver. 927, 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.

Away there, lower the mizen-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, 925
One desp'rate remedy at last he tries.—

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest, ver. 645, 807, &c.

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

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

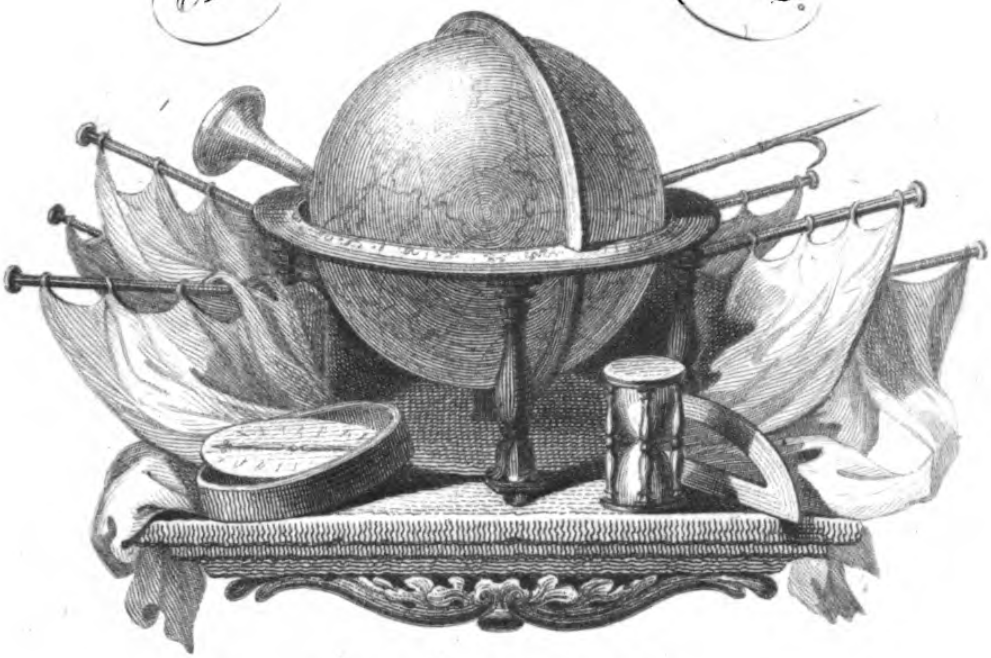
The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of *broaching to*; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

The Mizen-mast cut away.

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. 930
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.—934
Deep gash'd with sores, the tott'ring structure rings;
And crashing, thund'ring, 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: 940
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.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO THE THIRD.



The Argument.

The design and influence of poetry. Applied to the subject. Wreck of the mizen mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Her vident 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 Mycene. 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 Scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago, which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona, in Attica. The Time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

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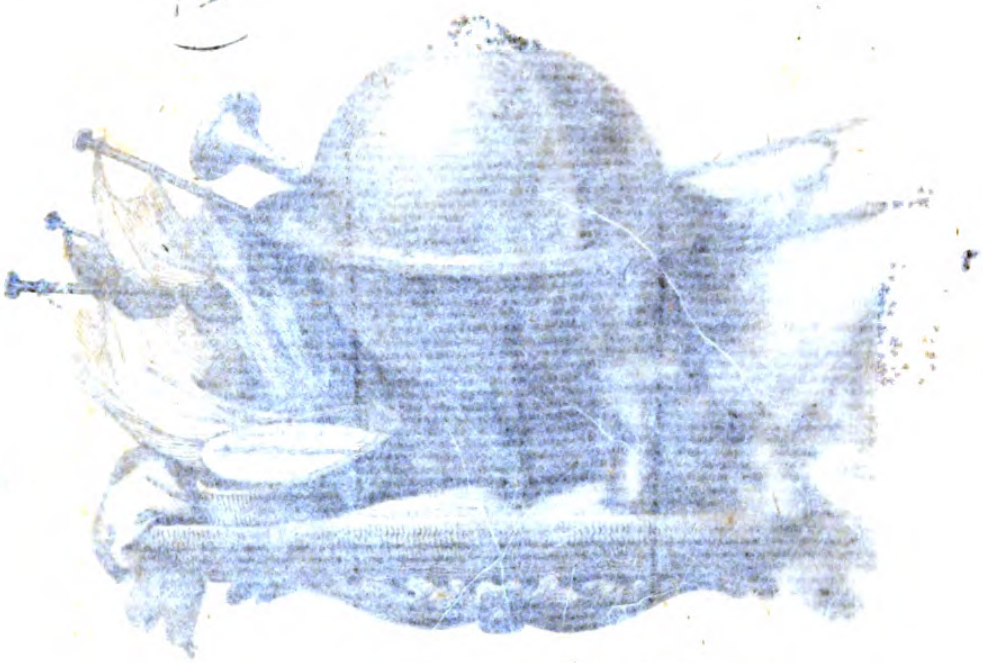

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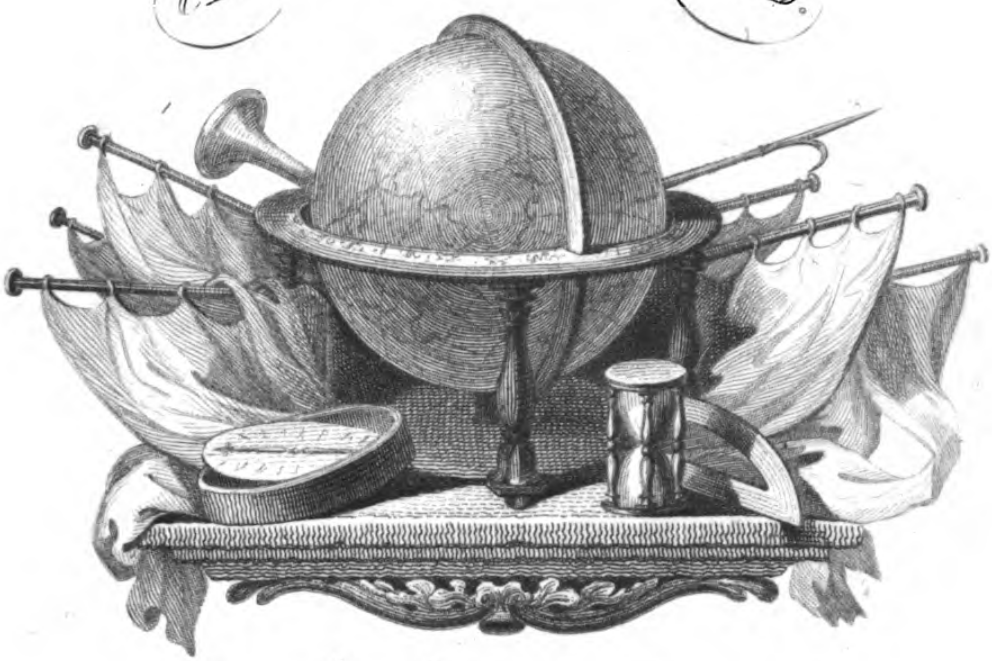

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THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

Introductory Matter.

WHEN in a barb'rous 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, 5
The dark and solitary race to tame.
'Twas their's 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. 10

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, 15
The thund'ring 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, 19
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe, 25
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heav'nly 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.— 30

Of the present Poem.

'Tis mine, alas! thro' dang'rous 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 35
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wand'rer lost upon the shore;
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan. 40
'Tis mine, th' unravel'd prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Tho' hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the secret pow'rs of art 45
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 wint'ry blast; 50

The Theme resumed.

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 thro' mazes I pursue, 55
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. 60
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! 65
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So, steady! meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind!

Ver. 64. To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

Ver. 67. Steady is the order to steer the ship according to

The Vessel scuds along.

Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies. 70
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, 75
Scourg'd on by surges, storm and bursting skies.
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumb'ring whale;
Soon as the jav'lins pierce his scaly hide, 79
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;

the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

Ver. 72. In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

The agitation of the Ship.

While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow, 85
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, 90
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, 95
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who, from heav'n,
To regions of eternal pain was driv'n;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore; 100
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. 104

Falconera in View.

Even 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. 110
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, PALEMON still attends, 115
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; 120
High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimm'ring watch-tow'r casts a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand:

But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies, 125
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. 130
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailors 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; 135
In cooling stream the aërial 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: 140
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!

Grecian Nations.

What regions now the flying ship surround? 145
Regions of old thro' 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, 150
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 flow'r: 155
Her 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, 160
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 possess'd, 165

Athens.

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 inextinguishable fire.
Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread, 170
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. 175
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, 180
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her tow'ring structures, now alone 184
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown.

Corinth.

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, 190
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies.
Whom, tho' 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 which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal desolation laid, 196
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 200
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound,
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.

Ver. 194. Architecture.

Sparta.

Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar: 205
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near:
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain, 210
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Œta 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, 216
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain,
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now! 220
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false degenerate superstitious race,
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!

Arcadia.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains. 225
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, 230
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. 235
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.
Westward of these, beyond the isthmus lies.
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord, 240
Full twice ten years, with faithful love deplor'd.
Tho' 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. 245
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, 250
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts,
Far o'er the Ægean main, to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore. 255
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!— 260
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;

Ver. 263. Now known by the name of Macronisi.

For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host, 265
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. 270
The port, an image bears of Parian stone.
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore.
Delos, thro' all the Ægean seas renown'd! 275
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)
By Phœbus honor'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd.
But now, a silent unfrequented land!
No human footsteps mark the trackless sand. 280

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 the ethereal world.

There his eternal anvils first he rear'd; 285
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 scandle of th' empyreal race, 290
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt:
In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt?

Eastward of this appears the Dardon shore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime, 295
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelar gods in vain descend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause was slain,
Tho' nations perish'd on her bloody plain; 300
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame:
And now, by Time's deep plough-share harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more;

No trace of all her glories now remains! 305
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 Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand; 310
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, 315
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 cry'd; 321
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!

Delphi.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain. 326
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there,
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
August the fabric! elegant its style! 330
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors;
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roofs where story'd tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd, 335
And round the hollow doom 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. 340
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:

The Oracle of Apollo.

While, from his eye's insufferable light, 345
Disease and Death recoil'd, in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Parnassus lifts to heav'n its honor'd head; 350
Where from the deluge sav'd, by Heav'n's command,
Deucalion leading Pyrrha, hand in hand,
Repeopled all the desolated land.
Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flow'rs for ever blow. 355
The winged choirs on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While, o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions, breathe,
Fair daughters of the sun! the sacred nine, 360
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. 365

While hill and vale with choral voice around,
The music of immortal harps resound,
Fair pleasure leads in dance the happy Hours,
Still scatt'ring where she moves Elysian flow'rs!—
Even now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought— 371
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! 375
Ye fairy scenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever oh farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil!
Awake, O MEMORY, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme! 381
Collect thy pow'rs! 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! 385

The Theme resumed.

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, 390
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: 395
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 400
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted trav'ller, thro' the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;

Ver. 390. The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side; or that part which is near the stern.

While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before— 405
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 wat'ry wilderness he roams, 410
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan! 415
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; 420
Th' impetuous hail descends in whirlwind show'r.
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; 425
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heav'n's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind 430
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, 434
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!—
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge;
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There, all-aghast, the shiv'ring wretches stood; 440
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame.

Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore
And Nature shudd'ring feels the horrid roar. 445
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain, 450
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! 455
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 descry'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see 460
The hills of Greece, emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,

St. George's Cliffs appear.

The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms. 465
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, 470
Congeal 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! 475

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. 480
And all their skill relentless fates oppose:
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quiv'ring deck o'erflow.

While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to. 485
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear the 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.— 491
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wand'ring son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, descry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side; 495
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd.
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.

Ver. 485. Broaching-to, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the Second Canto.

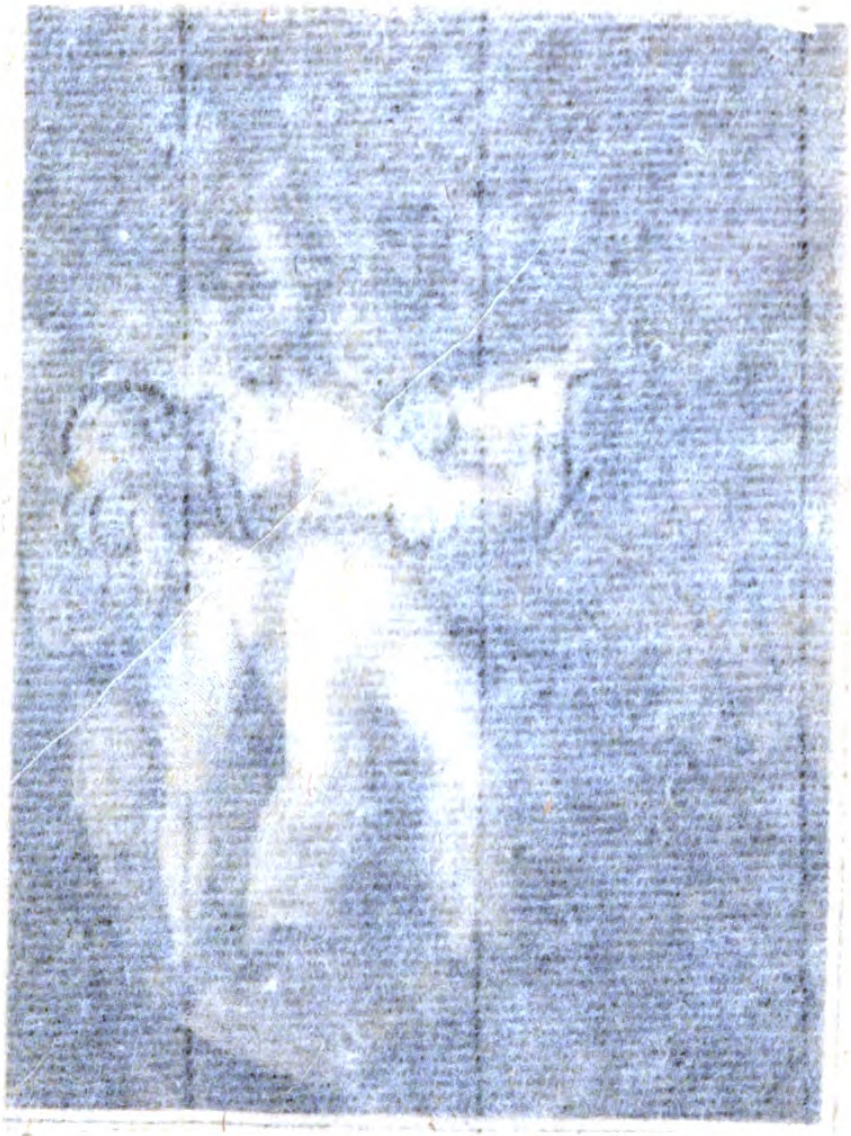
Critical Situation.

Thus, while to right and left destruction lies, 500
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar:
Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves; 505
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land;
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow, 510
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing, the isle she pass'd.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind; 515
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 Helmsman struck with lightning.

The groaning captive wastes his life away, 520
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 vain,
For scenes he never shall possess again. 525

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna 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, 530
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with mad'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: 535
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly;
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night.



The [illegible] on street [illegible] the [illegible]ghts [illegible]

[illegible] 1803 by [illegible]

The Helmsman struck with the lightning.

[illegible] captive wastes his life away,
Never 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 vain,
The scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Affrania's mountains they descry,
And o'er [illegible] on high:
Beside the cape's projecting verge [illegible] 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 maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly;
A [illegible], quick glancing on the nerves of light,
[illegible] the pale helmsman with eternal night.

Drawn by W.M. Craig. Engraved by T. Wallis.

The Helmsman struck with Lightning.

Pub.d Sep.r 1. 1803 by J. Cundee Ivy Lane.

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RODMOND, who heard a piteous groan behind, 540
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!— 545
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 550
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 try'd
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.— 555
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, 560
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. 565
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, 570
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command,
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend; 575
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.

Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie; 580
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er the lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main topmast from its post away. 585
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Thro' 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, 590
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.— 595
ALBERT and RODMOND and PALEMON here,
With young ARION, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,

In every vein the refluent blood congeals; 600
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons 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, 605
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While Fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heav'n's sweet help, their suppliant cries implore;
But Heav'n relentless deigns to help no more!
And now, lash'd on by destiny severe, 610
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hov'ring 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; 615
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Ev'n Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.

Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd, 620
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye Pow'rs above,
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove; 625
The tott'ring frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes where prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade, 630
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heav'n 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, 636
And quiv'ring with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows—

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock 640
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shudd'ring roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides;
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art 650
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, 655
Then might I, with unrival'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;

THE WRECK

[illegible] wreck.

[illegible] shoaly! hark! a second shock 640
[illegible] strong bottom on the marble rock:
[illegible] the vale of Death, with dreary cries,
[illegible] tared victims shudd'ring roll their eyes
[illegible] wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the [illegible] oak:
Till [illegible] the [illegible] whose infernal [illegible]
The [illegible] structure [illegible],
At length asunder [illegible], her frame divides;
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Then might I, with unrival'd strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

[illegible] the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
[illegible] the rigging thirty seamen clung;

THE WRECK.

Fate of Thirty Men.

Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast, 660
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 slipp'ry hold, and sink to shades below. 665
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, 670
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirlwind breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beech, a lifeless crew! 675

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heav'n 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, 680
O'erspread with corses; red with human blood!
So, pierc'd with anguish, hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murd'ring steel. 685
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 690
Tugs at his yearning heart with pow'rful 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: 695
His lovely daughter left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend:
By youth and indigence sent forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.—

His Death.

While these reflections rack his feeling mind, 700
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, 704
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For Death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heav'n 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! 710
Five only left of all the perish'd throng
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these ARION still his hold secures,
And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives, 715
He looks if poor PALEMON yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:

And now sore wounded thou perhaps are tost 721
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost;
Thus thought ARION, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more PALEMON found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh, 725
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 crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!—
Another billow bursts in boundless roar; 731
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, 735
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the wat'ry grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying and the drown'd!

With two others.

And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks, 741
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelmed, and never rise again!
Two with ARION yet the mast upbore, 745
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; 750
Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heav'n! deliver'd by whose sov'reign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shudd'ring stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow, 755
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives; 760

Her magic pow'rs 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 descry,
Rous'd by the blust'ring tempest of the night, 765
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighb'ring 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, 769
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide. 774
Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beech he lay—
It is PALEMON;—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in ARION's soul! 780

Palemon found.

If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown!
ARION thus; but ah! sad doom of Fate! 785
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! 790
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. 794
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 wreathing from the deadly blow, 800

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 805
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
PALEMON then, with cruel pangs opprest,
In fault'ring accents thus his friend address'd.
" O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
" Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie; 810
" 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 pow'r, 815
" 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. 820

" Ah! wretched father, of a wretched son,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
" Such dire effects from avarice arise, 825
" That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
" With force severe endeavours to control
" The noblest passions that inspire the soul. [nects
" But, O THOU SACRED POWER! whose law con-
" Th' eternal chain of causes and effects, 830
" 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! 835
" Since Heav'n may soon thy wand'ring steps restore,
" When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
" Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
" To him the tragic story first relate, 840

" Oh! friendship's gen'rous ardor 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, 845
" 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 Heav'n befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely ANNA shouldst thou tell 851
" 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, 855
" 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! 860

" My soul, that flutt'ring 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 choaks the stream of breath:
" Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode, 865
" To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O sacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wand'rer in her flight,
" Direct her onward to that peaceful shore, 869
" 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 mutal passion join'd,
" To absence, sorrow and despair consign'd,
" Oh! then, to swell the tide of social woe, 875
" 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; 880

" 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; 886
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, 890
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

" O ill-starr'd vot'ry, of unspotted truth!
" Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth: 894
" Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
" He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:

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*——————— sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; *dicique beatus*
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

OVID. Metam. lib. iii.

" 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! 900
" How hast thou left the widow all-forlorn
" And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
" Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain,
" Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
" But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze 905
" Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays!
" As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
" Great CAUSE of all effects, *Thy will be done!*"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd: 910
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.

Conclusion.

The gen'rous natives, moved with social pain, 915
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore.
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

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.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

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

Relentless PHRENZY shall the Father sting,
Untaught in VIRTUE's school distress to bear;
Severe REMORSE his 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.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

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

No more on yon wide wat'ry 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, scatt'ring death,
  While cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thund'ring 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.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards still molest
  The wand'ring vassals of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
  Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

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

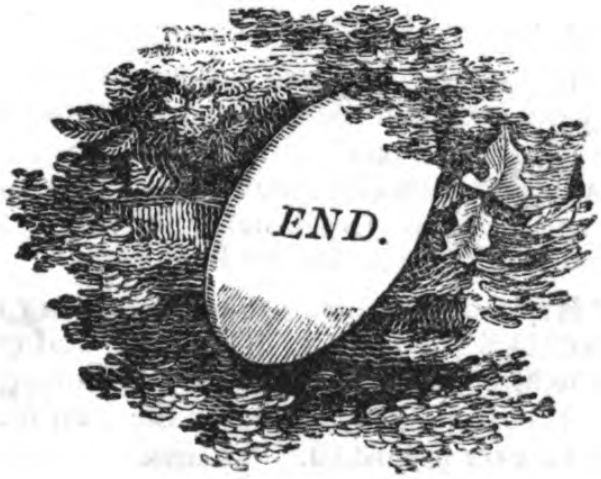
The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
  No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
  Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

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

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

Full oft the flatt'ring 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.



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