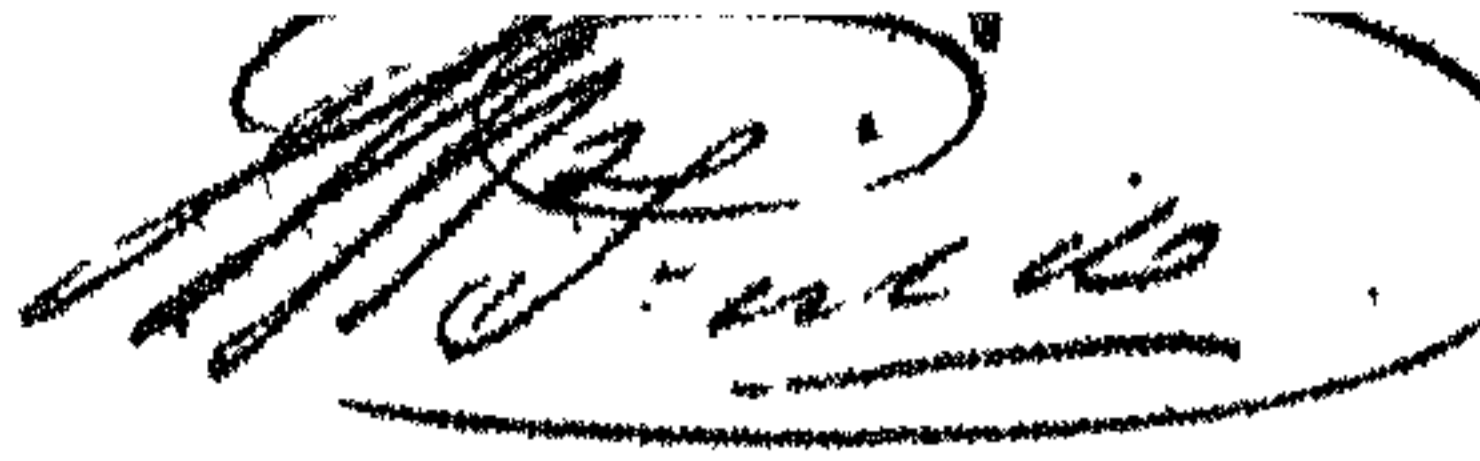






THE INDEX.



THE EXILE:

A Poem.

ROBERT HALLDANE RATTRAY, Esq.

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1826:



THE TALE :

A POEM.

“Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us.—But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements—
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not—to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters, o’er the heaving bark,——
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such a hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner !”

Southey's Madoc.

*The following appeared lately in one of the Hampshire Papers,
under the head of " Naval Intelligence."*

" In a gale of wind, on the 29th of August last, the *Athol*, a ship of eight hundred tons, bound to the East Indies, was wrecked under Cape Hanglip, on the southern coast of Africa, and every soul on board, but one, perished.

" This, taken altogether, is perhaps the most melancholy incident of the kind it has ever been our lot to record. The Commander of the vessel had two daughters with him, both lovely young women, who were proceeding to a relative in India, where they were to be united to two of their shipmates, one of whom is the unhappy survivor of the wreck.

" It appears that the ship left the Motherbank on the 14th of May, and reached Madena on the 27th of the same month; and that, after remaining some days longer than was intended, in the hope of the wind, which had shifted, again becoming fair, they finally sailed from the Island on the 9th of June. Baffling variable weather attended them to latitude $33^{\circ} 20' S.$ longitude $17^{\circ} 40' E.$ when a tremendous gale set in from the northward. The ship, at the very commencement

of it, was thrown upon her beam-ends, but righted, upon the mizen-mast being cut away; with the additional loss, however, of her fore-topmast and all her bonts. After scudding for about seven hours, the wind shifted to the westward; and in about four more, with additional fury, to the southward; when, being taken aback, the mainmast went over the quarter, carrying twelve hands with it: the foresail soon after blew from the yard. This was about midnight; within half an hour after which, the lightning showed a mountainous coast ahead. The ship, totally unmanageable, was soon among the breakers, and, in a few minutes more, was gone.—The solo survivor was discovered on the shore on the following morning, in a state that excited the liveliest sympathy of those whose timely aid restored him to existence: nothing, however, could induce him to quit that part of the coast for many weeks afterwards.*

* He subsequently left the Cape of Good Hope for his original destination; soon after his arrival at which, he is supposed to have written the following poem, descriptive of the ill-fated voyage.

THE • EXILE.

Canto the First.

SZ

THE EXILE.

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Canto the First.

HIGH swells the Trumpet's note upon the gale,
Rousing the sleeping Echoes of the vale!
Wide sweeps the thundering Cannon's deafening roar
Through every cavern of Britannia's shore!
Those strains of triumph, floating on the air
To Heaven, that know, and made their cause its care,
Wait a whole Nation's thanks to Him on high,
Whose arm hath crown'd their land with victory!

It is a joyous sound ; and all the soul
Expands in raptures that defy controul !
 Why, when a grateful realm's united voice
Proclaims the happy mandate—to rejoice,
Is sorrow heard ? It is the passing knell
That tolls a parted spirit's last farewell !
That slow procession, breaking on the sight,
Array'd, so sadly, in the garb of night,
Bespeaks some fellow-mortal snatch'd away,
Denied to share the glories of the day.—
Mysterious Powers ! is Matilda's bier !
Hath grief already laid Matilda here ?
Ah ! who shall foster now that infant train,
That still implores a mother's love, in vain,
That mother fled—to join their father slain ?

- It is a doleful sight ; and every eye,
 And every heart, dissolves in sympathy !
 Oh War ! thou art indeed a bitter curse !
 Demanding loftier thought, and bolder verse,
 Than e'er my humble Muse presumed to try,
 To tell thy horrors with fidelity !
- To paint the crimson'd plain—Death stalking o'er
 Sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, bathed in gore ;
 To give the varied agony that fills
 Each writhing visage, where convulsion thrills
 Through every nerve ; to mark the dying gasp—
 The shiver'd blade, still strain'd in Valour's grasp ;
 The last faint accent as the soul recedes ;
 The lengthen'd anguish as in life it bleeds—
 The lingering wretch unheeded in the field,
 The tortured spirit still forbid to yield ;

Thirst—maddening thirst—with wild imploring cry ;
 The shatter'd limb, with fever's haggard eye
 Beseeching death, release—'oh any thing
 But this intolerable suffering ?'
 What scenes—what piteous scenes—might swell the theme,
 And furnish sorrow to Compassion's dream !

Before the Hero's consecrated name
 Is spread, immortal, by the trump of Fame,
 How many a gallant heart must cease to beat !
 How dire a carnage quench the battle's heat !
 How many a victim to another's doom
 Seek, like Matilda, solace in the tomb !
 How many thousands, like her orphans, join,
 To mourn the laurels that his brows entwine !
 How many griefs, untold, might serve to show
 The close alliance Triumph bears to Woe !

This is thy work, Ambition ! 'tis thy breath
That sounds the charge, to battle, and to death !
Thine is the voice that tells the peaceful world
The banner of Destruction is unfurl'd !
That bids the martyr to a fool's caprice
Rush to the field, a willing sacrifice ;
Forsake his cheerful home ; to slaughter haste—
To gain a desert, or subdue a waste !

But e'en when War, and all its miseries cease ;
And States, exhausted, renovate in pence ;
When smiling Plenty decks the land around ;
And Health and Labour at her side are found :
When rustic Pleasure leads again her train,
To share the moonlight revels of the plain ;
When Commerce takes the helm, and guides her store,
Fearless of lurking foes, from shore to shore ;

When Triumphs cease to bid Affection weep ;
 And every meaner Passion's lull'd to sleep —
 Ambition, still the same, tho' changed her guise,
 Restless remains ; and happiness denies.

Some fever'd wretch her proffer'd cup receives —
 Imbibes an added thirst, that nought relieves ;
 And, yielding to the influence of the draught,
 Repeats the poison he's already quaff'd ;
 Till, frenzied with the lust of future fame,
 He fires a temple, to obtain a name.

• How many, bless'd with competence and health,
 The last forego, to make the former wealth ;
 Forsake their country ; fly to tainted shores ;
 And die, at last, recounting useless stores —
 The tasteless fruit of early discontent,
 And cull'd, too late, unshared, in banishment !

Where Vecta,² like a fairy garden, lies,
Unfolding countless beauties to the skies,
Contentment, once—ador'd in every grove—
Her simple altar raised; nor wish'd to rove:
Through each new season of the circling year,
Her votaries throng'd to pay their homage there:
Spring heard the voice of Joy her welcome sing;
And Summer's love-notes bade the vallies ring;
And ruddy Autumn, with her lavish store,
Beguiled old Winter of the frown he wore.
The happy children of the favour'd isle
Repaid the grateful influence with their smile;
As, blithly yielding to the magic sway,
They care defied, and caroll'd life away.

And I was one of these—till lying Fame,
And fell Ambition, and pale Avarice came,

And drove Contentment from the hallow'd shade ;
Seduced her votaries, and expell'd the maid ;
And lured to exile those who ne'er, before,
Had own'd a wish beyond their native shore.



FAREWELL, my country! Albion, fare thee well!
The die is cast!—In other climes to dwell,
In search of undesired wealth, I go—
A stranger to the wish that wills it so.
Vecta, loved isle, adieu! and can it be
That I am doom'd to say adieu to thee?
To thee, that, e'en from infancy, hast been
Of all my sports and joys, the smiling scene;
Where every stream that flows, and every dale
That blends its fragrance with the summer gale;
And every well-known path, so oft that led
To Mirth's glad haunt, or Sorrow's lowly shed,
Some fresh remembrance of the past revives;
Some new emotion to the bosom gives.

My happy home!—down, down, thou swelling heart!
 Betray not aught to those from whom I part!
 Conceal thy throbbings from a Mother's eye!
 Her's is, alas, sufficient agony!
 Anguish unspeakable!—What pen hath power
 To paint the hopeless misery of that hour,
 That tears a mother from her child's embrace?
 Drives both to sudden solitude, to trace
 On memory's tablet, each fond, tender tie—
 Each little bond of love, so cruelly,
 At once dissolved?—'Twas mine, so Fate decreed,
 At every riven heart-string thus to bleed;
 Mine was the doom, ere life had yet unveil'd
 One foe of that dread host that soon prevail'd;
 Ere yet the name of grief had met the ear,
 Or trouble's source had lent the eye a tear;

When all around was happiness and joy,
The breast elate in gladness ; no alloy
From care or thought ; the world—all—held to be
Partakers in the soul's festivity ;—
From this bright dream of bliss, mine was the doom
To wake to scenes of ever-living gloom ;
One, last, short heaven of ecstasy to know,
And then to sink for ever, lost in woe.

But turn, my Muse ! another theme pursue !
An exile's varied dangers bring to view !
Tell how, bereft of country, kindred, home,
And on the faithless ocean doom'd to roam,
Each solitary horror of the main
He know ! In untried numbers raise the strain !
And, tho' the subject of thy song appear
Harsh and ungrateful to the soften'd ear

Of those who, happy, never dared, like me,
The endless perils of the changing sea ;
Yet, still, the melancholy tale-rehearse !
Paint each new terror in such faithful verse,
As, were the dead allow'd to quit their chain,
And, from their watery cells, to rise again,
All might the gloomy picture recognise ;
Behold the scene revived before their eyes ;
Feel—all they felt, the shuddering senses fill ;
And memory at the dread resemblance thrill !

Say who, now sunk to rest, those horrors shared,
With him, who, in the gulf of death, was spared,
From black oblivion to preserve what, now,
Still calls the drop of anguish to his brow !

Amid those now for ever gone, say who
First claim'd obedience from a willing prostrate

As brave a band as destiny o'er sent
To meet misfortune on their element !
O'er these what veteran chieftain held command !
Whom had they follow'd from their native land,
Across the watery desert, to attain
That which allured them from their homes again !

Yet, think not sordid Avarice e'er drove
These, and their gallant leader, thus to rove !
No ! stern Necessity o'er each held sway ;
And every fond affection bade ' obey.'
Well knew the widow'd partner, left behind,
While sadly listening to the sighing wind,
As, round her, her unconscious offspring slept,
Heedless what dangers o'er the ocean swept,
How much depended on their sire's return,
Beyond the blighted love herself should mourn :

While Poverty, with haggard eye, look'd down ;
Grin'd at the blast, and claim'd them as his own.

Medina's wave rolls, slowly, to the sea ;

As if enamour'd of the scenery

That crowns her sylvan bank, she stopt to gaze,

And softly murmur forth her meed of praise.

There, sweetly shelter'd from the prying eye

Of vain, intrusive curiosity,

Rose Alfred's roof—conspicuous, in each part,

Luxuriant nature, join'd to modest art.

There, while the graceful matron ruled the board,

Exulting in the presence of her lord,

Her swelling heart would force th' unbidden sigh,

As, gazing on the lovely family

That shared its care, she thought of that sad day,

When half her treasure should be borne away.

For, though on Alfred Commerce still had smiled,
And with success each tedious voyage beguiled ;
Yet, when the many who now claim'd a share,
Partook the hard-earn'd gains of weary care,
He saw, with mute regret, continued toil
Alone, the threats of penury would foil ;
And sicken'd as he pictured them forlorn,
Himself—their source of all—for ever gone.
Silent, he ponder'd o'er the bitter theme—
His only daily thought—his nightly dream—
Till drawn, reluctant, to the heartless plan
Which Prudence offer'd, thus his counsel ran:—

“ Augusta !” from the hour when first mine eye
“ Dwelt on thy youthful charms in ecstasy,
“ To this sad moment, when I love thee more
“ Than, deck'd, in all thy charms, I loved before,

“ Ne'er has my breast a harsher conflict known
“ Than that which dictates now this alter'd tone—
“ Changed, less at any pending ill I see,
“ Than that the sorrow should be shared by thee.
“ Start not, my Love! no sudden stroke of Fate,
“ But adverse Fortune's undiminish'd hate,
“ Demands some firm resolve, to ward the blow
“ Aim'd at thy future peace by such a foe.
“ The time approaches fast, when I, once more,
“ Must bid a long adieu to this loved shore;
“ Must leave thee unprotected; and, again,
“ Commit my safety to the fickle main;
“ O'er which though, Heaven conducting, I have pass'd
“ So oft, and reach'd my happy home at last:—
“ Yet, may not Heaven withhold its saving care?
“ Let death prevail?—the very thought's despair!

“ For who, thy Alfred gone, would cherish thee ?

“ Who succour our defenceless progeny ?

“ Oh ! none ! and, hopeless poverty your doom,

“ You'd ask, as Mercy's gift, an early tomb.

“ To ward the misery thus timely seen,

“ Ere distance, and the ocean intervene,

“ My guiding angel prompts what, yet, I fear,

“ Will sound but rudely to a mother's ear ;

“ Yet calm reflection, though the heart be rent,

“ May teach to bear the wound, and win consent ;

“ Nerve thee against a mother's fears to strive,

“ And lure thee to the sad alternative.

“ Yon spreading Elm by raging winds oppress'd,

“ We cut each weightier branch to save the rest ;

“ Part, in the hour of hard necessity,

“ Encumbering honours, to preserve the tree ;

“ But leave its tender scions, to display
“ As proud a shade, on some yet distant day :—
“ Thus would thy Alfred, ere by Fortune maim'd,
“ Reduce the object where the blow is aim'd ;
“ Thus would he, ere distress thy bosom round,
“ And crush the blossoms that on thee depend,
“ Divide thy charge ; and, while those still remain,
“ A solace which thy means may well sustain,
“ Yield to a sister's care these riper flowers—
“ And fairer never gladden'd India's bowers,
“ Or rose in beauty to a summer sky,
“ Than these, though exil'd there by poverty,
“ In Laura's bosom, well Augusta knows,
“ No common tide of warm affection flows ;
“ While soothing tenderness and artless grace
“ Well fit her to supply Augusta's place



“ To those who, e’en from childhood’s fretful hour,
“ Ne’er knew the voice to chide, or brow to lower.
“ Reflect, my Love, how oft I’ve felt, before,
“ What now I urge—and, urging, most deplore !
“ How each succeeding voyage has tried this heart,
“ From all it ever prized condemn’d to part !
“ And think not Self could ever whisper aught
“ Adverse to thee—in deed—in wish—in thought !
“ Oh no ! Though sweetly grateful still to hear
“ Their magic voices falling on the ear—
“ The morning’s greeting, and the night’s farewell—
“ Though this half Alfred’s sorrows might dispel ;
“ He’d turn to those away ; and that alloy
“ Would poison all the charm—the bliss destroy—
“ But e’en suppose the voyage with joy replete ;
“ How quickly would the transient feeling fleet !

“ A few short months, and India's shore we gain ;

“ When solitary care renews its chain,

“ And ends the short reprieve with doubled pain.

“ One only motive leads me to suggest

“ What, midst a sad variety, seems best ;

“ One melancholy joy alone I reap—

‘ Still to remain their solace on the deep ;

‘ Still to protect them, till our Laura's arms

‘ Shield them from danger, and disperse alarms.

‘ Then shall thy Alfred with Augusta mourn—

“ Beyond e'en her breast—beyond e'en her forlorn

 Much else he said, which now 'twere vain to tel

His words at length her every doubt dispel.

Death smiles triumphant as the pair decide

Their only earthly treasure to divide ;

And grim Destruction flaps his dragon-wing,

Marks them his prey, and whets his iron sting.

Sweet, beauteous sufferers! fain would Memory trace
What time, nor absence, ever can efface!
Fain would she give, to Admiration's ear,
Charms, that may never to her sight appear!
But vain the wish, her mournful page to fill
With themes—on which she fondly lingers still!
Oh! could her pen, however faintly, draw
What still she sees—what, once, with rapture saw!
The raven locks that Julia's ivory brow
Shone bright beneath, amid the rose's glow;
The soul, that, darting through her ebony eye,
Rapt every heart with chasten'd ecstasy;
The seraph's smile upon her lip that hung;
The voice that fell, as angels' harps were strung;
The pearly lustre of her skin, that show'd,
In soft suffusion, every vein that flow'd;

The lovely figure, that, at every turn,
Seem'd some new attitude of grace to learn :—
But not and Language where it fail'd before,
Again its art, unequal, must deplore,
To paint what Nature, in some lavish hour,
Had form'd, as if to rival Julia's power :
The polish'd forehead, like the throne of Love,
Crown'd by the chestnut shade that waved above ;
The softly-blushing cheek, as if the Morn
Had robb'd the East her favorite to adorn ;
Teeth, like the ocean's pearl, that seem'd to sip
Their liquid lustre from the coral lip ;
The eye, the radiant index of a mind
With genius glowing, and by truth refined,
Diffusing round an animated smile ;
Fresh from a heart that own'd not—knew not—guile :

Thus deck'd, the sylph-like form of Emily

Moved—the fair queen of youthful symmetry.

The plan matured, the sire's still wavering breast

With new, unknown forebodings felt oppress'd ;

His was the project ;—all of future ill,

In vain reproach with him would centre still.

Could half the wealth he ever own'd in thought,

One little glance at times to come have bought,

Their doom he'd known ; and, blind to all beside,

That glance had seized ; and paid the willing bribe.

But that all-merciful, though threadèd Power,

Who veils his terrors to the latest hour,

Left hope to cheer him, till its last faint ray,

Amid the storm extinguish'd, ceased to play.

— Had Heaven but deign'd to grant his wish—to see

But one short summer, through futurity ;

Had oped the hidden page, and given to read,
In that short space what suffering was decreed ;
Yet still allow'd the wheels of Fate to roll—
Seen, but uncheck'd, approach their destined goal ;
What lingering torments had he sunk beneath !
What lengthen'd horrors had preceded death !

One yet remains, the cruel list to swell—
Another victim to the woes I tell.
Support this pang, my soul !—My brother ! friend !
Here shall thy form with their's for ever blend !
For ever present, live !—till life shall cease,
And Mercy join us in the land of peace !

Oh ! 'tis a harsh resolve, to bid the heart
Reveal its anguish, and its grief impart ;
Unfold its tortured fibres, and expose
Its hidden writhings—secret, sacred woes :

Repeat its tale of joys for ever gone,
And trace their fading—till it stood, forlorn,
Without one stay to rest its hope upon.
Yet, as it views its sorrows o'er again,
A nameless pleasure mingles with the pain ;
The past revives, and all its tokens seem
Restored—like phantoms in an exile's dream,
That rise, and look and breathe of other climes—
Of home—of friends—and scenes of other times,
That live, as once they lived—till all recedes,
And, woke to sense, again the bosom bleeds.

To Alfred, second in the Ship's command,
Stood Reginald. From Devon's fruitful land
He came—repining at inglorious ease—
To seek new nations, through Atlantic seas ;
To add fresh knowledge to the ample store,
His eager, grasping mind already bore ;

To mark what arts, amid congenial heat,
On India's plains had fix'd their glad retreat ;
Fearless of vertic suns, that, ceaseless, glow,
Fraught with disease, with pestilence, and woe,
Fearless of Ocean's frown, which, now, his soul
Had braved in every clime, from Pole to Pole—
From where round Greenland's shore the billows rave,
To where antarctic cold enchains the wave ;
Eastward, where Egypt's wonders meet the skies—
Herself the greatest wonder, as she lies,
The grateful dew of heaven forbid to taste,
A smiling garden mid a burning waste ;—
Westward, beyond where Darien feels the tides
Of seas her slender isthmus scarce divides ;
To where Alaska's melancholy coast,
Amidst impenetrable ice, is lost ;—

All had he view'd; and India's shores remain'd
Alone untrod, of all the globe contain'd.
That far-famed land when once he should survey,
He never more from Devon's shades would stray;
But, that unseen, when all the world beside
Had won attention, still, in thought, would chide:
And ardent zeal replied to each demur;
While restless longing lent a ready spur;
As if to urge him to that fatal bourn
From which his destiny opposed return.
No listless wanderer, satiated of his home,
Did Reginald, in search of pleasure, roam;
But gentle Science took his offer'd hand,
And led him, willing, through each distant land.
Of more than easy competence possess'd;
With health—with all the world holds valued—bless'd;

His mind's extensive treasures to improve,
 Alone allured him from his home to rove:—
 No, not alone! for Fame, in every port,
 His name had whisper'd; and each Seaman sought
 To gain that skill, which, there, with manly sense,
 Was found, in unassuming excellence.
 Rich, while his own few wants were thus supplied,
 He saw paternal wealth, with honest pride,
 Illume a widow'd mother's drooping age;
 Recal the past—but still the pang assuag'd;
 As still she scatter'd, in their wonted flow
 Of fostering bounty, antidotes to woe.

It chanced that Alfred, on his late return,
 Sought tidings of a much-loved friend to learn,
 On Tamar's banks—where Devon's western shore
 Bound by the lucid stream, extends no more.

There, Reginald, conspicuous, 'mong the few
His host's acknowledged worth together drew,
First met his eye: unknowing and unknown,
They gazed; but kindred minds are ever won
To quick esteem; and ere Spring's ripen'd charms
Sank, blushing, into youthful Summer's arms,
Friendship a chain had slid around each heart,
Which death—and only death—had power to part.

Though Reginald scarce twice twelve years yet bore,
And Alfred's manhood told as many more,
Yet was the youth in science so matured,
To early, varying dangers, so inured;
His every action spoke that settled tone—
That prompt, yet firm resolve, which age alone,
And age's practice, is supposed to give—
So rarely found in youthful breasts to live;

That Alfred oft would deem, in generous thought,
Himself the pupil, where so late he taught:
Mind, genius, soaring to his bounds of art,
Had left the teacher nothing to impart.

Hear, ye bless'd Shades ! th' unequal lay attend !
Turn to surviving Sorrow's record I bend,
In pleased attention, to the minstrel's tale ;
And smile approval—tho' the effort fail
The lyre to wake to life, in music's breath ;
Or sweep its wild notes to the scene of death ;—
As Memory wanders to those happy hours,
Those short but blissful days, that once were ours
Or points to when Destruction rode the wave,
Blasting Affection's bold attempts to save !
Yes !—if permitted to the good, above,
To listen to the strains of those they love,

Then shall the Muse, however small her boast,
Receive that tribute which she values most.

By one at least, who owns a brighter sphere,

But deems it higher joy to linger here,

The Muse is loved; nor left, unheard to pine—

Not for her merits—but because she's mine.

Bless'd Spirit, yes! when'er I touch the lyre,

I feel thy presence all my soul inspire;

Hear thee; behold thee—as I see thee now;

But love revives—and verse forgets to flow:

I rise to clasp that seraph form again;—

The dream dissolves; beneath redoubled pain

I sink—bereft of power to raise the strain!

But none remain for whom the Muse would sweep

The silent chord. Beneath the mighty Deep—

Till Heaven the secrets of that Deep disclose—

Sunk in oblivion's shade, the rest repose.

I know them well!—they were a gallant crew,
As ever Ocean to its bosom drew!
A chosen band, with whom Instruction's care
Had ripen'd all that Genius planted there,
With Reginald their technic skill applied,
The vessel in her pathless course to guide:
Of various talent, manner, face, and form;
But each a hero, when the angry storm,
Or war's dread thunder, roused their native fire,
And nerved their frames, to conquer, or expire.

Prepared to act, whate'er th' occasion's need,
To these an intermediate train succeed,
Skilful of nautic arts.—To close the rear,
A hundred chosen mariners appear.

THE MEXICAN.

Canto the Second.

THE EXILE.

Canto the Second.

OCEAN!—Thou world of wonders! who shall dare
Th' attempt to tell thy glories;—or declare
The terrors of thy frown; when storms o'ercast
Thy sleeping strength, and rouse thee?—Oh, thou vast
Thou awful, mighty One! whose arms embrace
The earth within their clasp, as deeming space
Thine own—thy right, alone, to occupy
Its wide extremes with thine immensity!
If—as 'tis said—within thy rocky cells,
Beyond the ken of man, a spirit dwells—

Far, far away—beneath th' Atlantic's zone—
To whom the secrets of thy depths are known;
Oh, bid that Spirit rise! and here attend;
Reveal thy hidden wonders;—and besfriend
The daring hand now trembling on the string;
And aid the stifled voice, that pants to sing
Of Thee—as, there, invisible thou art—
A world within a world—thy waters fraught
With life, and monstrous animation—where
Leviathans, and mighty creatures steer,
With frightful speed, their bulk to middle earth,
And, thence pursue (rolling, in hideous mirth,
Their giant forms, while o'er them kingdoms quake,
And heaving navies to the tumult shake,)
Their uncheck'd course to those far distant seas
Whose race, before, were their antipodes!

—And I would know, through that drear cavity,
What strange and unimagined objects lie,
Buried for ever—in eternal night—

Unless, perchance, yielding themselves that light,
Denied by heaven; and forming there a day
Bright as, above, our sunny skies display,

—And, turning thence, I'd view the mournful bed
Where silently repose thy victim-dead—

Unearth'd, as, wearied in their worldly race,
They sought beneath thy waves a resting place.

—Ah! what wild thoughts arise! what fearful dreams

Rush on the brain!—Perhaps—oh, no!—it seems

As impious thus to think!—those eyes' soft ray

Would turn e'en monsters from the spoil away!

Oh, Heaven! and did I bid thee, Spirit, come

To tell of this?—Hence! fly! and let the gloom

Of ignorance live—and mercifully hide
 The scene of horror shrouded in thy tide.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Who that beheld thee, Ocean, when the sun
 Gazed on itself in what it shone upon ;
 And, smiling, met thy smile, as if it stood
 Wondering at thy magnificence—thy flood
 Spread like a mirror o'er the world ; thy voice
 In soft and soothing murmurs, bidding rejoice
 The ear that listen'd, as its music stole
 Upon the sense, and died upon the soul ;—
 Who that had known thee at the evening hour,
 Musing, alone, on some sequester'd shore,
 On which thy little waves, in silvery light,
 So stilly fell—as if engaged by Night

To lull thee to repose ;—Who that had seen
The moor^{ocean} sleeping on thy breast, serene—
Not e'en a zephyr breathing on the scene ;—
Oh! who could think, that thus had view'd thy calm,
What thou couldst be—when rising to the storm,
Foaming in ire—and threatening earth, and heaven—
Thy features torn—thy strength to frenzy driven—
Thy voice in thunder speaking—sea and sky
Flaming in blasting light—quenched suddenly
In ebon clouds—tumult, and roar, and gloom—
As if creation's destined hour were come ;
And Chaos rush'd, exulting to have won
His ancient realm ; and, triumphing, strode on,
To mar the work Omnipotence had done !
Oh! I have seen thee thus, thou dreadful one !
And tremble as I think ; and gasp for breath,
As if, again, I shared the scene of death,

And felt the soul depart ; and woke— Oh ! spare
The thrilling tale ! for madness mingles there !
—Turn, Memory ! turn to hours that, yet, were lent,
Ere the last ties of life—and love—were rent !
Recal, once more, those dreams to rapture blest !—
Then aid the fainting Muse to tell the rest !—
Then cease for ever !—Then, thou cruel Deep,
Thy wrath shall be as mercy ! those who sleep
Beneath thy waters, shall have risen—fled,
Never again to press thy weedy bed ;
But earlier woke, and sooner call'd to share
A bliss, denied below—forbidden here.
Methinks, already, from yon sapphire sky
I hear their summons to eternity ;
The joyful tidings that the boon is won—
And all the past of heaven, again my own !



SWEET VECTA! loveliest island of the main!
Well may thy vales lament, thy hills complain!
They're gone, for ever gone! and, never more,
Shall equal beauty tread Medina's shore!
Ne'er shall Medina's shades again behold
Such scenes!—but sacred still, and still untold
Be all thy griefs, Augusta!—yet mine eye
Assent denies—and melts in sympathy.
I too have taught a Mother's heart to know
The hopeless agony of parting woe;
And, while thy equal sorrows are review'd,
Her last embrace, and all its pangs, renew'd,
Again I feel; her look, her tears, I see;
In all the sadness of reality.

Hush'd be the theme ! Let kindlier strains prevail,

Till Terror seize the pen, and end the tale !

Yet hard the task, in numbers to essay

Each jarring phrase that swells the nautic lay ;

Vain each endeavour of the Muse's art,

In mystic language pleasure to impart ;

And fain would mine that other breasts should share,

Besides the mariner, a seaman's care ;

Fain would she bid the landsman but explore

The ocean desert from his unpriz'd shore ;

Teach him content, with competence, at home ;

And check the restless ardour, thence to roam ;

Proclaim how much he owes to those who yield

His thousand joys, and plough the watery field,

To gain that safety which, unsought, he finds,

Careless of foes, regardless of the winds.

And why despair? The language of the sea
Is every Briton's tongue! If, happily,
Her song, in other points, an interest warm,
That, only that, shall ne'er dissolve the charm:
The scene, the hand that draws it, shall survive;
And raise a sigh in bosoms yet to live

The melancholy day at length drew near—
Cheerless alone to them—for now, the year
Glow'd in its loveliness; and merry May
Was heard abroad, and every thing was gay;
And Vecta, as in thankfulness, was seen
Deck'd in her brightest garb of lively green;
And all was glee and mirth; and every eye,
And every tongue bespoke felicity.

How bitter Pleasure's smile, to those denied
To share the gifts bestow'd on all beside,

And held from them !—condemn'd to walk apart,
Or meet the gay, in brokenness of heart ;
Who come as scoffing at the soul's distress—
As taunting it for loss of happiness ;
While every jocund look, and voice that sings,
An added anguish to the bosom brings !

Thus fell the pang in that lamented hour
That saw the exiles quit Medina's bower ;
Thus Vecta smiled, when from her fairest plain
Its loveliest flowers were hurried to the main—
To wither—never, there, to bloom again ;
Thus beam'd her sun of joy, when o'er its ray
Chill came the cloud, and swept its warmth away :
O'er all the isle the blighting shadow flew ;
And gladness fled as sorrow wept adieu.

The dark-blue signal at the Foretop flies :—
At length, north-east, propitious breezes rise.

Too soon they blow ; for, hark ! the dread command
Is past, that tears them from their native land.

“ All hands unmoor ! ”—It is the boatswain’s call,
Whose shrill notes on the ear thus piercing fall. ^o

The cannon’s voice proclaims “ Away ! ” once more,
And warns each loiterer from th’ adjacent shore.

Northward, the parent coast receives the sound ;
Southward, the startled herds through Binstead bound ;
Far eastward, Ocean’s plains the roar convey ;
While, west, o’er Barton’s groves it dies away :—
By Wootton’s intervening Dryads shared,
Not e’en an echo for Medina’s spared.

* * * * *

The spokeless capstan now has ceased to jar—
Unbent the messenger, unshipp’d each bar ;
The clanking pulps no more alternate ring ;
The oozy anchors at the catheads swing ;⁷

The loosed foretopsail shivers in the wind ;
The jib withdraws the balance from behind ;
The foresail falls ; each after-topsail's spread ;
A lengthen'd shadow, next, topgallants shed ;
Astern, while Beauty's tears enrich the tide,
Britannia's bulwarks on the prospect glide ;
Spithead's triumphant navy meets their eyes,
Breaking the morning sunbeams as they rise.^a
Forth goes the gallant Ship—'tis early day ;
Aurora's smiles upon her streamers play ;
In silent majesty she skins the deep ;
The breeze within her sails is lull'd to sleep ;
She moves, the regent of the vassal tide,
That seems to crouch beneath its monarch's pride ;
And throws her lofty image o'er the wave,
That trembling turns, as if her stay to cleave :

While gazing thousands, as she quits the shore,
A happy issue to her voyage implore.

Forward she flies; and, with th' increasing wind,
Leaves Vecta's eastern beauties far behind;
West-and-by-north propell'd, fair Cowes, at last,
And Egypt, Vecta's north extreme, are pass'd;
The blood-red buoy upon the starboard bow,
Now marks the Bramble's hidden sand below;
The leadsman's voice an added warning gives,
As scarce three fathoms' depth his line receives.
"Starboard the helm!"—astern the danger lies;
Yards squared, each stud'-sail nimbler speed supplies;
And through the Solent, like a dart, she flies.
Thorness recedes; and, as she wings her way,
Scarce Newton's seen beyond its spreading bay;
Hampstead his vanish'd; Yarmouth's in the rear;
Now Hurst's low bastions on the bow appear;

“Starboard again!”—she shoots the narrow strait,
Winding through lurking foes that round her wait—
The Shingles, shifting with the shifting tide,
And Colwel’s scatter’d rocks—on either side.

Through all she bounds; the Needles hide no more
Th’ extended limits of the alter’d shore;
Which, now, to blue St. Catherine’s airy height,
A boundless, baseless rampart, meets the sight.

A few short leagues—afresh each bosom bleeds;
Vecta is seen no more; each hill recedes;
In vain each nerve is strain’d; the searching eye
Not e’en St. Catherine’s beacon can descry.
Where all the southern shore so lately glow’d,
Nought’s to be seen but one expanded flood—
No more serene, a bounded glassy plain,
But ocean grown—the fretting, nestless main.

A few short hours—the late high-glowing Sun,
Rayless, and mild, subsides; his course is run;
Within the gorgeous chambers of the West,
His watery couch is gain'd; he sinks to rest,
Mid airy hangings fringed with burnish'd gold,
Bright as the vanish'd radiance they unfold;
Till equal Evening o'er the scene prevail,
And gird the whole horizon in her veil:
Deeper it grows—at length, th' imperfect light
Is lost amidst impenetrable night.

Eight bells had rung—his watch had long expired;¹⁰
Yet Reginald—each thought by love inspired—
Dwelling on charms the darkness held from view—
The happiest inmate that the vessel knew—
Still paced the deck; but with unequal tread,
As hope and fear alternate influence shed:

The willing votary of that welcome Power
That softly chain'd his soul, and ruled the hour,
Since Devon's bowers were fled, how changed each thought;
How mark'd the quick transition Love had wrought;
Fair Science all forgot!—his manly frame
Tingling at every whisper of a name!
A name, which, borne by thousands, late he heard,
And not a fibre of the heart was stirr'd:
But “Julia” now bore magic in its sound;—
Her voice bade every pulse responsive bound;
Her presence met the day with new delight—
Repeated in the visions of the night:
His every look, and thought, and act, betray'd
Their guidance subject to the jet-eyed maid.
That lovely maid, her sire, and Emily,
Sat mutely gazing on the spangled sky;

Which, though the Moon still slept, a lustre threw
O'er all the vessel, as it forward flow.

A stifled sigh, at times, proclaim'd the mind
Stray'd to the widow'd home they'd left behind:
Nor voice, nor sound, nor aught the charm dispell'd;
Nought breathed—except the breeze, that still propell'd
Th' unconscious movers through the dark profound;
Or the waves' murmur, as they died around.

But hark! the seaman's song! The accents rise;
And, stealing on the night with glad surprise,
In soft but manly notes, attention sue,
'And hush the varied converse of the crew;
Who, spread around, in scatter'd groups, were seen
Telling of happier hours, where, late, they'd been:

And can the breeze be counted fair
That bears me, Mary, from thy charms ;
That bids thee too my sorrows share—
Thy heart a prey to fond alarms
For me, Love ?

No ! rather would I choose the gale
That high the raging billow tost ;
That still obliquely held the sail ;
And bound me to my native coast,
And thee, Love !

Yet, what avail to linger here—
To hover round thy hallow'd shrine ;
Ne'er to behold, yet know thee near ;
Feel that I still must hopeless pine
For thee, Love ?

For, could I bear to see thee move

Apart from those by Fortune bless'd—

Ask thee, in poverty, to prove

That which thy look so oft confess'd

For me, Love?

Ah no! and, though I absence mourn,

That absence will not, cannot last;

Thy smile shall welcome my return

And competence repay the past

To thee, Love!

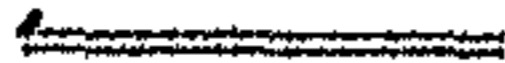
Blow then, oh blow, thou favouring wind!

Let adverse gales prevail no more!

Yes, Mary, yes, the breeze is kind;

This aching heart 'twill soon restore

To thee, Love!"



Hush'd was the voice ; and Silence, once again,
O'er all the pensive band resumed her reign.
The simple strain seem'd suited to the hour,
And gave to sudden'd thought an added power.
The Moon, now rising in the distant sky,
Glanced on the tear that swam in Julia's eye ;
And, as her swelling circle perfect grew,
Defined each doubtful object to the view ;
Beam'd on each visage, as it turn'd to gaze,
And gave expression to its silent praise.

And one stood there—'twas said by some who'd known
The secret which he deem'd was his alone,
That, once, within his heart had sat enshrined—
In ties of proud affection there entwined—
A loved and lovely idol,—whose controul
Hung with celestial influence o'er his soul

In mild persuasion,—every wish and care,
And every hope and promise centred there;
While every glowing transport of the breast
There own'd its source, and strengthen'd with the rest.
—Death tore it thence; destroy'd before his eye
The image of his mind's idolatry;—
Crush'd it for ever!—and a mournful cloud
Gloom'd o'er life's sunshine—like the earthly shroud
Upon the form he'd loved, and lived to see
Wrapt in its vestment of mortality.
The spring of bliss had turn'd its stream away,
And all its flowers faded to decay;
All that so late in beauty had shone
Waned to the blight; his smile of joy was gone;
And, since that hour, was seen the fix'd despair
Of heedless, hopeless misery seated there.

And there he gazed, intent on that still sky,
As searching through its lucid canopy
For some known object, vision'd in the brain
As dwelling there—but lost, and sought in vain;
And then he sigh'd; and then, as if alone
And all unconscious he was look'd upon,
He breathed—some lay of happier times it seem'd—
Scarce audibly; till now the waters gleam'd
To that full orb, that rose so softly bright,—
Then, as recalling some such heavenly night,
'He gave the feeling voice :—as he began,
A stifled tremor through the cadence ran,
Which, mingling with the melody, was heard
As if revealing what the bosom stirr'd.
It lent a deeper interest to the strain,
And won the willing ear to bend again;

But scarce it turned, when agony of thought
Check'd what the heart in wild remembrance taught ;
And soon it ceased :—the moonbeam met a cheek
So wan—oh ! what a tale did that look speak
Of sleepless woe—the slow but sure decay
With which affliction withers life away !
—Instinctively the tear of pity rose
In tender tribute to the sufferer's woes ;
And many a dreamer there forgot the main,
And sought the form he ne'er might view again.
High on the poop,¹¹ distinguish'd from the rest
By Moslem features, and his country's vest,
A son of Asia stood, An active grace
Mark'd his light form, and stamp'd his ardent face
As forward to the splendid orb he bent,
And gave the fervour of the moment vent :

By love and superstition doubly bound—

The ready minstrel of the scene around ;

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“ B’ism’illah !¹²—Yes, ’tis Ullah’s land
Leads Jaffer to his native land !—

I like the omen of the night ;

Yon sky declares his favour won ;

The voyage must finish in delight,

With such fair auspices begun !

Ullah, protect !—His will be done !

Already, Idya, I descry

The welcome of thy speaking eye !

If with a breeze like this ye’re bless’d,
If, aiding thus, the billows roll,

Soon shall these lips to thine be press’d,

Soon shall I clasp thee to my soul !

Ullah, the changing winds controul !

The Christian's land is passing fair,
And beauty's warmest glow is there ;

But, ah ! I miss the lowly shore—
The Palm that rises from the wave,

Where Gunga's streams their treasures pour—
Those streams that Idya's village lave.

Ullah, preserve her to thy slave !

Preserve her !—oh ! thy slave away,
Give not to Death so rich a prey !

But—if thy word hath will'd it so,
And Jaffer's love hath ceased to live ;
Command impeding winds to blow,
And let him still on hope survive !
Ullah, 'tis all thou, then, canst give !"

The Moslem started, as the midnight bell
Chimed, harshly, with the cadence, as it fell,
Familiar with the sound that met his ear,
He trembled still—his look confess'd a fear
It ne'er had shown—his hands, convulsive, press'd,
Unconscious of the act, his heaving breast,
As, quick, erect he stood, and Ullah's care
Again implored, in mute, but earnest prayer.

The silent listeners to his artless rhyme
Scarce started less to learn the lapse of time
That, mark'd by thought alone, had pass'd away,
And stole unnoticed on th' eventful day.
Graceful, the sisters bow'd the night's adieu,
From every heart responsive blessings flow,
As, guided by their sire, they sought repose,
And sleep's oblivion to their novel woe.

—The watch is set; each plaintive songster's gone;
E'en Reginald at length his couch hath won—
To dream away the hours that still remain,
Ere duty wake him—to adore again.

Fair blew the breeze: and soon each brighter day
Brought some new charm to sooth regret away:
Alone—an atom mid the ocean's foam—
The ship, to many, seem'd again that home
From which 'twere sad to part; and many a breast,
In secret, untold happiness confess'd
That Vecta's bowers had never lent such dear,
Such happy hours, as now were given there.
Scarce to themselves was own'd the welcome shown
To thoughts, so cherish'd now—till now unknown.
Paternal tenderness was there—but this
Recall'd the absent mother's loneliness;

And friends—no, not a voice—the' all were kind—
 Breathed the known accents that they left behind.
 Whence did the sweet illusion then arise
 That made that desert waste a paradise ;
 And bless'd—e'en wandering exiles, there that roved ;—
 Whence was the charm ?—Oh ! hast thou ever loved ?

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Is it a cloud that, yonder, meets the eye,
 And marks the distance of the southern sky ?
 While those that float around new shapes assume,
 Dissolve to ether, or condense to gloom ;
 Mould to fantastic forms, and onward roll,
 As if they hasten'd to some unseen goal ;
 That fix'd remains—the far horizon's bound—
 Alone unmoved of all that's seen around ;

Unalter'd stands ;—and yet, its airy blue—
Or is it fancy ? wears a deeper hue,
The thread of light that gilds its sunward ledge
Betrays a more defined, a harsher edge,
Than forms ethereal yield : the darken'd rear
Densely recedes ; abrupter points appear,
Than unsubstantial vapour's wont to wear.

It is Love's chance-found isle!¹⁵ I know it now !

I know the white speck studding yonder brow !
I know the holy shades that round it grow,
And shield it from the busy world below !
That world's haunt, glittering to its summer sky,
Already gives its image to the eye ;
Again I see it, and with equal pride,
Dancing in mimic splendour on the tide !
Gazing above—Devotion fills mine ear
With all the soothing melody of prayer :

Below—the fancied sounds of worldly scenes
Annul the distance that still intervenes.
Swift through the sparkling-wave the vessel lies,
Her loftiest honours quivering in the skies;
Yet swifter still the untired God of day
Urges his flaming coursers on their way;
And, ere her wings can gain the sheltering strand,
Seeks, through Atlantic waves, another land.
The highest peak has lost his last faint smile;
The west has ceased to blush; the soften'd isle—
The mountain's rocky height—the vine-clad shore—
Involved in equal shade, are seen no more.

The port is nigh—is gain'd—and, all around,
Above, below, throughout the dark profound,
A thousand living spangles start to view,
And raise the wonder of the gaping crew:

O'er the throng'd side, with new delight, they lean,
In admiration at the novel scene.

It seem'd the fire-fly brood had left its nest ;

Or fairy revels had the ocean dress'd.

The town's faint murmur, or a convent's bell,

Alone dissolved the charm, and broke the spell ;

Each object still unseen, 'twas sound alone

Betray'd their source, and told from whence they shone.

Night's veil withdrawn, the Morn, soft, mild, serene,

Gave sweetly to the eye the opening scene :

The mist, slow rising from the sea below,

With fleecy whiteness clothed the mountain's brow ;

Whose higher ridges, tapering to the sky,

In every form of wildest fantasy,

Emerged, like rocky islets, from the plain

That clung around them, like a second main.

The sun's upslanting beams, below conceal'd,
Glanced on the heights that pierc'd heaven's azure field,
And gave each airy point that touch of fire—
A vane of gold to every fancied spire ;
While all beneath, still wrapt in tintless grey,
Beheld the pageant of the coming day.
Ascending slow, once more the God appears
In gay effulgence, and all nature cheers :
A path of amber o'er the ocean's thrown,
As if to guide him to his western throne ;
The twinkling dew-drops glisten to his ray ;
Reviving myriads in his lustre play ;
The feather'd warblers bid the groves around
With joy and welcome to their song resound :
Where'er the gazers turn, the lovely Isle,
Greets the bright orb, and wears a gladden'd smile.

CANTO II.

Not thus she smiled, when, mid the tempest's roar,
Love's hapless'd victims first descried her shore;
When Machin, from the high impending mast,
Beheld her mountains scowling to the blast;
Saw—as beneath him yawn'd the ready tomb—
Hope's doubtful figure rise amid the gloom;
Saw her, though faint, extend her cheering hand,
And beckon Anna to the unknown strand.
That strand, then thundering to the breaker's fall,
Frown'd dread defiance, and opposed her call;
But, madden'd, as the tempest darker grew,
His all—his Anna—to his heart he drew,
And forward, through the foaming barrier flew:
—Hope, palsied, mid the thickening horror dies;
High on the beach, the bark, in fragments, lies;
But Fate—releiving, or restrain'd by Heaven—
Preserved its inmates to the land she'd given.

There, Love their sole companion o'er the waste,
Those joys they found, so long denied to taste;
Regardless of the world they left behind,
Felt, in their sea-girt prison, nought confined;
Behold, half pleased, surrounding breakers rise,
And fright intruders from their paradise;
Heedless what storms beyond its limits blew,
Their isle the bound of every wish they knew.
Each to the other all on earth desired,
No care corroded; no ambition fired;
Contentment, once again, forsook her sky,
And gazed, as wont when Vecta met her eye—
Till Death, to shield them from impending woe,
Confirm'd, above, the bliss they know below.
Thine is the power, sweet Love, and only thine,
Above life's thousand crosses still to shine;

Thy meanest votary, here, a heaven to give;
Brighten his mournful dream, and bid him live!
Amidst Atlantic seas—an unknown wild—
Where Mirth had never sung, or Beauty smiled;
Far from the peopled world, a nameless shore,
Which human foot had never press'd before—
'Twas thine to bid the tear of sorrow cease,
Hush every fear, and breathe celestial peace.

How sweet the season—pregnant with delight—
When kindred feelings kindred hearts unite!
When thy soft influence reigns without controul,
And guides each thought, and action of the soul!
When every care of life is lull'd to rest,
The past forgotten, and the future blest!
When Misery, blind to all that Want has done,
Sees happiness in all it looks upon!

When Avarice, unreluctant, shares the store;
Which, e'en in thought, was never shared before !
And Wealth's extended hand opposes Woe,
While aiding Pity's tears in rapture flow,
As, dwelling on the lessons thou hast taught,
She views the magic changes they have wrought !

Where the sweet myrtle and still sweeter rose
Share, with the jasmine, every wind that blows ;
Where, spread in wild profusion o'er the ground,
Spontaneous, every boast of Flora's found ;
Where cedars tower, and pines, as proud, unite
To form a chequer'd shade—as if the Night,
With all her myriads, as they gem the sphere,
Rejoiced to hold her reign for ever there—
High on the mountain's ridge, amid those groves
Where Machin and his Anna breathed their loves ;

Those hallow'd glades—but sadly sacred grown,
Since Superstition claim'd them as her own ;
Since here Religion bade her votaries bow,
Before the shrine that crowns yon airy brow ;
Mistaken victims to the false idea,
Of serving God by useless suffering here—
Yet, still, how sweet the scene!—the convent's bell—
Devotion's measured tones—the organ's swell—
The soothing stillness of the woods around—
The mountain's dizzy height, its deep profound—
The soften'd lustre of the heaven above—
All melt the heart, and tune the soul to love.
There, where a thicker shade, a deeper green,
Explains'd the doubtful murmur heard within ;
Beside the fountain's crystal—nought in view,
Save the majestic screen that round them grew ;

All nature hush'd—but when the turtles' cry
 Fell, softly sad, in dulcet melody ;
 There—Julia's heart, high beating as his own—
 Did Reginald his tale of love make known :
 There urged his suit, avow'd his bold pretence,
 Gracing his theme with all the eloquence
 That passion fired,—poured forth without controul
 Before the worshipp'd idol of his soul.
 —The crimson blush that dyed her trembling frame,
 Spoke all the bashful tongue refused to name ;
 One deeper—nought beside—repell'd the kiss—
 The clasp—with which the lover seal'd his bliss:
 Till, all-responsive to the heart she press'd,
 Each pulse replied, and equal joy confess'd.
 There, at the self-same hour, another pair
 As fond a lover, and a maid as fair—

Near, but unseen, conceal'd mid myrtle boughs,
Reveal'd their passion, and exchanged their vows.
All—all dissolved!—and yet, it cannot be,
That thou art gone, for ever, Emily!
No! not for ever!—there! it breathes again—
Soft o'er my soul!—it is the seraph's strain
That call'd thy sleeping spirit from the main!
It is the strain that, when I prayed for death,
Stole o'er my senses, and absorb'd my breath;
That, when rejected by the murderous tide,
I woke to life, and miss'd thee from my side,
Broke on my ear, in sounds that spoke the dead
Hail'd welcome to the heaven to which thou'dst fled!
Thus rose my swelling throat in agony—
Thus did I taste of death—but could not die.—
Flow, tears, in pity flow! relieve my breast!
Assuage the pang with which my heart's oppress'd!

Or, send thy fiat, Lord, to meet my prayer!

To rend the chain that keeps me lingering here!

Bid Mercy poise the scale by Justice held!

If e'er thy suppliant err'd—if e'er rebell'd

Against thy dread decree, forgive! bestow—

'Tis all he asks—the bliss he knew below!

Too great reward!—alas!—it may not be,

Till further trial win eternity.

Eternity!—with thee—my life—my love?—

Yes! we shall meet again! In realms above,

Again these arms shall fold thee to this heart—

Its own for ever—never, more, to part!

It must be so!—I feel my angel bride

Prompt every wish, and every action guide;

Feel her celestial influence rule my soul—

Lead me from wrong—my every thought controul;

As if, still constant to her chosen here,
She sought to fit him for her better sphere ;
Had gain'd permission from Almighty Power
To hover round him, till the destined hour
Again restored him ;—then, to bear him hence,
And claim him, perfect, from Omnipotence !

Lord ! let the unseen Form which thus I hail,
With soothing, fond conviction, still prevail !
Shield me from ill ! temptation's power defeat !—
And when, at last, before thy mercy-seat,
Trembling, amid thine host, my soul appear,
In humble hope to find approval there,
Grant that the great reward—the blessing given,
May be with her to dwell—with her to share thy heaven !

THE EXILE.

Canto the Third.

THE EXILE.

Canto the Third.

MADEIRA'S shore is lovely to the eye;—
Its vineyards blushing to its summer sky ;
Its air with balmy odours fraught ; its hills
Towering in gracefulness , their thousand rills
Reaching the ear in music—now conceal'd
Amid its cedar shades—and now reveal'd,
Bounding, as if in joy, o'er rocky heights,
With echo shouting to their silvery lights,

Spangling her bright domain, and giving birth,
On emerald beds, to those sweet gems of earth
Bending their heads to heaven, as if to pour
Their fragrance forth, in praise, for that bless'd shore.
How beautiful the scene!—and if to one
Who felt alone the charm he look'd upon;
Whose thoughts own'd no remembrance, to supply
The magic zest that springs from sympathy;—
If fair to him;—how beautiful then to those
To whom each stream that flow'd, each height that rose,
Appear'd combin'd—each with its past of bliss:—
There Love had smiled—there whisper'd Hope—and this
The dearest spot of all—was that clear spring,
Beside whose crystal fount's soft murmuring
Each heart had won its prayer—its all—and given,
In glad return, to each, an equal heaven!

And thou, Revered ! what were thy feelings, then,
When all thy sorrows woke to joy again ?
When that drear cloud that lower'd in hopeless gloom,
Dissolved in promise of delight to come ?
Thy mind at once released from every care,
And every pang that late had rankled there :
Oh ! 'twas a sight that angels might have view'd,
And dwelt upon in their beatitude
With praise and song—as, there, the good bestow'd
His blessing on the happy—as they bow'd,
And sought his sanction, with assured success,
To all their hearts had framed for happiness.
—In vain he strove : the starting tear confess'd
Nature's quick triumph in the father's breast :
He wept :—then gazing tenderly around,
At length the deep emotion language found :

- “ Think not affection unobserved hath grown ;
“ Or love been welcomed by yourselves alone !
“ Not many an hour, through many a restless night,
“ The theme I’ve turn’d with fond, but check’d delight ;
“ With doubtful hope ; till sleep my eyelids closed ;
“ When dreams again each ready doubt exposed.
“ Fever’d, I woke beneath the nameless pain ;
“ Dispell’d the vision ; sank—to dream again.
“ The blissful sight which now salutes mine eye,
“ In fancy’s long perspective oft would lie :
“ There, oft, I’ve view’d the very forms which, here,
“ Breathing the very sounds I heard, appear.
“ But ever as the picture perfect grew,
“ Embodied lived, and rose to nature’s hue,
“ Dark, gathering shades would, rising, intervene,
“ Spread o’er the distance, and obscure the scene.

“ Scarce can a lover’s heart—the trembling throne
“ Of hopes and fears—more hopes and fears have known ;
“ And never lover’s breast own’d purer bliss
“ Than now, with grateful fervour, throbs in this.
“ —Bless you, my children!—May that Gracious Power,
“ Who spared your parent to behold this hour,
“ Fulfil each wish that here embosom’d lies ;
“ And prompts the silent prayers that hence arise !
“ Then shall a series of untainted joy
“ Shed o’er you, here, delights that never cloy ;
“ And ere to call you hence the summons come,
“ To share those greater still beyond the tomb,
“ Thus shall your favour’d offspring round you bow,
“ And claim the sanction that I now bestow,
“ Bless you, my children ! Hear me, Mighty Lord !
“ A father’s blessing let thy hand record !

“ Oh, my Augusta! how thy heart shall swell,
“ To hear the cheering tale I have to tell!
“ Soon shall thy bosom, now, forget to mourn!
“ Soon shall thy Julia to thy arms return!
“ While every sigh for Emily renew'd,
“ Shall waft the mingled breath of gratitude;
“ And every tear that grieves her, still away,
“ Shall thank the Power that ruled this happy day!”

Thus Alfred:—care no more his mind oppress'd;
Each fear was banish'd; every doubt at rest;
His every wish confirm'd:—his fondest prayer
Had enter'd Heaven, and found acceptance there.

Fast fled the hours; and, now, th' occasion o'er
That held the vessel to Madeira's shore,
Farewell each myrtle shade, each cedar grove!
Adieu, ye sacred haunts, endear'd by love!

To other scenes, to other climes we haste—
Another world beyond yon spreading waste.
Yet, wheresoe'er we go, whate'er we view,
Oft shall remembrance fondly turn to you ;
Dwell on the cherish'd past, and, grateful, own
The thousand varying joys that here were known.

Bright glow'd the sky, and fresh the breezes blew ;

Aloft, again, the well-known signal flew :
But not ill-omen'd, as, on Vecta's strand,
It flew, to tear them from their native land.
Now all was hope : the future, then deplored,
Shone, gladdening, now, with endless pleasure stored ;
And India, then the land of banishment,
Now nought but fancied scenes of rapture lent ;
For, bless'd by Laura's smile, 'twas Alfred's will
Each pair their plighted vows should, there, fulfil.

Fresh rose the breeze; but still it came not fair;
The blue flag shoreward flew, and mock'd their care;
Till Alfred, anxious at increased delay,
Resolved, with adverse winds, to haste away;
Remembering, as, impeding, here, they rise,
Advancing Winter's frown in other skies;
And eager to avoid, in eastern seas,
The storms that, then, ungovern'd, rage in these.
Here, let the weeping Muse, again, implore
Propitious favour, as in nautic lore
Disguised, her song proceeds! yet, what avail,
The sound, or subject of her verse to wail?
Unless it wear the language of the sea,
How shall she paint the sad reality?
No martial splendour aids the weary theme;
No clarions sound; no waving falchions gleam;

No pride of victory soothes the pang of death ;
No hero's triumph gives the trumpet breath :
The tempest's deadly howl alone she hears ;
One heaving chaos to her eye appears ;
While gloom—the lightning's livid gloom—extends
O'er all she sees revived, as memory rends
Time's flimsy veil, yet, on the scene of woe,
Forbids one ray of mental light to glow.
Affection—friendship—love—the verse inspire ;
But tears prevail, and check the rising fire.

Forced from the oozy bed, where, hid, it lay,
Slowly the lazy anchor meets the day ;
Again the topsails, raised in airy show,
Surmount the loosen'd courses spread below ;¹⁴
By taughthen'd braces held, the yards, inclined,
Obliquely clasp the coy, unwilling wind ;¹⁵

Till, yielding to the influence of its power,
The vessel spurns the waves that round her cower ;
Springs, bounding, forward, deck'd in dread array,
And o'er the sparkling plain pursues her way.

Her blood-red ensign, floating loose on high,
Flared, like a threatening meteor, to the sky ;¹⁰
The amber zone that clasp'd her ebon side,
Embraced her thunders, ranged in fearless pride ;
While the bold warrior that adorn'd her prow,
Scowl'd o'er the waste, and seem'd to seek the foe.
Her graceful stern, with classic emblems dress'd,
In every line a master's hand confess'd :
No cumbrous sculpture hid her perfect form,
Made to delight the eye, and brave the storm ;
But simple grandeur breathed throughout her length,
Rose with her frame, and blended with her strength :

So proud her bearing as she meets the breeze,

She seems in conscious life to walk the seas.*

Still, as her far extremes alternate veer,

A guiding voice salutes the helm's-man's ear :

“ Luff ! ” it exclaims : no more recedes the prow,

Full on each tack the breeze is taught to blow ;

And trembling bowlines urge their check in vain,

Till “ Thus ! no nearer ! ” aid their wavering strain :

Obedient to the sound, again the sail

Expands its concave, and retains the gale.¹⁷

Thus, on she hies, yet sidling towards the shore,

As if to snatch a parting glance once more ;

But soon impending rocks ahead appear ;

The breakers' roar proclaims destruction near ;¹⁸

Again the guiding voice her inmates hear :

* She walks the waters like a thing of life.—*Corsair*.

“ Ready about !”¹⁰—all, roused, attention lend,
Obey the mandate, and on deck attend ;
At tacks and sheets, await the next command ;
Or, those supplied, prepared, at braces, stand.
All ready, “ Helm’s alee !” it thunders loud,—
Round flies the prow, as if with life endow’d ;
“ Fore-sheet and fore-top-bowline, both, let go !
“ Jib and foretopmast-staysail-sheet too ! now,
“ Raise tacks and sheets !” the wind’s ahead, and all
Prepare to meet the coming “ Mainsail, haul !”
’Tis given—at once their nervous strength they ply
Quick through the rattling blocks the braces fly ;
Quick round the mast the vast expanse of sail
Revolves, obedient as their powers prevail :
The headmost yards braced round, the ship, again,
Darts like an arrow to the distant main.

Across that main, for many a tedious day,
Towards southern climes she plough'd her weary way;
For still the winds against each effort fought,
And stay'd her progress to the realms she sought;*
Yet, though they baffling blew, and stemm'd her course,
They came not speeding in ungovern'd force;
The days unchanged remain'd—but love was there,
And little heeded if the breeze was fair.
In Alfred's breast alone reflection grew;
Content still laugh'd among the happy crew:
Fond thoughts, of those away, at times occur'd,
But banish'd Care in vain a claim prefer'd.
Bright rode the sun amid an azure sky;
And, lost in distance, slept futurity.

* Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,

"And stay'd thy progress to the realms of bliss!"

Epitaph in the Churchyard of Brading, Isle of Wight.

But Afric's seas, which late to Summer glow'd,
Now, 'neath a sterner sway, reluctant bow'd;
Now, never smiled;—but, o'er the sullen waste,
Drear came the moaning of the sleety blast;
And soon the ship repell'd a bolder wave;
And muttering thunders sad forebodings gave
To Fancy, sickening as she look'd around,
And mark'd the growing fulness of the sound.

At length, th' Antarctic Demon rose to view,
Beyond e'en Fancy's fears, and wildly blew
So fell a blast across the madden'd deep,
As chills the Muse, and makes o'en Memory weep,
As shuddering she records; nor lets her dwell
Upon the thrilling tale she pants to tell.
Oh, rouse, my heart! and, ere my reason fail,
Describe the horrors of a Southern gale!

The breeze was hush'd; and, o'er the heaving sea,²⁰
Collecting vapours floated heavily;
The sun look'd palely through the murky air
Along the waves, but shade alone was there;
A sunk, contracted sky, of ashy hue,
A dismal gloom upon the waters threw:
'Twas mid-day, but, so lower'd the silent vast,
It seem'd as even's latest hour were past;
And that the taunted moon opposed in vain
The envious clouds that dimm'd her troubled reign.

Alfred, unmoved, beheld the gathering foe,
And arm'd his charge to meet the coming blow;
Increasing terrors nought his soul appal—
Some fresh precaution still defeats them all;
And, ever, as the next expedient's known,
Exertion strengthens, and the task is done.

The mainsail furl'd, ahead each jib is stow'd ;
 Their booms no more project, an useless load ;
 " Top-gallant-yards on deck !"²¹—a ready band,
 Quick as the word, obey the sage command ;
 Lifts, parrels, braces gone, the yards on end,
 The top-ropes fasten'd, from their height descend ;
 The load safe lash'd along the roomy waist,
 To reef the topsails, next, they eager haste ;
 The halyards loose, lodged on the caps they lie ;
 Each earring, then, reef-tackles soon apply,
 To either arm ; these fix'd, their forms they strain
 Along the yards ; secure each point ;—again,
 The halyards mann'd, the sails diminish'd rise,
 In pallid contrast with the frowning skies.²²

Thus, all obedient where they all revere,
 Approving hearts in every act appear—
 They wish no respite, and they know no fear.

Too plain, alas ! they see th' occasion's call
For all their Chief's commands, and meet them all ;
And spurn the care that would their minds intral.

How little think the thousands safe at home,
Beyond their native soil who never roam,
When long, tempestuous nights, and sunless days,
Invite to mirth, and court the faggot's blaze ;
When round the cheerful hearth, the merry song
Bids heedless joy th' applauding laugh prolong ;
When the gay dance proceeds, and music's sound
Drowns the storm's hollow moan that sweeps around—

How little think they, as the soft notes swell,
Of those who on the distant ocean dwell !—
Oh, come with me ! and, ere that voice again
Gives to thy ravish'd ear its mellow strain,

One transient glance upon the deep bestow !

View, by the lightning's flame, one scene of woe !

Then ask thy heart if, mid its rounds of bliss,

Its wildest fancy ever painted this !—

And when, at such an hour, those accents rise,

Think of the sounds that sadden other skies !

Afford, to those who suffer, there, a sigh !

And thank the Power that ruled thy destiny !

The breeze was hush'd ; and, o'er the heaving sea,

Collecting vapours floated heavily—

But, though the breeze was gone, a gentle air

Breath'd o'er the waves, and show'd that life was there ;

A chequer'd freshness o'er their bulk still play'd,

That broke the deadly gleam of glassy shade ;

The ship was slowly on her course propell'd,

And still the helm its guiding influence held :—

It fades—it dies—sick Nature's breath recedes ;
And sullen languor o'er the whole succeeds.

Roused by the sudden change, the startled crew
The alter'd scene with chill amazement view ;
The sails droop lifeless, and their lost controul
Is told in each succeeding deeper roll :
Vain is the steersman's art ; his powers have fled ;
Unfelt, the wheel revolves :²³—What speechless dread
Creeps o'er each frame, as, closing fast, the cause
Appals each sense, and ends the horrid pause !
It seem'd as if Destruction held its breath,
To gather fury for the blast of death.

O'er all the northern vast, the lurid sky
Enshrouds itself in black, as if, on high,
A pall were hung from Heaven's canopy.
Pale, flitting lightnings ope, beyond the gloom,
& drear perspective, which they half illumine

With livid streams, that through the concave stray,
 And chaos, hurtling in the void, display ;
 A surgy fringe of agitated light,
 Fuming below, intrals the aching sight ;
 While from the thundering roar which strikes the ear,
 Hearts that had never shrunk, recoil with fear :
 The very sea-birds o'er the darken'd waste,
 Scream forth their terrors, and to leeward haste.—
 “ Bear up the helm ! ” unruffled, Alfred cries ;
 “ Hard up ! ” the ready helm’s-man quick replies,
 “ Slack the lee braces ! Square the after yards !
 “ Brail up the mizen ! ” — no neglect retards
 Each wise precaution ; but all efforts fail
 To fly the shifting horrors of the gale ;
 Which, rushing from a thousand points, seems bent
 On one bound victim all its rage to vent.—

“Stand by the topsail-halyards! quick! let go!

“Clue up the foresail!”²⁴—all in vain! for, now,

The quivering vessel, yielding to the strain,

Buries her leeward gunnel in the main;

And lies—as never thence to rise again.

“Hew, Reginald, the mizen-mast away!

“Aft there! cut every weather shroud and stay!”²⁵

The well-taught youth foresaw the Chief's command;

Already gleams the axe within his hand;

Already falls unerring:—soon the stroke

The quick alternative sufficient spoke.

The ship, relieved, with one convulsive reel,

Springs from her torpor; and again her keel

Divides the wave: but, dreadful loss! they see

The gone foretopmast, dragging o'er the lee.

The maintopgallant, by the stubborn stay

Torn from its height, upon the ruin lay.²⁶

Thus, when Bellona mounts her brazen car,
 And whirls it, clanging, o'er the fields of war,
 The wounded Steed, borne down upon the plain,
 O'erwhelm'd by numbers, writhing in his pain,
 Spurns each incumbrance; rises with a bound;
 And tears his shatter'd trappings o'er the ground.—

What ruthless desolation marks the deck!
 One wide, disastrous scene, of various wreck!
 A mass of shapeless rigging hangs ahead;
 The anchor from the starboard bow has fled;
 Amidships, every faithless ringbolt drawn,
 Spars, booms, and (bitter sight!) their Boats are gone:
 —That too which on the weather quarter hung,
 Struck by the blast, is from its stanchions wrung,²⁷
 In countless fragments, and to leeward flung;
 While that which, opposite, its balance gave,
 Lies stove amid the spoil that crowns the wave.

Forced by the ponderous ruins of the waist,
No martial tier the starboard gunnel graced ;
No bulwark now th' invading surges faced :
The larboard Guns, as if they spurn'd their yoke,
And seized the moment, had their lashings broke :
One met the tottering binnacle mid way,
Tore up its cleats, and bore it to the spray.²⁸
The shot no more the concave locker press'd ;
No beaded coamings now the hatch invest :
And aft the sturdy Capstan singly stood,
As if alone defying wind and flood.
So, when from Alpine heights the torrent roars,
And o'er the wooded plain destruction pours,
The menaced Oak, unmoved, maintains its ground,
Erect, amid the saplings yielding round.
While opening, thus, the maze of wretchedness,
Think not the rage of elements is less !

Think not the crew thus long have stood, to gaze
Upon the wide-spread havoc it displays !
Not one short glance proclaim'd how much the storm
Required of quick exertion to perform ;
And soon each willing nerve, and ready hand,
But moved obedient to the Chief's command ;
Whose skill, developed as new dangers press,
Excites an ardour that insures success—
But Destiny prevail'd, and Fate was merciless.
Care ruled the hour:—the task on deck proceeds ;
But Alfred's riven breast in silence bleeds :
True to his trust, his post he scorns to fly ;
But, true to nature too, the father's eye
Betrays to all around his agony.—
The humble minstrel of an artless tale
First solved the conflict which he saw prevail ;

Against the sad appeal untaught to stand,
He dash'd its slacken'd burthen from his hand ;
And, rushing aft, the spot, unconscious, gain'd,
Which all the treasure of his soul contain'd.

Sunk on her couch, in silence, Julia lay :—
Her sense beneath the scene had died away.
No howling tempest now distracts her ear :
No fearful billows to her sight appear.
Cold, pale, inanimate, the matchless maid
Seem'd, to Compassion's eye, with Fancy's aid,
As if some master-hand, inspired of heaven,
Had Beauty's mien to veinless marble given.
'Twas such a figure, view'd amid the gloom,
As Phidias might have wrought for Helen's tomb.
It was not death—but then, so still it lay,
The soul seem'd pausing, or to fly, or stay.

It was not life—but, oh! it was not death—
The world was fled—but still the living breath
Play'd round the lips; and, as it intervened,
Repell'd the icy fingers of the fiend.

Affection's bending form knelt, trembling, near;
Wild, as the tumult mock'd her broken prayer:
Now look'd around in settled hopelessness;
Then, to the object of her dire distress—
“ Julia!—my darling Julia!—speak!—'tis I—
“ Smile that thou know'st me, love!—'tis Emily!
“ Return the pressure of my hand!—oh, no!
“ She's gone! she's dead!—dead? no! oh God, not so!
“ It cannot be!—Oh, I conjure thee, give
“ Some little sign—while yet my senses live!”
Then, o'er the still unconscious maid she leant,
Regardless of each threatening element;

Kiss'd the cold lip—pale cheek—then tried the heart :

At length—"She breathes!—oh, God!—thy aid impart!"

The bosom heaves; the lips in life appear;

Again the ruby's lustre's spreading there;

Once more the pulses feel their current flow;

Again the cheek resumes its wonted glow;—

"She lives! she lives! accept, Almighty Power,

"Thy creature's praises for this blessed hour!"—

Never shall memory lose the anguish'd eye—

The sudden stare of waken'd agony—

That check'd the rising transport of her soul,

And bade the tide of gladness backward roll!

Suspense had ceased—restored her Julia lay—

Again surrounding horrors held their sway:

Her lips still moved—but voice, nor whisper stirr'd:

Despair sat stifling what the soul preferr'd.

In dread astonishment, aghast, she stood,
 Watching the raging fury of the flood ;
 Till, all subdued, again, entranced, she hung
 O'er Julia's couch, and to her bosom clung—
 " Oh ! why unfold the very gates of bliss,
 " And then repulse you—to a scene like this ?
 " —Go !—aid my father !—let not selfish love
 " Detain one arm that, there, may useful prove !
 " Exertion still may soften Destiny !—
 " No—then return !—and teach me how to die !"

It was a proud sight, in that blustering hour,
 To view one heart repel its withering power ;
 Goaded with anguish to its vital core,
 To see it still the path of hope explore,
 Still unappall'd—but yet as mildly bold
 Amid the terrors that around it roll'd,

As if, embodied in some sainted form,
It mourn'd the suffering, but contemn'd the storm!
Yet, oh, that heart—how soft!—a word—a name—
Each pulse responsive to the summons came;
“They live!”—forth gush'd the tear:—in gratitude
The father bent,—and, as he meekly bow'd,
Conceal'd the tribute as it glistening flow'd:
Or, if it longer forced its hidden way,
'Twas mingled with the thick involving spray.

The trembling lover too stood silent by,

Partaker in the cup of misery;

Fain had he spoke—but vain—no voice was found;

Faint on the tongue it died, nor rose to sound:

The hand's convulsive grasp alone express'd

The speechless sorrow of his fever'd breast.

—But duty presses—scarce the tortured wheel

Restrains the sallies of the bounding keel.

No musing moment this—no respite now—
Cares yield to cares, and dangers thickening grow,
Wild gloom'd the scene beneath the fading light—
(Again it rises on my giddy sight !)
Sad howl'd the cold blast through the straining shrouds—
Chill to the soul it came ; the labouring clouds
Burst to their watery load ; the lightning's stream
Flash'd, through the murky shade, its deadly gleam :
Far as the eye could reach, the foam-crown'd sea
Rose, moving Alps, in awful majesty :
The shatter'd Vessel still its ire defied,
But reel'd, unequal, in the boiling tide :
Left by the speeding wave, engulf'd she lies ;
Now, hurl'd impetuous, rends th' incumbent skies,
And meets the Tempest as it madden'd lies ;
Now in the void, th' impending swell beneath,
Hush'd is the Demon's voice ;—again his breath
Yells through the jetty concave shouts of death

Around, the fated wretches palsied stand,
In eager silence for the next command;
The next command—alas! that hour is gone;
Fell Desolation rules—and rules alone.
Foul fiend!—in vain his iron scourge they fly,
In vain each heart bleeds forth its agony;
Nor art, nor skill, nor courage, aught avail
To stem th' insatiate fury of the Gale.
The winds of Heaven are loosed—their wild career
Derides man's pigmy power—the quaking sphere
Thrills to its axis, and partakes the fear.
Oh! what's the rage of war compared to this—
The rush of fight—the shock of enemies?
Though reeking slaughter, there, imbrue the plain,
Applauding senates consecrate the slain;
And Havoc marches in such proud array,
We're willing victims, and invite his sway:

But, here,—I dare not trust my aching brain
 To gaze upon th' unearthly strife again !—
 It seem'd the heaving gulph of sin below—
 The lurid, lonely waste of hopeless woe—
 Had bid its horrors o'er creation flow ;
 Had left its native regions of despair
 To whirl its eddy of destruction here.

And why attempt, where all is gloom, to give
 Force to the wail of death ;—why bid it live
 In memory's ear, when each sad note that swells,
 But echoes what the heart in anguish tells ?
 Yet, listen to its tale !—Alas ! that none
 Should wake affection's lyre, but this alone !
 Time was,—but that is pass'd—silent they sleep
 Within the mournful chambers of the deep ;
 And there—oh ! turn not there ! Hark, as, again,
 The storm's wild howling mingles with the strain !—

Dreadful!—Now picture thy beloved there;—
And ask thy bosom why that burning tear
Bedews thy pale cheek!—mine *was* there—and fell
A victim to the agony I tell!—
Think then, if thus, by *thee*, the sorrow's heard,
How bleeds the breast which sings the pang it shared!
The fickle West hath sent its legions forth,
To aid the frantic fury of the North!—
No balmy zephyrs come, with smiling mien,
Wafting luxuriance o'er a summer scene;
But fiercely frowning, as their train uprear
Their sable banners in the troubled air,
They speed, exulting in their boisterous stride,
To ravage nature, and its woes deride,—
With inward dread, the prescient Chief beheld
Still darker clouds by darker still propell'd;

Heard hoarser thunders clarion through the sky
 The loud advance of fresh calamity :
 Peal after peal in quick succession rang,
 And told the raging chaos whence they sprang :
 Fate raised her blighting wand ; the stricken soul
 Sank at the touch, and own'd her dire controul ;
 The veil that hid the coming hour was rent ;
 His heart's blood curdled at the scene it lent :
 He knew the hellish din^o around him spread,
 Would rouse the Southern harpies from their bed ;
 That Afric's nether strand due northward bore,
 A far extending chain of iron shore—
 Impenetrable rock—bleak throne of storms—
 Where Danger threatens in a thousand forms :
 Above, below, around, now terrors grow :
 He stands confounded midst contending woe.

Why opes the distance through the shades of night?
What phantom rises on the doubting sight?²⁹
What daring Ship, with loose expanded sail,
Bounds o'er the waves, regardless of the gale?
Whence flows the paly lustre o'er her shed,
Amid the livid darkness round her spread?
Why throbs the heart—why thus the blood congeals?
What means the nameless dread the bosom feels?
Why gaze the crew with asking wonder round,
Their eyeballs straining through the black profound?
No mortal fabric this!—Yes—I have heard
That, when, on Afric's shore, the deep is stirr'd,
The spectres of its former victims prowl,
And add their wailings to the tempest's howl,
Methinks 'twas said that, when these forms appear,
It warn'd the mariner his hour was near.

That voice—oh, cease, ye winds! abate your roar!—

Falls on the ear in accents heard before:

“Palemon!”—Hush!—Again; “Palemon!”—How?

Why bends Aurora's figure o'er the prow?—

It is Arion's spirit!—from the dead

To earth arisen!—Where's the vision fled?—

'Tis gone—the spell's dissolved—but still the eye

Seeks the strange horror through vacuity.

Death, hideous, meets the gaze; and every breast

Thrills, as his icy grasp already press'd.

Peace to thy shade, Arion! may the wave

In soothing murmurs reach thy hallow'd cave!

The kindred soul that, faltering, breathes the prayer,

May soon be summon'd hence, and meet thee there.

—One fainting effort, ere the hand that swept

The strain to which thy gentle spirit wept,

Fail on the chords;—one melancholy look
Towards days that were—before destruction shook
From off their thornless stem, joy's opening flowers;—
One shuddering glance towards Veeta's wither'd bowers;—
One mournful wish that thus it ne'er had been,—
That Heaven in mercy had beheld the scene;—
One dying burst of minstrelsey—to save
From cold oblivion what the ruthless wave
Shrouded for ever;—one, last, humble prayer,
To aid the soul's expected journey there;—
Then—Hail, Sweet Spirit! Welcome, then, that rest,
That's thine—where'er it be—amid the Blest!
—Descend, ye Powers of Song! the Muse inspire!
Breathe o'er the conscious strings celestial fire;
And rouse the sleeping thunders of the lyre!
Then wake a softer note: with Pity's breath,
In weeping numbers, close the lay of Death!

Soon—and wan Fear came foremost on the wind—
 The Western traitor to the South inclined :
 The white squall, borne before their mingled blast,
 Across the flecker'd sky, to windward pass'd ;⁸¹
 Shot like the pinions of some aerial fiend,
 Athwart the gloom, and left the foe behind.—
 At length, resistless, to the prey it springs ;
 Th' Atlantic shudders—all the concave rings !
 Drawn by the uproar from the low abyss,
 The monsters of the deep around them press !
 'Twas Ocean flying in its giant force—
 What shall retard it in its mighty course ?
 How shall the bark, before its fury hurl'd,
 Survive the conflict that impedes a world ?
 Check'd in her arrow-speed, the vessel shook ;
 The mainmast, reeling, o'er the quarter broke :

Awhile the shiver'd pine in fragments lay—
High swell'd the flood, and bore the mass away :
Torn by the weight of waters, o'er the side
Crashing it swept, and met the boiling tide.
Oh, save them, Heaven !—involved beneath its fall,
Twelve mangled seamen on their fellows call ;—
In vain ;—convulsed, beneath the ruin press'd,
Gasping, they sink to their eternal rest :
Like Ætna's flames, the billows flashing burn,
Ascend, recoil, and on the victims turn.
Wide booming, sheets of fire, in vast cascade,
Form o'er the ship, and gleam in deadly shade ;
The spray, high flitting, o'er the foremast driven,
Spreads its wild lustre through the shrouded heaven ;
The prow, uplifting to the fierce advance,
Recedes ; again she wings the black expanse.

Louder it howls—the riven foresail's gone!
Harder it blows—with dizzier speed they run!
High o'er the stern the mantling surges beat;
Pale Beauty staggers from the lost retreat:
In vain Affection shields each seraph form;
In vain Affliction deprecates the storm;
Drench'd in the briny mist, on deck they lie,
The spirit hovering on eternity:
The stifled soul still feebly sued for aid,
Unconscious of the boon for which it pray'd.
Heaven, in its mercy, at this last sad hour,
Had veil'd their senses from its dreadful power;
Had bid its fires unseen around them play,
And drawn perception of its wrath away.
'Twas ebon midnight—still the crew, amazed,
View'd Alps of liquid light around them raised;

Saw drearier omens still ascend the sky ;

And cower'd before the rude adversity.

Bewilder'd in the roar, they, suppliant, stood,

And now their Chief implored—and now their God.

No selfish terrors Alfred's mind depress'd ;

His home, his wife, his offspring all possess'd :

Vecta ! Medina !—thought was agony :

Then came the bitter scene before his eye :

All was distraction : deep the hero mourn'd :

But Heaven might still relent—to Heaven he turn'd :

“ Hear ! Spirit of the waves ! whose awful Form

“ Now rides the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm !

“ In mercy to a father's anguish, hear !

“ Controul the winds ; and bid the Tempest spare !

“ Not for his sake, Almighty Power, who, now,

“ Entreats thy pity to this scene of woe ;

“ But in compassion, gracious Lord, to these
“ Poor guiltless sufferers, bid thy terrors cease
“ In mercy to each victim's widow'd mate,
“ In pity to each orphan's wretched fate,
“ Spare us, Good Lord! and let the grace bestow'd,
“ Hereafter fit us for thy bless'd abode!—
“ But, if thy fiat, Lord, demand us now,
“ Teach us with meekness to thy will to bow!
“ Grant that, in wild destruction's frenzied hour,
“ No murmur fall against thy sacred Power!
“ But, all submissive to thy dread decree,
“ We meet thy summons with humility!
“ With firm reliance on thy promise given—
“ That those who act thy will, shall share thy Heaven!”
Lives there the man who doubts that World of Bliss—
That refuge from Affliction's scourge, in this;—

Who deems the soul shall sink to endless sleep—

The good and guilty in oblivion's deep

Confounded—thrown without distinction by,

In nothingness, through all eternity?—

If such there be,—here let him pause, and say,

Shall no Hereafter woe like this repay?

Shall that meek heart which thus prefer'd its prayer

To Him who made it, this stern trial bear,

And, taken hence, with those a sentence share,

Who glutted here on vice, lived on, and died,

Without one thought of Him whom they defied?

No! as the father on his children gazed,

And then upon the storm, methought he raised,

A smile of gratitude:—as if his God

Breathed o'er his mind, from forth his bless'd abode,

Divine assurance of eternal love;

And hail'd them, Seraphs of his Choir above.

'Twas then, a heaven of fire—a sea of light—
 Gave the last horror to the aching sight;
 Flared through the riven pall of turbid shade,
 And Death's black portals in the depth display'd.
 Where, late, Despair beheld a boundless void,
 Hugo towering mountains, now, th' horizon hide;
 Force their harsh outline on the bursting eye,
 And fill the conquer'd heart with agony.

Hark!—God of mercy! 'tis the breakers' roar
 That sweeps thus hourly through the cavern'd shore!
 Ha!—in that blaze of flame, 'tis Henglip's brow
 That frowns so grisly o'er the gulph below!
 She springs—she flies—as if, endued with soul,
 She panted to embrace th' infernal goal!
 Fate yells in triumph, as the wild winds guide
 For groaning victim through the madden'd tide!

See, how she labours!—now, the waves recede—
Again they rush—with tenfold fury speed
Full on the craggy base—there, shiver'd, rise,
And flash their foamy fragments to the skies!
Distraction reigns! the shouting Thunders bound
From rock to rock, with deafening clamour round:
Each dreary summit now enwrapt in night,
Now gleaming mid 'intolerable light':
Check'd in its mighty strength, an ocean roaring—
Bellowing destruction—floods of frenzy pouring
To the mid-mountain—thence repell'd, amain
Recoiling, baffled, on itself again.
The raging eddy in the depth below,
Loud flound'ring through the caves, that, yawning, show
Like ready sepulchres—as, far, the surge
Retires, again th' invading war to urge.

Within the vortex hurl'd—[•]they sink!—they die!—
 That crash!—Almighty God!—No'er shall the cry
 That rose upon the gale, in hideous sound,
 And reach'd my soul—e'en then—when all around
 Was death,—[•]cease thrilling here!—that cry—[•]that shriek—
 That pitcous shout of woe, that seem'd to break
 Forth with the spirit's flight, in that sad hour,
 When only that sad wail was heard,—no more—
 Mix'd with the deadly howl[•] the tempest bore!
 No—no'er shall Memory lose what, still, she hears
 In all its horror—still, with ceaseless tears,
 Deplores—and still shall mourn—till life's decay
 Wear all remembrance of the world away!—
 Peace to the dead!—[•]Oh! I could lingering dwell
 For ever on the theme—could fondly tell
 Of happy hours that I have pass'd—now gone—
 With all that made them joyous.—Now, all lone,

A heartless wanderer on a distant shore,
Bereft of all that made life glad before,
Oft by yon rock I sit, and meditate ;
And marvel at the strange behests of Fate ;
Till all around recedes :—and then, arise
The phantoms of the dead—and other skies—
And other shores—and other seas, that lave
Where Hanglip's caverns echo to the wave ;
And Fancy pierces to that dark deep cave,
Where beauty now reposes, wrapt in gloom,
The mountain-shadow sleeping o'er their tomb,
Thus do I muse ; and o'er the far blue sea
Gaze, till the dream assumes reality ;
And think, and think, till thought so fearful grows,
That Reason wanders from her seat ; and those
Who know the tale, in pity, break the trance ;
And lead me from the brink of that expanse

Whose waves fall murmuring at my feet, as though
 With fond responses from the forms I sought.

Thus do I live :—and, thus, from day to day,
 Revive life's early promise—pass'd away—
 Fled, as from summer skies a shower-bow's ray—
 Till Fancy all recalls, and bids it stay.

Think not I rave with memory of distress !—
 No !—mine's a passive, torpid hopelessness—
 A waste of blighted joy—unthorough sadness,
 That feeds upon itself—it is not madness :—
 No—madness would not prize the tears that flow,
 Meeting, thus mutely, to its theme of woe ;
 But I can thank thee as the large drops grow—
 Can sadly smile, in soften'd grief, to see
 So sweet a tribute paid by Sympathy :—
 It is not madness, this—'tis misery !

But this long irksome night of wretchedness
Shall have an end—and Mercy yet shall bless!
Another, and a better world than this
Shall hail this spirit to its seats of bliss
And all the bitter past of pain shall seem
Some idle working of the brain—a dream—
A thing of nought—some earthly phantasm, given
To raise by contrast the delights of Heaven.
Thus Hope, sweet soother, lulls th' expectant soul;
Thus, softly whispering, lures it to the goal
Where tempests rage not—where all sorrows cease—
The exile's long-lost home—the realms of peace.

END.

NOTES.

NOTES.*

NOTE 1.

*"Till, frenzied with the lust of future fame,
He fires a temple to obtain a name."*

The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was burnt by Erostratus, who owned on the rack, that the only motive which prompted him to destroy so noble a structure, was the desire of transmitting his name to future ages. The States General of Asia imagined they should prevent the accomplishment of his intention, by publishing a decree, prohibiting the mention of his name. However, their prohibition only excited a greater curiosity, for scarcely one of the historians of that age has omitted to mention so extravagant an act, and to announce the name of the criminal.

NOTE 2.

*"Where Vecta, like a fairy garden, lies,
Unfolding countless beauties to the skies."*

Vecta—Vectis—Vectolla—The Isle of Wight—The Garden of England, is separated from the main land of Hampshire by a strait

* The principal matter in these Notes, may be found in any Cyclopædia.

called the Solent Sea. It is of a rhomboidal shape, and, allowing for some curvatures in its coasts, of a remarkably regular conformation, its four angles deviating very little from the principal points of the compass. The shorter diameter of the Island passes from West Cowes to St. Catherine's Hill; the former being the northernmost, the latter the southernmost point of the Island, and absolutely under the same meridian: the distance between these points is thirteen miles and three-quarters. The longest diameter is a line drawn from the Fore-land, a little north of Culver Cliff, to the Needle Cliff, which is the most western point of the Island. The distance between these two points is twenty-two miles and five furlongs.

The island is divided into two parts, nearly equal in extent and population, by the River Medina, which, rising at the foot of St. Catherine's Hill, runs with nearly a straight course due north, and falls into the sea at Cowes.

The general level is considerably elevated above the sea, to which its coast, on every side, presents either perpendicular cliffs or steep slopes. St. Catherine's Hill is the highest land in the Island. The precipices about it are tremendous, rising abruptly from, and impending over the shore. In 1428, a Christian Phoenix was erected on the summit, and dedicated to St. Catherine, by Walter, Lord of Godyton, in the neighbourhood, who assigned rents for a chanting priest to sing mass, and also to provide light in the Tower for the safety of navigators. At the Dissolution, the pay of the priest, and the more officious security derived from the lighthouse, were involved in one common ruin. Neither of them were ever restored; yet the Tower, still called St. Catherine's Tower, continues to serve as a guide to

mariners by day. It was thought of such importance of late years, that it has been thoroughly repaired; and in clearing away the foundation of the Chapel, the tomb was discovered, and the floor of the little cell of the pious priest laid open to view. This Chapel stood seven hundred and fifty feet above high-water mark.

The Medina, after passing Newport, the capital of the Island, becomes of considerable breadth, and winds with ample sweeps between varied banks, till it terminates its course; and there are generally a sufficient number of vessels at anchor in the river, and roads opposite to its mouth, to give animation to the scene. The Solent Sea, like a noble lake, bounded by the luxuriant woods of the New Forest, with the distant blue hills of the northern part of Hampshire, form a most beautiful termination to the view. To the eastward of Cowes lie Barton, Wootton, and Binstead; before these the anchorage of the Motherbank; and beyond, to the north-east, Spithead. The woods about Wootton extend over several thousands of acres; and at the mouth of the river which runs through them, is a small dock-yard, where the building and repair of the lesser coasting sloops are carried on, beneath the shade of some fine oaks. About Binstead the shore is very steep, and wooded absolutely into the water; a small cove forms the nearest distance, and beyond the projecting point of this, the shipping of Portsmouth harbour is a noble assemblage of all that the commercial or armed navy of England can exhibit. The ship in the poem departs from off this spot, and

“ West-and-by-north propell’d, fair Cowes at last,
And Egypt, Vecta’s north extreme, are pass’d.”

Here the coast turns suddenly to the south-west, and the scenery just

described above. The New Forest, however, still appears across the Solent, which, it may here be observed, is remarkable for a singular bank, a mere stripe of land, dividing the whole strait into two equal parts: the north-eastern end dilates into the shape of a pear, and is called the Driftable; the other touches the spot on which stands Hurst Castle; a little below which fort is another bank, called the Shingles, consisting of loose shilling gravel, more or less dry at low water, according to the state of the wind. Thomas, Newton, Hamstead, and Yarmouth, are places of more or less consequence along the coast. Passing the latter, the ship is between the Shingles and Colwell, whose rocks, called Warden Lodge, extend to a considerable distance from the shore. Here the Needles appear, and presently Alum Bay opens, the scenery of which is superior in magnificence to that of any other part of the Island. The chalk forms an unbroken face, every where nearly perpendicular, and in some parts splendidly projecting; and the tennerest stains of ochreous yellow, and greenish moisture, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is probably near four hundred feet in height: its termination is by a thin ledge, not perpendicular, but of a bold broken outline; and the wedge-like Needle Rocks rising out of the blue waters, continue the cliff in idea beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The pearly hue of the chalk is beyond description by words—probably out of the power even of the pencil. There are no rounded headlands clothed with turf or with shrubs; but a series of points, of a sort of scalloped form, and which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and

not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part; all is wild ruin. The tints of these cliffs are so bright, and so varied, that they have not the appearance of any thing natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, grey nearly approaching to white, and absolute black, succeed each other, as sharply defined as the stripes in silk; and after rain, the sun which, from about noon till his setting in summer, illuminates them more and more, gives a brilliancy to some of them, nearly as resplendent as the high tints on real silk. Small vessels often lie here for the purpose of loading chalk, and they most admirably shew the majestic size of the cliffs, under whose shade they lie diminished almost to nothing. In hard blowing weather the fury of the wind on this promontory is scarce credible; large flints and fragments of chalk are blown from the cliffs, so as to endanger the windows of the lighthouse above, and for many days in succession it is not possible to open the door. West of the lighthouse the cape shoots out almost to a point; and to those whose nerves are proof against the horrors of the position, the view into the bays beneath, and of the cliffs which are as it were left behind, is sublime. The Needles passed, the view is instantaneously altered; the whole south-west coast breaks upon the eye at once, and on

“ to blue St. Catherine’s airy height,

A boundless, baseless rampart meets the sight.”*

* See Sir Henry Englefield’s “Description of the Isle of Wight;” Pennant’s “Journey;” Hassel’s “Tour;” &c.

NOTE 3.

*“ On Tamar’s banks—where Devon’s western shore,
Bound by the *Imulaticum*, extends no more.”*

The Tamar rises in the County of Cornwall, which it separates, except for the space of a few miles, from Devonshire. After a course of about forty miles, nearly south, it falls into the sea between Mount Edgecumbe and Stonehouse, producing Plymouth Harbour, and that noble road for shipping, the Sound. It is one of the most considerable rivers in the West of England; its banks are richly diversified with rocks, woods, and meadows; and the scenery in various parts of its course is extremely interesting and beautiful. The views about the Catamarthor Rocks, Tavistock-Newbridge, the Marwell Rocks, Cotalo, and Pontilly, are peculiarly romantic, and can scarcely be equalled by any other river in the western part of the kingdom.

NOTE 4.

These lines, the reader need scarcely be told, were suggested by Goldsmith’s

“ Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,” &c.

NOTE 5.

“ The dark-blue signal at the fort lies.”

Usually termed *Blue Peter*—the signal for sailing.

NOTE 6.

“ ‘ All hands, ummoor !’—It is the boatswain’s call,
Whose shrill notes on the air thus piercing fall.”

This is the summons of attendance to the whole crew, to assist in weighing the anchor, preparatory to sailing. The call is a small silver whistle, affording a remarkably shrill sound, and used by the Boatswain and his mates to assemble the men, and direct them in their several employments. It is sounded to various strains adapted to the different exercises, as hoisting, heaving, &c.; and the piping of it serves the same purposes on board ship, as the beat of the drum with soldiers.

NOTE 7.

“ The spokeless capstan now has ceased to jar,—
Unbent the messenger, unskipped each bar;
The clanking pauls no more alternate ring;
The oozy anchors at the catheads swing;”

The capstan is a large massy column shaped like a truncated cone; and, passing perpendicularly through the deck of a ship, is turned by levers, or bars, which fit into holes pierced in what is called the drum-head, at its upper extremity. It serves by means of the messenger, which is an endless rope wound round its barrel, to weigh the anchors, take in and discharge cargoes, &c. The pauls are pieces of iron that rise and fall as the capstan turns, and prevent its recoil during any interval or pause in heaving. When the anchor is weighed, it is

drawn up to the *cathead*, a strong timber projecting over either bow, by the *catblock* hooked into its ring; the rope used on this occasion passing alternately through this block and sheaves at the outer extremity of the cathead, whence it leads, through a snatchblock on the fore-castle, to the deck.

NOTE B.

*“ The looseil for topsail shivers in the wind ;
The jib withdraws the balance from behind ;
The foresail falls ; each after-topsail’s spruce ;
A lengthen’d shadow, next, topgallants shal ;
Aston, while Beauty’s tears enrich the tide,
Britannic’s bulwarks on the prospect glide ;
Spithead’s triumphant hazy meets their eyes,
Breaking the morning sunbeams as they rise.”*

Sails generally derive their names from the *mast*, *yard*, *boom*, or *stay*, upon which they are extended, or *bent* : thus the principal sail upon the mainmast is called the *mainsail*, or *maincourse* ; that upon the *main-topmast*, the *main-top-sail* ; and so with the rest. In the same way the yards are termed the *main-yard*, *main-top-sail-yard*, *main-top-gallant-yard*, &c. When the topsails are set, the yards are hoisted to the tops of their respective masts ; but the fore and main yards are fixed, and the sails attached to them *fall* when loosed. The *jib* is extended from a boom projecting beyond the bowsprit, to the head of the fore-topmast ; and, in the present instance, turns the ship’s head, afore to the eastward, in the opposite direction ; giving, those at the

stain, who before looked towards Cowes, n. view of the Spithead anchorage.

NOTE 9.

“The blood-red buoy upon the starboard bow
 Now marks the Bramble’s hidden sand below;
 The leadsman’s voice an added warning gives,
 As scarce three fathoms’ depth his line receives.
 “Starboard the helm!”—astern the danger lies;
 Yards squared, each stud-sail nimbler speed supplies;
 And though the Solent like a dart she flies.”

At the south-west end of the Bramble (the bank mentioned in Note 2) is a red buoy: the water suddenly shoals from twelve to three fathoms where it is placed, and then as suddenly deepens to ten and eleven, which is the average depth to near Hurst Castle, where it increases to twenty-seven, though the strait is contracted there to less than three-quarters of a mile in breadth.—The *Helm* is composed, taken in its largest sense, of the *rudder*, *tiller*, and *wheel*; except in small vessels, where the *tiller*, or bar by which the rudder is moved, is upon deck: in large ships this is below, ropes communicating with the *wheel* above. The *rudder* is a long flat piece of timber, or an assemblage of several pieces, suspended along the hind part of a ship’s sternpost, where it turns upon hinges to the right or left, serving to direct the course of the vessel. The *starboard* side of a ship is the right-hand side, looking forward; the *larboard* the left. Suppose a vessel sailing to the southward—“Starboard the helm!” implies

that the tiller is to be drawn to the westward, which acting upon the rudder in an opposite direction, turns it, and with it the ship's head, east. A north-east being a fair wind for going down the Solent, the yards are now squared, or fixed at right angles with the keel, and studding sails are set; these are long narrow sails, only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the square sails, the yards being lengthened by booms to extend them to. A large ship in this confined channel, with a leading wind and all sail set, forms a magnificent, and, from the danger of the navigation, a most interesting object. The Pomona Frigate, returning from Persia, after an absence of three years, was wrecked at its western extremity in 1811:—

The gallant Vessel that so proudly gave
 Her towering image to the morning wave,
 Ere light th'ow splendour o'er the world again!
 Was number'd with the Victims of the main.

NOTE 10.

“Eight bells had rung—his watch had long expired;”

The Watches on Board ship are of four hours, beginning at mid-day; and the bell is struck every half-hour till the period has expired, when it is rung. To prevent, however, the same watch falling constantly to one party, that from four to eight o'clock p. m. is divided into two, of two hours each; and these are called Dog-watches—because, said a poor fellow now no more, they are common watches ear-tailed.

NOTES.

NOTE 11.

"High on the poop," &c.

The *Poop* commences about the *mizzen-mast*, extending forward just enough to shelter the man at the wheel, and aft to the very stern. In merchantmen it is divided into *Round-house* and *cuddy*; and from the latter, small cabins are taken off, if required. The front of the poop is usually ornamented with arms fancifully arranged, &c.

NOTE 12.

"Bism'illah!"

In the name of God—constantly used by Mohummudans at the beginning of their writings; and generally at the commencement and conclusion of every undertaking or action, however trifling.

NOTE 13.

"It is Love's chance-found isle!"

The following is the popular tradition of the discovery of Madern.—One Muchin, an Englishman of obscure birth, had fallen in love with a young damsel, called Anne d'Arset, of exquisite beauty, and of a noble family, which disdain-^{ing} so low an alliance, though Muchin had gained her affections, obtained a warrant from the King, to keep him in prison until the lady was married to a nobleman, who took her immediately to his seat near Bristol. Muchin being some time afterwards released,

found means to convey the lady on board a vessel provided to carry them to France. When they were far at sea, a storm arose, and they were tossed for thirteen days on the waves out of sight of land. At length they perceived something that appeared like an island——Here the Poem has wrecked them. The story, however, goes on to say——The ship soon came to anchor, and Machin and the lady, with a few attendants, went on shore. In the course of the night a tempest drove the vessel from her anchor, and carried her to the coast of Hungary, where she was stranded, and the crew made captives by the Moors. The lady, affected by this disaster, died in a short time, and Machin, through grief, soon followed her. Their attendants, rendered desperate by the loss of their conductor, quitted the island, and betaking themselves to their open boat, put out to sea, without knowing what course to steer. After a series of adventures, they fell in with a Spaniard, who, delighted with their story, communicated it to Goncalves Zarco, sent out by the King of Portugal on a voyage of discovery, and prevailed upon him to sail in search of the island, which in a little time found it.

This story is not only authenticated by a contemporary historian, but after a very minute enquiry of the late Mr. ROBERTS, we are assured stands on as safe a foundation as any other historical fact. This gentleman had the most favourable opportunity of ascertaining the credibility to be afforded to it, which diligence, knowledge of the languages, and access to every library could give him; and expressed his firm persuasion that the legend of Machin was, if not in all, in most respects true. At Machaco, a town in the eastern extremity of the Island, a small chapel was shown, of which the following was the history given by the inhabitants:——That the Englishman (Machin)

on the demise of his wife, had erected a cross, with an inscription requesting that, should hereafter any Christian by chance resort to the island, a chapel might be built, in which Masses should be performed for the soul of his Aunt: that the above chapel was erected on the spot, and the cross, made of cedar, was preserved near the altar. The cross was always exhibited. It was, however, much diminished, on account of small pieces given gratuitously to different visitors, insomuch that it was at last nailed to another and larger wooden cross, to preserve its form, and keep it together." This chapel certainly had greater marks of antiquity than any other building in that town. It was unfortunately washed away in that memorable flood which occurred in October 1803, so that at this time nothing remains to commemorate the event but a picture in the Castle hall.

The first sight of this Island is peculiarly magnificent. The entrance to the Bay of Runchal affords a most beautiful prospect of the City of the same name, and of the surrounding country, which, from every part of the coast, rises so steep as to bring very distant objects into a foreground, like a Chinese landscape. As high as the temperature will admit, the hills are clothed with vines, in the midst of which, white mansions, at agreeable distances, are discovered; and on the highest habitable part of the hill is an elegant chapel, dedicated to N. Senhora de Monte. This is "the white speck studding yonder brow;" and thence "the holy shades that round it grow," extend as high as sight can distinguish, and over every part, excepting those columnar peaks, the soil of which has been washed away by the violent rains to which these latitudes, and particularly such elevated parts, are liable. The Island is about forty miles in length, and eleven in its greatest

breadth. The altitude of Pico Ruivo, its highest land, is nearly an English mile, elevated on a surface of about five miles on each side, which is enough to give an idea of the prodigious steepness of every part of the Island.—The scorching heat of summer, and the icy chill of winter, its heat equally unknown for spring and autumn reign continually, and produce flowers and fruits throughout the year. The cedar tree is found in great abundance, and extremely beautiful; and plants raised in the English greenhouses, grow wild here in the fields: the very hedges are often formed of myrtle, rose, jessamine, and honeysuckle.

Latitude of Funchal, $32^{\circ} 37' 30''$ N.

Longitude from Greenwich, $16^{\circ} 55' 40''$ W.

NOTE 14.

“The loosen'd courses spread below.”

The Courses are the mainsail, foresail, mizen, and spritsail; the mizen is bent to a yard or gaff, parallel with the ship's length: the spritsail hangs under the bowsprit, at right angles with it. See Note B.

NOTE 15.

*“By taughen'd braces held, the yards, inclined,
Obliquely clasp the coy unwilling wind.”*

The Braces are ropes fixed to each extremity of all the yards, for the purpose of bringing them into proper positions, that the sails may be kept full when sailing, and the yards properly squared when at

anch'or. Here, the wind being contrary to the ship's course, they are *braced sharp up*, that is, brought into a position in which they make the least possible angle with the keel, for the vessel to have head-way. "T'augten'd" for tight'n'd.

NOTE 16.

"Her blood-red ensign floating, loost on high
Flared, like a threatening meteor to the sky;"

The *Red Ensign* with the Union cross in the quarter, is appropriated to merchantmen; which are, strictly speaking, prohibited from carrying any other flag. It is commonly hoisted at the peak, or gaff *cal*, of the mizen.

NOTE 17.

"Still, as her far extremes alternate veer,
A guiding voice salutes the helm's-man's ear;
"Luff!" it exclaims: no more recedes the prow;
Pull on each tack the breeze is taught to blow;
And trembling bowlines urge their check in vain,
Till "Thus! no nearer!" aid their wavering strain:
Obedient to the sound, again the sail,
Expands its concave, and retains the gale."

The voice heard here is that of the person *conning*, or conducting the ship in her course. *Luff!* implies that the helm's-man should

"Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind." Milton.

keep her nearer, or more opposed to the wind. The *tack* is the lower corner of the square-sails, forward and to windward; the rope on the opposite lower corner, to leeward, is the *sheet*. *Howlines* are ropes fastened near the middle of the *leech*, or perpendicular edge of the principal square-sails, by three or four subordinate parts, called *bridles*; and lead forward towards the *bow*—whence their name: they are used when the wind is unfavourable, to keep the weather or windward edges of the sails tight forward, and steady; without them they would be always shivering, and incapable of holding the wind, which would back that side of the sail; and it is the approach to this which calls forth the “*Thus! no nearer!*”—signifying that the ship’s head is to be kept as it was at the moment the exclamation was commenced, and not brought nearer to the wind, which was already beginning to shake the *tacks*.

NOTE 18.

“*The breakers’ roar proclaims destruction near!*”

Breakers are those billows of the sea that break violently over rocks lying under its surface. They are distinguished both by their appearance and sound, as they cover that part of the sea with a perpetual foam, and produce a hoarse and terrible roaring, very different from what the waves have in a deep bottom. When a ship is driven among breakers, it is seldom possible to save her; and, as boats cannot be used, and swimming is of no avail, the crew too often share the fate of their vessel.

NOTES.

NOTE III.

Heely about! &c.

This is the preparatory exclamation when a ship is going to tack. To make her turn round with her head to windward. It is necessary that the helm should be put to the lee side; and that the head-sails should be loosed, to diminish the effort of the wind in the first instant of her motion, and that its whole force may be exerted on the after-sails: with this view the foresheet, foretopabowline, jib, and foretop-mast-staysail sheet, are let go; the tacks and sheets are then raised—that is the lower corners of the mainsail and foresail are so, preparatory to shift them, over the booms, &c. to the other side. When the ship's head is directly to windward, the order is given to turn about the sails on the main and mizen masts, by the exclamation "Mainsail haul!"—the bowlines and braces are instantly cast off on one side, and as expeditiously drawn in on the other, so as to wheel the yards about. Finally, when the ship has fallen off five or six points, the word is given to haul off all, or let go and haul, when the head-yards are braced round, the helm put hard-a-lee, and the sails trimmed; the ship soon gets head-way, and the helm is shifted in proportion as she comes up to the wind. A vessel proceeding in this way, is said to be beating, or turning, to windward; and she is on the starboard or larboard tack, when her starboard or larboard side is to windward.

NOTE 20.

“The breeze was hush’d; and, o’er the heaving sea,”

It is a general observation at sea, that immediately before a gale of wind, there is a heavier swell than usual.

NOTE 21.

“Top-gallant-yards on deck!” &c.

The Top-gallant-yards are always lowered when very bad weather is expected:

Lifts, parrels, braces gone, the yards on end,

The top-ropes fasten’d, from their height descend,

Lifts are ropes extending from the head of the mast to the extremity of its particular yard, to support it, top it, &c.

Parrels are bands confining the yards to their respective masts.

For *Braces*, see Note 15.

Top-ropes are those ropes by which the top-gallant-yards are hoisted from the deck, or lowered when necessary.

When the yards are down, they are stowed in the *Waist*—that is, between the main and fore masts.

NOTE 22.

*“To reef the topsails, ’ere that, they eager haste:
The hal-yards loose, lodged on the caps they lie;
Each carrying, then, reef-ketches soon apply
To either arm; these fix’d, thence forms they strain
Along the yards; secure each point;—again,
The hal-yards mann’d, the sails diminish’d rise,
In purple clouds, as with the frowning skies.”*

To reef the topsails, they are lowered down, and made to shiver in the wind, which considerably relaxes their tension: the extremities of the reef are then drawn up to the yard-arms by an assemblage of pulleys communicating with the deck, termed the reef-tackle; and they are accordingly fastened to the yard-arms by small cords called earrings. The portion of the sail comprehended in the reef, is laid smoothly along the yard in folds, and the whole completed by tying the points above the yard, so as to bind the reef close up to it.—Points are flat braided pieces of cordage, in length about double the circumference of the yard.

NOTE 23.

“*Cast, the wheel revolves;*”

The ship not having any progressive motion, the rudder has no effect upon her.

NOTE 24.

“*Bear up the helm!*”

“*Hard up!*”

“*Slack the lee braces! Square the after-yards!*

Brail up the main!”

“*Stand by the topsail-halyards! quick! let go!*

Clue up the foresail!”

The helm is put hard up, or towards the weather side—the lee braces are let go—the after-yards are squared, or made to cross the

ship at right angles—and the main is brail'd up—in the hope of getting the vessel's stern towards the approaching tornado, that she may have immediate head-way when it overtakes her, and by exposing a smaller portion of her hull and rigging to it, feel its fury with less force.

The brails of the main are ropes fastened at different places in the after-edge of the sail, and blocks, passing through blocks on the mast, serve to draw, or brail it up together.—The men are ordered to stand by the topsail-halyards, lest the wind should be too powerful to allow the ship to bear her topsails hoisted: it proves so, and they are directed to let go—when the yards fall to the lower mast-heads; at the same time the foresail is clued up: so that there is no sail set, after these orders are complied with.—The eyes are the lower corners of the sail, extending to where the tacks and sheets are fastened. In the mainsail and foresail, the ropes passing from those to blocks in the middle of the yard, are called the clue-garnets; and, hence, raising these corners by means of these ropes, is termed *cluing up* the sail.—The clue-lines are to the topsails what clue-garnets are to the mainsail and foresail.

NOTE 2d.

*The quivering vessel, yielding to the strain,
Hurries her bow to the gunnel in the main;
And lies—as never, thence, to rise again.
“Hoy, Reginald, the main-mast away!
Aft they cut out every weather shroud and stay!”*

The ship is here, to use a sea phrase, upon her beam-ends, (or overset;) and the main-mast is cut away, to relieve her. The gunnel is the upper timber of the side. The *shrouds* and *backstays* meet at the mast-head, and spreading along the vessel's sides, serve to support the masts; and the former are also used as ladders, by which the men ascend and descend, to perform what is necessary about the sails and rigging:—these are cut away, that the weight of the mast may aid the operation of the axe, and the wreck float away clear of the ship, should she recover her upright position.

NOTE 26.

*“The main-top-gallant, by the stubborn stay
Torn from its height, upon the ruin lay.”*

The *stay* here alluded to, runs from the head of the maintop-gallant-mast forward to the head of the foretopmast, and is called the maintop-gallant-stay.

NOTE 27.

*“The anchor from the starboard bow has fled:
Amidships, every faithless ringbolt drawn,
Spars, booms, and, (bitter sight!) their Boats are gone!
—That, too, which on the weather quarter hung,
Struck by the blast, is from its stanchions wrung,”*

On pulling to sea, the cables are unhooked, and the anchors are hved along the bows. Ringbolts are fixed in the deck along the

waist, to secure the booms and *beats* to the booms, here, are spare topmasts, Yards, &c. lying in reserve, to supply the place of any carried away by stress of weather, or otherwise: between these the Long-boat is placed; and, in her, one of the smaller boats, bottom upwards. The after-part of the ship's side is called the *quarter*; and here projecting *stanchcons* are fixed, from which the lighter boats, such as the Cutter, Gig, &c. are suspended.

NOTE 28.

“*Ported by the ponderous ruins of the waist,
No martial tier the starboard gunnel graced;
No bulwark now the invading surges faced:
The labored Guns, as if they spurn'd their yoke,
And seized the moment, had their lashings broke:
One met the tottering pinnacle midway,
Tore up its cleats, and bore it to the spray.
The shot no more the concave locker press'd;
No beaded foamings now the hatch invest:”*

The *bulwark* runs along the ship's side, above the gunnel; and in the present instance, was, on the starboard, which was the lee side, carried away, with the Guns ranged along it, by the contents of the waist falling against it. The *limbick* is the case containing the compass, and is placed immediately before the Wheel: one of the weather Guns breaking loose, sweeps it from the deck, to which it was lashed through *cleats*, or pieces of wood, arched below, and nailed to the

deck for the purpose. The *shot-loops* are solid lengths of wood fixed round the hatchways, on the inside of the bulwark, between the ports, &c. hollowed out through the upper surface into compartments capable of receiving, each, half the globe of a cannon-shot, the other half rising from it: these running round the *coatings*, or frames of the hatchways, form a regular ornamental heading.

NOTE 29.

“What phantom rises on the doubting sight?”

It is a common superstition of mariners, that on the Coast of Africa, gales of wind are ushered in, or attended by, the appearance of a spectre-ship, denominated “the Flying Dutchman.” At the dead of night, the luminous form of a ship glides rapidly along, with a press of sail set, and generally straight in ‘the wind’s eye.’ Various stories are connected with, and various causes assigned for this appearance. Loyden, in his “*Secrets of Infancy*,” makes it the spectre of the first slave-ship—

“Still doom’d by fate, on waltering billows roll’d,
 Along the deep their restless course to hold,
 Scanting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
 The prow, with sails oppos’d to wind and tide;
 The spectre-ship, in livid glimping light,
 Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
 Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,
 Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.”

NOTE 30.

"It is Arion's spirit!" &c.

Falconer, in his Poem of the "Shipwreck," calls himself Arion; and his friend, Palemon. He was then in command on board the Britannia, a merchant-ship, in which he was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in Attica. This misfortune furnished the materials for the above-mentioned Poem, where he speaks of himself in the following language:—his two superiors having been described, he continues—

Next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band
But what avails it to record a name
That counts no rank among the sons of Fame?
While yet a stripling, oft, with fond alarms,
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forsaken of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long sorrow he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful sisters rove.
With him he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more?

NOTES.

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
 And range excursive o'er the untrovv'd zone,
 In vain—for Iuda Adversity's command
 Still on the margin of each famous land,
 With unrelenting rocks his steps opposed,
 And every gate of Hope against him closed,
 Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
 To call ARION the ill-fated swain!
 For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
 Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
 With 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.

“Charged with the commerce, hither also came
 A gallant youth—PALÆMON was his name.”

The novelty and interest of this Poem established his fame as a Poet, and obtained for him that patronage which eventually led to his destruction. He was promoted on board the Royal George, and thence in 1709, to a situation on board the Aurora Frigate, bound to the East Indies. This vessel was never heard of after she left the Cape of Good Hope; and it is supposed she was wrecked, and that all on board perished.

The Author of the present title is under some apprehension that plagiarism may be laid to his charge by some who may imperfectly recollect the Poem from which the lines just quoted were taken. He

~~must be repeated upon~~ their credulity with an assurance, that one of his greatest misdeeds in the composition has been, with a vivid recollection of Falconer's representation of scud, he has attempted to do the same, to avoid borrowing what he felt it was impossible to surpass, and what he had not the vanity to hope he could equal.—Where the same evil demanded precisely the same remedy, to be produced by the same progressive alteration in objects bearing the same though technical names, it was no easy task to vary either sound or sense; in more than one instance an entire sentence has been expunged, to make way for another, inferior perhaps in proportion to its deviation from what the first was deemed too nearly to resemble.

NOTE 31

*"The white scud, horns before the mingled blast,
Across the flecker'd sky to windward pass'd;"*

Scud is a term applied to the broken clouds driven with violent and perceptible rapidity through the air in squally, tempestuous weather. It is common, when a change is about to take place in the wind, to see two upper and lower scud crossing, as impelled by the different currents; and this gives the appearance of increased velocity to both. The upper, with reference to the ship exposed to the gale below, passes to windward.

NOTE 32

*"Ho!—in that blaze of flame, 'tis Hunglin's brow
That frowns so high o'er the gulph below!"*

Hanglip is on the eastern side of False Bay, on the southern extremity of Africa, S. lat. $34^{\circ} 10'$. long. $18^{\circ} 44'$. It is of a remarkable shape, and probably owes its name to the inclination of its summit; which leans over, towards the ocean it bounds, so as to render it readily distinguishable from every other mountain on this terrific coast. A little to the eastward of Cape Hanglip, the Arniston homeward bound from Ceylon, was wrecked in 1815, and three hundred and sixty-six persons were hurried to a watery grave. Among the victims were Lord and Lady Molesworth, several other ladies, a number of military officers, and a great many children:—two seamen only were spared.—To conclude, in the language of a living eye,

“ I'll tell no more,—the heart is torn
By views of woe we cannot heal;
None shall I see these things forlorn,
I oft again these griefs shall feel;
Each upon the mind shall steal.”

END.



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